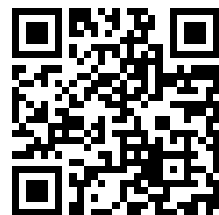
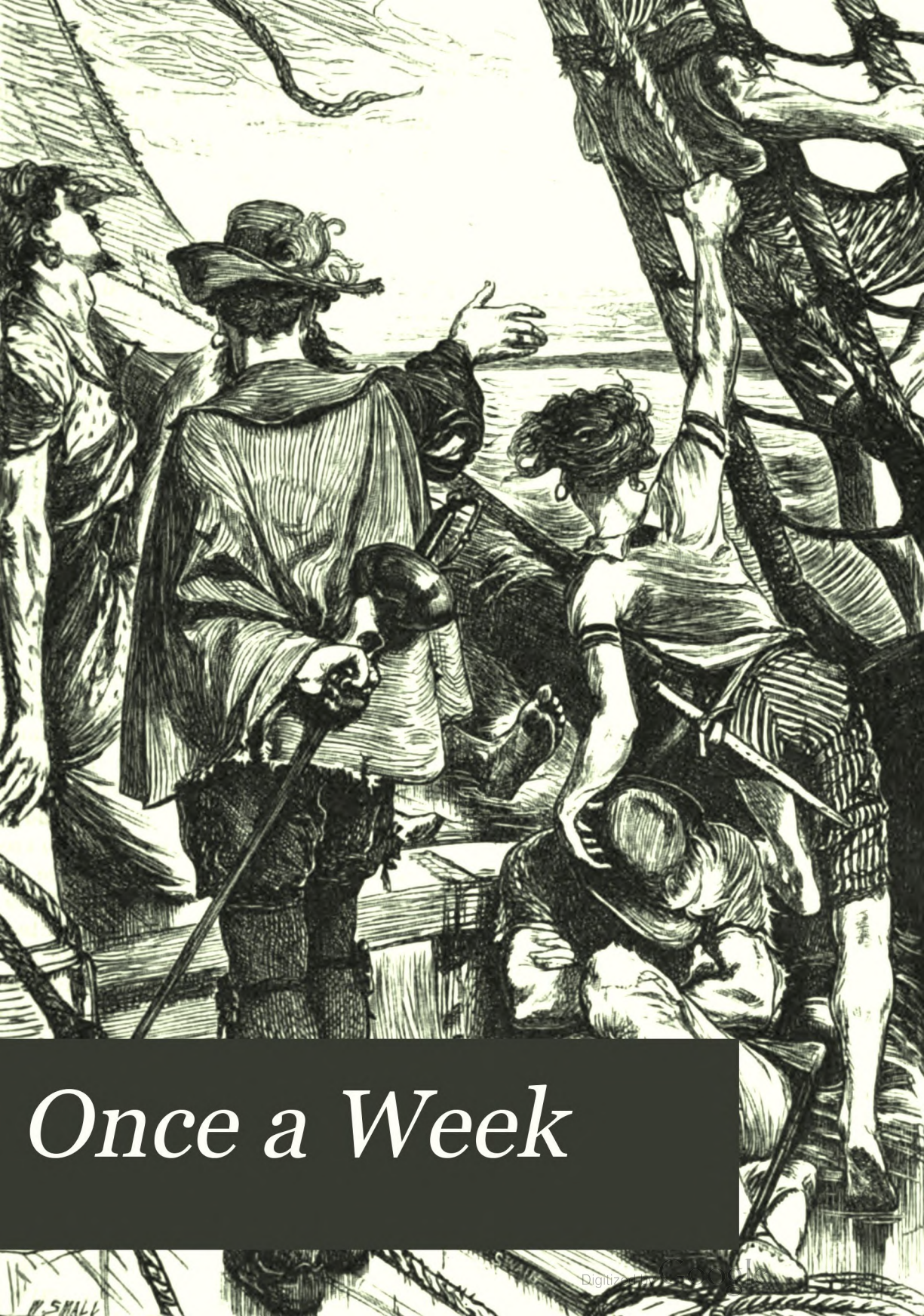

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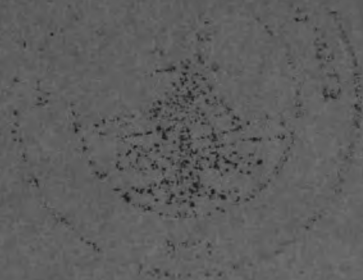
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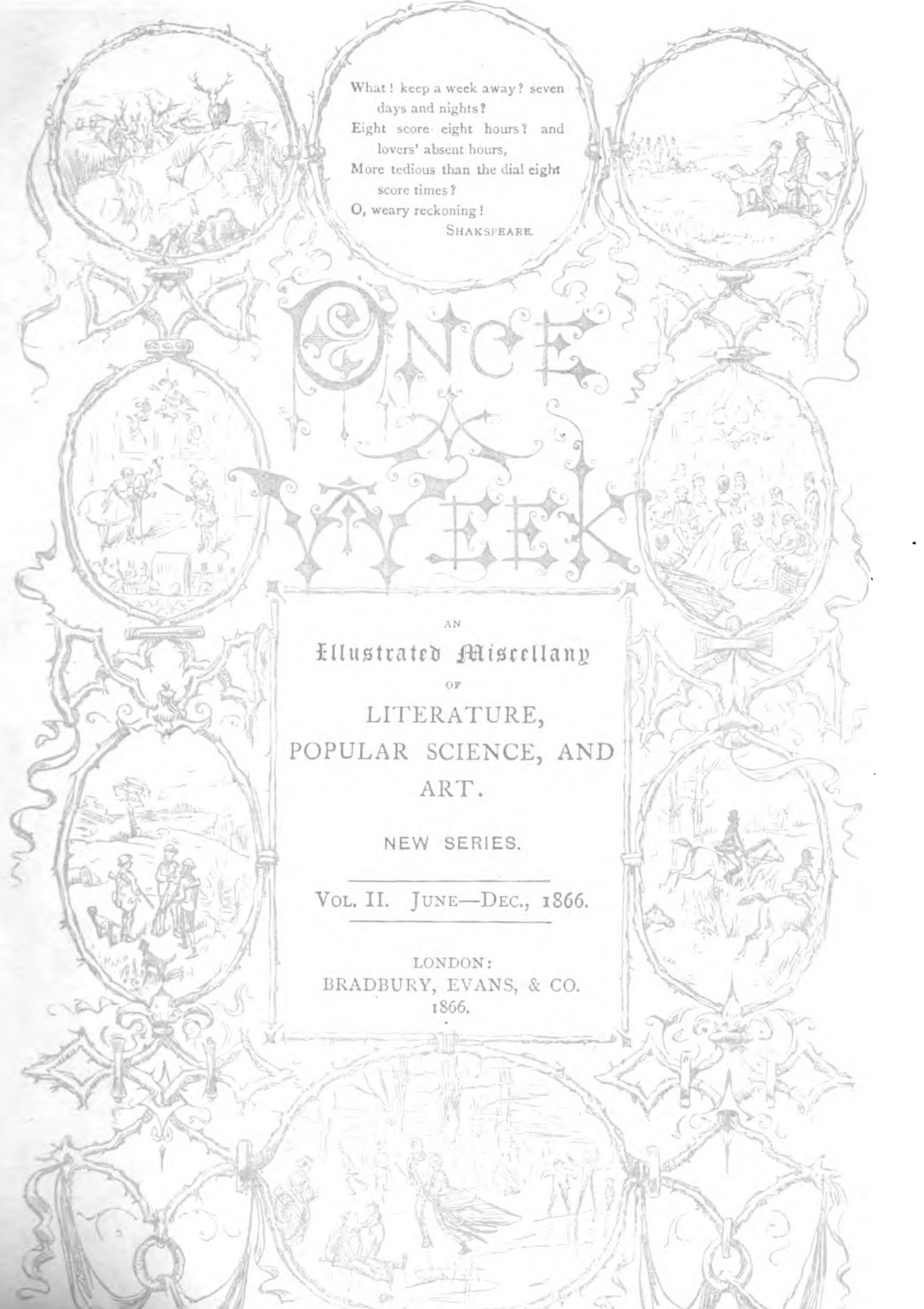




Once a Week







What! keep a week away? seven
days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and
lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight
score times?
O, weary reckoning!

SHAKSPEARE.

ONCE A WEEK

AN
Illustrated Miscellany
OF
LITERATURE,
POPULAR SCIENCE, AND
ART.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. II. JUNE—DEC., 1866.

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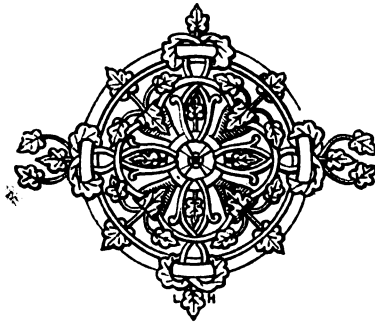
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THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—LAWRENCE AND PERCY.

NEXT day the owner of Reach House removed himself and a few of his effects to Mrs. Pratting's first-floor, to those rooms wherein Lawrence Barbour had, at an earlier period of this story, surrounded himself with the "gobbelets" and carpet, the chairs covered in "Geneva" velvet, the sprawling Cupids, and the gimcracks, which excited at once Mrs. Jackson's admiration, and animadversion.

When Lawrence changed his state and his home, he took those various belongings with him to Stepney Causeway, and the vases and the statuettes lightened up the old drawing-room where he had sung to Olivine in the semi-darkness, and the various trifles which he had purchased, in order to make his rooms look as much like *her* rooms as possible, now went to beautify a house, presided over by Olivine Sondes, instead of by Etta Alwyn.

Only the French lithograph found no place on any of the walls. It lay, face downwards, at the bottom of a large packing-case, with much of that useless rubbish piled above it which a man accumulates in the course of time, and keeps he knows not why, for some indefinite use in a remote future.

Long afterwards Olivine found the lithograph there; and, when she found it, she propped the picture up on her knees, by passing her arms behind it, and looked into

the eyes that languished back at her from the frame, till her own were dim, till face and neck, and hair and trick of expression were all like a confused mist before her. While she sat thus preoccupied, one entered the apartment, who took the picture from her, and, placing it on the floor, set his heel on the glass, and breaking it into a hundred pieces, stamped the beauty and the likeness, and the form and the colour, out of that fair, false face.

"Olivine, my darling," he said, "did we not agree that by-gones were to be by-gones?" and he gathered up the fragments of frame and portrait, and piled them on the fire.

"Yes; but I found it," was the answer; "and I could not help feeling sorry."

"You will never feel sorry about anything concerning her again, I trust," he replied; and the leaping flame curled round the frame, and the fire consumed the picture.

That time had all to come, however, when Percy Forbes transferred his quarters to Mrs. Pratting's rooms, which were plainly enough furnished to have satisfied Mrs. Jackson's economical tendencies.

Half-a-dozen chairs, a much-worn drugget-carpet, a couple of China shepherdesses, moreen curtains, a stand of flowers executed in cut paper, a Pembroke table, a sofa covered in haircloth, and suggestive of the extremest unrest, were all the objects wherewith Percy

was expected to feast his eyes and refresh his soul.

Anything duller than the rooms, the house, the situation, and the weather, could scarcely be imagined; but Percy was indifferent to one as to another. He was martyring himself for Olivine's sake, and a man is but a poor lover who does not rather enjoy wetting his own feet, in order that the lady of his choice may cross the ford dry.

This is the only sort of chivalry permitted to nineteenth-century cavaliers; and perhaps it is as true chivalry to bear discomfort pleasantly and in silence, to the end that the loved one may not be deprived of her accustomed luxuries, as it was to run a tilt at the sound of trumpets in the days when heroines were called Edelgitha and Rowena.

Not that Percy's self-imposed penance proved agreeable to Olivine; rather the reverse, indeed. She and her husband and Mrs. Gainswoode all entreated him with much earnestness and a profusion of words not to leave Reach House; but the master thereof was inexorable.

"He knew Mrs. Barbour ought to have the rooms to herself and her uncle," he observed, glancing somewhat significantly at Mrs. Gainswoode. "Besides," he added, "my hours and my ways are not the hours and ways suited for an invalid: I should only be uncomfortable myself, and make every one else in the house uncomfortable also."

"Then go to Stepney Causeway," Olivine suggested, eagerly.

"Do," followed Mrs. Gainswoode, "and I will return there and make your coffee for you."

"Ah! madam," he said, bowing low, "I could never put you to such vile uses."

"You cannot think the pleasure it would give me," she answered.

"Pray have mercy!" he exclaimed. "Remember what a lonely man I am, and do not drive me to distraction by placing before mine eyes the prospect of a bliss I may never realise."

"Really, Percy, you are too absurd," remarked Mrs. Gainswoode. "I should have thought we were too old for any absurdity of that kind."

"I should have thought so too," answered Mr. Forbes; whereupon Etta bit her lip, and colouring up a little, declared he was as great a tease as ever.

"That is only your kind partiality," observed Percy.

"I wish she would go to make coffee for anybody," said Olivine, the first moment she found herself alone with Percy.

"For me," he suggested. "Surely you

would not be so cruel as to wish anything of the kind."

"Why, do you not like her?" asked Mrs. Barbour.

"Do not you?" he retorted, and there was a moment's silence. "I am devoted to her!" he went on, finding the silence irksome,—"so much so that I really could not endure to see her perform a single kindness for me."

"I wish she would go—I do wish she would," Olivine broke out, passionately.

"Really, truly, you say that, not as a mere passing wish, but from your very heart?"

"From the bottom of my heart, Mr. Forbes; and if she goes now, I will never ask her to return—never;" and Mrs. Barbour's eyes sparkled as she spoke.

Percy Forbes laughed. "You dear women!" he said; "how charmingly inconstant, how deliciously changeable you are,—the bosom friend of to-day is the bitter enemy of a month hence. Talk about men! Believe me, Mrs. Barbour, not being of the same mind for a week at a time is the prerogative of your sex."

"Perhaps so;" and she stood, bringing home the general proposition to her own experience, instead of arguing from her own experience to a general proposition. "Do you not think," she said at last, raising her eyes from the carpet, "that if this be as you declare, it is so, simply because we love what we fancy, and dislike what we know?"

"My dear Mrs. Barbour," laughed Percy; "will you pardon my remarking that your way of expressing yourself is exceedingly vague, and unintelligible to ordinary comprehensions."

"How tiresome you are," she pouted; "you know quite well what I mean; we think people are good, and kind, and truthful, and then when we find they are not—"

"You visit your disappointment on them; in fact, detest your old friends for falling short of a standard they never professed to be able to reach. Woman's justice, is it not, to punish a person for the vagaries of your own imagination?"

"You are very unkind," she returned; "very, for you know perfectly well what I mean, and whom I mean, and who seemed at one time very different to what she is now; and you are of my opinion, if you would only confess. Now, are you not?"

"I never confess," he answered; "and further, I do not want to know what you mean, or who you mean, or anything about anybody. Remember that it is safer for me not to know—for me to remain in utter ignorance; it is indeed."

And Percy looked at Olivine, and she looked

back at him as he uttered these words; then she bowed her head slowly, and as it sank lower and lower, the blood mounted into her face, and covered cheek, and brow, and throat with a burning blush.

Gentle though she might be, that blush was to the full as much one of anger as of pain and shame.

What right had he to rebuke her for the half-confidence she reposed in him? How dare he even imply that she was going to say anything against her husband? If she chose to dislike Etta Gainswoode, she would dislike her, and express the feeling. Every one knew Mrs. Gainswoode was a flirt; that is, every one except a few—she would tell Percy Forbes what she thought of his speech and his warning: and it is probable she might have carried this idea into execution, but that when she lifted her head again she found Percy had gone.

He took good care the subject was not discussed again: to Mrs. Gainswoode he evinced as much courtesy and paid quite as much attention as to Olivine; but yet, when at the end of three days Mr. Gainswoode came down to the Isle of Dogs, in a state bordering on distraction, and insisted that his wife should at once return with him to Hereford Street and nurse—"if you must nurse some one," was Mr. Gainswoode's pleasant way of putting matters—the future heir of Mallingford, in preference to a man who might be ill of anything,—"small-pox, or fever, or—or leprosy," finished her husband, whose ideas on the subject of disease were of the very vaguest description—Olivine could not help thinking that she was very probably indebted to Percy for this good office.

Mrs. Gainswoode at first thought so, too, apparently, for she never rested till she ascertained how her husband became informed of Mr. Sondes' illness.

"I am certain I never told you," she remarked.

"No," was the reply; "I heard it from Lord Lallard—and he heard it from old Barbour."

"Oh!" thought Etta—and as it never occurred to her that old Barbour had heard the news from anyone excepting his son, she felt angry with Lawrence accordingly.

"It will be much pleasanter for me to be in Hereford-street," she said, with a sweet smile; "only I thought it was my duty to remain and help that dear, sweet Olivine, if I could."

"Duty, like charity, begins at home," growled Mr. Gainswoode; and Etta, being conscious she had not made so thorough a beginning at home as could be desired, refrained

from replying that, like charity, also, it did not end there. And thus she departed from Reach House, to re-visit that pleasant habitation no more.

In those days, however, Olivine did not find it a particularly cheerful residence. No house, perhaps, ever does seem cheerful when sickness is sojourning within, even though the warm summer sun is shining down upon it; and in the dull time of the year, with snow on the ground, with sleet falling aslant the landscape, with the trees standing brown and bare against the dull leaden sky—with life and death fighting out their battle hour after hour—Olivine thought she had never been in such a miserable, wretched place in the whole of her short existence. Further, she was satisfied she had never felt so unhappy before—and that she never could feel so unhappy again.

If the troubles of early life bear no proportion to the sorrows of later years, their want of absolute magnitude is more than counterbalanced by the power of the glass through which youth regards them.

After all, suffering is just as people take it, and the griefs of one time of existence are, like the diseases of childhood, difficult to endure—not because either the griefs or the diseases are serious, but simply because they are considered so. Is the mortal sickness of age one-half so hard to bear as the feverish attack of childhood? Do the troubles where-with man's fine estate is mortgaged ever seem so terrible, so impossible to endure, as the petty trials over which young hearts are like to break—over which such tears are shed as never fall from aged eyes, that have looked on death, that are dimmed with watching, that are dulled by pain, by sorrow, and by time.

Mercifully, the capacity of suffering is blunted as the years go by, the mental nerves lose their sensitiveness, the mind, like the body, grows hard, and the agony of to-day will be the passing annoyance of a twelve-month hence. The actual separation is felt to be less insufferable than the earlier horror, and dread of death. Life's troubles come and are borne, and are forgotten—the swift stroke falls, and the man lives through it—the keen thrust goes home—and when the weapon is withdrawn, it is covered with blood that has been drawn from the very veins of his heart; yet the sufferer does not turn him from the battle—he never flinches from the world's strife, from the world's hurry, and rush, and bustle, and in the excitement of the warfare he takes no note of having been so grievously wounded—in the charge, in the repulse, in the fierce attack, he remembers his sorrow no more.

But trouble of any kind was new to Olivine, and she did not take to it naturally. The long struggling sickness, the weary night-watches, the days without amendment, the mornings and afternoons when the rain poured down ceaselessly, or the snow lay without on the ground, while she sat in that still room all alone, so far as sympathy or companionship went, seemed to her insupportable.

The hammering in the ship-yard grew to be intolerable, the look of the bare and leafless trees mournful in the extreme. Lawrence could not be much at Reach House. Of Percy she saw little, or nothing. "How I wish he had not gone," she was wont to sigh; but Percy knew what was best in the matter, and, keeping himself out of the way of temptation, left the house free for Olivine to do as she liked in.

"Shan't you be glad, Lawrence," she asked her husband, "when we get back to Stepney Causeway?"

"That I will," he answered; "it is such a deuce of a way from here to the City."

"What do you want to be continually going into the City for?" Olivine enquired.

"Business," was the reply with which his wife had to rest satisfied.

There are various kinds of businesses which a man may find to take him into the City; but of these only two are now necessary to be specified—legitimate and illegitimate—one connected with his regular trade, and another that has no sort of concern with it. Almost by accident Percy Forbes had discovered Lawrence's frequent visits to various courts and lanes, and yards, west of Gracechurch Street were to be attributed rather to speculations utterly unconnected with either the chemical works or the sugar-house, than arising in any way from his position in those establishments; but Olivine remained in absolute ignorance of this fact.

She, in her innocence, thought that Goodman's Fields required his incessant supervision—that Mr. Perkins was but a child in Distaff Yard without the constant counsel and assistance of her husband.

Concerning business Olivine knew literally nothing; she was as totally in the dark about her husband's operations, as though his trade had been in Canada, and she still a resident in London.

Any excuse he thought proper to make for his eternal absences, was regarded by Olivine like a revelation from on high. What did she know about shares and companies? about enormous fortunes being made in a few weeks? about the express trains, which were to supersede all the old stage-coaches on the road to fortune? about the great man her husband

meant to become? about the fine lady she was to be metamorphosed into, when the ships he and his friends were trying to float had made their voyages, and reached the destined harbour in safety?

Those were the palmy days of limited liability and unlimited speculation; those were the days in which people prophesied that a business millennium was at hand; in which thousands were made and lost; in which the beggars out of the streets, the men who had a twelvemonth before scarcely a shoe to their foot, certainly not half-a-crown in their pockets, were mounted on horseback, and, fulfilling the old proverb, rode literally to the devil.

In its way, that time was like the time of the railway mania. The individual who, in threadbare coat and patched boots, and no linen to speak of, except a very conspicuous shirt-collar, borrowed five shillings from his more responsible acquaintance to-day, and gave an I O U for the same on a piece of paper two inches square, bowled past the lender of that crown a month afterwards in a phaeton and pair, or received him with overpowering condescension in offices furnished according to the latest fashion, with board-room-table of carved oak, chairs upholstered in leather, curtains of the richest materials, and bookcase manufactured by Gillow.

This individual was but the type of a class of men who, having each and all some patent, good or bad, for sale, sold it, and were installed as managers of the companies formed to work such patents. A year previously he was grateful if a friend stopped to speak to him in the street; he kept to the back thoroughfares; he had an uncertain and eternally varying address; he could barely afford omnibus fares; he lived, God knew how; for certainly no fellow-being, unless it might be a much-enduring wife, was in his confidence; but when once the Limited Liability Act was passed, the grub changed into a chrysalis, the chrysalis into a butterfly, with its hunters in the country, its yacht at Southampton, its house in town, its villa on the banks of the Thames, its French cook, its rare wines, its box at the opera, its brougham, and its pits and vineries.

Heavens! it was a merry life, if it could but have lasted. Happy would the human butterfly have been if at the end of its brilliant season it could have fluttered out of life, and out the world when the financial crisis arrived, and the company collapsed, and the sheriff's officers came to take possession, and the horses were sold, and the town and country house, and the wild excitement of that mad time passed away like a dream.

Oh! ye sober plodders, who have seen all this and wondered; who have thought it at times a little hard that such an one should splash the mud upon you from his chariot-wheels; who have writhed under his patronising manner, and felt envious, it may be, because of the terms of easy intimacy on which he appeared to be with my Lord This and Sir Somebody That—open your cash-box, and lift the tray, and turn over the papers that have lain there for many a day! There is the I O U you knew was only so much waste paper at the time you accepted it, which has been hidden there through the days of his adversity and of his prosperity likewise. Slowly you tear the paper across and thrust it into the fire; the man has been down, the man has been up, and he is down again, whilst you are where you stood at first; better perhaps a little, but certainly not any the worse. He is wearing out the broadcloth of his prosperity now in adversity; but he will soon pawn that, and come down once again to the buttoned-up coat, to the wisp of black handkerchief, to the miraculous shirt-collar, to the patched boots, to the house-side of the thoroughfares, to the back streets, to the low eating-houses, to the public-houses frequented by carriers and cabmen, where he will thankfully take a treat from you if you are inclined to be generous.

The days of "Limited Liability" are not all spent yet—but there were worse days in the early period of its history, even, than those in which our present lot is cast—when the devil of speculation was loosed in order to deceive the nations; when small capitalists were snuffed out by great companies; when only honest men were ever again to be poor; when the rogues had entered into their temporal heaven; when everybody one met was going to make his fortune either by shares, by promoting, by selling his inventions, by lending his name, by procuring noblemen as directors, by starting projects, by advertising the company, or by helping to float it off the stocks.

The cholera and Limited Liability reached a point at about the same period. The same poet that brought newspapers containing the Registrar-General's report to quiet country districts, brought likewise unwonted-looking letters enclosing samples of all manner of new fabrics, prospectuses of wonderful companies, forms of application for shares, moderate calculations of the thousand per cent. returns to be expected, and such flourishing statements, combined with such lists of names, as caused Paterfamilias to place his spectacles on his honoured nose and peruse the document with much interest and astonishment.

There were companies for everything—for banking, for dining, for driving, for drinking, for bathing, and burying, and clothing, and washing, and furnishing.

No person who has not studied the statistics of companies can have the faintest idea of the deluge which came upon the earth for its wickedness when once Parliament opened the sluice-gates by doing away with Unlimited Responsibility. The thing was never thought of or imagined by man which did not, in the days of which I am speaking, find some one to make it into a body, with a tail of secretaries, directors, solicitors, brokers, bankers, managers, agents—what you will.

There was a story told long ago of a simple-minded clergyman, who, being asked by his publisher how many copies he wished to have printed of a particular sermon, went into a calculation of the number of towns and villages in England, and then, estimating that each town and village would furnish one customer, desired an edition of some hundreds of thousands to be struck off.

Companies in the first blush of limited liability were got up on precisely the same principle. Suppose, for example, it was the Consolidated Coffin Company: first of all you had in round numbers a statement of the annual deaths in Great Britain and Ireland; next, an impartial division of those numbers into adults and children; thirdly, a calculation of the cost of manufacture, and of the ordinary exorbitant charge for a very inferior article; fourthly, you had a sum in subtraction, and a sum in multiplication, thus—profit per coffin and consequent profit on a million of coffins; fifthly, the probable expenses of working the company were deducted from the probable returns of the company, the amount which had to be paid to Messrs. Steel and Crabbe, whose valuable patents the directors had secured; the said patents being, the one for a new screw, and the other for a mode of running the sides of the coffin into grooves, thereby avoiding the unsightliness and expense of nails; and the public appetite, having by this time been sufficiently whetted, the percentage to be expected was then declared, and the project confidently submitted to the nation. It is but justice to state that the nation amply deserved the confidence reposed in it, and nobly responded to the demands made upon its credulity. From east and west, from north and south, applications for shares flowed in. People thought in those days they could not get their letters posted fast enough, and were always dreading that all the shares would be allotted before their epistles could reach London.

The South Sea scheme will be longer re-

membered than the mania for companies which followed the passing of the Limited Liability Act; but the reason why the one remains in men's memories while the other has left comparatively little impression on the public mind, is solely because the first concentrated itself in one gigantic bubble, while the second rose to the surface in a multitude of small foam-bells, the subsidence of which attracted comparatively little attention. The aggregate of the money lost was probably more in the one case than in the other; but then it did not take wings and fly away in so magnificent a manner. Some future historian, writing of that time when England lost its brains for a season, and went mad about impossibilities, may perhaps get together the statistics of the rotten companies, and tell how many collapsed, how many were wound up, how many were swindles, how many were floated into the commercial river to the end that promoters and agents and secretaries and brokers and directors might pocket their honorarium, when the leaky ships were quietly permitted to sink. But no ordinary observer can form even an approximate idea of the schemes that never paid a sixpence except to the men who started them, of the hundreds and hundreds of pounds each post brought from quiet country rectories, from widow ladies existing on small annuities, from spinsters earning a hard living as governesses and schoolmistresses, from struggling curates, from speculative squires, from all sorts and descriptions of people, who swallowed the bait as greedily as hungry fishes, and who feel the hook that bait covered tormenting them to this very day.

Everything except experience seemed in favour of these companies. It appeared feasible that co-operation should be better than individual exertion; that if a small capitalist were able to make a profit, a great capitalist, in the shape of a huge body composed of an infinite number of agreeing parts, should be able to pay handsome dividends to each shareholder in the concern. The whole programme, indeed, was perfect; only human experience protested against the idea of much ever being gained without an enormous amount of exertion, and declared schemes which promised such returns without trouble, or large individual expenditure, contained of necessity the germ of failure, and bore on their faces unmistakable marks of jobbery and fraud.

All men, however, refuse to believe the experience of others till that experience has been verified by their own; and therefore sensible men, wise and steady enough in the ordinary concerns of life, went mad, as I have said, at this juncture, and thought fortunes were to be made in an hour.

By accident, I repeat, Percy Forbes learned how Lawrence Barbour was mixed up with one of the ventures of that time; how he was wasting his time and strength and money in assisting Mr. Alwyn (who, having got a "backer," had returned to Hereford Street) to form a board of directors, and get the company, in which they were mutually interested, well before the country.

Lawrence's name did not appear in the prospectuses, but his father's figured there instead; and at the time Percy Forbes ventured to remonstrate with Mr. Sondes' partner concerning his imprudence, the younger man was chafing over Lord Lallard's refusal to permit his name to appear on the direction.

So confident had Lawrence felt of his acquiescence that he promised Mr. Alwyn's backer faithfully to procure Lord Lallard's consent; and when he failed to fulfil that promise, naturally the capitalist said some hard things, to which Olivine's husband replied in kind. It was on the top of this interview Percy Forbes told him the project was not thought well of by good people, and advised him to wash his hands of companies altogether.

"You have got into a very good position, Barbour," finished Percy; "and if you take my advice you will not jeopardise it by mixing yourself up with either Alwyn or his friends."

Whereupon Lawrence told Percy "to mind his own business, and be hanged to him for an impertinent, officious sneak."

"You want me to remain a dependant and a beggar all my life, I suppose," he went on, gathering anger as he spoke. "With men making fortunes about me, you would like to see me droning away my youth as you are doing. I am sick of it; and you can go and tell Mr. Sondes so, if you like. My God! if one is never to have money or leisure till one is old, what is the good of it? What is the use of being in the world at all, if it is to be work, work, work, for a bare subsistence—for enough merely to keep body and soul together."

"I should have thought you were making a good deal more than a bare subsistence," remarked Percy.

"Then I wish to Heaven you would quit thinking of me and my concerns at all," answered Lawrence. "I have had enough of your meddling. Manage your own business and leave mine alone. When I come and ask you for money, it will be time enough to give me advice. You have not made so much of your own chances that you can afford to throw stones at me. Considering I have made my way and that yours has been made for you, I think the boot is pretty considerably on the

other leg. When you do as well with your thousands as I have done with my noughts, you may preach if you like; but till then do not advise your betters."

"I cannot do that till I see them," was Percy's reply; and so the pair parted.

Whether Mr. Sondes guessed the nature of the business to which Lawrence devoted so much time, or whether some kind friend imparted the information to him, Percy Forbes could never decide; but the result was that the sick man finally resolved on making such arrangements as would, so he expressed it, protect the Sugar Refinery in the event of his death.

"I am not going to have the whole thing go to the dogs," he said to Percy, when he was at last able to sit up in bed and discourse about money matters. "If he likes to take his own way, he shall not take it with my means. Send for my lawyer. I want to have this anxiety off my mind; and tell Lawrence to return early this evening, for I want to speak to him particularly."

"I hope you will remember the doctor's caution, and not excite yourself," ventured Percy.

"I am not going to excite myself; but I mean to tell Lawrence my intentions with regard to the Refinery. I wish, Forbes, you would consent to what I proposed last night. Your uncle, I am certain, could be induced to meet your views."

"I cannot do it, sir," Percy said, a little stiffly.

"But why? What possible objection can you raise?"

"I should not like Barbour for a partner, and Barbour would not like me."

"But he should like you," retorted Mr. Sondes.

"Pardon me," answered Percy: "I think you are making a great mistake in this matter. Barbour is not a man to be driven—and excuse my saying that he deserves better treatment than to be driven. Some one has, I fear, been prejudicing you against him; but, believe me—whoever that some-one may be—he is as little your friend as he is Barbour's."

"What would you have me do?" inquired Mr. Sondes, ignoring the latter portion of Percy's sentence.

"I would have you all pull together," answered Mr. Forbes. "One mind in a house is a great power for good. If you and Barbour could mutually agree on the most desirable course to be pursued, you would find it infinitely better than playing at cross purposes, as you are doing. Be fair with him: tell him what you fear; and consult him as to the best means of averting such a calamity. Be-

yond all, Mr. Sondes, remember his position cannot be a pleasant one."

"In what way?" asked the sick man.

"He is not his own master; and to one of his temper the rôle of submission must prove at times rather difficult."

"I will recollect that," said Mr. Sondes, wearily. "Send him to me early, if you happen to see him at Goodman's Fields."

But Percy preferred sending a messenger to risking a personal interview on such a subject. He desired to keep out of the affair altogether, and it was therefore with no little surprise and with considerable annoyance he beheld Lawrence enter his room 'about ten o'clock the same evening, and heard him say, "I have just had a talk with the governor, Forbes, and want to speak to you about it."

(To be continued.)

DOUAY, AND THE FÊTE OF GAYANT.

VARIOUS are the disputes which have arisen, not only as to the origin of the city of Douay, but likewise as to the very meaning of its name. Some derive the name from the Latin words *duæ aquæ*, the river Scarpe dividing itself into two streams in its progress through the town; others, from the words *ductus aquæ*, still with reference to the course of the same river; others, simply from *dou* or *dour*, the Celtic word for water. We decline pronouncing any opinion on these, or on any other conjectures on the same subject. Nor shall we pretend to decide between the various controversies which exist as to the origin of the place. We think, with a French historian, that, very probably, Douay—in Latin, "*Duacum*"—was one of several fortresses, Arras (*Nobiliacum*) being another, erected during the decline of the Roman empire to prevent Saxon pirates from mounting the various rivers of that part of France, and ravaging the country. The authentic history of Douay is extremely interesting, and brings us in contact with many a stirring event in the general history of the country. Each in turn, Hugh the Great, Lothaire III., the Counts of Flanders, Philip Augustus, the Flemish again, Louis XIV., the Allied Powers for a short period, and finally the French, had possession of the place. On all this, however, we cannot, within the limits of an ordinary article, dwell even for a moment, but pass on to notice a few points which connect the history of Douay more immediately with that of our own country.

The late Cardinal Wiseman is reported to have said, in a sermon preached at Cambray, in presence of several French bishops, that no English catholic could enter Douay without

tears. We can well understand this, though the same emotion cannot be expected from everybody. We remember well the fine

summer's evening when first we visited this quaint old city. We did so certainly with dry eyes. But, nevertheless, as we visited the



Benedictine College at Douay.

arsenal—one of the first in France, the cannon-foundry equal to any, where, at the moment, lay the monster gun intended for the "Taureau;" the artillery school second only to those of Paris and Toulon—as we inspected these, and not without interest, we acknowledge that ever and anon the thought struck us that to many of our countrymen Douay would present objects of far deeper interest; that its streets would recall the names of many to whom those streets were once familiar, but who had left them to suffer death in their own country for their religion, and that, striking as might be the arsenal, the cannon-foundry, and the Hôtel de Ville, far more striking in many an English eye would be the windows, still to be seen, which gave light to O'Connell at his studies, or to Alban Butler as he composed his "Lives of the Saints."

As the head-quarters whence those "seminary priests" were sent into England who suffered death so frequently under the Stuart kings, and even to a later date, for their zeal in the cause of what they believed to be the only true religion, Douay was, for a century or more, a name formidable to English ears. Indeed, on one occasion, under King Charles I., a gentleman in a high civil position, being sent abroad by the Government, with a commission to inquire into certain improvements in manufactures, was expressly authorized, in

the letters which he carried abroad, to visit any continental city that he pleased, except Douay and Rome.

Soon after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, she adopted measures which led many bishops and clergy of the proscribed religion to seek refuge in foreign parts. Among them was one William Allen, a member of an old Lancashire family, canon of York, and doctor in theology at Oxford; subsequently a cardinal, and Archbishop of Malines. Allen passed over to Louvain, where he formed a friendship with one Vendeville, a professor in the university. Some time afterwards these two friends, accompanied by Morgan Philips, formerly Provost of Oriel, made a journey to Rome. While on the road the idea struck Allen of erecting a college in foreign parts for English ecclesiastics; a project, which his two friends, to whom he communicated his design, entered into with the utmost enthusiasm. Soon afterwards, in 1562, Vendeville was summoned to Douay as Professeur de Droit in the newly-created university. He was hardly installed in his new office when it struck him that Douay was the very place for an English college, and at his earnest invitation Allen took up his quarters there as Professor of Theology. A small house, purchased by Morgan Philips, was the origin of the English college; and, ere long, old students

of Oxford and Cambridge, scattered through France and the Low Countries flocked to Douay. Vendeville, now a privy councillor, exerted all his influence in favour of the infant establishment, to which, likewise, Philip II. and Pope Gregory XIII. extended their protection. Soon the college at Douay had its branches at Rome, at Paris, and at Lisbon, and sent over scores of ecclesiastics to England, numbers of whom were called to lay down their lives for their religion. This house, subsequently enlarged, remained in possession of the English till the period of the French revolution. It is now an artillery barrack. We observed with interest on its walls the mutilated remains of the armorial bearings of several old English families who had contributed to its erection. Here it was that O'Connell studied as a boy, and Alban Butler wrote the *magnum opus* on the Saints by which his name will be for ever known.

Various colleges followed. An Irish college made its appearance, but not a trace of it remains. Then came a Scotch college, which no longer exists. Its buildings are now inhabited by nuns, and form the mother establishment of 180 houses.

One English college still remains, and our notice of Douay would be still more incomplete than of necessity it must be, were we to omit all reference to this interesting and prosperous institution. The English Benedictines founded a college here in 1603. They obtained a free grant of suitable buildings, on conditions which seem still to hold out promise of a long lease of corporate existence. They were to hold them till such time as the Roman Catholic faith should be re-established in England. Here they remained till the French Revolution, when, in common with the other English, they were forcibly ejected. In October, 1818, they returned, finding their old dwelling-house turned into a magazine, and their church into a stable, as they remain to this hour. The refectory and chapel (shown in the above sketch), both in the Gothic style, are the work of the elder Pugin, and are ornamented with stained windows furnished by Messrs. Hardman, of Birmingham, such as any college at Oxford or Cambridge might be proud of. There are at present about 100 students. We can bear witness, from personal experience, to the generous hospitality to a perfect stranger shown by the good Fathers of this house; and we plead guilty to a feeling of national pride as we listened to various testimonies borne by the inhabitants of the place to the great influence exercised by this establishment; an influence in which it was hard to discover whether a necessarily large expenditure,

principely charities, or spotless personal character, had the largest share. The prosperity of this institution is all the more remarkable, if any truth is to be attached to a report which we are sorry to see re-echoed by writers across the Channel. The report is, that, after the Restoration, the English Government claimed from France compensation on behalf of our countrymen, whose property had suffered during the Revolution; that the claim was acknowledged, and that among other payments a large sum was granted for the sufferers at Douay; that the English who could conscientiously receive the money, declared that they could not conscientiously restore it to those who would spend it in "superstitious uses," and so laid it out in part on the erection of the Pavilion at Brighton.

The annual procession of Gayant, of which we subjoin a sketch, is one of the most curious and amusing features in the history of Douay. Amidst a number of conflicting statements as to its nature and origin, we can only adopt the one which, after taking some pains upon the subject, we consider to rest upon the best authorities. On the 16th of June, 1479, during the war between the King of France and the Archduke Maximilian, husband of Mary of Burgundy, thirtieth Countess of Flanders, the French, wishing to surprise Douay, lay in ambush near the Arras gate. Next morning they endeavoured to seize the gate, which they had contrived to get open by stratagem, but failed. In memory of this event the municipal authorities, clergy, and nobles, decreed that a general procession should take place on the 16th of June in each year. This was done accordingly, with great pomp, for many years, "in honour of God, of all the heavenly court, and of St. Maurand," the patron of the town. But ridiculous figures (grotesque representations of Gayant, of St. Michael, and the devil), and other abuses having crept into the procession, it was suppressed in 1770. The present fête of Gayant is quite another affair. According to some, Gayant was a real giant, who delivered the town during a siege. According to others, his statue, which is still carried about, represents the old wicker-work giant in which, during the Druidical rites among the Gauls, men were burnt alive. The most plausible account of Gayant, his wife, and his children, Jacquot, Fillon, and Binbin, is that during the reign of Charles V. this Emperor did his best to make the inhabitants of the different provinces under his rule fraternise as much as possible. To this end he established festivals, as he had done in Spain, in which these gigantic figures were to make their appearance. Thus we find giants in processions at Dun-

kerque, Bruges, Brussels, as well as Douay. After the suppression of the procession referred to above, Gayant and his family were des-

troyed; only the head of Gayant himself, which was attributed to Rubens, was preserved. In July, 1801, however, this procession was



The Fête of Gayant.

revived, and since that time it has been regularly carried on each year without a single interruption. According to its latest institution, it must take place on the 6th of July, or on the following Sunday. It lasts during five or six days, and there is nothing of a religious nature now connected with it. We promise a most amusing treat to any of our readers who may be inclined to rest a few hours at Douay during the five or six days devoted to this festival.

At an early hour Gayant makes his appearance. He is well represented in the sketch before us. He is a huge figure, twenty-two feet in height, formed of wicker-work, with a wooden head. He is clothed in armour, with a helmet on his head. On his left arm he bears a shield, and in his right hand a lance surmounted by a flag, on which are to be seen the arms of Douay. The lower part of his body is covered with drapery, beneath which six men, one of whom may be seen peeping out through a hole, walk, or run or dance, as

the case may be, and give him all the appearance of adopting these movements as his own. The stupendous figure is kept in equilibrium by means of cords and pulleys. But the good people of Douay are of too sociable and domestic a turn to allow Gayant to march alone; he must be accompanied by a wife and children. Madame Gayant, *née* Cagenou, is in stature, as becomes her, two feet lower than her lord and master, to whom she was united in 1615. She is arrayed as a noble lady of the middle ages; costly ornaments and rings adorn her person; she bears on her head something very like a Mary Queen of Scots' cap with a feather, a large ruffle on her neck, and a gigantic fan in her left hand. She is content with five men concealed beneath her robes, who bear her along beside her husband. Three pledges of this interesting union adorn our sketch. Master Jacquot, the eldest hope of the family, born at the end of the seventeenth century, is only eleven feet high. He is clothed like a gentleman of the sixteenth

century, and has a cap and feather on his head. He, like his brother and sister, is satisfied with one man under his costume. Beside him stands the fair Mademoiselle Fillion, sole daughter of the house, in a robe of the days of Francis I. Nor must we omit to point attention to "the baby," a very important personage, as being the special favourite of the juvenile population of Douay. Born at the beginning of the eighteenth century, he is but seven or eight feet high, and is dressed in the ordinary costume of a French infant. Master Binbin is well provided with rattles and other playthings, and the crowds never cease being amused by his antics, and by a ludicrous cast in his eyes, which adds a special piquancy to his appearance. When all is ready, a band of music strikes up the air, "*Marche de Gayant*," and leads the way. Then follow a number of men who make the *qudtte*, and then appear Gayant and his interesting family. As they pass along, they halt before the houses of the principal functionaries of the town, and perform a characteristic dance. All the while, the excitement of the people is indescribable. Their enthusiasm knows no bounds as they look on the evolutions of Gayant, which seem all the more grotesque as his special name is the "Grandfather of the Douasians."

But these are not the only objects worthy of notice in this procession. At the side of this gigantic family, or moving round and round them, is always to be seen a real living man mounted on an osier horse. His legs, as represented in the sketch, are not his own. Though apparently mounted, he is actually on his own feet, and carries the horse on which he seems to ride, as we often see on the boards of our own theatres in the Christmas pantomimes. He is dressed as a Court jester; but there is wit in his madness, for he, too, bears in his hand a box, in which he collects such offerings as the crowd may be inclined to give him.

Our readers will observe a chariot of ancient form, drawn by one horse. On this chariot is to be seen "blind Fortune," showering down her gifts on six figures, who by means of machinery come, each in turn, under her hand. These figures represent different classes of society. There is a Spaniard, type of *la noblesse*; a peasant; a Procureur; a Suisse; a financier; and a young woman. This chariot, called the "wheel of fortune," excites the liveliest interest among the spectators, and serves to keep up their spirits after the departure of the great lions of the occasion. For Gayant and his family do not honour the festival with their presence during the whole time it lasts. After two days they retire into a shed, which serves them as a palace for the

rest of the year, and which they rarely quit, except to do honour to this feast, or on some very special occasion. One such occasion was the entry of Louis XIV. into Douay, when Gayant condescended to appear, and do homage to *le Grand Monarque*, and to Maria Theresa his queen. On another occasion, in 1848, Gayant for once, and once only, actually quitted his native town, and went to Dunkerque to felicitate his brother-giant, Reuss-Papa, on the opening of a railroad to that city.

But we must now quit Douay, though we do so with sincere regret. In writing this sketch we have often thought of the happy hours we have passed in the old city. We can assure any of our friends who may act on our suggestion, and pay it a visit, that we have by no means exhausted all the topics of interest with which they may occupy their attention. At the College of the Benedictines they will find an excellent library, and some curious manuscripts—comprising several original letters of our James II., and of the first Pretender. And let us only add that a better fellow-traveller they cannot have—one better far than even "*Murray's Handbook*,"—than a letter of introduction to the good Fathers themselves, who well know how to impart information in the most intelligent manner to all comers, and to exercise the most refined hospitality, irrespective of both creed and country.

J. H. W.

A CRY FROM THE VINEYARD.

God sends his servants to bed when they have done their work!—THOMAS FULLER.

Oh, Father, I'm weary—how long must I stay
In this Vineyard weed-tangled, with work for all day?
The sun is so scorching, the winds are so ill,
That I faint at the travail—or shiver and chill;
My feet they are wounded, my garments are torn,
And the labour grows harder than labour at morn.
E'en the grapes they are bitter, and quench not my thirst,
And woes are so many I know not the worst!

"Oh, Child," spoke the Father, "let patience be thine,
Till the grapes thou find'st bitter ferment into wine.
A robe there is weaving which cannot be torn,
A robe which by wedding-guests only is worn;
A crown there is promised with jewels more bright
Than a monarch's proud diadem radiant in light:
And the breath of the flowers which fade not nor die,
Shall heal every wound, and shall hush every sigh!"

"Oh, child, well-beloved, when the evening shall come
Be sure thou shalt slumber and rest in thy home;
A bed is preparing more soft than the cloud
Which floats in the ether one bright star to shroud,
When the white moon is shining to silver it o'er
As the cradles of princes were burnish'd of yore:
And He who once trampled the wine-press alone
Will bring thee to rest when thy labour is done!"

CAMILLA CROSLAND.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN MEXICO.

EVERYONE who has resided in Mexico knows the picturesque little village of San Agustín; and to most Mexicans the mere mention of this name is fraught with sad and painful recollections.

We may be asked if it is a cemetery, if it is there that the inhabitants of the fair capital have buried their friends and relations.

Yes! it is indeed a gaping sepulchre, where every year many an honest man has buried, not his body indeed, but his immortal soul; many who have gone there radiant with hope and joy, have returned pale and haggard, overcome with sleepless misery, or perhaps in a raging fever which kills.

San Agustín de las Cuevas is one of the Mexican cities that were already populous and full of life and energy, when the Spaniards conquered the country.

It was called, in the language of the ancient Mexicans, "Tlalpam," (meaning "uplands"), and communicated with the capital by means of magnificent causeways, also by lakes and canals, which in those early days were navigated by canoes.

Its situation is most picturesque: through luxuriant fields of maize, wheat and barley, a broad and level road, shaded with beautiful trees, leads from the city to the village, which reposes in sweet tranquillity on a gentle slope of the lofty mountain of Ajusco. The ancient part of the village, with its houses of sunburnt brick, its little chapels and orchards (in disorder it is true, but covered with flowers and fruits), exists, with little change, as in the time of Cortez, while at the entrance to the place, in the plaza and principal streets, many modern country-houses have been built, with large and handsome gardens; but whether in the savage and neglected state of nature, or under careful and methodical cultivation, there is a luxuriance and leafy freshness in the vegetation, unequalled perhaps in any portion of the temperate climate in Mexico.

San Agustín is not a suburb of Mexico, like Tacubaya, nor is it a city like Jalapa, but a true country village, simple and solitary, with grass growing between the stones in the streets, which are traversed in all directions by crystal streams of water; and where on one side you find yourself in green lanes, overshadowed by apple, pear, and chestnut trees; or on the other you are soon lost among savage rocks and precipices, bearing evidence to terrible volcanic convulsions at some remote period.

The purity and freshness of the highly rarified atmosphere (for San Agustín stands

8000 feet above the level of the sea) render it a delicious retirement for invalids, or those who require repose; for the place is full of an intense solitude, peculiarly adapted for peace and meditation.

But once a year, on the feast of Whitsuntide, this quiet village is roused from its lonely calm, and becomes the scene of an orgy—a fever—a wild infatuation, which lasts for three days.

The fair of San Agustín is perhaps unique in the world. Neither the German baths, nor the French fêtes, nor the feasts of Andalusia, nor the English Derby-day offer a parallel to it. The Peruvians alone have something of the kind at Chorrillos, but not upon the same scale.

To give a perfect picture of this fair, we must look back a few years, for now the influx of French and English, and the gradual influence of European civilisation is beginning to be felt, and Mexican manners and customs are not what they were ten years ago, at least in the capital; a few years more will doubtless round off the corners of Mexican nationality, as the water of a small stream rubs the corners off stones.

Formerly the approach of the Whitsuntide Fair, was the most important event in the whole year for the families of Mexico and the vicinity.

Who stayed away? No one!

The women came to dance and exhibit their most gorgeous toilettes, the men came to gamble, and the working people to erect booths, stables, restaurants, tents and games of all kinds.

The Government *employé* saved his earnings all the year round in a porcelain savings bank, broke the mysterious jar on Whitsun-eve, and changed its contents into gold, with the intention of going to San Agustín to gamble, to win of course, to return, and then—to buy furniture, a grand embroidered coat, a great broad-brimmed hat with a silver serpent (the emblem of Mexico) twisted round it, clothes for the children, and—what not?

The commercial clerk asked leave of absence and part of his salary in advance, hoping to return with his pockets full of gold, to buy that chestnut horse and embroidered saddle, a diamond ring for Juanita, and the ear-rings for his *comadre* (co-godmother—i.e. co-sponsor for the same child, a sacred and beautiful relationship in Mexico).

As for the rich, they were at the same time plaintiff and defendant, so to speak, for they united in forming the capital of the *monte-banks*, also reserving a fund of 15 or 20,000 dollars to play against themselves for their individual amusement.

They secured the best houses, sent the best French and Mexican cooks, collected their friends around them, and ate, and drank, gambled, danced, and made merry for three consecutive days, forgetting business, politics, intrigues, their own existence in fact, if such a thing is possible.

Oh, the pleasure! the mad oblivion of everything disagreeable in life, that was achieved in that little village!

Oh, San Agustín! thou hast been the cause of grievous night-watches, tears of agony shed by innocent families, sighs, and groans, and bitter remorse, resolutions never fulfilled, and magnificent plans scattered to the winds!

If we could gather together, and see, feel, or touch, the agonies, the curses, the contrasts, the bitter diabolical pleasures of those who one moment placed their mountains of gold on thy fatal green tables, to see them disappear as by enchantment in the next, we should assuredly die from the touch of such cruel torment, as if struck by lightning from heaven!

But those times are gone, thank God! never to return; and the same magnificences who then poured out their gold like water on the green tables, where two huge candles were burning day and night, making those dismal dens still more lugubrious, and where the mellifluous chink of gold was ever sounding, go now with perhaps three or four miserable doubloons in their pockets, lose them at the first bet, look sulky, and fold their arms, or perhaps borrow a shilling, and take the first omnibus back to the city.

"You may make a note of it" that all Mexico in those three days of Whitsuntide, gambled at San Agustín.

Those who did *not* go, that is to say ladies of very strict opinions, timorous paterfamilias, and such of the clergy as would avoid the sin of scandal, nevertheless made up their little purse, or little cow (*vaquita*), as they facetiously called it, and sent her to market at the fair of San Agustín, in the charge of some confidential friend.

It is worthy of notice, and might make a text for a sermon on the force of custom, that the laws which prohibit gambling, the morality which reproves it, and even Mrs. Grundy herself, who would persecute a hermit in his cave, were utterly ignored and nullified during these three days of "pascua." Generals, merchants, friars, clerks, Brethren of the Holy College, barristers, doctors, boys, and old men, all—all, no matter whether rich or poor, went in and out of the monte-banks without concealment or disguise.

The first day of the fair, all the carriages

in the city, all the diligences, omnibuses, carts, horses, mules, and donkeys, are in motion by six o'clock in the morning, and even at that early hour, men, women, and children (or, as the Mexicans politely have it, "women, men, and children") may be seen, eager to secure places in the coaches, which, when filled, leave at a rapid pace, in order to return in time for another fare.

On the second day the excitement is not quite so great, as many of the most eager votaries do not return to the city until the fair is over, and also because a still greater number reserve themselves for the third and great day.

Then indeed the road to San Agustín is a perfect miracle.

Any one ignorant of its cause would suppose that a general emigration of the whole city was on foot.

Let us also go to San Agustín—for if we remain in the capital, we shall die of *ennui*. Not a soul to be seen, not even the old blind beggar-man who, on every other day in the year, haunts the door of the Hotel Iturbide, droning out his "Pity the poor blind;" not our friend, the drunken old paralytic woman who drags herself, seated on a bit of hide, along the streets by her hands and heels, shouting for "socorro" (alms) at the pitch of her loud and unmusical voice.

They, too, have gone to San Agustín, and the feeling of being the "last man" becomes insupportable.

To San Agustín then!

On arrival the first operation is breakfast, and a very pleasant operation it is, for the clear "upland" air creates an appetite, and there is the breakfast waiting us.

Let us eat it, ay, and pay for it. It is good, but costly, very costly!

After breakfast let us go to the *montes*, the principal attraction, the *spécialité* of the feast. We enter a spacious lofty room which may have been the reception room of some viceroy of other times; a room lighted up by five or six windows, looking on to a pleasant garden, in which dilapidated fountains still play, and where figs and other luscious fruits may be had for the trouble of plucking.

The room is crowded with people.

In the centre is a long table, covered with dark-green cloth, on which certain divisions are symmetrically traced out with yellow tape.

On the right are placed a thousand golden doubloons, neatly piled in tens; on the left another thousand, and in the centre a little mountain of smaller golden coins. At each end of the table stand two enormous candles of beeswax, which burn day and night,

although their red flame is scarcely distinguishable in the mid-day sun.

Closely surrounding this table, a vast concourse of people is congregated, their eyes intently fixed on the gold and on the cards.

If we speak to them, they do not answer; if a friend enters, they know him not; if there is a disturbance in the street, they never hear it; if it rains the immemorial "cats and dogs," they remain in total ignorance.

It is not a Morgue, it is not the Inquisition, nor the Council of Ten; but there is a something in the very atmosphere of a gambling-house inexpressibly oppressive and appalling.

Before proceeding farther let us explain the game of "Monte," by which so many hearts are broken.

The dealer holds in his hand a pack of cards face downwards. From the top he draws two, placing them on his right and left—king and ace perhaps. The players select their card, and place their money by its side. When all the bets are made, the dealer turns the pack face upwards, and carefully draws off card by card until another king or another ace appears. If it is a king, he takes in all the money bet on the ace in an incredibly short space of time, and then leisurely pays those who bet on the king the amount of cash they had on the table.

There are rules connected with this game which secure a *certainty* in favour of the dealer, but it is unnecessary to enter into these details: we merely wish to describe Whitsuntide in Mexico.

Let us mark the proceedings.

It is a moment of solemnity! The dealer, with a dexterity and coolness worthy of a better cause, shuffles the little book of fortune in an almost imperceptible manner, and throws the two first cards on the table. There is a general movement. The gamblers have their favourite cards, their superstitious sayings, and even verses.

The turned-up cards are an ace and a knave.

The knave is the popular card in Mexican superstition. Every one places his money on the knave.

Among others, a young man whom we have been watching, and who has been constantly losing. He has been playing the *certain* game as he calls it, of double or quits; he *can't* always lose.

This time his bet is 800 golden ounces on the knave.

The fortune of a small family!

There is scarcely anything bet on the ace, but the favourite is well backed.

Everything is ready! the dealer turns the cards, and prepares to draw them off.

The silence is intense; you might hear the flap of a fly's wing, or the beating of your neighbour's heart. Every card that is drawn off is a hope revived or a fear dispelled, and brings us nearer to the end of this anxiety, which is becoming unendurable. The dealer alone is perfectly cool, and has no further interest in the affair than his day's salary (about eight pounds), and appears to take a pleasure in prolonging the suspense; he draws off the cards half an inch, then stops, showing the top of the king's crown or the knave's hat—who can tell which?

Slowly he passes on—it was the king, not the knave.

At last the suspense is ended, and the ace is the winning card.

The silence is broken! The dealer rakes in the treasures whose ownership was uncertain the moment before.

Do we see anything indecorous when the result is known? No; we cannot but admire the gentlemanly delicacy which is observed on these occasions. There is no cursing, or swearing, or unseemly conduct.

The victims suffer in silence, or with an outward cheerfulness extremely touching.

Is this inherited from the dignity of the old Spaniard, or from the impassibility of the Indian? *Quien sabe?*

On some occasions there have been as many as fifteen or twenty monte-tables, with a capital of 50,000 or 60,000 dollars each, so that it is not difficult to believe that, taking into account montes, hotels, restaurants, cock-fights, balls, dresses, and all the different expenditures consequent on these amusements, there may have circulated, as has been stated, a million of dollars in the three days' feast of Whitsuntide in Mexico.

ELDORADO.

"COMRADES, talk you of returning—

Are you so devoid of shame?

Is it thus you think of earning

Countless riches, deathless fame?

Fools! what have you left behind you!

Poverty—and nothing more!

Jewels bright enough to blind you,

Glisten on the golden shore

Of Eldorado.

"Turn the helm, and homeward steering,

Let us count the past for nought!

We can well abide the jeering

Which will greet us in the port.

We can tell them that we glory,

Glory in our lack of gold,

And can laugh to scorn the story

Of the gems and wealth untold

In Eldorado!



Beata Petamus Artes, Dibites et Insulas.—HOR.

" Pardon if my words are stinging,
For I know not what I say !
But 'tis hard to see you flinging
All our golden hopes away,
When I know by computation
That a few short leagues of sea
Part us from our destination !
Give me but three days to be
In Eldorado !

" Ye refuse !—and ye are stronger,
I am, therefore, in your thrall,
Go ! I call you friends no longer—
Cowards, dastards are ye all !
Saints in heaven ! Can that be vapour
Looming in the distant blue ?
No ! 'tis land—about, dance, and caper !
Shout and yell, 'tis land in view—
'Tis Eldorado !"

All eyes turn with joyous wonder
Where their leader's fingers point,
And a shout like summer thunder
Shakes the ship in every joint.
To the sweeps they rush and labour,
Wild with mingled joy and shame;
And each urges on his neighbour
With the magic in the name
Of Eldorado.

Like a battle-horse careering
Bounds the good ship through the spray,
And with morning light appearing
Steals into a quiet bay.
Poets' dream of fields Elysian,
Poets' dream of Paradise,
Ne'er surpass'd that glorious vision—
That first view that met their eyes,
Of Eldorado.

Nature on that lovely region
Casts her gifts with lavish hand,
Strange gay birds—a rainbow legion—
Make sweet music through the land,
And from tree to tree plants creeping,
Weave the forests into bowers:—
But the pestilence is sleeping,
Cover'd over with the flowers
Of Eldorado.

Long the rovers pass'd in seeking
Gold and gems, but found they none,
Over swamps with fever reeking,
Drench'd with rain, and scorch'd by sun.
Found they nothing—no repayment
For their dangers on the wave,
For their lack of food and raiment?
Yes!—each rover found a grave
In Eldorado.

MADAME DE LA GUETTE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET BEAUFORT,"
"MADAME COTTIN," "MY AUNT KATE'S
MANUSCRIPT," &c., &c.

IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR ambassadress tarried not by the way. Catherine placed her three little girls under the protection of the Abbess of Ville-Chasson, near Montereau, it being the first time in her life that she had been separated from them, and she takes occasion to remark that, in her opinion, mothers should never confide the care of their children to others on any pretext; but for the rest, she thinks they are "very tiresome little creatures and a great plague besides."

The safety of her children secured, she sent for an old friend of her husband's, confided to him that she was going to Bordeaux to try and entice La Guette away from the Prince's party, and begged him to accompany her. She kept her own counsel about the real object of her journey. "Though I am woman," she says, "a secret is safe in my hands, and

I never confide things of importance to any one."

M. de Ste. Olive agreed to go with her, and in two days' time they set out. I cannot do better than extract the most interesting or amusing parts from her own account of this adventurous journey of 200 leagues across a country which was one varied scene of war and carnage, plunder, and mutual treachery. Their route was uninterrupted as far as Poitiers, where their difficulties began. "There," she says, "we had to leave the coach, which, on account of the war, was prevented from going further, and to hire some wretched horses to take us to Angoulême. I never was so tired before in all my life, for they were the most miserable jades ever seen. The man of whom we hired them would not risk any better ones with us, for he said he was sure we should be stopped before we had gone a hundred yards. As we approached Angoulême,* the gates were on the point of being closed for the night. M. de Ste. Olive urged his horse forward to its utmost speed, by dint of pricking it with his sword, for he had no spurs on, "and begged the warder to keep them open a few minutes longer for a lady who was very badly mounted, and could not get on any faster. I arrived at last," she continues, "almost dead with fatigue, a thousand times more done up than if I had ridden post haste. However, I got time to recover, for we were obliged to remain three or four days in the town, as it was not safe to proceed further without an escort, and Ste. Olive wrote to the Comte de Chavagnac to send one from the royal troops. The day after our arrival the deputy commander came to pay me a visit, and make inquiries about me, for every one was suspected in those times. He was outwardly very civil, and begged me to let him know in what he could serve me, when I was going away; and if he should furnish me with an escort. I thanked him civilly, and said we had written for that purpose to M. de Chavagnac, but if he failed, I would ask him to do me that kindness. His real intentions, however, must have been otherwise than friendly, for on the morrow came M. de Coulombières to me, saying that, as he was a friend of my husband, he could not refrain from informing me that the Chevalier de Jouvelle (the governor) was going to have me arrested, for he did not believe a woman like me would take such a long and dangerous journey merely for the sake of getting my husband away from Condé, as I had stated; that there was no doubt I had other and hidden motives, and he should

* Angoulême was a loyal town.

send word of my arrival to the Court. 'If M. de Jouvelle thinks he is doing the King a service by arresting me,' said I, 'he may find out he is mistaken. Let him think twice before he acts.' I spoke in a very firm tone, to let him see that I feared nothing."

The Comte de Chavagnac was unable to send any escort, so the travellers were obliged to ask one from the governor, and the fact of their being thus left to his mercy and protection seems to have allayed his suspicions. Arrived at Tour Blanche they halted, to ask for fresh guards, as they now entered a territory where Condé's interests prevailed over the king's. Madame de la Guette was received with great gallantry by the governor, and forced to alight and partake of his hospitality.

"Poor fare," says she, "I got there, for it was Lent. I did not eat meat, and the poor man could get no fish, though he sent everywhere for some. A herring and a handful of prunes was all I had, and my appetite was far from being satisfied, having fasted since the morning." She took the opportunity of writing to her husband and General Marchin, to give notice of her coming, and saying she should await their answer at Périgueux, the governor undertaking to forward the letters. La Roche-Vernay, the governor, provided an escort of thirty horsemen, and prepared to accompany her part of the way. He was very handsome, a good horseman, conscious of his fascinating qualities, and very gallant towards the *beau sexe*. With Madame de la Guette he put forth his utmost powers of attraction, talking the small talk to which men treat women in the vain hope of trying to make them feel their inferiority, and generally producing the contrary effect. There was something essentially taking and *piquante* about Catherine; so thought La Roche-Vernay, and to induce her to begin a flirtation with himself, he went the old way to work, trying first to make her jealous of her husband. There was a very beautiful young lady, he told her, at Bourdeaux, with whom La Guette was desperately smitten. Vernay little knew, little could appreciate the true loyal nature of his companion, who remembered the lesson she had learnt in the early years of her married life.

"No more of that," she whispered to herself. "I know enough of it to my cost;" and turning with spirit upon her tempter, she replied, that, "there was no cause to fear; she thought she was yet sufficiently attractive to destroy all the fine impressions which might have been made by others upon her husband during his absence, and that she still preserved some of the first fervours of her affec-

tion, which would assuredly rekindle his own."

The gentleman felt himself snubbed, but he was unwise enough to press his gallantries a little too far to please Madame, who gravely and coldly told him so, and bade him good-bye.

At Bourdeille, her next halting-place, she met with an amusing reception. Why or wherefore deponent sayeth not, she was taken for some great nobleman in disguise, going to join Condé's party. The governor of the town, M. de St. Aubin, hastened to receive her with every sort of honour and respect, invited her to take up her abode at his house during her stay, and treated her like a prince. Prudence suggested to her that it would be well to keep up the delusion. She flustered and blustered, related adventures, bragged of her exploits, and talked military slang, to the great amusement of St. Olive. When, on retiring for the night, she privately requested that a woman might be sent to sleep in her room, the delusion was not in any way dispelled, and the governor, with a peculiar laugh, apologised for having only one girl in the castle who could come, *qui n'était pas belle*, but who was quite at Madame's disposition. She was roused in the morning by the drums beating a *reveil d'honneur*, which, by-the-by, cost her several pistoles in drink-money to the performers; and she found a most sumptuous breakfast awaiting her. Bidding the hospitable St. Aubin adieu, Madame de la Guette set out for Périgueux, where tidings of her arrival had been already sent by General Marchin, with orders that every attention was to be shown her. She instantly sent for her son Louis to join her; but that terrible treachery at Sarlat, where his regiment was stationed, prevented his coming—that betrayal of the town by Condé's troops to the royalists, which is perhaps one of the blackest pages in the history of the Guerre de Guyenne. Her brief account of it, as related to her by her son, is worth giving; besides that, we owe it to the young man, since it clears him from all participation in the foul deed. Louis de la Guette had been supping with the governor of Sarlat, M. de Chavagnac,* and the whole town had retired peacefully to rest, never dreaming of the dark treachery which slumbered within the walls.

In the dead of night, three regiments stationed in the town, belonging to Condé, Conti, and Marchin, opened the gates to the royal troops, and, joining with them, proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, where dwelt the governor.

* A brother of that Comte de Chavagnac from whom we have some very naïve and interesting memoirs relating to the civil wars, the Fronde, &c., and who was in the King's service, whilst his brother at Sarlat was on Condé's side.

Cries of "Tuez Chavagnac!" awakened him, and rushing to the window he beheld the courtyard filled with armed men. His wife, a beautiful girl of nineteen, sprang forward, and interposed between him and the window, when she fell, pierced with four or five musket-shots. To return to Louis de la Guette. When the noise in the streets awakened him, he rushed out, with a pistol in each hand; on seeing him the soldiers cried out, "Qui vive?" "Vive le Roi et Condé!" was the hearty response, and several shots were fired, but fortunately in the dark they missed him. He hastened to the bishop's palace, hoping that there he might find a few, at least, of his comrades who were not participators in the treachery of the rest; but he only met a few of the officers belonging to the regiments who had sold the town, and were now consorting with the enemy. They seized La Guette as soon as they saw him.

"You must either join with us or consider yourself a prisoner."

"Then I am your prisoner, gentlemen," replied the gallant youth—he was a boy still, only seventeen; "for never shall it be said that I was a traitor to the cause I had embraced."

"Ah!" cries his mother, with her soldier-heart and her soul of honour, as she relates her son's conduct, "he was right; perish, rather than dishonourably betray your cause, whatever it may be!"

CHAPTER VIII.

M. DE LA GUETTE joined his wife in a few days at Périgueux, and escorted her to Bordeaux, where she lost no time in seeking General and Madame de Marchin, and opening her mission. They welcomed her affectionately. "Madame de Marchin," she says, "was at her toilette when I called the first time, but as soon as she heard who it was, she came *tête-nue* to welcome me, caressed me tenderly, and said all sorts of pretty things about the part I had taken in her marriage, and how happy she was. In her room I met that same young lady of whom M. de la Roche-Vernay had tried to make me jealous. 'Ma grande fille,' said my husband to me (he always called me thus), 'don't you see Mdlle. de Pisany? Say how d'ye do to her.' 'Oh! I see her well enough,' said I, and passed by without stopping; nor did I take any notice of her whilst I was there, for I remembered what had been told me about her. M. de Marchin returned home for dinner, and if his wife had received me warmly, he was not less cordial in his welcome. I could not help asking him about my son, and begged him to send a trumpeter to Sarlat, to see what had

become of him. He bade me not be anxious, for it was already done; that Louis was a prisoner, but he would ransom him at any price."

Young de la Guette escaped two days afterwards, and arrived safely at Bordeaux. Meanwhile, the object of her journey and the reason of her presence there had been laid before the General by Catherine at her first interview with him, backing the overtures for peace which she had been entrusted to make with the "best arguments she could find." Marchin expressed himself well-disposed to forward the Queen's views, and engaged to talk the matter over with the Prince de Conti, who, he doubted not, would do everything satisfactory to the King. An interview with the Princesse de Condé followed, who received Catherine very kindly, and talked about the state of affairs, lamenting bitterly over the war. Madame de la Guette begged her to cheer up, and gave her a hint that a speedy and happy termination might be hoped for. She had also the pleasure of saving the life of the little Duc de Bourbon, son of Condé, by her sensible advice. The result of Marchin's conference with the Prince de Conti was apparently favourable to peace, and M. de la Guette was commissioned to bear the following letter of introduction and credence to the Prince de Condé. Balthazar, in his "Histoire de la Guerre de Guyenne," is no doubt alluding to this when he mentions that, after a certain conference between the heads of the principal factions at Bordeaux, several sent requesting passports to enable them to return to Paris, Marchin amongst the rest despatching "the Sieur de la Guette to M. de Vendôme, who returned a very unsatisfactory reply." But Balthazar is evidently unacquainted with the real particulars, which Madame de la Guette relates. Neither is the following letter given by him nor any other historian or biographer of the period:—

COMTE DE MARCHIN TO THE PRINCE DE CONDÉ.

"Je n'écrirai rien de particulier à Votre Altesse sur le sujet de la paix, que tout le monde désire, et que plusieurs croient que Votre Altesse ne veut point. Je tâche de désabuser ceux qui disent le contraire, étant assuré des bons sentiments de Votre Altesse. Je la supplie d'ajouter foi à ce que lui dira le Sieur de la Guette, et de m'employer à ce qu'elle jugera à propos pour son service et pour le bien public."

"A Bordeaux, le 25 Avril, 1653."

* TRANSLATION:—"I shall write no particulars to your Highness on the subject of the peace, which every one wishes, and to which many believe your Highness is opposed. I try to undeceive those who think thus being well assured of the good dispositions of your Highness. I beg

The Prince de Condé was then at Stenay, a small town on the Meuse, and it was settled that the La Guettes should first return to Paris to enable Catherine to give an account of her mission, and for La Guette to receive further instructions from the Queen, before seeking the Prince. Their journey was on the first set out, disastrous. An escort had been provided them of some soldiers belonging to the regiments of De Marche and La Marcousse, who were returning to their headquarters at Lamone. On reaching the opposite shore of the Garonne, they found that one half of the men had not crossed with them. Arrived at Lamone, they demanded a fresh escort from the commandant, who at first expressed his pleasure at being able "to oblige Madame de la Guette," and then declared there was no need for an escort, as the road between Lamone and Vair, where they were to halt for the night, was considered perfectly safe. "That being the case," cried La Guette, "we will proceed alone, thanking you all the same for your kind intentions." Alas! for them, that they trusted to men who possessed neither the loyalty of soldiers nor the honour of gentlemen. They had scarcely left the town when the sound of a trumpet was heard a little way off, "Listen!" cried Catherine, "it is a signal: they are lying in ambush for us." "Nonsense," quoth La Guette, "it is only some wretched fellow learning to blow, and who doesn't know his trade yet." Just as he spoke a party of eight troopers dashed forward, and bade them stand and deliver. Overpowered by numbers, there was nothing for them but to submit, and they were robbed of horses, baggage, and money to the tune of 8000 francs, being the whole of M. de la Guette's pay, and share of whatever booty had fallen to his lot during the war.

Their lives were threatened, and only saved by the appearance of a horseman, who turned out to be a certain M. Jourdain, and a friend of La Guette, who, recognising the travellers, galloped off to Lamone, gave the alarm, and proceeded to Bordeaux to acquaint General Marchin with what had happened. In the midst of this *rencontre*, Catherine says she never lost her presence of mind, though inly feeling it was all up with them. When, however, she knew that Jourdain would in all probability succeed in sending them help, she turned to the robbers and, with the greatest coolness, said, "Come, come, gentlemen, haven't you had enough? You have got sufficient to set you on horseback again:" (they

had pleaded their being poor, horseless, and without money, as an excuse for plundering). The rascals, fearing apparently to be overtaken by the troops from Lamone, jumped on the horses they had stolen, and departed in a *sauve qui peut* style, leaving their victims to get on as best they might on foot, without a sou to bless themselves with. Whilst picking their way back to Lamone, they met a troop of cavaliers, coming at their utmost speed to the rescue. They appeared furious when told of what had occurred, and wished to pursue the thieves; but La Guette said it would be useless now, and he had rather they conducted them back to Lamone, where they would crave some supper and a bed. When they reached the town, forth came a number of the garrison to condole with the travellers on their loss; amongst them a certain trumpeter. "Ah!" cried Catherine, when she saw him, "let *monieur la trompette* turn a sommersault in the air, for he is concerned in our adventure." Her suspicions were correct, for the man took fright, and fled the same evening. "A pretty garrison you have got here," said Madame de la Guette, as she pledged M. le Commandant at supper, "half robbers, and half horseless troopers!" The best room was given up to the travellers, "hung with cobwebs, and a small quantity of very dirty straw for their bed." "I had," she says, "to turn myself round and round like a dog before I knew how to lie down comfortably." At dawn her husband set off for Bordeaux on the only horse in the town, to procure some of the "needful" wherewith to continue their journey. Two hours after, the commandant came to her door to inquire how she had slept. "Not a wink," said she, "the fleas took good care of that." When M. de la Guette arrived at Bordeaux, he found that from M. Jourdain's account General Marchin believed that both he and his wife were murdered, and consequently he had placed M. de Marche under arrest, feeling sure the robbers had belonged to his regiment. All the troops from Lamone were recalled to Bordeaux, and Catherine received a note from her husband, bidding her remain where she was until she heard again or saw him. She was therefore left at Lamone, with only the old porter to take care of the house lately inhabited by the officers, with no sort of provisions save a stale loaf which the *conciérge* had contrived to hide from the soldiers, who had carried off everything in the shape of food. Whilst sharing this frugal meal with the old man, a party of horsemen arrived, conducted by M. Jourdain, with instructions from La Guette to escort his wife to Libourne, where he rejoined her in two days, and they then set out for Ribérac, accompanied by three of his

you to give credence to whatever the *Sieur de la Guette* may tell you, and to employ me in whatever you may judge proper for your own service and the public welfare."

brother officers. Here once more Catherine's good horsemanship caused her to be mistaken for a man in disguise, and this time for General Marchin himself. "I can't have been such a bad-looking fellow," she remarks, "since I was taken for a field-officer."

When they entered Ribérac they found the town in a state of commotion, but knew not "that the fête was for her," till they got to the hostelry, when, having sent her shoes down to be cleaned, they were immediately seized upon and tried on by several persons. From their size it was pronounced for certain that no one save a man could own feet of such dimensions. Presently a sound of drums was heard under her windows—M. de la Guette had gone to ask about an escort—when the landlord came up and glared at her fiercely, muttering something about "those devils Marsin and Balthazar;" he was followed by several other men; in short, she was on the point of being arrested, when her husband returned.

"Come, M. de Marchin," said he, taking her hand, "come and see M. de Ribérac."

"Whom do you call M. de Marchin?"

"Why *you*, whom they say are the General."

On seeing Catherine's fine womanly countenance, the governor hung his head, and confessed himself to have been "done" by false reports which had reached him.

"It is St. Preuil's doing," said he, alluding to the gentleman who had seen her riding by in the morning, and instantly identified her in his own mind as Marchin, and sent post-haste to De Ribérac to have her arrested. "It is St. Preuil's fault," said he; "for his sins he shall escort you both next day to Angoulême."

"Well, monsieur," was her lively greeting to that gentleman on the following morning, "here is M. de Marchin, what do you think of him by this time?"

"Madame, I was a beast. But, in truth, few cavaliers sit their horses better than do you."

CHAPTER IX.

THE La Guettes arrived in Paris without further adventure of consequence, and were conducted the same evening to the Queen's presence, so utterly fatigued that Catherine says she was forced to rest herself on the arm of a *fauteuil* whilst awaiting her majesty, in spite of a warning that nobody was allowed to sit down. The audience seems to have been one of those private interviews in which Anne of Austria delighted to indulge, with those to whom she entrusted her secret missions or commands. "Taking compassion," says Catherine, "on my state of fatigue, M. Philippe

went and knocked at the door of the Queen's chamber, and announced that I was in waiting. Her Majesty desired we should enter. On seeing her I made several profound curtsies, and said to her, 'Madame, I am here to give your Majesty an account of what I have done on my journey.' Having told her everything, 'the Queen said she was very glad to hear I had returned safe and sound, and should not forget my services. She asked me, also, if I had travelled in men's clothes. I replied, 'Madame, I went in the same costume as that in which I have the honour to appear before your majesty.' My husband then came forward, and said, 'I await your Majesty's commands. I have letters of credit from M. de Marchin to the Prince, and I am ready to start whenever it shall please your Majesty that I seek his Highness.' Said the Queen, 'Philippe will take you to the Cardinal tomorrow afternoon, who will tell you what are the King's wishes on the subject.' Then we retired, and M. Philippe told me he was very well pleased with the interview, and he could plainly see the Queen was perfectly satisfied with what I had told her."

On the following day they sought an audience of the Cardinal.

Mazarin greeted them very cordially. He was always gracious when he wanted to get off parting with any money, and he knew well that such services as Madame de la Guette had rendered the King ought not to pass by uncompensated, and so he did as is usual in such cases for such men to do, *he talked generously*. "The Court," said he to La Guette, "does not know how to recompense your wife sufficiently. Indeed, Madame," turning to her, with his softest tones and most winning smile, "we know not how to reward you for what you have done. Your preventing Duke Charles from attacking M. de Turenne was a most important service; and then this journey you have just taken is of great consequence; the Queen has told me about it." Just at that moment the King was announced, and Mazarin bade M. de la Guette return the following morning. La Guette did so, and was told by the Minister that the Court had gone to Fontainebleau for a few days, and that they must wait its return, when he should assuredly set out for the Prince's quarters. "All turned out," writes Catherine, "just contrary, for some favourites of the Prince de Conti put into his head that M. de Marchin was seeking to make a treaty for himself only, and that I had gone to Bordeaux only with this view; that it were best to be beforehand with him; and certainly the King would be generous enough to pardon him when he saw him returning to his allegiance. Conti lost no time, but de-

spatched a confidential envoy to the Court." This envoy was the Marquis de Chouppes, whose autobiographical memoirs confirm the above, and this private negotiation was being carried on during the time that La Guette was "waiting orders." On the return of the King and Court to Paris, he once more presented himself to Mazarin, who blandly told him that there was nothing further to be done, as all had been arranged to the King's satisfaction.

La Guette expressed his intention of instantly rejoining Marchin.

"It will be dangerous," replied the Cardinal.

"I am in honour bound to report the result of my embassy to my general."

"Then do as you please."

La Guette kept his word, and set out the same day for Bordeaux. On his arrival, Marchin went to Flanders, and La Guette accompanied him, whilst Catherine withdrew from Paris and went with her daughters to Sussy, where she led a very retired life, devoting herself once more to domestic duties, and endeavouring to retrieve their ruined fortunes and property by personal care and labour. Thus ended her Court life, her political career; all her services, her devotion, her sacrifices, passed unacknowledged, unrewarded; her husband was in exile and disgrace, her sons in arms against the state, and she herself deprived of the presence of those whom she held most dear. And yet with her generous and forgiving nature she still says, "Though all the services I had rendered the Court were sunk in oblivion, it did not prevent my feeling the greatest inward satisfaction, since so many had through me been brought to a sense of their duty, and returned to their allegiance."

M. de la Guette did not return to France till the peace was concluded in 1659, and then he was forbidden to appear at court without special leave; but "we lived," says Catherine, "in perfect love and concord, consoling each other for our disgraces and losses in the happiness of being once more united."

A severe accident befell her shortly after her husband's return. She fell, and put out her arm. Fearing the "bone-setter like death," she would only consult a country surgeon. Strange ignorance must this village disciple of Esculapius have displayed, when she tells us that he declared nothing was out of joint, and contented himself with the old-fashioned French remedy of embrocation of oils, though her "poor arm was bent inwards against her chest;" and afterwards, when under the care of M. Cuvilliers, the "royal bone-setter," it took three men to hold her whilst the surgeon and his daughter tugged for more than an hour before they could get the bone into its place!

A long interval occurs now in the history of Madame de la Guette, unmarked by any event of consequence till the year 1665, when she was called on to bear the last great sorrow but one of her life, so far as we know—the death of her husband. For many years the disgrace which still hung over him, and the inactivity to which he was condemned, had preyed upon his health and spirits. "He fell into a most distressing state of melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him;" and at last he was attacked by jaundice, from which he never recovered.

"Ah!" says his wife, so faithful and loving to the last; "what bitter tears I shed during his illness! He tried his best to console me, though in his heart he could not bear the thought of our separation any more than I. He died a good Christian and a faithful Catholic. I was beside him to the last moment, and God gave me the grace and strength to exhort him very earnestly to pass from this life to the next with full confidence in the goodness and mercy of Jesus Christ. From my heart I could have wished that we might have died together, but since God willed it not, I was obliged to drink this bitter chalice, without murmuring against His divine providence."

Almost beside herself with grief, she endeavoured to steal the corpse and hide it away, that she might not be parted from what remained to her of him she had loved, and still did love, with such true and deep affection. Then a fearful interval of delirium succeeded, and they feared for a time that reason had entirely fled. At last she slept. "What that sleep was," she touchingly adds, "God only knows." With time, that great softener though not great healer, in such a sorrow as this, she "learned to bear her loss and to submit to the will of the Almighty." Jean Marius de la Guette died in June, 1665.

There remains little more to tell of our heroine. Her eldest son married not long after his father's death, and brought his wife to Sussy for her first confinement, after which returning to Flanders, where both he and his brother were still in the service of Spain under Marchin. His eldest sister accompanied them. The next became a *religieuse*; "*Mais véritablement religieuse*, which gave me great comfort," says the mother: another died shortly afterwards. Left thus lonely in her old age, Catherine's heart yearned after her first-born and best-beloved Louis. She paid him a visit at Gand just before the rupture between General Marchin and the Spanish governor de Monterey about Charle-roi, which ended in the latter retiring in disgust to his estate at Modare, near Huy. She

was much noticed and visited by ladies of rank whilst at Gand; amongst others, the *Princesse de Stenius*, who lived at the old château where Charles Quint was born, paid her many attentions.

"I thought," says she, "when I saw the dilapidated little chamber where that monarch first saw light, here is a wretched place for a great emperor to be born in; and then I remembered that Jesus Christ, the King of Kings, had chosen to be born in a stable, to teach us the beautiful lesson of humility."

When Marchin left the Spanish service, the La Guette brothers entered that of William, Prince of Orange, the future Dutch monarch, who sat so heavily on the English throne. Meantime, Catherine had returned to Paris, settled all her affairs, and bade France a final adieu, resolved to spend her remaining years with her children, and be near the son, of whom she says, "I would have followed him to the world's end, loving him as I did." Before leaving France, she relates an incident which is curiously and historically interesting.

One night the little household at Sussy were roused by a mad dog getting into the farm-yard, and biting several of the cattle. Being pursued, it rushed into the house, up-stairs into Madame de la Guette's chamber, and under the bed, where a spaniel, belonging to her, with natural instinct had hidden itself. When at last the beast was driven out she found it had licked her little dog, and covered it with its foam, which was supposed in those days to be even more dangerous than its bite. On lifting the spaniel she found her own hands were likewise covered with the venomous saliva. Now, there lived in Paris a certain Chevalier St. Hubert, a descendant of the great St. Hubert, supposed to have inherited the power attributed to that holy bishop of touching for madness either as a preventative or a cure, and Catherine states that even Louis XIV. had been touched by him. The Abbé Lecanu, in his "*Dictionnaire des Miracles*," calls him a "*Chevalier d'Industrie*;" be this as it may, he had not contrived to get very rich on his "*Industrie*;" and, it is a fact that Louis XIV. had granted him letters patent to touch persons suffering from madness, or who had been bitten by mad animals, which letters Cardinal de Retz renewed in 1652, specifying that several years previously the chevalier had cured several persons on his own territory at Gondy. All which goes to confirm what follows. Several of the cattle bitten by the mad dog at Sussy went mad some days after, and Catherine, alarmed at the consequences, sought St. Hubert, and after being "*touched*" herself, induced him to go to Sussy and extend the benefit to her household. He did so, and

as soon as his presence became known, the magistrates and Curé of the town entreated him to remain until the following day, when he "*touched*" as many as a thousand persons after the high mass. She relates further that a cow, beginning to show decided symptoms of hydrophobia, was cured, and that many witnessed the "*miracle*," amongst others a Protestant gentleman named Grandchamps, who, seeing, believed in the reality of the cure. The King was very anxious to see the chevalier married, that so valuable a power might be transmitted to posterity, and St. Hubert took a great fancy to a daughter of Madame de la Guette, but the want of fortune was considered by the prudent mother to be an obstacle to the match; a spice of worldliness which seems rather foreign to her nature, or else Lecanu is right touching the chevalier's mode of living. At any rate she gave him his congé with many grateful words, but a plain intimation that it was not at Sussy he must seek for a wife. Those who are able to believe in the working of miracles in later days than the ages of faith, will easily give credence to Madame de la Guette's story; whilst they who follow the fashion of the times, and accept nothing that has not been tested by one at least of the five senses, will pooh-poo St. Hubert and all about him. For my own part, it seems to be a very open question, and in the present instance I can only think that there is the same chance of this being true as of other incidents related in her memoirs, which are corroborated by contemporary authorities.

Madame de la Guette settled at La Hage (the Hague), where we must take our leave of her, for it is there her memoirs end; further we find no traces, no record of the closing years of her life. She bids us adieu just after she has told us of her last and bitterest sorrow, the death of Louis at the battle of Maestricht. Grief and trouble had done their work in her mind; they had led her to look away from earth, up to the better land where there are no partings and no tears. And so, even in losing the son of her love, the child of her happiest years, she found comfort because she sought it at the right source. We can gradually trace the deepening influence religion had gained upon her mind as years passed on, and one by one she lost those who had been dear to her, and the end drew near. After her son's death she received a visit from William Bentinck, afterwards Earl of Portland, who had been with Louis de la Guette at his last hour, sent by the Prince of Orange to console the dying man, and to bid him "*not distress himself about his family, for the Prince would take care of them.*" And this

English officer related to her how Louis had died as a good Christian should die, and how he had thought of her, "his poor mother," and bade his brother be to her what he had been, and console her declining years. "And I thanked my God," she says, "for the mercy He vouchsafed my boy in giving him time to make his peace with his Creator."

A severe and dangerous illness brought her face to face with death after this last trial, and it is on recovering that she writes those remarkable memoirs on which this brief sketch is founded. When she died, or how she died, no one, it appears, has ever recorded, and she seems to have passed away from earth as she has passed away from the memory of man.

Her publisher at the Hague, in his "Avis au Lecteurs," speaks of Madame de la Guette as being alive at the time her memoirs were published, in 1681, when she must have been in her sixty-eighth year. He says, "she is a clever woman, and is capable of many things; those who know her thoroughly will not contradict what I say, for they know her worth."

As I began, so I will conclude, with her own words, for they speak of a heart at rest after much tossing about, and a spirit filled with the light of hope and simple faith.

"Since the designs of Providence are inscrutable, I know not what may still be in store for me. I am resolved to wait with submission and respect for whatever He may please to send me, and to obey the commands of his Holy Will, awaiting my last end, and the continuation of the protection of the Prince of Orange to my family."

(Concluded.)

LA DESOLAZIONE.

DARK is the night enwrapping this vast world;
Dark is the cloud thus draping the wide sky;
Dark are the waves and foaming loud and high;
Nature is dark, and life in death seems furl'd.

Deep darkness of despair beats in this breast,
A night of woe! woe, a darkness felt:
An ice within which thaw shall never melt:
A yoke of care I carry, grief-oppress'd.

A shadow stealthily crept by to-day,
Smiting me deeply with its death-like hand;
I felt the crushing touch bespoke demand
Of that my heart could never give away.

Why should this shadow which to man e'er clings,
Come thus and rudely intercept my view?
Earth seems to wear a darker, dimmer hue;
Hope dies within me, and life's death-knell rings.

Why teach the voice attuned to joyful lays
The feeble wailings of a bitter woe?
Why rob a cheek of all its healthful glow?
Why steal the sunshine from bright summer days?

Such questions come; but no reply is given.
The Infinite stoops not to finite ways;
I see beyond the shadow Him who slays,
And bow submissive to the will of Heav'n.

When earth's fair gardens budded forth anew,
And lovely nature burst into a smile—
Our loved one—lent unto us for a-while,
Was hidden from our anxious straining view.

Instead of roses, I the cypress wore,
I twined weep-willow leaves into a band:
We only saw a shadow o'er the land,
The summer sun beam'd not before our door.

Now lies the withering leaf upon the ground,
Until a moaning wind doth whirl it past:
Rock'd are the forests each with other clapt,
And swaying, interwoven on thy mound:

I hear those foreign grasses pipe and sigh:
All nature seems to sing a mournful song.
I, reassured, do not my grief prolong,
But still my heart throbs with this lullaby,

That out of time, a calmness must ensue,
A wondrous clearness, dearly, doubly sweet;
For now I see with perfect good replete,
The killing grief I deem'd unjust when new.

One night, wrapt round in woe, I gazed afar,
Straining my eyes to see the twilight end,
When lo! where to the earth the skies descend,
Dark night seem'd brighten'd by one brilliant star.

I look'd within this aching, heaving breast,
And found the veil withdrawn, and hope had
orb'd
A perfect star of peace, and faith absorb'd
All doubt into a happy state of rest.

Then peering thro' the bound of human gaze
I saw beyond, the fitness of the blow:
Back thro' my veins the blood began to flow,
And thro' my heart there stole a song of praise.

Alas! I cannot see thee! Otherwhere
Thou beam'st a tender light from thy dear
eyes.
But 'tis thyself, not features, that I prize,
And so I look within and know thou'rt there.

In mine, I shall not hold thy hand again:
But when woe-stricken with that truth severe,
I feel, I know not how, thy spirit near,
And so thou shar'st the burden of my pain.

Yes, near: I cannot think, but ye must see,
Ye spirits now unclasp'd from clodding clay,
Those loved ones who still tarry on the way,
As yet unstripp'd of their mortality.

And thus we are not parted: but thy bliss
Is purer, holier. Could I wish thee back,
Thro' all the waste of years thy way to track
In such a weary wilderness as this?

AGNES STONEHOWER.

THE BATTLE OF THE COMMONS.

AN incident occurred a short time since which seemed very much like a breach of the peace, and yet in reality was not. About midnight in March last a train left the Euston Square terminus of the London and North Western Railway, freighted with a load of navvies, armed with crowbars, pickaxes, and shovels. The chief peculiarity about this nocturnal force was, that not one of the gang knew his destination. With profound secrecy each had been ordered to rendezvous at the station at the witching hour when "owls do cry," to be ready to do a "job" that required the utmost expedition. Presently the train moved off, whistling and groaning away through the country, "piercing the ear of night with hideous din," until it arrived at Berkhamstead. Here the mystery was partially stripped off. The living freight were bid to leave the carriages, and, quiet as mice or men in ambush, to follow their leader. Silently were they marshalled through the town on to the noble common, a common that has remained for more than ten centuries free to the people, the heritage of fifty generations. The mask was now completely thrown aside. Told off into detachments, the navvies were led up to what, in military parlance, might be called a palisade, and in legal phraseology, a fence. The word of command was given to level the obstruction. With the spirit of pioneers, the gallant corps "fell to," assaulted the palings or railings, maintained the attack fiercely for five or six hours, and by daybreak had laid the enemy low upon its back. The work was done, the victory achieved.

Who was the instigator of this heroic raid? whence the dire wrath that moved a human breast to perpetrate such an invasion?

The tale is brief and simple. Mr. Augustus Smith, lord of the Scilly Isles, and Squire of Ashlyn Park, felt himself aggrieved against Earl Brownlow, lord of the Manor of Berkhamstead, for that he, the said nobleman, had caused an inclosure to be made upon their ancient common, thereby infringing the immemorial rights of numerous freeholders and copyholders. This was the grievance that led to so extraordinary and summary a measure of redress; that defied the aggressive action of a powerful peer, and did a deed apparently, not in reality, a violation of the law.

The little epic, however, performed on this starlit stage of a Hertfordshire heath, has momentous bearings, and involves a question of peculiar interest to the rising generation.

Of late years we have heard a good deal, even if we have not given heed to it, about the inclosure of our commons and open spaces.

At one time, and that hardly a generation since, it was a matter of scarcely more than local concern; but now, by reason of the rapid increase of our population, the rising value of every rood of land, and the vast facilities of reaching any distant spot by rail, the subject has attained national proportions. It is one that affects the whole kingdom. However desirable it might be to throw every acre we possess into cultivation, it would be altogether undesirable to leave ourselves without a foot of recreation ground; and this has been so strongly felt both by the public and the legislature, that several acts have, within the last half century, been passed to restrict a growing tendency on the part of lords of the manor and others to inclose. Nevertheless the irritation of the "itching palm" is so intense, these high stewards of England's *folkland*, as the "Commons" were called in the good old Saxon times, cannot, in too many instances, resist the temptation of seizing parcels of waste, and making them their own. On what authority is very questionable, for they proceed on no legal claim, and are successful only through the ignorance or negligence of those whose rights they usurp.

To London this question is one of vital importance. The Titanic strides made every day, in every direction, by metropolitan builders, threaten soon to convert the country into suburb, and the suburb into dense and thickly-populated streets and alleys. Myriads of human beings will be hived in these fetid sunless dens, to whom the voice of nature, that is, of blue skies and green fields, bubbling brooks and warbling birds, will never appeal, unless the commons and open spaces in and around London be securely preserved by legislative enactments.

It is worth while then to inquire, what are the rights of the lords of manors, and what of the commoners. Indeed it is a curious, and at the present time not an idle, study, and contains just enough of the uncertain to make it piquant.

Manors are as old as the Saxon constitution, though they differed anciently in some material circumstances. It is, however, from the Normans that we derive the particular form of them with which we are now conversant. A manor seems to have been originally a district of ground committed by the sovereign to a baron or other great personage, who reserved to himself such parts as were necessary for his own use, called *demesne* lands, whilst he distributed the rest to freehold tenants. Of the *demesne* lands again, part was retained in actual occupation by the lord for the purposes of his household, and part was held in villeinage. There was be-

sides these a portion which, being uncultivated, was termed "the lord's waste," and served for public roads and common of pasture to the lord and his tenants. Villeins, in process of time, gained considerable advantages over their masters, and in particular so strengthened the tenure of their estates, that they came to have in them an interest in many places fully as good, in others better, than their lords.

And concurrently they consolidated by custom and prescription their "commons rights." These were four in number: common of pasture, common of piscary, common of turbary, and common of estovers. The first is the privilege belonging to owners or occupiers of arable land held of a manor to put upon the wastes their commonable beasts, that is, such beasts as are necessary either for the ploughing of land or for its manuring, namely, horses, oxen, cows, and sheep. The second is the liberty of fishing, as the third is the liberty of digging turf. The fourth, common of estovers, is the right to take wood necessary for household purposes, fire, and furniture.

By the statute of Merton, passed in the reign of Henry III., the lord of the manor obtained permission to inclose against common of pasture (though not of estovers or of turbary) *so much of the waste as he pleased for tillage or wood ground, provided he left common enough for those entitled to it.* This inclosure was called in law "approving," an ancient term signifying the same as "improving." However, the inclosure of waste lands, involving, as it does, the extinction of common rights, is an object of so much importance to agricultural improvement, that it has not been suffered to depend upon an ancient and rather vague statute, but has been regulated by several special acts of parliament obtained from time to time for the purpose, notably in the reigns of George III., William IV., and Queen Victoria. By an act passed in 1845, a board of commissioners was appointed, under the title of "The Inclosure Commissioners for England and Wales." That board is empowered on the application of one-third in value of the persons interested in any lands subject to be inclosed, and provided the consent of two-thirds of the persons interested and of the lord of the manor be ultimately obtained, to inquire into the case, and to report for the information of parliament in reference to the expediency of any such inclosure.

Nothing would seem clearer from this exposition of the law than that the lord of the manor has no power to inclose without the consent of those who have immemorial rights on the common. How is it then that we con-

stantly hear of the encroachments of these baronial possessors? How is it that Lord Spencer, Lord Brownlow, and Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, are so frequently paraded before the public in newspaper paragraphs and in anything but an enviable light?

Through ignorance and negligence, as we have before said: the ignorance of commoners as to their rights, and their negligence in enforcing or preserving them when known. In olden times there was more than one manorial court, at which affairs appertaining to the barony were heard by the baron, who presided, and a jury of commoners called a *homage*. These determined, amongst other things, questions of rights of pasture, turbary, and estovers, and saw to the preservation of the wastes and forest lands. The commoners took an active interest in the estate, knew their own claims, and saw that they were not infringed. As, however, the power of the barons waned, and the authority of the kings' courts became more widely recognised, the baronial courts sank into insignificance, until at last, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, they received their *coup de grace* by the institution of county courts. As the *homage* fell into comparative disuse—for, though the court still exists in name, and occasionally is assembled, it is without dignity or authority, a mere *nomini umbra*—the influence of the lord of the manor increased. His lordship no longer presides in person, but sends his steward, and this little great man, as is too frequently the case with those clad in spurious honours, exhibits *trop de zèle*, and pushes his master's interests beyond the bounds of just pretension. Besides, the weight which naturally attaches to a large landed proprietor and the lord of a dozen estates, must necessarily outbalance, when pitted against them, the pleas of fifty claimants, perhaps obscure individuals, who are not altogether clear as to their own legal rights, and who hardly possess the means of properly substantiating them. This fact and the value of land in the present day, will explain the reason why lords of manors are so eager to have the commons at their absolute disposal.

Within the last few years, however, a new claimant has arisen, and asserted his interest in these wastes and common lands. He does not demand special rights of pasture, estover, or turbary; all he asks for is the privilege of wandering about these breezy spots, of playing on them, of breathing the fresh air that sweeps over them. He wishes to retain a few ample healthy spaces where he and his children may find room to stretch their legs and recreate themselves after the toil of the week, or on

our festal anniversaries, without being considered trespassers and intruders. This new claimant is the British public, that portion of it especially which dwells in large and crowded cities, and which, but for the preservation of these unclosed lands, will not have where to ramble.

Taking a radius of twenty-five miles from the General Post Office, there are nearly forty thousand acres of commons and open spaces; and, shortening the radius by ten miles, that is, giving a circumference within a convenient distance of the heart of London, we have upwards of thirteen thousand spare acres. Cockneys, especially East Londoners, look upon these thirteen thousand acres as peculiarly their own—that is, as far as the right of recreation and amusement goes; and stoutly demand that these generous areas, this veritable *folkland*, shall not be fenced in. They include Epping and Hainault Forests, Hackney Downs, Hampstead Heath, Barnes Common, Wimbledon Common, Wandsworth Common, Streatham Common, Clapham Common, Peckham Rye, and Blackheath, not to mention others that dot the map of the country as far as Epsom on the south, and Hatfield on the north.

On high days and holidays, especially Sundays, Easter Monday, and Whitsuntide, Hampstead Heath and Epping Forest are frequented by thousands upon thousands. It is computed that not less than thirty thousand persons from every part of the metropolis visited Hampstead last Easter Sunday, whilst on Whit Monday upwards of two hundred thousand, principally from Whitechapel, Hackney, Shoreditch, Stepney, and Bethnal Green, crowded the ancient forest of Essex to recreate themselves "beneath the greenwood tree," and to take part in the immemorial stag-hunt. As to Wimbledon, is it not the bloodless battle-field of the metropolitan volunteers? Have they not almost obtained a customary right to it? and were it taken from them, where would they perform their patriotic exercises, and reap the annual harvest of international honours with the rifle?

Yet against the integrity of Epping Forest, Hampstead Heath, and Wimbledon Common, severe attacks have been made by lords of the manors; and if this thing be done in the green-wood what will be done in the dry? If these almost national spaces, these spots of historic prestige, are threatened with inclosure, and hardly saved from so sad a doom, how shall such wastes as Clapham and Wandsworth Commons, Putney Heath and Peckham Rye escape?

Fortunately the spirit of the nation has been roused, and, as in the case of Berkham-

stead, where Mr. Augustus Smith has displayed such righteous zeal, men will be found to resist further illegal and unscrupulous encroachments.

The position of Hampstead Heath is most deplorable. It is claimed by one man, Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, as his own private property. The public, the thousands who flock there daily during the bright and warm months of the year, are deemed by him interlopers, and he would, had his baronetcy the power—for the wish is in him—inclose every acre. But the law mercifully restrains him, and so, *en revanche*, he contents himself with undermining this beautiful heather-clad, gorse-covered hill, by digging out, carting away, and selling the gravel, a right which the legislature has not interfered with; we may therefore expect one day to see the heath utterly deprived of its natural character and beauty. Are there no commoners to assert their rights against Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson? If so, what has become of them? and if not, how have they been spirited away? Have their privileges been sold, like Esau's birthright, for a miserable mess of pottage? has the steward or agent of the lord got hold of them, persuaded them that their rights are of no value, and deluded the ignorant simpletons into vending them for a pint, or perhaps a quart, of beer?

But if the threatened fate of Hampstead Heath is bad, what shall be said of Epping Forest? It still possesses leafy glades where the deer feed, and once a year the wood echoes with the noisy merriment of the chase. Formerly a regular pack, called the Wellesley Hunt, was kept at Woodford, but latterly it has been abandoned, and only a few dogs are maintained to drive the deer back when they go astray, and to hunt them on Easter Monday.

On this annual occasion, thousands flock out of London. By rail, by cart, by van, in four-wheel traps, on costermongers' trucks, and on horseback, they swarm to "the meet," and with a full and hearty appreciation of the sport, follow the hounds on foot or on wheel, as far as the road or bridle-path will let them. Yet the hunt, and the leafy glade, and the deer, and the hounds, and the keeper, are threatened with destruction. Every year, every month, every week, the forest is being diminished by inclosure, and there is none to lay hold of the sacrilegious pioneer and stay his illegal hand. The forest-keepers have done *their* duty and have regularly informed the Lords of the Treasury and the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests of the encroachments that have taken place, and notably Colonel Palmer, the verderer, has

energetically endeavoured to uphold the rights of the Crown and of the poorer Foresters. In fact, according to a petition which the gallant colonel has presented to the House of Commons, it appears that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have been illegally attempting to sell the rights of the Crown, and that a bill is now before Parliament for the purpose of abolishing the office of verderers, and to confer their duties upon Her Majesty's Commissioners of Works and Buildings. Strange to say, Colonel Palmer has not only received no support from those whose business it is to interfere, but, to use a not very euphonious term, he has been "snubbed" for his pains. More shame for those petty and conceited *gaudins* of office who have so treated a gentleman, whose sole motive has been an honourable desire to preserve for the public that which belongs to the public. The interests of the nation, however, are not to be sacrificed to the lisping lassitude and weary indifference of the civil servants of the Crown, who hold subordinate positions in public offices near Whitehall and Pall Mall.

A great step, thanks to the liberal conduct of Parliament, has been made towards a settlement of this *vexata questio*. In March, 1865, a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the best means of preserving the Forests, Commons, and Open Spaces in and around the Metropolis, and on the report of this committee the Government prepared a measure, moderate in substance and conciliatory in spirit, which is now under the consideration of Parliament, and which we hope soon to see acquire the force of a law.

Mr. Cowper's bill proposes to establish a board of commissioners, empowered to accept grants of manorial rights in any open spaces, and to hold such rights in trust for the public, and at the same time to create a local management, whose business it shall be to see that what is necessary to be done in the way of levelling, draining, and preserving is carried out. There is nothing compulsory about the measure; it is purely permissive and conservative. It checks, it is true, illegal aggression, but it at the same time confirms just claims. The lord of the manor loses nothing that he now honestly possesses; he will only be prevented from removing his neighbour's landmark and taking that which is not his. What rights he has he will still enjoy, improved, it is to be expected, by the care and supervision of the local *homage* to be created.

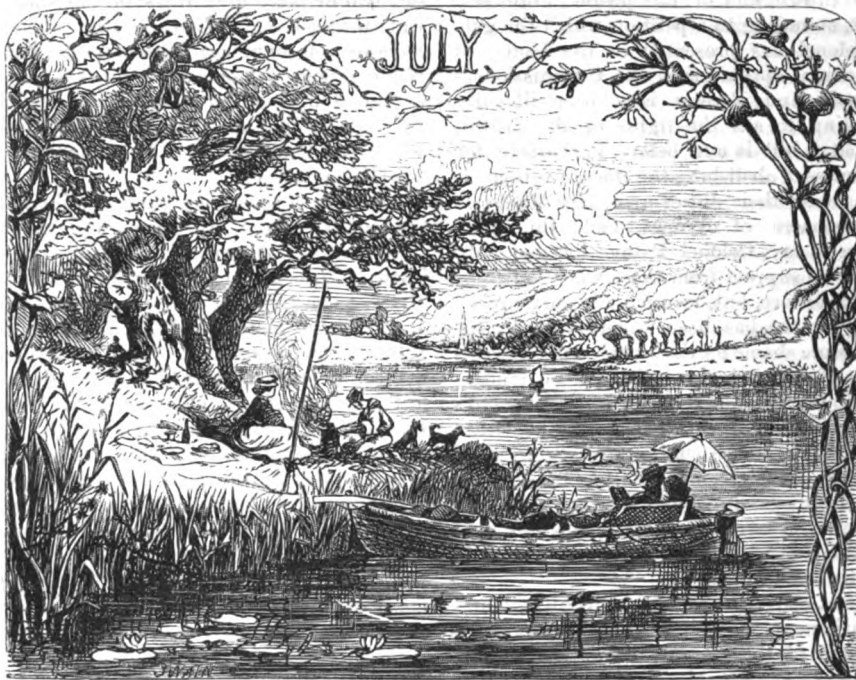
Some persons object that the bill does not go far enough, and they urge that the common lands should be purchased for the public, and

secured to them indefeasibly for evermore. But two or three difficulties in the way present themselves. Where is the money to come from to purchase these manorial rights? What a powerful opposition must necessarily be raised up against so sweeping a scheme! Will not the end and purpose of the measure be as effectively attained by a moderate and conciliatory plan?

All lords of the manor are not alike. It is the few, the exceptions, who wish to push their rights beyond the sacred limits of truth and justice. The lord of the manor of Banstead, Mr. T. Alcock, has offered to make a gratuitous grant of his manorial rights in the soil of 1,400 acres, forming the waste lands of that manor, in order that they may be dedicated to the service of the public for ever. Colonel Bowyer, of Clapham, is willing to enter into an arrangement for continuing the Common in perpetuity to the public, in consideration of a moderate annual rent-charge. In the neighbourhood of Bristol a lord of the manor, with the sanction of Parliament, has already vested his rights in a common in trustees for the benefit of the inhabitants of that ancient and opulent city. There are many other lords of the manor, we are assured, who would be willing to cede their rights for the public use and enjoyment. Besides private individuals, many corporate bodies possessed of manorial rights would, we have no doubt, willingly come forward in the same patriotic spirit. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, for instance, have expressed their readiness to surrender their manorial rights over Barnes Common for the benefit of the public, and when once the example has been set, great numbers would be quite certain to follow in the wake.

On the people of London the passing of Mr. Cowper's bill will confer an immeasurable boon. It will be a great relief to this vast multitude to feel that the open spaces around the metropolis will thus be practically secured to them and their children for ever. The Crown lands, especially, which have been left to the tender care of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, will feel the beneficial effect of the law. We shall then hear no more such imbecile pleas and excuses as those officially put forward in apology for the destruction of Blackheath, namely, that "a revenue must be made out of the gravel;" and we shall not be insulted by the cool indifference of Whitehall underlings, who can look upon the gradual demolition of Epping Forest with no other reply, when a remonstrance is made, than a shifting of the eye-glass, and "It's no affair of ours."

HAROLD KING.



I.

THROUGHOUT the house a dreamy stillness
stole,
The watch-dog slept, scarce buzz'd the lazy fly;
The clock tick'd on with solemn measured
tone,
Counting the drowsy moments of July.

II.

Through quaint-shaped panes the mellow light
crept in,
And traced rare brown-gold shadows on the floor;
The air was heavy with the scent that hung
Around the clematis that framed the door.

III.

Through the clipp'd arches of the olden yew
I pass'd, and very silence reign'd around;
As though the earth by some enchanter's spell
In magic sleep were bound.

IV.

The peaches slumber'd on the garden-wall,
The dew upon their crimson cheeks was wet;
The red-ripe strawberries gleam'd amid their
leaves
Like rubies in a ducal coronet.

V.

The feathery wheat stood still as fairy spears,
Borne by a million transfix'd sentinels;
The harebell was asleep, nor woke to ring,
In honour of July, her tiny bells.

VI.

The flame-tongued nightshade droop'd her purple
pride,
Yet held entranced the hedges where she
clung;
And wearied there her trails of blossoms white
The wild convolvulus flung.

VII.

The river with its waveless waters lay
All motionless, as a pure crystal sea;
Another landscape painted on its tide,
With spire, and sail, and tree.

VIII.

Close by the rush-grown bank a boat was
moor'd,
So still, it stirr'd not on the river's breast;
The world was hush'd, and Nature at my feet
Lay wrapp'd in perfect rest.

IX.

Like to the princess in the story old,
She in her beauty slept,—Oh, sight of bliss!
Waiting until some poet-heart should come
And wake her with his kiss.

X.

O wake! O wake! and breathe into my soul
Thy soul, that rightly I of thee may sing;
Or—sleep for ever, in thy beauty veil'd,
'Neath July's wing.

JULIA GODDARD.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XL. LAWRENCE ENTREATS.

PERCY FORBES, in reply to his visitor's observation, asked him to "sit down," and placed one of the uninviting chairs covered in hair-cloth near the fire, in a little nervous hurry which contrasted strangely with his usual careless, collected manner.

The two men seemed to have changed natures for the time being.

"Thank you, let me pull off my coat first," answered Lawrence, as coolly as possible; and he laid his rough pilot-cloth outer garment on the sofa, and put his hat on the top of it, before he came forward and availed himself of Mr. Forbes' politeness.

"It is awfully cold," he remarked, holding his hands over the fire and then rubbing them together; "and I don't know a walk I hate so much as that from Beach House here."

"I prefer Regent Street myself, certainly," answered Percy; "but these things are quite matters of taste."

"Yes," agreed Lawrence; and he sat looking into the blaze for a minute without making any further remark. Suddenly he lifted his eyes and, letting them range round the room, observed, "It seems strange to be sitting in the old place again with the old people gone."

"Old people, what do you mean?" inquired Percy, wonderingly.

"I mean the hopes and the fancies and the dreams that used to sit opposite to me as you are sitting now; I mean the people we create for ourselves, and who are more our companions than actual flesh and blood can ever prove; I mean the men and the women who walk through a door without opening it; I mean that—I am an egregious egotist," finished Lawrence abruptly, and he dropped his eyes on the fire once more.

There are some persons in the world who love whatever they pity: Percy Forbes'

affections were very closely related to his sympathies.

At that moment he liked Lawrence Barbour better than he had ever done, because he pitied him with all his heart and soul,—pitied him for his despairing look round the room, which had once been so full of happiness for him; where he had lived, while he loved with a hope of return; where he had worked for her sake, thought of her, borne the loss of her;—pitied him for his pale, worn face, for the anxious look in his eyes, for the fantastic confession he had just made.

The one man felt irresistibly attracted to the other in that hour. He knew Lawrence was not an individual who wore his heart on his sleeve, and he valued his spontaneous confidence accordingly. He had not expected that the interview would even have commenced with an approach to friendliness, and the turn the conversation had taken was therefore gratifying to him in the extreme.

But withal he experienced a difficulty in knowing exactly what to answer, and ventured in his extremity to say—

"You are looking fagged. Are you ill, or is it this wretched weather?"

"I am worried," was the reply. "Excepting that, I am as well as ever I need hope to be. Do you remember the first day that we met? O God! I wish that day had never been!"

Now the way this sentence was constructed caused Mr. Lawrence Barbour's wish to appear personal; and imagining something of this kind, Percy Forbes discreetly held his tongue.

Glad enough he felt of his forbearance next moment, when Lawrence, raising his head, went on—

"I do not say that, because I met you then, old fellow. Years ago I read a story in some ancient periodical—Wilson's 'Tales of the Borders' I think it must have been—about a woman who, believing in 'first foots,' thought the first foot who crossed her threshold on New Year's morning unlucky, and behaved herself rudely towards that individual. The story is vague and shadowy in my memory; but it came upon me as I crossed the bridge that you were my first foot on the threshold of a new life, and that I had de-

meaned myself after the fashion of the woman I speak of."

"I do not think you did," answered Percy; "but supposing it were so, what then?"

"I recollect asking you if you were my evil fate. I believe I have acted to you ever since as though you were something of the kind. To-night I began thinking that you might perhaps be my good fate. It may be. Will you try?" and Lawrence laid his hand on Percy's arm, while Percy, still nervous and constrained, asked,

"What do you want? what is it you require?"

"I will tell you," Lawrence answered. "Mr. Sondes begged me to return to Reach House early this evening, as you know, and I did return early. There he sat in your sanctum looking like a ghost; and it did not require any very great amount of faith to induce me to believe his first statement, which was to the effect that he had not very long to remain in this world, that his disease was incurable, that it resolved itself into a mere question of time, and that consequently he desired to set his temporal affairs in order. All this can be no news to you. He tells me you have been in his confidence since before my marriage."

Percy bowed his head in assent, and Lawrence proceeded. "Some one has been doing me a friendly turn with Mr. Sondes—telling him I have been calculating on his death—telling him falsehoods. Till to-night I thought that some one was you, Forbes; but now I know it to have been our manager, who shall clear out of the refinery to-morrow. This has nothing to do with the matter in hand, however. Mr. Sondes wants to place his niece beyond the power of adverse trade, and so proposes not to leave his share of the business either to her or me, but to sell out now, and invest his capital otherwise. He says he asked you to buy, but that you declined," Lawrence added;

And Percy answered, "I did."

"Well, I want you now to reconsider your decision," went on his visitor; "I want you to look at what we can offer, before you finally decide against our proposition. It is a first-rate concern, it returns a handsome profit, it need involve no work to you unless you like, it is such an opportunity as might never present itself to you again."

"I have not the necessary capital," said Percy Forbes, decidedly.

"Mr. Sondes will be satisfied with twenty thousand pounds," suggested Lawrence.

"I have not more than ten thousand pounds clear in the world, and that is invested," persisted the other.

"Now, Forbes, look here," said Lawrence,

decidedly; "let us be plain one with another. You have refused this partnership for three reasons, Mr. Sondes tells me: one, because your capital is locked up; another, because you would not like to be in business with me; and the third, because you think I should not like to be in business with you. Are we right so far?"

"Yes," agreed Forbes.

"Well, you mistake my feelings. Beyond all other men I should like to have you for my partner—beyond all other men, that is, except Perkins; and if you agree to change your business, I will do my best to make it comfortable for you."

"And why should I change my business?" demanded Percy Forbes.

"Because you are but a junior partner at the Reach Works; because you get but a (comparatively) very small return for your money; because you are not at the head of the firm; because you have to work harder than any labourer on the premises."

"Anything else?" asked Percy, as the other paused. He had risen during the course of the conversation, and was now standing in front of the fire, looking down upon Lawrence, who answered,

"Because we all want you," and then sat silent.

"That is very kind," said Percy; "very kind, indeed, of you all. Now, suppose, Barbour, we go back a little. There was a time when I did not know what to do with my money; when it seemed as strange for me to have a few thousands and be clear of debt, as what it must to a rogue to be dropped in some strange country where people presuppose him honest. I was waiting to turn over a new leaf in my life. I meant fully to stick to the purpose I have since carried out. I intended to renounce the pomps and vanities of a world which had led me a long way on my road to the devil, but I did not know how. I carried about my thousands, begging some man to have mercy upon me; to put me into some way of earning my bread and making those thousands many."

"I remember," said Lawrence; "but what then?"

"I came in those days to Mr. Sondes, hoping with all my heart and soul that he would take me into port. I sailed my craft into this East-End harbour, and he unceremoniously turned me out. He thought I should make ducks and drakes of my money; he fancied the refinery was a kind of heaven far beyond the deserts of any poor struggling mortal like myself, and negatived by his utter silence a proposition which I never had the heart to propose."

"But he offered to take you into the chemical business."

"Yes, knowing I should refuse it," answered Mr. Forbes; "or in any case thinking the money I should invest there would enable him to put more into the Goodman's Fields concern. Though I had been an idler, Barbour, I still understood enough of business to be up to that move; at all events, he would not have me; you were then the Koh-i-noor of his imagination, and he did not care for a poor bit of clay like myself."

"If he had taken you into partnership then——" said Lawrence musingly.

"It would have made a difference in all our lives most probably," finished Percy; "but it is not of what might have been we are talking, it is of what was—of what actually happened. He refused me; I had to take my cattle to another market; and now, solely to please his fancy and to save him trouble, he wants me to withdraw my capital from our firm, and transfer it to his credit."

"Stop a moment," Lawrence exclaimed; "I want you more than he."

"Well, then, your want is of really such recent date that it scarcely deserves even a passing consideration," retorted Percy, resuming his seat. He had said his say, and having done so, felt satisfied.

"I came here to-night meaning to be frank with you, Forbes," answered Lawrence; "only it is so confoundedly hard to be frank! I do not think there is anything in the world so difficult to a man as speaking out his mind."

"Suppose you make the attempt," advised Percy.

"Coming across the bridge, the affair seemed easy enough," the other replied; "but then I had question and answer my own way; you have thrown me out since I entered this room, or perhaps this room——"

"Suggested memories that make the present less easy to speak about," finished Percy, as his visitor abruptly stopped in the middle of his sentence.

"You are right," was the reply; "this room has made the past seem happier, the present more difficult to endure. I was free when I lived here. I was free to go, and free to come,—free to plan, to hope."

"I hope you are not regretting your marriage," Percy broke in sharply and suddenly; "if you are, do not say anything on the subject to me."

"I do not regret it," answered Lawrence, hotly also; "but I do bitterly lament the position in which my marriage has placed me. Up to the time I proposed for my wife, Mr. Sondes treated me more like a son than like a

stranger. He gave me every opportunity of pressing my suit. No man could have been kinder, more considerate than he. I never had any reason to doubt he would continue to place the same confidence in me till the question of settlements came to be discussed. Then every sixpence of my wife's fortune was settled on herself—tied so tightly that if she wanted to give me a thousand pounds tomorrow she could not do it—tied, in fact, so as to cripple her hand and foot, and make me never a penny the better for having married an heiress; rather the worse, indeed."

"You did not marry her for money, I suppose," said Percy, putting a strong restraint on himself.

"No; but—what are you doing?" he asked, in a choking voice. "Forbes, have you gone mad?"

"Don't finish your sentence," broke out Percy. "Don't. If you never loved her, remember I did; remember I would have married her if she had not possessed a shilling—if I had been forced to beg bread for her."

"Take your hands away, and do not put them over my mouth again," Lawrence answered. "You suffocate me. My wife is myself. I am not going to say anything disparaging of her. She is everything a man could wish—gentle and good and kind—too gentle and good and kind for me."

"You are right," Percy remarked.

"I am not complaining of my wife," Lawrence went on, unheeding this interruption; "but of her uncle. He wanted me to marry his niece—I am confident he did, and yet the moment I presented myself as a suitor, and had gone too far to recede, he began to distrust me. He would not leave a sixpence in my power. You know yourself he would not even tell me till just lately the nature of his illness. He has been thinking for months past how to cumber the refinery, so as to make it comparatively valueless to me. If I only dared to take my own way, and cut the whole concern, let him keep his sugar-pans to himself, and leave his money to the nearest charity; if I only might have a house to myself and my wife to myself, and be master in a house of my own, I should not mind so much; but as it is—mark you, Forbes, the bread of dependence is not easy to digest, and the wine is often sour."

"Why cannot you cut the whole concern?" demanded Percy Forbes.

"Because I am burdened," was the reply; "because my health is not good; because it is hard to begin all over again; because I have a wife who would break her heart if I were to separate her from her uncle; because I may have children; because, if a man

quarrels with his bread-and-butter, he often has to go without breakfast. I must stay in Goodman's Fields, and eat humble pie for the present; at all events, unless you will come into the business, and—save me," added Lawrence, despairingly.

"You speak in enigmas," observed Percy, coldly.

"Do I?" retorted Lawrence; "it is not a usual habit of mine, at any rate. What I mean is, that at times my present position seems unendurable; that I kick, and pull, and curse, and have to bear the chain all the same; that I am in a cleft stick; that I see dependence on one side of me, and beggary on the other; that it would ruin me to split with Mr. Sondes, while at the same time he is sometimes more than I can endure."

"Yet you think you could endure me?"

"I swear it to you, Forbes, if you will only consent to leave the Isle of Dogs and come to us, you shall never hear an angry word from me. I will be guided by you, so long as I choose to be guided, and when I do not choose to have my way marked out for me, I will find another road, and leave you in peace to travel yours. If Mr. Sondes gets in some large capitalist, I know I shall not stay a week in the refinery. Ruin, or no ruin, I will never hereafter be at the beck and call of any one as I have been at the beck and call of Mr. Sondes. It is interfering and ordering from Monday morning till Saturday night. There is not a thing I do pleases him; I never knew the meaning of the word slavery till I became a partner. Hang it! a man wants to make money for his own sake, not to be working eternally for the benefit of other people; and when I married Olivine, I did not enter into any compact to sell myself body and soul to Mr. Sondes."

"But without your putting a shilling of capital into the business, he gave you a third share of the profits."

"True; but I must have had that sooner or later, married or single."

"For God's sake, Barbour, cease talking about your marriage altogether; it makes me wild to hear you. If you did choose your wife for the money you supposed she would inherit, at any rate have the decency to hold your tongue concerning that part of the business."

"You are wrong in your suspicion," Lawrence replied. "I did not marry my wife for money, and many and many a time I have wished she had not possessed a single farthing. It would have been better for me—better by far. But as she has money I must speak of it; must show you to how complete a cipher it reduces me; how it cripples every movement

and utterly destroys my happiness and independence, so that you may understand my position clearly."

"I have never thought your position could be a pleasant one," remarked Percy; "but still I do not think you make the best of it, or that you are quite just to Mr. Sondes. He only wants to secure his niece against all chance of poverty, and so to arrange his property now that he can leave it to whom he chooses, without the chance of any unpleasantness after his death. You have no right to expect him to throw up the management of the business to you, with the entire use of his capital. If I married the daughter of any of our people, I should be greatly surprised supposing the reins were thrown to me. When you were first engaged to Mr. Sondes' niece you must have known she would never like to leave her uncle, and you could not have been ignorant also that a joint establishment is not so agreeable as separate houses. You made the arrangement with your eyes open, and if the arrangement has not answered your expectations, you have nobody to thank for it but yourself."

"That fact does not mend matters in the least," said Lawrence.

"True; but it ought to induce you to bear the difficulties your own act has entailed upon you patiently," answered Percy; and there ensued a pause. Then Lawrence turned back to the point whence they started.

"Will you reconsider this," he said, "and come into the business as my partner?"

"No," was the reply. "I cannot."

"But why?—only tell me why. If your capital is locked up, we can make shift somehow. We can pay Mr. Sondes by mortgaging; leave me to manage that! We can take more out of ourselves, and infuse fresh blood and vigour into the concern. I tell you, Forbes, we two, you and I, could work the trade up to anything we liked in a few years' time."

"And I tell you," answered Percy Forbes, "that I am not going to do it. You want to get me into the concern so that you may lord it over me—that you may have everything your own way—that you may stand in Mr. Sondes' shoes, and I in your present ones. You think you would get a pliable, yielding fool of a partner, ready to defer to your superior cleverness, to your greater business experience, willing to let you risk the money of the house in any speculation if you said it promised to turn out profitably. You have come here to-night to try and talk me over, and you think you could talk me over in precisely a similar manner were we sailing in the same boat; but I tell you 'No' again. You may

have me for a friend, if you like, but you won't have me for a partner."

"Forbes"—it was Lawrence who spoke now, Lawrence, standing up and looking appealingly, entreatingly, with his strange dark eyes, in Percy's face—"you are all wrong; before Heaven you are. I do not wonder at your thinking what you have just expressed; but I will try to be frank. Hard, as I said before, as it is to be frank, I will try. I came here to-night, not to talk you over, but to ask you to save me. It is true, believe me or not, just as you like."

"To save you from what?" asked Percy.

"From myself. I want to turn into shelter. I desire to put a barrier between myself and harm. I do not wish to speculate any more. I wish to cut the West as you have done. I long for rest, and a quiet mind and a quiet conscience, with a longing unutterable. If I were once happy in my business I think I could settle down contentedly."

"Think," repeated Percy, scornfully, "I have always heard there were people who would not be satisfied in heaven even if they got there, and I am sure of it now."

"And yet still, though they might not be satisfied in heaven, they would desire to keep themselves out of hell," pleaded Lawrence.

"True," answered the elder man, while his face softened a little. "So," he added, "from the very mouth of the pit you have turned and fled away."

"That is the precise state of the case," Lawrence eagerly replied; "and I come to you as to the little city of refuge where Lot betook himself when he left Sodom."

"It strikes me that Zoar was not a city of refuge at all," remarked Percy Forbes, relapsing into his former manner; "but let that pass: you come here and expect me to help a man who cannot help himself. You want me to relinquish my business in order to keep you straight in yours. In an access of virtue, as strange as it is sudden, you come to a man you have never much liked, and with whom you could not possibly agree, praying him to save you from the evil to come. The whole affair passes my comprehension. I will not think you are acting a part, but any one might imagine you were."

With a gesture of bitter despair Lawrence crossed the room, and taking up his coat, put it on as he answered—

"You may think what you like and you may do what you like, Forbes; but upon my soul I am saying the bare truth when I repeat I came here this night intending to ask you to save me, and believing firmly that you would do so, my faith in human nature being stronger apparently than yours. There is not

a man breathing to whom I would have said what I have, excepting yourself. And now forget all about it, and let us be as though this conversation had never taken place."

"Do you think I have been hard?" Percy demanded, with a dim feeling that even in a nature like Lawrence Barbour's there might be something more than his poor philosophy could grasp. "Do you think I have been hard,—do you think, considering the past, I am unjust?"

"I cannot tell," Lawrence answered; "I will go now and face the future as best-I may. If I had been civiler to you in the days gone by, I suppose you would have been more complaisant to me now; but as a man sows he reaps; there never was a truer saying than that."

And Lawrence stretched out his hand to Percy Forbes, who shook it, while somehow in his heart those words, "as a man sows he reaps," were echoing.

At one end of a room stands a closed piano; hand does not touch it, man lays no finger on it; and yet at the unlikely sound some string vibrates and gives forth an answering tone.

To me it has always appeared that many human hearts are like that closed and generally silent instrument, which speaks when we least expect its utterance. It is the chance sound, the chance word that awakens an answering echo; it is something which happens to hit the particular note in the soul capable of responding to such an appeal. We may try every tone in the gamut, we may sing the songs we think pathetic, we may tell the stories which seem to us thrilling, we may exert our capabilities, we may use our best powers, and then, when we turn away disappointed, the chance expression touches the one string which returns the same number of vibrations, and unison answers to unison, tone replies to tone. Or the heart is as one of those locks, fastened by a mystical name in the long past, and no man living knoweth the secret thereof. Every name likely and unlikely is thought of, every word containing the proper number of letters is brought to bear on the mystery unsuccessfully, till, behold, a chance phrase suggests an idea, and the puzzle is unlocked, or a ward in the lock of that still more wonderful puzzle made by the hand of God is shot back for a moment at the instance of a key used at random.

"As a man sows he reaps." Oh! Lord, this is not a sowing and reaping for one alone, but for you, reader, and for me as well as for any other.

"As a man sows." What was Percy Forbes

sowing that night, if he made no haste to gather up the tares and plant corn—sound and wholesome—in their stead!

"As a man sows:" if he sows badly for his fellow, shall he not reap also a portion of the bitter grain? "As a man sows:" Lawrence Barbour had appealed to him for help, and if Percy Forbes refused to give him his help in this his strait, how in the judgment day would they meet?

Vaguely, underlying all human lives, is hidden this problem of future responsibility.

The geological strata of the earth are not more singular than the strata of men's minds. Externally the ground may be green, or the formation may be rocky, but in neither case is the surface reliable. There may be layer upon layer, now dark, now light, now hard, now soft; the exterior may be that of an infidel, a scoffer, a man who has never thought seriously on any subject, whether of life, of morals, or religion; and the world, seeing only the exterior, judges him accordingly; while the man, a reflex of the world's opinion, styles himself, and believes himself to be, a sceptic, or an infidel, as the fashion turns, as the social tide sets. And yet there is something lying deep down in his nature which only requires searching out to prove a pearl of great price.

Men are like the great hills where formation is piled on formation; but yet when the borer comes to search for coal, he often has to pass through iron ere he finds that which he seeks. And what is the end of all religious search but this same question of responsibility? Hereafter, will this come home to me?—as I sow, shall I surely reap? If the seed be the down of thistles, is it certain that in the shadowy future thistles shall grow up and cover the fields—the pleasant fields of life?

Very vaguely all this passed through Percy Forbes' mind. He had steeled his heart against Lawrence's request to the end that he might protect his own interests from injury. He had determined not to be either tempted or argued or cajoled into embarking in a business which he had always felt a secret hankering after. He had fought not merely against Lawrence's persuasions, but also against his own private desires. He was sick of the monotony of his life at Reach House; but at the same time he had decided he would not change that monotony by acceding to Mr. Sondes' wishes. He felt angry at the persistency with which the question of this partnership was pressed upon him.

"They would not have me long ago," he thought; "why cannot they let me alone now? I will have none of it."

A prudent resolve under the circumstances,

perhaps; but still no sufficient reason why he should have been hard with Lawrence, and almost repelled his confidence. They had not talked the matter out as such an important proposal deserved. Suppose he were able to help Lawrence in any way without compromising his own resolution.

"Do not be in such a hurry to go," he said. "Pull off your coat again and sit down. Perhaps I might know of some one you would like to go into partnership with; at any rate, do not start off in a passion. If I have been impatient, you must make allowance for me. Do you not think yourself it is unreasonable to expect a man to give up his business at your bidding, solely for your personal pleasure and convenience?"

"It would be good for you as well as for me," Lawrence answered, throwing his coat over the back of his chair. He stood with his back towards Percy Forbes as he spoke, and therefore the elder man could not see the smile which curled his lip, nor the look of triumph that lit up his eye.

Had Percy seen the expression of his companion's face, the negotiation would have ended on the spot; and yet the whole thing meant nothing more than this, that Lawrence thought he should not fail after all; that Forbes would still in his hands be like wax.

He had no evil design; he had no ulterior object beyond the desire of standing on equal terms with some one. He believed, if Percy would but come into the business with him, that they could work miracles of success. He wanted to turn his back on Hereford Street. He meant, if the chance of safety were given to him, to remain faithful to Olivine, and to keep himself out of the way of harm. He had proposed to go in a fit of downright anger and despair; but now, when he saw deliverance looming in the distance, he could not help smiling at his former fears,—at Percy's utter weakness, as it seemed to him.

It was not in Lawrence Barbour's nature to set his foot down on a thing one moment and lift it out of compassion the next; and yet it was on this very softness and sweetness in Percy Forbes' nature he had calculated for success. In many respects Percy was exactly like a woman,—"so his friend decided,"—and, like a woman, capable of being wound round at the will of a stronger mind. Vehemently he had declared he would not be talked over, and now Lawrence foresaw he was going to be made to yield. For all these reasons Lawrence smiled; but when he turned and looked at Percy, his face was grave and troubled and worn as ever.

"You do look awfully ill, Barbour," the elder man involuntarily exclaimed. "I wish

you would tell me what is the matter with you."

"And I wish, Forbes, you would tell me when there is ever likely not to be something the matter with me," answered Lawrence. "You think it hard for that man over at Reach House to be sick of a mortal disease which will carry him off some day; but, after all, he has had his life, had strength and freedom from pain until within the last few years; while I, since the hour we first met in Hyde Park,—I have never known the meaning of the word health. Is not that harder than Mr. Sondes' case? Was it not cursed luck for me to get such a blow as that on the very threshold of life? Was it not, now? Was it fair for a man who had to earn his bread to be incapacitated from doing so, except with pain and weariness? Do you consider such things just? If you do, I do not."

"It is not easy to understand. I have often thought how well you bore your burden," answered Percy, ignoring the problem Lawrence asked him to solve; but I hoped till recently you were better. It is only just lately you have been looking so wretchedly ill."

"The work is too much for me," Lawrence replied; "and Mr. Sondes has been for a long time past rather an incumbrance than a help. Then I have had a great deal of anxiety, and harass, and bodily fatigue. I will tell you in what way," he added, drawing his chair a little nearer to the fire, and settling himself with the air of a person resolved not to stir till he has carried his point.

That was Lawrence Barbour all over. He was going to set himself now to conquer Percy Forbes as he had set himself years before to conquer fortune.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE AFFECTIONS AND HABITS OF ANIMALS.

I AM always glad to receive well-authenticated anecdotes of dogs, or, indeed, of any animals, especially those which afford proofs of reason or something approaching to it, or of contrivance in furthering their wants. I have had ample proofs that a redundancy of milk in a female animal will produce strange associations. I have elsewhere* recorded the undoubted fact of a mouse having been seen by several persons in the constant habit of sucking a cat, and of a puppy having been stolen from its mother by a fox, which had lost its cubs, evidently for the purpose of being relieved from a pressure of milk. In corroboration of what has been said, I will mention the following facts, communicated to me by a

friend on whose veracity I can strictly depend. He writes to me as follows:—"As you are interested in anything which relates to dogs, perhaps an account of a circumstance that occurred a few days ago may be acceptable. A pointer of mine produced on Friday last seven young ones, six of which were drowned, and one left with her. On my servant going the next morning to give her some food, she found, besides the puppy, a hedgehog, which has been in my garden several years. This animal was comfortably curled up with the other two. My servant took it with him, and shut the door. After my breakfast, I heard that it had got back again, so I went to see it. The bitch was licking it, and evidently endeavouring to induce it to open, as it probably curled itself on hearing the door opened. She appeared quite as fond of her prickly pet as if it had been one of her own puppies. I had it again taken away, and then the bitch followed it, crying to have it back. This was the more extraordinary, for only a day or two before she had found the hedgehog in the garden, and had tried to kill it. It was certainly a curious and an incongruous adoption."

White, of Selborne, mentions an instance of strong affection which appeared to exist between his horse and a solitary hen, which followed the horse as he was grazing in the field. A hen in my own neighbourhood, a very few years ago, took every opportunity of fostering under her wings a young pig, the youngest of a large litter, and which would have died of cold but for her care of it. The circumstance became known in time, and the little pig was brought up by hand, the hen contriving to cover it with her wings until it no longer required her protection.

I like to hear and record these instances of kindly affections in animals. They afford a good example to the human race, who are too apt not to give them credit for the feelings they possess. How many persons are there who can testify to the fact that they have taken young canaries from their parents and placed them in a cage which has been hung outside their house? The plaintive cries of these young birds have attracted the sympathy of sparrows, who have fed them affectionately and repeatedly while in this situation. Again; should a sheep die in bringing forth a lamb, it is a well-known fact that other ewes of the flock will afford nourishment to the orphan, although they might have one, and sometimes two, lambs of their own to provide for.

A gentleman in Scotland had a golden pheasant sent him, and he confined it in a pen with a solitary chicken which he happened to have. These birds formed a great affection

* Vol. I., New Series, page 203.

for each other, which they evinced in a variety of ways. The pheasant, however, died, and was immediately stuffed, and the chicken again turned loose. It appeared, however, to be miserable after the death of its companion, and, happening to see it after the pheasant had been stuffed, it drooped its wings after having attempted to get at it, kept its eyes fixed on it, and died in this attitude.

An elderly lady, residing a very few years ago at Brighton, had a favourite parrot, and a mutual affection seemed to exist between this bird and its mistress. The former had for many years its cage placed on a table in the bed-room of the latter, and it was covered with a cloth to keep the bird warm. During this long period the parrot was never known to make any noise, so as to disturb his mistress in the night. This went on for a great length of time, when one night the old lady's maid, who slept in an adjoining room, heard the parrot scream in a loud and very unusual manner. This was continued louder and louder, until at last the maid got out of bed, lighted a candle, and went into her mistress's room, when she found that she was dead. It is difficult to account for the screams of the parrot. Probably the bird heard some unusual sounds made by her dying friend, which might have alarmed her, or from some other cause which will never be ascertained. The fact stated is, however, undoubted, and I must leave it to my readers to form their own conclusions from the circumstances I have related.

Almost every one knows that ploughmen, when they come to the end of a furrow, clean their ploughshare with a spud, especially if the land is *sticky*. A ploughman in Essex had a little dog, somewhat of the turnspit breed, who always accompanied his master while he was ploughing. At last the animal evidently thought that he might be of use to his master, and save him some trouble, for, at the end of each furrow, the dog made it his business to clean the ploughshare, which he did by scratching the clay from it, and if he could not get the dirt off as quickly as he seemed to think he ought to have done, or as soon as his master was ready to start again, he showed evident signs of distress.

A niece of mine informed me that she had a favourite old cat, her constant companion, and also a young terrier dog, which she took great pains to teach to sit up and beg. With all her trouble, she never could succeed in making him do it. After having in vain tried to teach him, she was surprised one day at seeing her old cat, who apparently had been asleep on the hearth-rug, quit it, and placing herself by the side of the dog, put herself in a begging attitude, evidently for the purpose of

showing the dog what he was expected to do. Since that time the cat has continued to sit up and beg at meals when she wants to be fed.

Many years ago an English officer, stationed at Samarang, during our occupation of the Dutch colonies, had a tame leopard. The animal had his liberty, and used to run all over the house of his master, to whom he seemed much attached. One morning, after breakfast, the officer was sitting smoking his hookah, with a book in his right hand, and the hookah snake in his left, when he felt a slight pain in his left hand, and on attempting to raise it, was checked by a low angry growl from his pet animal. On looking down, he saw the leopard had been licking the back of his hand, and had by degrees drawn a little blood from it. The leopard would not allow the removal of the hand, but continued to lick it with apparent relish, which did not much please his master, who, with great presence of mind, without attempting to disturb his pet in his proceedings, called to his servant to bring him a pistol loaded, with which he shot the animal dead on the spot. This was probably the first time the leopard had tasted blood.

When an extra task is about to be imposed on an elephant, he is shown some favourite food, which he immediately takes it for granted that he shall receive as soon as his task is performed; he then exerts himself to perform it. This is a sort of principle of barter—give and take.

The fact whether swallows hibernate in this country has long been doubted, although it is evident that the Rev. Gilbert White, of Selborne, never abandoned the idea that such was the case. I have, however, received a communication from a highly-respectable quarter, which I will give in *extenso*, and which, I think, will put the question at rest that swallows can remain in a dormant state in this country for many months without food, or the means of procuring it. The letter of my fair correspondent will speak for itself.

"I wish to communicate to you an interesting fact respecting a pair of swallows and their progeny, which came most strictly under my own observation, and also that of several members of our family. The birds built their nest early in the summer close to the iron stay of a water-spout, running in a direction from my bed-room window, so that I could observe their proceedings as I lay in bed, and also from various parts of my room. After the first hatch had taken flight, the parent birds repaired the nest and sat again. The young ones were brought to life in September, and were able early in October to leave the nest and settle on the spout, or the roof of the house. They took a short flight across the

court, but were too weak to depart when the rest of these interesting birds quit our island.

"Having taken great pleasure in watching

them, I was left to wonder how the young ones would manage, or whether they would be left to starve. To my great surprise, I



(See page 36.)

found the old swallows carrying mud one morning, and most carefully closing the aperture of the nest when the young ones were in it. It was, indeed, most effectually stopped. As the spring of the year approached, I diligently watched the prisoners' habitation, and early in April I heard a slight twittering. This continued for some days, and I then inspected the nest, and found a small hole about the size of a pea. This day by day increased in size, and at length three swallows emerged from their winter habitation. At first they appeared weak, but in a few days they gained strength, and, after a flight, always returned to the same place, and rested there during the night. The nest has been preserved, and a

brood has been hatched in it again this year, and another nest has been built on the next stay of the spout nearer to my window. My maid can vouch to the truth of the facts I have related."

Such is a copy of the letter I have received from a lady of the greatest respectability, and it may serve to set at rest any doubts which may have arisen as to the possibility of the hybernation of swallows in this country. It is an interesting question, and one which has often been discussed by naturalists. That young, tender birds should be able to go without food for so many months is certainly wonderful; but we know that some animals do so, such as mice, bears, crocodiles, &c., and

probably several sorts of insects. A series of interesting experiments might be made on this subject, with the view of ascertaining, by artificial means, how low a degree of temperature swallows can sustain for a time without destroying life.

There is one thing in the above account which it is impossible not to admire, and that is the affection of the parent birds in providing for the safety of their young ones when they were unable to accompany them in their flights to the sunny regions of Italy or to the groves of Greece.

EDWARD JESSE.

KING GEORGE I. AND APHROESSA.

THE formation of a new island, though rare, and perhaps never before witnessed so closely and under such favourable circumstances as that we are about to describe, is very far from being unexampled. About sixty years ago a Captain Corrao who commanded a brig trading between Trapani and Girgenti, saw on his voyage to the latter place a large quantity of a black substance, and innumerable dead fish floating on the surface of the sea. He at the same time heard a subterranean noise, resembling thunder. The next day after he had seen these things he saw a mass of water about four hundred fathoms (800 yards) in circumference rise in the air to a height of sixty feet, from which a sulphurous-smelling smoke proceeded. He continued his voyage to Girgenti, to which port the spot where the phenomenon had exhibited itself was so near that he could see the smoke rising from it the whole of the time he was loading his vessel. To his great astonishment he found on his return that the mound of water had been succeeded by an island of the same circumference, elevated about twelve feet above the level of the sea, and in the middle of the island was a volcano in active eruption. The formation of this island was seen by others, one of whom says that the island was not formed by a single upheaval, but that the sea rose in a rugged foam-covered mass to a great height, and then sunk down again, which was repeated several times during a space of two hours. This island was named Hotham Island, after Sir Henry Hotham, who was then in command of the Mediterranean squadron, and who immediately sent an officer to examine it, and mark its position on the chart. The report of this officer is very interesting. After describing its position, he says:—"I saw flashes of brilliant light, mingled with the smoke, and a few minutes afterwards the whole column became blacker and larger; almost immediately afterwards several successive eruptions of lurid fire rose up amidst the smoke; they subsided, and

the column then became white again. During the night the changes from white to black, with flashes, and the eruption of fire, continued at irregular intervals, varying from half-an-hour to an hour. At daylight, when the smoke cleared away from the base for a moment, I saw a small hillock of a dark colour, a few feet above the sea. . . . The volcano was in a constant state of activity, and appeared to be discharging dust and stones, with vast volumes of steam. At half-past seven the rushing noise of the eruptions was heard, and at nine o'clock, being then about two miles from it, I hove-to, and went in a boat to sound round and examine it. . . . I got no bottom till within twenty yards of the western side, where I found eighteen fathoms soft bottom, which was the only sounding obtained. The crater seemed to be formed of fine dust and mud of a dark-brown colour; within it was to be seen, in the intervals of the eruptions, a mixture of muddy water, steam, and cinders, dashing up and down, and occasionally running into the sea over the edge of the crater, which I found on rowing round it was broken down to a level with the sea on the W.S.W. side for the space of eleven or twelve yards. Here I obtained a better view of the interior, which appeared to be filled with muddy water, violently agitated, from which showers of hot stones or cinders were constantly shooting up a few yards, and falling into it again; but the great quantity of steam that issued from it prevented my seeing the whole crater.

"A considerable stream of muddy water that issued from it discoloured the sea. I could not approach near enough to observe its temperature; but that of the sea within ten or twelve yards of it was only one degree above the average, and to leeward of the island, in the direction of the current, which ran to the eastward, no difference was perceptible, even where the water was most discoloured; however, as a mirage played above it near its source it was probably hot there. . . . No words can describe the grandeur of the eruptions. Their progress was generally as follows: After the volcano had emitted for some time its usual volumes of white steam, suddenly the whole aperture was filled with an enormous mass of hot cinders and dust, rushing upwards to the height of some hundred feet with a loud roaring noise, then falling into the sea with a still louder noise, arising in part, perhaps, from the formation of prodigious quantities of steam which instantly took place. The steam was at first of a brown colour, having embodied a great deal of dust; as it rose it gradually recovered its pure white colour, depositing the dust in a shower of muddy rain. While this

was being accomplished, renewed eruptions of hot cinders and dust were quickly succeeding each other, while forked lightning, accompanied by rattling thunder, darted about in all directions within the column, now darkened with dust and greatly increased in volume, and distorted by sudden gusts and whirlwinds. The latter were most frequent on the lee-side, where they often made imperfect waterspouts of curious shapes. On one occasion some of the steam reached the boat, and we perceived a slight odour of sulphur, and the mud it left became a gritty, sparkling, dark-brown colour when dry. None of the stones appeared more than six inches in diameter, and most of them much smaller. From the time when the volcano was first seen, till after I left it, the barometer did not either fall or rise; the sym-piesometer underwent frequent but not important changes, and the temperature of the sea did not bespeak any unusual influence."

Nor, as regards the noises which have attended the recent eruption, are they to be compared with some that have been heard on other occasions. Sir Stamford Raffles describes an eruption of the Tomboro mountain, in the Island of Sumbawa, the explosions of which were heard at a place distant more than seven hundred miles, and at Sumatra, nearly a thousand. These sounds were in harmony with the other phenomena which accompanied the eruption. Horses, cattle, and men were lifted into the air by whirlwinds as though they had been straws, the sea round the island was covered with trees, and the ashes vomited were in such abundance that the darkness which covered the land of Egypt could scarcely have been more dense than that caused by these clouds, which swept across the sea as far as Tara and Celebes, more than three hundred miles, and lay on the sea round Sumatra to such a depth as to impede, and even altogether to stop the progress of vessels. The circumference of the area over which the ashes and cinders fell was quite three thousand miles, and the eruption was attended with every variety of volcanic phenomena. Lands were raised and sunk, and out of the whole population, supposed to have been about twelve thousand, only twenty-six escaped; a proportional loss equal to, if not exceeding that which marked the awful visitations of a similar kind that happened in China just preceding the pestilence, which, starting from there, swept over Asia, and thence over Europe, where its ravages, and the symptoms it gave rise to gained for it the terribly significant appellation of the Black Death. Enormous as was the quantity of ashes vomited by the Tomboro mountain, it must have been pretty closely approached, so far as

bulk was concerned, by the eruptions of mud from the volcanic peaks on the plains of Quito, one alone of which on a single occasion poured out so much mud as to raise valleys six hundred feet deep and double that width, to a level with the surrounding plain.

The gulf of Santorin itself is no stranger to the formation of several islets which have risen from the sea precisely as that named after the present King of Greece has done. About a hundred years before Christ, the island named Palais Kameni, meaning Burnt Island, was thrown up in the gulf. In 1573, the Little Kameni was thrown up. Another was uplifted in November 1707, known as the New Kameni, and which continues to emit, or did until quite recently, sulphurous vapours. Subsequently to this, volcanic action of a similar kind has manifested itself, though on a smaller scale; as when the Island of Santorin itself was enlarged about half a mile on the side nearest Little Kameni.

M. Dezigallia, Lenormant, and others, have published descriptions of the rise and progress of this addition to *terra firma*, which leave nothing to be desired on the score of completeness. It began with a bellowing sound, which was heard with greatest distinctness in New Kameni, and principally in that part known as Voulcano, where the mineral waters are. At the same time fragments of rocks began to crumble down in different parts of the island, and continued to do so almost without cessation. On the following day cracks were observed in walls, in the ground, and in the newly-built quays. About noon the bellowing sounds became louder and more frequent, and might be compared to discharges of artillery. In the little port of Voulcano, where copper-bottomed vessels are docked for the purpose of cleaning, the sea was violently agitated, and covered with bubbles, which streamed upward from the bottom in endless succession. Just above them, and surrounding them, a white vapour, having a sulphurous odour, was perceptible. In the afternoon of the same day the boiling of the sea increased, and the beach began by slow degrees to sink. About five o'clock on the morning of the 20th, flames were seen issuing from the sea and the beach on the western side of the same port. These were of a conical form, having a base of from thirty-five to forty-five square feet, and rising from twelve to sixteen feet in height, which, after burning about an hour, completely disappeared. The sub-prefect and others went to examine the phenomenon more closely. The first thing that struck them was that the whole of the south-western part of New Kameni had crumbled to bits. A rupture beginning at the west side, near port St. George,

and running towards the east, split into two equal parts, the conically-formed hill constituting the island and promontory, and innumerable other ruptures,—some running from east to west, and others from north to south,—divided the soil of the whole of the southwestern portion of the island. The soil of this part of the island was not composed of earth, but of an accumulation of volcanic stones and sand, or rather of pulverised basaltic stone, which was always dry, and on which no trace of vegetation ever presented itself. Here they saw four small lakes of very pure fresh water, which were continually extending themselves; for after having measured the largest of them and finding that it hardly covered an area of forty square feet, they found about four hours afterwards its waters had risen two inches. They advanced towards the focus of the volcanic action, and here their noses were assailed by a sulphurous odour, very similar to that of rotten eggs. White and suffocating vapours issued from the bubbling sea, and from time to time they could perceive patches of a yellowish colour on the surface, indicating that the rising vapours were of a hydro-sulphurous or hydro-phosphoric nature. The soil was steadily but very slowly sinking in the direction of the port. This sinking of the soil was much more perceptible towards the west than towards the east, the latter had sunk not more than nine feet, whereas the former had sunk full twice that depth. This sinking was effected gradually, for having measured the surface of the water at the moment of their arrival, and just previous to their departure, they found that in four hours the soil had sunk about two feet.

The sea was troubled and red; its temperature was that of the rest of the sea, but it seemed to have a slightly bitter taste, and when held in a transparent vessel, it was very turbid. The bubbling was very great, arising doubtless from the violent issue of large quantities of gas generated by an abundant supply of sulphate of iron in its depths. About five o'clock the same afternoon a slight shock was felt in the island of Santorin.

During the night, from the 20th to the 21st, the sea around New Kameni was white as milk. On its surface, and on the beach at the innermost part of the little port, reddish-coloured flames were occasionally seen, which lasted for some minutes, while in the port of St. George a rapid current was formed, which prevented vessels from going out, especially as a south wind was blowing across the entrance to the port.

On the morning of the 21st, the sea, at that part called Voulcano, was still more tossed, not only by the volcanic action, but by reason of

the south wind which blew. All round the islands, known as the Kamenis, the sea appeared coloured—one part green, and another of a violet colour; which lasted throughout the entire day. The four lakes formed on the preceding days were somewhat enlarged, and five others, containing very clear and sweet water, had appeared, the subsidence of the soil continuing at about the same rate, but rather more slowly towards the east side of the creek, where it was estimated at four inches an hour. The fissures previously observed had increased in width, and a number of others had been formed, and buildings, which then presented no signs of damage, were now covered with cracks; the fissures in the ground, however, were all confined to the south-west part of the island. The rumbling sound continued, and slight shocks of the soil near Voulcano were felt at intervals. After this the sea became tepid, and so turbulent as to forbid the approach of vessels; the sulphurous odour was carried by the wind as far as Santorin; the sea-birds which, on the preceding day, had assembled in large numbers, to feed on the dead and half-dead fish, floating on the waters of the gulf, did not make their appearance this day. In the night of the 21st, flames were observed from time to time in the creek, chiefly on the west coast, from whence in the morning there issued, with a hissing noise, a dense white vapour. Throughout the day the subsidence of the soil continued at about the same rate as previously, and the fissures, especially the more southern of those on the summit of the conical hill, had perceptibly widened. The water of all the lakes, with one exception, had become salt and bitter, and the sea of Voulcano hot, or rather scalding, as had also the rocks of the adjacent coast, while the bubbling extended from thence to the western arm of the creek, where the focus of the volcanic action appeared to be located. The heating of the sea extended almost throughout the gulf of Santorin.

On the night of the 23rd, the odour and the smoke became more intense, and occasionally a phosphorescent light was perceptible on the surface of the sea. At three o'clock in the morning red flames were seen in the focus of the volcanic action, and the smoke became more dense, as well as of a darker hue. These flames, which rose and fell, lasted between an hour and an hour and a half, when they disappeared, and a reef made its appearance on the spot, which gradually increased in dimensions, and about noon of the 23rd had become an island, which could not be approached very closely in a boat, on account of the heat and the tossing of the sea; but could be reached within ten

paces on the land side, so that it could be closely examined. The spectacle was grand, and was all the more agreeable that the enlargement of the island could be watched without the slightest risk. The smoke, although thick and issuing abundantly from all parts of the new-born earth, had neither a bad smell nor a very high temperature, and in no way impeded respiration. No flames were visible, and even the planks of the barracks, destroyed by the sinking of the earth, or which had formed parts of small vessels, submerged long since in the port, were now brought up from the bottom, but showed no signs of the action of fire. No shocks of earthquake were perceived, and there was no noise, nor were stones projected into the air; but the island developed itself peaceably, like the swelling of a bubble, and with such rapidity, that its enlargement was distinctly perceptible, though it was not possible then to distinguish from whence the stones came which were successively added to it. At this time the height of the island was estimated at from forty-five to sixty-five feet, its length from sixty-five to seventy-six feet, and its width from twenty-six to thirty-two feet.

At times the subsidence of the neighbouring land ceased, but the whole of the sea in the gulf of Santorin continued agitated and discoloured. On the coast of New Kameni it was merely tepid, while at the place where the eruption occurred, on the west of Voulcano, it boiled incessantly. There was a rumbling sound, too, in that direction, and the vapour issued forth with a hissing sound. On the island of Santorin, beyond the exhalation of vapour and a slight shock of an earthquake, which was felt at five o'clock on the morning of the 20th, no volcanic action was perceptible. These phenomena were not in any way acted on by meteorological conditions, for whether it were calm, or winds were blowing from different quarters with violence, or rain was falling, they proceeded in the same manner.

The new island grew rapidly, the increase being greatest in the direction where the muddy lake was formerly. The greater part of the stones of which it is composed are of a deep blue colour; some of them, however, are reddish or ash-coloured. At night it could be seen the stones were luminous, so much so that the island looked like a huge mound of red-hot coals. The smoke that issued from it was likewise luminous, having very much the appearance of that presented by the tail of a comet, and the clouds it formed in the atmosphere looked like those which precede a storm. Some of the newly-formed lakes presented a phosphoric lustre, and red flames issued from the great rupture in the conical hill at intervals. The temperature of the sea

on the south-west coast of New Kameni varied from 63 degrees to 122 degrees, not merely in proportion to its distance from the rising island, but also relatively to the particular spots where the boiling continued. In some parts near Voulcano the depth of the sea perceptibly diminished. The current from the direction of Port St. George diminished, but similar currents existed in different other places on the coasts of the Kameni isles. The new island, which was named after George I., increased continually in dimension, but not always with the same rapidity; so that it was possible to distinguish the way in which it was formed, which was thus. Near its base there rose from the boiling waters a succession of black stones which attached themselves to the island. All round the base, and from different parts of its surface, there emerged an abundant smoke, which did not affect the respiration even of those persons who remained a long time in its vicinity. This smoke was similar in colour and smell to the smoke of pitch. Along with the smoke there occasionally issued flames more or less red, but which emitted little heat. Mr. Vambriis, and after him some other persons, approached the island on the land side near enough to seize some of these stones, and could perceive no heat in them. There was no difficulty in getting hold of these stones, as they were entirely detached from each other. The land near the base of the new island was very hot, and the sea around it boiling; an egg immersed in it was thoroughly cooked in a few seconds.

The rising of the stones was confined to that part of the sea from whence the white vapours issued without intermission, so that one could judge of the direction in which the island would develop itself. From this it was concluded that it would entirely fill up the little port of Voulcano, as well as the gaps on the eastern side caused by the subsidence of the soil.

The focus of the volcanic action was conceived to lie, not exactly in the port of Voulcano, but in the arm of the land which enclosed it towards the west, adjacent to the beach at the point where previous to this event existed the mineral springs, from which gas was constantly emitted, and where noises similar to those which issue from the boiler of a steamer were frequently heard. It was here where the boiling of the sea commenced, where the rumbling began, and the smoke first issued, and where the island commenced its development. After a time, about the same spot, but a little to the west of Voulcano, the sea became boiling, and bubbles innumerable rose from the bottom of the sea, which assumed a green colour, and the temperature was from 99 degrees to

120 degrees, and white vapours of a sulphurous odour rose incessantly from the adjacent land, accompanied by noises resembling the file-firing of musketry. It was thought probable that these signs indicated the formation of another island at this place.

The elevation of the island George I. continued, and its surface was covered with small red flames, evidently arising from the inflammable gases which escaped from it, and which probably produced the conical flames which anticipated its appearance. The red aspect of the flames was assigned to the ferruginous particles contained in the water erupted. The smoke frequently had a luminous aspect, like that of the tail of a comet, and when the weather was calm, it rose perpendicularly in the form of a water-spout, but of a lighter colour. Occasionally a rumbling sound was heard, and explosions, resembling the discharge of artillery, accompanied by a sulphurous odour.

The greater part of the time from the beginning of the volcanic action the sea throughout the whole gulf appeared of a green colour, with the exception of a band extending from the little port of Voulcano towards the west, which was of a violet colour, in width from twenty to thirty yards, and in length from three hundred and fifty to five hundred. The temperature of the water varied, according to the locality, from 60 degrees to 122 degrees Fahrenheit. The depth of the water in many parts of the gulf when sounded was found much less than before the eruption, for at the spot between Athena and Voulcano, where the English Admiralty chart marked a depth of one hundred fathoms, there were not then more than thirty, and at the southern point of New Kameni, instead of seventeen fathoms, there were only three. Near Port St. George it was not at that time possible to ascertain the depth on account of the rapidity of the current running towards the south-east, which would not allow the lead to sink. So swift was this current, that boats manned by ten or twelve rowers could only pull through it with great difficulty. The sea at this part appeared as though in a state of ebullition from the bubbles which covered its surface, and the noise, resembling the file-firing of musketry, continued, and white vapours of a sulphurous odour rose from the beach. The subsidence of the land there continued, and the boiling-water covered a good part of the beach on the south-west side of the coast of Voulcano, especially the beach westward of the point.

The last time the island was measured previous to its forming a junction with New Kameni, its dimensions were, length 227 feet

to 243, width from 81 feet to 100 feet, and height from 97 feet to 114; but it was considerably enlarged before it assumed the form of a promontory, which it did eventually. Some persons ascended to the summit, in the midst of the thick smoke and flames, which did not burn them, certainly, but were rather alarming to look at. These persons stated that mud existed on the summit, and that the stones were not very hard; they were not at all annoyed by the smoke.

A subsequent measurement of the promontory showed that it had attained a length of between five and six hundred feet; but it had not grown in width and height in a corresponding degree, for it scarcely exceeded one hundred and twenty feet in height, and its width varied from two hundred to two hundred and twenty feet, and on those who watched the progress of its development approaching quite close to the promontory, they ascertained that the vapours were steam, slightly impregnated with a sulphurous odour, and were produced by the ebullition of the sea, the mineral water erupted, and the electrochemical action of the submerged parts of the island, though, as they state, no electrochemical action could be detected by means of the electrometer, and the magnetic needle was not in the slightest degree affected. The muddy substance which the sailors saw on the summit of the promontory they considered arose from the upheaval of the muddy bottom of the lake, and the red and cinder-like stones from the ruins of the submerged buildings. The temperature of the stones composing the promontory diminished from the base to the summit, for those which emerged from the sea and adhered to the base were very hot, and cooled gradually by exposure to the atmosphere; from which we must infer that the coolness of the stones, when the island was beginning to manifest itself, was caused by the distance they had to ascend through the water. The smoke which emerged at this time presented the same peculiarities, the temperature at the base being 122 degrees, while at the summit it was only 81. In the small fissures near the base, where the smoke was more confined, its temperature was 167 degrees.

The last of the twin islands, named Aphroessa, made its appearance eleven days after George I. On emerging into day its dimensions, for an island, were rather diminutive, not exceeding eighty yards in diameter, and ten in height. It grew rapidly—at least one yard a day—in height, or perhaps something more, and its estimated increase in bulk in the same time was considerably over one hundred thousand cubic yards.

G. L.



THE SPOILER DESPOILED.

Musing in the autumn twilight, lulled by the low
droning wind,
That doth strangely stir the cobwebs in the store-rooms
of my mind,
Sweeping them from mouldering pictures that have
lain forgotten there,
Freshening up the quaint old framework till it seemeth
passing fair—
To each picture whispering stories of the deeds of long
ago,
Each a parable foretelling truths in time I came to
know,

But whose meaning passed unheeded, as I looked through
childish eyes
On the world outstretched before me in its blooming
Eden guise,
When there was no Past, no Future, all my being
seemed to cling
To a world that was the Present, circled by a fairy
ring,
Watered by another river flowing through a land of
gold,
Compassing as fair a country as Havilah's stream of
old.

Ah! that glorious dream-life season never will return to me,
 Ne'er with eyes undimmed, unfearing, springtide I again shall see,
 For a rude hand grasped my treasure, and a rude voice seemed to say,
 'All the sweet beliefs of childhood harder creeds shall sweep away.'
 Yet around their vanished beauty still a hallowed brightness lies,
 Still, as from long-faded roses, doth a lingering sweetness rise,
 And I know that I have caught a fleeting glimpse of Paradise.
 Oh! that golden age that memory traces in Hesperian prime,
 Like to some rare ancient painting mellowed by the hand of Time;
 When the cherry-tree seemed laden with a freight of fairy snow,
 And the blushing apple-blossoms set the orchard all aglow;
 When the waxen flowered syringa peeped above the garden walls,
 And the lilac matched its clusters 'gainst the guelder-rose's balls;
 When I half believed the river was some wild enchanted tide,
 And at moonlight on its waters elfin fleets were seen to glide;
 River winding through the sedges 'neath the bending willow trees,
 Sparkling, glinting in the sunlight, rippled by the perfumed breeze;
 Creeping through the clover meadows, through the thyme-sweet valleys borne,
 Where the poppy plants its banner scarlet-bright among the corn;
 Narrowing, deepening, darker growing as it steals its onward way,
 Through the woods where I have spent full many a merry holiday;
 When the leaves were turning yellow, when the nuts were ruddy brown,
 Or when Spring, with budding blossom, wandered forth the woods to crown;
 When each bird from bush and bramble carolled gaily to its mate,
 Little dreaming thoughtless boyhood meant its home to desolate;
 When amidst the topmost branches cooed the dove in murmurs soft,
 And the crow's shrill note resounded from his rocking home aloft;
 Blackbird, thrush, or skilful chaffinch with its lichen-spangled nest,
 Wren or graceful water-wagtail, each the object of my quest;
 Through the fields, adown the fallows, where peewits and corncrakes hide,
 Or by reedy streams whereon the water-hens so proudly glide;
 Like a warrior carrying warfare into some fair peaceful land,
 All intent upon the booty tempting my too eager hand,
 Forth I wandered, little heeding days of ceaseless patient toil
 That had formed the curious structure destined soon to be my spoil;
 Little recked of birds made homeless, little recked of wrong or right,

All the wrong had faded, vanished in the blaze of glory's light.
 Boyhood e'en has its ambition, I was brave and lithe and young,
 And I felt my blood all glowing as from bough to bough I swung;
 Up the gnarled old trunk I clambered, up its dizzy height I scaled,
 Never once my foothold faltered, never once my spirit failed;
 Dauntless then I seized the treasure, proudly bore it to the ground;
 But another claimant met me, angrily on me he frowned;
 He had marked the nest, and therefore held it as his lawful prize,
 Should he now submit to see it carried off before his eyes?
 I had stolen a march upon him, I my booty must resign;
 I was strong, but he was stronger, and the battle was not mine.

So I went indignant homeward, homeward went without my nest,
 And I sobbed out all my wrongs and anger on my mother's breast;
 Gently then she soothed me, bade me learn a lesson from my woe—
 "Thus, my child, thou'lt ever find it when the world thou com'st to know:
 Might is right the whole earth over, this much thou canst understand,
 And the strong ones o'er the weak ones aye will have the upper hand.
 Thou didst rob the birds, my darling, for thy might seemed right to thee;
 Then in turn there came a stronger, spoiler of thy spoil to be.
 He avenged the birds unjustly, yet the moral thou may'st read,
 E'en in this life retribution follows every wrongful deed."

JULIA GODDARD.

MY FRIEND THE GARIBALDINO.

WE are told in all "good" story books (I ought rather to say "goody") that there is a certain equality in the circumstances common to all lives; that all has been so equitably arranged, that the same actual amount of happiness is bestowed on all, though the proportions may be distributed in various sums and at different times. Charlotte Brontë did not believe so. Did Thackeray? No, not here, at all events. In the next world we may understand why men are subject to such various apprenticeships in this life, but here the mystery is inscrutable. I was led to think of the disparities of human fate by having been suddenly brought to a knowledge of the most unhappy life, take it for all in all, I ever heard of,—altogether the unhappiest, and the most undeservedly so.

I was spending a dull winter in a small town in Tuscany in the year 1863. My

ostensible occupation was connected with a railroad, but an hour or two of dilatory occupation, conducted on the old Talleyrandian maxim, "Surtout, point de zèle," satisfied the claims of my employers. The rest of the time was at my own disposal. I will frankly own I was bored to death. I had the usual amount of mental resources peculiar to young men of two-and-twenty. There was the theatre; but the *prima donna* sang through her nose, and expired every evening as "La Traviata," with a cough which seemed more likely to result in apoplexy than to be caused by consumption; and she nightly lamented her "premature" and "sinful" end, when every movement of her obese form, every expression of her large flat face, certified her as a respectable matron of fifty. There was society, but sugar-and-water, dominoes and Italian conversation had no great attractions for one who had a tendency to hydrophobia, a love of billiards, and a very confused notion of Italian parts of speech. Besides these difficulties, I like to talk to girls (they always understand one's philological efforts, while married women are always so talkative or so preoccupied), and girls are an unknown quantity in the constituents of an Italian *conversazione*.

I therefore idled away my time at a caffè in the Piazza, or varied it by sundry feeble and abortive attempts at painting. N.B.—If sculpture be the American vice, I think painting is likely to become the mania of Young England. *What* insane attempts I have seen "executed" (the term is no misnomer) by my friends and by myself! But I will not be abusive or discursive.

The caffè to which I devoted my spare minutes was a very humble and seedy-looking one. The persons who principally frequented it were the second or third-rate *employés* of the town—the lower bureaucracy. They loitered there over their cups of black coffee till it was time to go to the theatre. After eight o'clock, and until eleven, it was almost entirely deserted, and that was why I gave it the honour of my custom. One other person seemed to have chosen it for the same reason. I generally found him there when I entered, and we usually left about the same time, before it was again thronged after the close of the theatre.

During the hours I sat at the table next his, endeavouring to spell out the news of the "Nazione," I had ample opportunities of observing him. There was a nameless something about him which at once excited curiosity and baffled it.

He was a small, plain man, of common appearance, with dark hair and dark complexion. Dark is not, perhaps, the right

word. He was slate-coloured from head to foot, like an elongated slate-pencil. The contour of the face was young, and so were the step and bearing. The expression was worn and haggard. A cup of black coffee, a tumbler of water, a small saucer filled with sugar, and one of those oblong rolls called *semele*—so familiar, even to untravelled eyes, from the various prints of the Last Supper, in which, with entire disregard of the anachronism, they are invariably introduced—were always placed before him. He diluted his coffee as if quantity and not quality were his object, and devoured every crumb of bread and every lump of sugar.

In spite of an air of affected dandyism, caused by his invariably wearing a tail-coat and white waistcoat, I had a conviction that the man was starving. Every time I saw him his face looked thinner, and his whole appearance more poverty-stricken: and there was a sort of hollow appearance about the chest and stomach, which was unmistakeable. I especially noticed one fact concerning him—he was rarely, if ever, addressed by his own countrymen. None of the daily guests at the caffè ever spoke to him. A stray dropper-in might speak to him; but if their visits became regular, they left off doing so. I saw that he was universally ostracised. At first I suspected he might be a spy, but spies do not waste their time day by day in an empty coffee-room, or keep constant to one alone. Besides, if he spoke little, he listened still less. He would sit for hours absorbed in the newspaper. Once or twice there had been a slight discussion among those present about some incident of the campaign at Naples in 1860; and, after a pause, one of the disputants appealed to him. He started as if he had been brought back from the clouds; but when the question was explained to him, he distinctly and with martinet precision placed the whole scene clearly before them.

"You were there?" exclaimed one of the bystanders. He bowed, a dark flush passed over his swarthy cheek, and he turned away; but I saw that an unwonted light lingered in his eyes for some minutes afterwards. Whatever might be his occupation or calling, it was not (however abnormal) lucrative. I observed he looked paler and paler, that the poor thin tail-coat was more and more threadbare, that the seams seemed to keep together by force of habit, and not through strength of stitches, and the edges of the waistcoat were ragged and torn, and hung like a limp rag over the hollow chest. I had once or twice tried to commence a conversation with him, but his answers were curt and few, and my own stock of Italian words was so limited that I soon

ceased that ineffectual attempt. It was impossible to offer assistance when it was not only unasked, but when the whole manner of the man kept aloof all indiscretion and forwardness.

Yet why should a man starve who has sound brains and whole limbs? I looked at him. There was nothing mean or weak in his face. About the veins of the forehead and beneath the eyes there was a certain tension, which bespoke great sensitiveness, and in the expression of the mouth and lips a feminine softness which I interpreted as betokening a great natural recoil from mental or physical suffering; but the other features, though sharp and attenuated, were firm and frank-looking. In the sombre, sunken eyes there was sometimes that look of searching wistfulness with which a dumb animal, when in pain, explores the faces around for sympathy or affection; but this was not the abiding look. Usually they wore a kind of dogged defiance, yet helpless withal, as one might fancy the eyes of some poor slave would look while under the lash. I must confess that I had gradually worked up my imagination very romantically about him. I had an instinctive feeling that he deserved interest, and the instinct was a true one.

One evening, shortly after I arrived at the café, a violent storm broke over the town. The windows rattled, the rain poured outside, and oozed from under the door, inside. It was a *Libeccio* with a vengeance. It went on, without intermission, all the evening. Instead of going to the theatre, every one remained in the café, which was soon overflowing with dripping umbrellas and reeking coats. Tobacco and damp, rum and perspiration, made the air suffocating.

My friend, if I may so call him, had arrived before I did. I saw him, after the first hour or so, make a move, as if he thought it best to return to his home. He rose, evidently for that purpose; but the noise of the rain was so violent, that he paused, and, with a glance at his thin coat, which would have been literally washed off his back had he dared to brave the aggressive fury of the weather, he sat down again beside his marble-topped table, and took up his newspaper. He was extremely short-sighted, and held it up to his nose. This short-sightedness was of use to him. It prevented his being aware of many looks and gestures which would have been painful to him. Insulting glances and significant signs were often turned in his direction, which made my blood positively boil, but which were happily ignored by him.

To-night the café was so crowded that

every table was full, and some chairs were drawn up to his. The conversation around him—though, as usual, he was absolutely silent—became very loud and fast, and as is generally the case, when a number of persons are cooped up together in an unwholesome atmosphere, there were some irritable and quarrelsome tones. At last, as every moment added to the number of the refugees from the storm, the whole place was blocked up, and two men were driven, by the pressure around them, close up to him, and leaned, with their cigars in their mouths, over the table at which he sat. Through the thick vapour which now encircled the spot, I saw him lean back as he sat, and try to move his chair away from them.

"*Scusa, signore,*" began one of the men, with the courtesy of his nation; but he was stopped by his friend, who whispered something to him. The whisper was loud enough for those around him to hear, for there was a sudden silence, and every head was turned towards my friend. I could see, through the swaying to and fro of the figures around, that he was livid. I saw him stoop forward, and putting aside the first speaker with his thin hand, address himself to the other. I caught the words, "I will not put up with an unprovoked insult; you must answer to me for your words."

The man he addressed laughed contemptuously.

"It is a lesson, however, you must have learned by this time. You have borne, if all be true, worse than a puff of tobacco smoke in your face, for traitors are spat upon."

The man he addressed sprang to his feet, and, with an effort of which I should have thought that slight frame incapable, he flew at his throat. There was a general rush to the spot, and after a while the two were separated, but with difficulty. There was a storm of invectives, of which I could only make out one word, repeated by every mouth, *traditore*, and the uproar was stunning.

I, of course, interfered, and with some effect; having sent some of the most pugnacious to the other side of the café, with an impetus due to my proficiency in one at least of our national accomplishments, and I tried, but very uselessly, with my crippled phrases, to explain how cowardly it was for numbers to struggle with one. After a while there was a pause, and a small space was cleared around us. I stood my ground beside him and waited. The others all surrounded the man who had been so insolent, and all talked and inveighed at once. It was a perfect Babel.

The master of the café had disappeared at

the beginning of the *fracas*, and the waiters were streaming and creeping about, picking up broken cups and prostrate chairs, when suddenly the doors of the *café* opened gently, and, in the midst of the confusion, walked in two *gendarmes*. They addressed themselves to the host, who, in some unaccountable way, appeared in front of them, and requested an explanation of the disturbance, and in the same breath said that, after such a breach of the peace, it was best to close the *café* at once, for that night at least. To my surprise, after a few attempts to relate the affair, to which they refused to listen, they were obeyed. Great-coats and cloaks were put on, umbrellas were clutched, and after a great deal of defiant spitting, lighting of cigars, murmurs, and execrations, they filed out. My friend stood, with his hands on the back of a chair, and with his eyes fixed on his enemies. I shall never forget their expression as he watched them out.

After the last had left, he turned to the host, and put a few "centesime," the price of his nightly cup of coffee, into his hand. "I shall not return here," he said, and went out. The rain still fell in torrents. I got to the door as soon as he did.

"Pardon me," I said; "let us walk together as far as our way is the same. I have an umbrella, which will shelter both."

"Thank you."

We walked on. It was a difficult achievement, as our steps slipped repeatedly. Just as we entered the street in which I lived, my companion stumbled, and reeled against the wall.

"I must stop," he said, and gasped for breath. Like a brute, I had rushed on with my strong, English, well-fed limbs, while he, already thoroughly overcome by the exertion and pain of the previous scene at the *café*, was fairly knocked over by my rapid walking and the boisterous wind. I went up to him, and saw that in another moment he would have fallen down. I drew his arm in mine, and tried to lead him on; but his limbs shook, and his teeth chattered as with fever. I did not pause then, but lifted him as I would a woman—Heaven knows, he was as light as a feather!—and carried him to my rooms.

Fortunately, they were on the ground-floor. I fumbled with one hand for my key and opened the first door. There was a light burning on a table, and by it I could see my way into my bed-room. I there deposited my burden on my bed. By this time he seemed quite insensible. To strike a light, close the door, and throw a pile of wood and pinecones on the smouldering fire was the work of a few minutes. I had some brandy; and

after I had heaped every cloak and cover I could find on the insensible sufferer, I proceeded, by a tea-spoonful at a time, to put a little between his lips. The warmth within and within gradually revived him.

"Where am I?" he said, starting up.

"With me." He stared vaguely in my face.

"We walked home from the *café*," I said, "and the wind and rain nearly choked you."

"I remember." He could scarcely turn paler, but his whole frame shuddered.

"You would have fallen had I not brought you here."

"You have been very kind, but now I must leave you."

"Nothing of the kind; do you not hear the rain and the wind. I would not turn a dog out in such weather. No; here you must stop."

Before I had finished, his head had sunk back again on the pillow, and I saw his eyes close. He was thoroughly exhausted. I drew the curtains of the bed, and having partially undressed him, let him sleep. His boots were literally in holes, though there were traces of their having been mended and remended. His shirt was in rags, his coat threadbare. I never saw a man so emaciated. I felt certain that that miserable meal—if meal it could be called—that he took every night at the *café*, was all the sustenance he had had for weeks.

For three days the poor fellow was in such a state that he could not leave his bed. He had been seized with fever and a kind of ague. I was doctor enough to know that rest and nourishment would be his best cure, and I took care that these he should have. On the evening of the third day he opened his heavy eyes, and I saw he recognised me. "You are better," I said.

"How long have I been here?"

"Three days."

"How good you have been."

"Not at all; you would have died if you had been left in the street."

"Better so."

There was no *rhodomontade* in the tone with which he said these words. They evidently escaped from him involuntarily.

"You must oblige me," I continued, as if I had not heard his exclamation, "by remaining here a few days; you are not aware how weak you are."

He looked at me thoughtfully.

"It is very hard to accept charity from any one. Yes, it is charity for the present, at least, but it is possible to submit to the obligation from you, for you are not an Italian."

He sighed heavily as he said this, but I was resolved he should not fret under the idea

of being in my debt, and with the impetuosity of my nature, and I may add, my age, I instantly suggested an expedient.

"If, when you have quite recovered, and if your time is at your own disposal, you could give me some lessons in Italian, I should be obliged to you, as my former master has abandoned me as hopelessly dull, I am afraid; perhaps you may be more successful; at all events, a very few lessons will more than repay me."

"I can teach you," he said, and then he was silent. I had talked of this at once, because I knew that as soon as he was able to get up, he would discover that I had replaced his worn-out garments with more suitable ones, and I was afraid that he might have been offended had I not pointed out a method of payment for the trifling outlay they had cost. I told him that the rain and the scuffle at the caffè had so damaged his coat, &c., that it would have been useless, and I had substituted others. He thanked me in the same quiet, grave manner, but made no remark.

At last he was able to rise. He dressed, and I had the satisfaction of seeing him sit opposite to me, looking, on the whole, better and stronger than before his illness.

"I wish to speak to you," he said. "The lessons you spoke of may repay the pecuniary part of my obligation to you, but the kindness makes me your debtor for ever. It is necessary, however, that I should tell you who I am; if, after that, you share the general feeling against me, I cannot give you lessons, and I must liquidate my debt by economising still more my earnings. I copy music for the theatre."

There was a dreary matter-of-factness about the tone which was more touching than any complaint.

"Tell me whatever you like," I said, "but I do not think you will lose your pupil."

He began: "My real name is Giulio Fani, though I now go by that of Gasparo Forti. I am a Neapolitan by birth. My father is, as thousands of our countrymen have been in all large cities, a lawyer, an *avvocato*. If a man was not a priest or a soldier, there were then not many careers left open to him in Italy. My father was not rich, but he was very industrious and frugal, and had got together a small independent fortune. My mother I never knew, she died in giving me birth, and bequeathed to me a great delicacy of constitution. For many years I was not expected to live, and I was always called among my companions 'the girl,' from the fragility of my appearance. My childhood was a very dull one, for I was not able to join in the gambols and sports of

my young friends. For the sheer sake of something to do, I learned reading and writing from an old deaf German who lodged in our house. He was very poor, and knew no one but ourselves at Naples; his daughter, the pretty little Joanna, was my playfellow, and he taught us both. I think my father and he had settled early that Joanna and I should be married. She was a pretty little merry girl; but, as soon as I had mastered the difficulties of my spelling-book, I became a different creature, and thought no more of love or play. I devoured, literally devoured, books, especially Plutarch—there is a cheap abridged translation of it in Italian—and patriotism, ambition, fame, were first revealed to me through its pages. What golden dreams I had! and how I must have tired Joanna by preaching to her on matters of which she knew nothing and cared less. When I was sixteen my father made me his clerk. He was a devoted Bourbonite and a bigoted Catholic. From Plutarch, my reading had diverged into still more dangerous channels, and every day I became more revolutionary and less credulous in my opinions, political and religious. I nursed all sorts of rebellions in my heart, but kept my own counsel: I did not even take Joanna into my confidence. At last the events of '48 took place. I ran away from home, found my way from Leghorn to Lombardy, and enlisted as a volunteer. Oh, what days were those! What hope, what promise, what excitement! They were the first and only happy days I have ever known. I had no theories of political regeneration, my one watchword was *Fuori il Straniero*. I had kissed my little Joanna when I left, and told her to be faithful to me: she cried and begged me to tell her where I was going, but our parting was not a very sad one, love and life were not very serious to either of us in those days. When he found where I had gone, my father abjured, disinherited, and cursed me. Joanna's father did not; he sympathised entirely with me, though he was too old and broken down by ill health to join me. I was brave, sanguine, young; I distinguished myself, and won my captain's brevet on the field. Then came Novara and its train of disasters. As soon as all was over in Lombardy, I joined Garibaldi at Rome, with a few others as devoted and enthusiastic as myself. You know the result of that; when it was all over there also, I slowly turned back towards Naples to wait for better times. My father was dead. He had bequeathed his money to priests; I was houseless and penniless. Joanna's father took me into his house and concealed me, for I was a proscribed man. I was too poor,

however, for the police to exercise great watchfulness, and I escaped from them for several years. Every now and then I had communication with my own party, for I was looked upon, from my courage and recklessness, as of great promise by them; and I was enabled, outcast and outlawed though I was, to perform some trifling services for them, even at that period. You have heard how many abortive attempts were made to shake off the monstrous yoke under which Naples groaned between '48 and '60; in one of these a leader's place was given me. I was sent for and received my orders at Genoa from the chief himself. I returned to Naples; we landed. There had been a traitor among us, we had been betrayed; an entire regiment surrounded us, and most of us were literally cut to pieces. I was severely wounded, but I was taken with a dozen more, alive. We were tried separately. They had at first thrust us into dungeons, bleeding, dying, as we were; then they dragged us out, and for sixteen hours we were kept, in the burning month of August, suffering the torture of an endless trial. Every question which fiendish ingenuity could put to entrap mortal weakness into cowardice or treachery was tried, but tried in vain. We were then thrust back into our dungeons almost delirious from thirst and exhaustion, and then—at noon—the next day——”

“Spare yourself,” I exclaimed; “you are incapable of going on.”

“No, let me finish. I had noticed as I was taken from the court some men who stood outside apparently waiting for me. One of them came up to me, felt my pulse and my limbs, and looked hard at me. I then heard him say, ‘Let us begin with him first; he is very weak, and it will save trouble. I thought he spoke of death, and even in that hard plight my heart sank. I was young, and all hope was not even then dead. Would it had been death—would it had been death he spoke of! The next day some soldiers entered my cell, and conducted me into a court where I was told that I should hear what sentence had been passed on me. But first I was again questioned as to the names, professions, and numbers of the liberals in Naples—those who were considered compromised and guilty, not of active participation in our conspiracy against the Bourbons, but of encouraging us by their sympathy and approval. I was mute. ‘He will speak under the stick,’ called out the principal officer. I started up, but I was too securely chained and fettered to be able to move a step. I was stripped—they began—I swooned—but when I came to my senses, I was still under the stick. Can you under-

stand the unutterable agony, the humiliation, the torture? My groans were like screams—I did not know my own voice, it sounded like that of a wild beast's. The blood poured from my eyes and lips in the violent struggle. I made to master myself and be calm. I tried to be silent, but I rapidly became delirious and raved. When they released me, I fell upon the ground, not insensible, but stunned; my physical sensitiveness to pain quadrupled by my mental sense of the inexplicable shame. They raised me up. ‘Sign this,’ they said, and they held to me a paper; ‘this is the confession which we knew the stick would extort from you.’ I closed my eyes, and set my teeth. ‘Sign it,’ they said, and then all swayed right and left before me, and again I fell; as I was on the ground, one of them knelt beside me, thrust a pen into my stiffening fingers, and forcibly holding my hand the while, signed my name. I know nothing more. It seems that brain fever came on, and I was taken to the prison hospital. When I began to be conscious, three weeks had passed. As soon as I was able to stand, I was thrust out. I was too poor and insignificant to be worth keeping in their accursed prisons. I was too completely ruined in body and mind for my life to be of any consequence. At first I was not aware of what had befallen me. I made my way to Genoa, and then I knew what had happened. I was avoided, spurned, insulted by the very persons who hitherto had been my staunchest friends, and I was told what I had done. Done? Good God! It seems that in that moment of overwhelming pain, I had, in my madness, raved of Joanna and of Joanna's father. They were my only personal friends, you know. I called on him to aid me, and I thus betrayed the fact that he had sheltered me. The list which had been given to me to sign contained the names of all those who were suspected of liberal opinions in Naples. To this was now added the name of Joanna's father. When my forged signature was at the bottom of their infamous list, they swore that I had denounced my accomplices, and the other men who were brought out one by one, were shown my name, and told it was useless to refuse their evidence, that they could save themselves by adding their signature, but that the list would be acted on just the same, whether or not they signed it. Two were dying, and did so. They died two days afterwards. The list was used, and every person there named was arrested, and all were condemned to different penalties, some to imprisonment, some to the galleys, some to death. Among these last was Joanna's father! To each was revealed the fact that Giulio

Fani, taken in the fight at . . . , had betrayed them. What defence could I make? Those who were most indulgently inclined could but pity me, and the weakness, as they supposed, of my nature. My asseverations that I had not signed it were useless, for it was proved that Joanna's father was totally unknown as a liberal to any of the Neapolitan spies. No one could have known his opinions but me, and I had named him. What I suffered I cannot speak of. I lived through it only in the hope that a day would come when I could die for the cause which they said I had betrayed. In 1860 I enrolled myself among the thousand who went to Marsala. Garibaldi had heard my story. He has a larger experience, or a larger heart than most men. He believed me. I fought, I was wounded, left for dead on the field, but recovered to fight again. The more reckless I was, the less it seemed I could be touched. Then came the conquest of Naples, and afterwards we Garibaldini were disbanded. I tried to find employment, but in vain. Sometimes it was the fact that I had worn a red shirt, which was a stumbling-block, but usually it was the knowledge 'that I had spoken,' as they termed it, which ruined me. Then came 'Aspromonte.' I played one more high stake for death, but lost again, and became doubly proscribed afterwards. Since then I have changed my place of abode three or four times, for wherever I go I am overtaken by this fearful calumny. I would put an end to my life, did I not feel that blood must be shed before Rome and Venice yet, and I reserve myself for that. I get a miserable subsistence copying music for the theatre, but it is merely prolonged starvation. What am I to do?"

He paused abruptly; drops of perspiration were on his forehead, yet his whole frame shivered. I shook hands with him and was silent.

What consolation could I offer? "The worst pain of all," he said, "is that sometimes I think I *must* have been guilty, and that I *did* betray my friends."

"No," I answered; "that is impossible."

"I know it," he said; "and I try to put away the idea, but in morbid moments it returns. It is enough, heaven knows, to feel that but for me they would have been ignorant of the very existence of Joanna's father."

"What became of Joanna?"

"She forgave me, I was told, when I made inquiries, but would never see me again. She is dead now. I have lost her as I have lost everything. Suspected by my own party, proscribed by the other, without a friend or

relative, with broken health and ruined fortunes, tell me, can you fancy a more deplorable fate than mine?"

I had no answer to make; but he understood my sympathy without any further explanations.

That he and I should remain together was a resolution I made on the spot, and although he resisted me, importunity and sheer physical superiority of lungs conquered him, and he consented to remain with me.

How could I have given back the life I had saved to the living death of that sordid home, with its haunting memories of torture and shame?

With me, in the constant intercourse of daily life, I could give him the medicine he so sorely needed, unobtrusively and spontaneously. Had we met only at intervals, during my lessons, my opportunities would be more limited. Now, my thorough appreciation of another man, an appreciation which amounted to sincere approbation, was around him and about him always. The moral atmosphere was changed, and he breathed a fresher and more invigorating air.

After a few months he was a different man. Grave, serious, sad, he was still—he could never be otherwise; but he was calm and resigned. We were neither of us demonstrative men; but I may fairly say that our affection for each other was closer and dearer than that of brothers. It was 'passing the love of woman.' He avoided his countrymen much as he had done before, but as we spent our evenings together, instead of at the caffè, this avoidance was less marked.

It would be difficult, however, for me to describe how strongly I desired that others should esteem him as I did, and that he should be justified in the eyes of all, as he was in mine. Being a "forestiere," I was supposed to be ignorant of his past, and, in spite of my daily lessons, I still bungled too fearfully in my Italian to attempt explanations which would lose all their force and logic, if the terminations of the words were at variance with each other, and if my misuse of tenses and moods, of the active and passive verbs, hopelessly confused and inextricably involved my meaning.

But the gods are always on the side of those who wait. One day, at breakfast, as he was reading the "Nazione," I saw him change colour, and give a start which sent our rickety little table spinning over, with all its freight of coffee, and frittate, and costoletti. He went through the ruin as in a dream, and locked himself up in his own room.

I took up the paper, but could not find what had caused his emotion. The most in-

interesting item in the paper was the capture of some brigands, and details of their death. Two of them were said to have made a full confession of their crimes. This confession was to be inserted the next day. After a while, I knocked at his door, and asked him to let me in.

There was a pause, and then I heard him unlock it. I went in, and saw he had been writing. His face was yet convulsed with some terrible storm of passion which had passed over it. It looked as it used to look when I first saw him, but in addition there was a wild, eager gleam of hope.

"What is the matter?" I asked him.

His lips quivered as he replied, "Some brigands have been captured, and have died. They are the two men who were the executioners of my sentence." No expletives were needful to enforce those few words. Execrations or curses would have seemed weak when compared to the bitter horror of his tone.

"If," he went on, "that confession, wrenched out of them by the fear of death, be a genuine one, I shall know the truth. I have written for a copy of that confession to be sent to me. I have requested one of my fellow-soldiers who lives in Calabria (he is no friend of mine, but he is a just man,) to obtain it."

"But will there not be a copy printed in the paper to-morrow?"

"No; the members of one government rarely expose the infamy of their predecessors. However opposed in policy and superior in legality, there is a certain solidarity between them which induces them to cast a veil over past turpitude and cruelty. It is wisest, as a general rule, to do so, as it saves much heart-burning and useless resentment. But in this case I must know the truth."

He was right. The next day there was no allusion to the execution of the brigands.

But, after the lapse of a few days, a packet came for him. He tore it open, and I left him to read it undisturbed.

When I returned, in about an hour, my friend seemed to have suddenly dropped a mask. The features, the expression, the whole bearing of the man were changed and glorified.

"Look," he said, "they have confessed all—the forged list, the forced signature; and more," he said, "it was not from my lips that they heard the name of Joanna's father. When they stripped me of my clothes, they searched them. In the breast of the coat a small packet had been sewn inside the lining. Poor Joanna had thought to charm my life, and ensure my safety, by stitching there a

relic, and had written a few tender lines on the paper in which it was folded, and signed them with her name. She prayed me to return safe to her father and to herself. That was quite enough. They got possession of the name, but wished to force me to utter it. They sought to destroy me, body and soul. When they found I conquered them, they resolved that, at any rate, I should not have the satisfaction of thinking I had done so. I was to die with this bitterness added to my death—that I had betrayed my best friend. I did not die then, but I have been dying of that fatal shame ever since. I believed that in the agony of delirium I had done so, and that idea was even harder to bear than the undeserved suspicion of having signed that list. Thank God!"

No hymn of thanksgiving ever bore on its melodious aspirations more fulness of heart-gratitude to God. But as he spoke I saw his head, which had been lifted up with a noble dignity I shall never forget, suddenly droop, his figure swayed to and fro, and then he dropped at my feet as if shot. He had broken a blood-vessel. He lingered a few days, long enough, however, to send a copy of the document to Garibaldi, and to know that his chief rejoiced with all his heart at this irrefragable proof of his innocence of even unconscious treachery.

In some occult way the contents of that letter became known. Two of the most distinguished officers of the Sicilian expedition arrived a few hours before Giulio breathed his last, and stood by his death-bed.

He recognised them, and smiled. He gave no other greeting, for his hands were clasping mine, and he held them in a grasp which was only unloosed by death.

He died gently as an infant, murmuring the word "Patria!"

Am I wrong in saying that his was a life most bitterly and undeservedly tried?

Amid the insolent felicities which abound in the destinies of many of my friends and acquaintances, an unanswerable "Why?" rises to my lips.

Why do we possess all this flaunting prosperity, this love, friendship, honour, these troops of friends? Why was he bereaved of all, and made to bear, in addition, a load of unjust obloquy?

But the echo of that "Thank God!" returns to me, and I am content to leave the inscrutable mystery unsolved. I am glad, however, that I knew Giulio—glad I was to be of some help to him, and gladdest of all that I loved him with all my heart and soul. For the rest, God's will must be "suffered" as well as "done."

B. I. T.

THE GROTTO OF VAUCLUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

CHAPTER I.

Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract.

BYRON, *Child Harold*.

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
Nescit tangere. HORACE.

Hither repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. BYRON.

It was a bright morning in April—that chequered season which whispers to us so suggestively of the ever-changing course of human life.

Passing through the ancient city of Avignon, I resolved to take advantage of the proximity to visit the locality consecrated to the mighty memory of Petrarch. A leisurely ride of some three or four hours would carry me to the spot which five centuries have gilded with their traditions of the poet's history, and that of his unpropitious loves.

Washington Irving has expressed his conviction that an unfavoured passion is necessary to the formation of a true poet, and that, but for this source of eloquent complaint, we should have been deprived of some of the richest veins of poetry which have embellished the mine of literature. For myself, I am by no means disposed to dispute the assertion, and am ready even to admit the possibility of the theory that where a poet has not been blessed (?) with a disappointment of this nature, he has been compelled to feign one, in order to work up his outpourings to the requisite degree of pathos; he *will* be drowned, nobody *shall* save him—he refuses to be comforted—

Go!—you may call it madness—folly—
You *shall* not drive my gloom away:
There's such a charm in melancholy
I would not, if I could, be gay.

And "moody madness" or "morbid folly" it certainly would be in men of the common stamp; but a poet is an eccentric being, he is ruled by other laws, and judged by a different code; he is altogether out of the orbit of ordinary mortals, or he would not *be* a poet; he is not only excused for this caprice of fancy—he is admired for possessing a fertile power of creation.

In some cases, so vivid is his imagination, and so flexible his conviction, that the fiction becomes, even to himself, a fact, and he really suffers all he describes, and all that he *ought* to undergo were the situation actual: this,

indeed, is part of his business, or his readers would not share his sorrows:

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia ludent.

We are unwilling to fathom too accurately the details of Petrarch's story; there is much grace and elegance in it as it stands, and we prefer viewing it through the halo of a romantic interest, to reducing it to a dry record of facts. We have every reason, however, for giving credence to the more, rather than the less, romantic version of the tale, and the foundation on which it rests is sufficient support for the fairy fret-work.

The subject was naturally much in my mind as I traversed the diversified road leading from Avignon to Vaucluse, and every incident of the way become doubly interesting from its associations; and yet there was much to attract and delight the eye in Nature herself. At first starting, and after clearing the quaint old streets, the massive walls and crumbling battlements of the famed city, and losing sight of the colossal palace of the Popes in its ruined grandeur, and of the primitive suburbs, I travelled over a flat but richly cultivated plain: as I proceeded, however, the aspect of the country gradually changed; undulating slopes appeared, then a succession of hills surrounded me, well wooded, and dotted now with single *châteaux*, now with clustering hamlets, now with graceful bright green stone-pines, and again with cypresses and firs, while the large tracts of olives and vines bespoke the character of the population.

By-and-by a snow-capped spur of the Maritime Alps came in sight, beyond and above peaks of nearer, but still far-off ranges, making a vast panorama of great beauty.

Nearer the road, I passed many antiquated-looking villages; some insignificant clusters of cottages, others remains of once-important places, as their peculiar sites and fortified walls indicated. Of these the most remarkable were Mornières, Châteauneuf de Cardagne, elevated on a rocky eminence, and looking, in its ruin, like a miniature Toledo; and L'Isle. The latter is an altogether unique little town, situated in the very midst of the confluence of the seven Sorgues, all emanating from the exhaustless spring of the Grotto of Vaucluse; the water of this fathomless source has never, under any circumstances, been known to fail. L'Isle is a veritable island, or cluster of islands, for it is intersected in all directions by these rapid streams, which render it a flourishing manufacturing town—but a manufacturing town worthy of its associations and its size—one in which the noise, and smoke, and gaunt aspect of tall,

denuded brick chimneys are replaced by the more poetical appliances of water-power.

Whichever way the eye turns it is met by lakes, rivulets, cascades, canals; and numerous are the water-wheels rolling ceaselessly their unvarying circuit, while the sparkling streamlets drip from step to step on the bright moss-grown frame-work, imparting a cheerful and promising tone of industry and prosperity to the attractive little *paese*.

A venerable old gateway, with a deep arched passage through it, and a substantial circular turret on either side, stands at the entrance of the town; and beneath its shade were congregated a number of peasants in various costumes, called together from the neighbouring villages by a horse-fair. It was a scene to be photographed.

All the habitations in this part of the country seem to be most primitive and simple in construction, and the inmates wear an aspect as quaint and local as their dwellings. Asses, mules, and, when they can afford it, oxen, are employed in their agricultural operations, and their carts and ploughs seem to be of a very early date.

The villas and *châteaux* seen from the road are of different degrees of importance—mostly the family property of the *ancienne noblesse*, some re-purchased by the descendants of expelled ancestors, others—one in particular, a very magnificent property—appropriated by *parvenus* tradesmen whom Fortune, by one of her unaccountable caprices, has jerked aloft in the social see-saw. "*Huy mir, morgen dir*," is an aphorism as applicable to practical life as to the Flemish tomb-stone on which I once read it. The *Seigneur du Château* to whom we have alluded above made his fortune in the somewhat ignoble calling of a truffle vendor.

The luxuriance of Nature observable all around struck me much, but the prosperity of man seemed by no means commensurate therewith; not only were the huts and cottages uncomfortable and defective in their arrangements, but the hard features, weather-seamed complexions, and knotted hands of the women who were pursuing their unfeminine field-labour, bespoke a state of society in which the most obvious usages of civilised life were unrecognised.

As I drew nearer to Vacluse the scale on which Nature has planned her work became much grander, and the view of heights, and ravines, and rocky steeps, and broken crags which appear through the arches of the colossal aqueduct as it crosses the road, is one of the finest features in the journey. Another winding turn, and we are swept round into our first sight of the storied village of Vacluse. Its situation is most beautiful: the Sorgue, the

chief and by much the largest of the seven streams which spring beneath the Grotto, accompanies the traveller, now in a narrower, now in a wider bed, along the whole length of the road, sometimes rolling its crystal wave languidly over the polished pebbles, sometimes pouring headlong in bubbling, frothing haste over every obstacle it meets; hereabouts it is lost by a winding in the road, but only to re-appear in a new form at the entrance of the valley in which is embosomed Vacluse, and by a singular combination of gradients reproduces in miniature the effect we may imagine to have been caused by the twin source of the Scamander.

Ἡ μὲν γὰρ ὁ ὕδατι λιανὸν ῥέει, ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνὸς
 Τίναται ἐξ αὐτῆς, ὥστε πυρὸς αἰδομένοιο*
 Ἡ δ' ἐτέρη θέρει προρέει, εἰκνία χαλάρῃ.
 Ἡ χιόνι ψυχρῇ, ἥ δὲ ὕδατος κρυστάλλῳ.
 Ἐνθα δ' ἐπ' αὐτῶν πλουτοὶ εὐρέες ἐγγύς ἐσσι
 Καλοὶ, λατρεῖς

Thus, in close proximity, and separated only by a narrow olive-yard, we see on one side a glassy lake, reflecting on its crystal surface every stem and leaf that fringes its margin, while, on the other, comes the full and rushing volume, rolling its torrent over the blocks of stone it encounters, and frothing into a white and vaporous foam. Beyond are the picturesque old stone houses, rising one above the other, the arched bridge, the ancient church-tower, with the most modest of modest presbyteries beside it, the village inn, the market-place, and the large slowly-turning water-wheels, moved by the current; all this grouped together, as if by the cunning hand of some artist of faultless taste, is enclosed and encircled in the gigantic embrace of the barren rocks and verdant slopes which surround it, while the ruins of the old castle, the origin of which *se perd dans la nuit des tems*,* seem to look down with mournful dignity from its eminence, and to preside over the hamlet.

Defended by this rampart of granitic rocks, and embosomed in the fertile valley of the Sorgue, there lies Vacluse, the chosen retreat of Petrarch, in which he lived and loved for fifteen years. It was worthy to be the dwelling-place of a poet, for it is a poem itself; and its eternal and exhaustless theme is the

* The earliest mention we find of this singularly romantic spot in the pages of authentic history, is from the *calamus* of Pliny the elder, in whose "Natural History" we meet with the following account of it:—"There is in Narbonne Gaul a celebrated fountain, called Orgé, in which grow certain herbs for which the cattle show a great liking; so much so, that the oxen will even plunge their heads into the water to get it. These plants, which take birth within the spring, are only fertilised by rain." The plant thus mentioned by the Roman naturalist still grows where he has described it, and is called by the neighbouring peasants *la berbe*. Its Latin name is *berula*, and is classed among the umbelliferous tribe, its leaves rising from the stem in pairs, and terminating in a single leaf at the top. It is agreeable to the taste, and possesses various medicinal properties, notwithstanding which it is used for flavouring sauces and omelets: poultry are particularly fond of it.

grottoed source whence start each on its separate mission, the seven sister-streams, to fertilise the rich plains of this favoured district; each being

an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald.

This wild and rocky nook is cloven in all directions by deep and intricate gorges, and surrounded by steeps exhibiting the strangest and most capricious outlines. Towards the north may be discerned the sombre and sinuous spirals of the *Val-Obscur*, suggestive of the grim and gloomy legends with which a terror-stricken fancy has associated it.

It is in the midst of this rocky labyrinth that tradition has placed *La Baume de l'hôte*, of which legendary lore relates that here formerly stood a *mauvaise auberge*—the only halting-place for those who followed the mule-path between the border town of the Comté de Soult and that of Provence: few travellers, it is said, if they carried value, ever again awoke from the fatal repose into which they were lured in that treacherous hostelry.

Pauca licet portes argenti vacula puri
Nocte iter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis.

The locality is still haunted (in the imagination of the inhabitants) by the spectres of those who were the victims of these foul deeds.

In the immediate neighbourhood are situated the fathomless abysses of the cavern of Aven, which the popular belief of a past age peopled with a daring race of coiners, still supposed to have carried on their nefarious occupation within its impenetrable depths. This lugubrious locality is overlooked by the extensive ruins of a feudal castle, once the habitation of a community of Benedictine monks; and above all that we can see, lives in lofty and towering pre-eminence the solitary peak of the *Mont de la Vache d'Or*, with its hidden treasure buried in a cavernous recess so mysterious and inaccessible that the stoutest hearts have failed and the most covetous eye has quailed before the attempt to reach and possess it.

At some obscure period, which even oral history has not ventured to determine, the English are reported to have formed a project (why not a "company"?) to buy up this golden mountain, and search out its fabulous wealth; but the unsophisticated Vaclusians, blind to their interest, committed a blunder, refusing to hear the voice of the tempters, and turning a deaf ear to their offers; so that the untold millions slipped through the fingers of these enterprising islanders, and still remains untouched, a tantalising speculation to the present or future generations.

Who knows, as the world grows wiser, whether the *amor sceleratus habendi* may not penetrate to the simple-minded inhabitants of the valley of Petrarch, and our modern Moseses and Aarons may yet be seen eagerly studying the rise and fall of "Golden Calf-scrip," in the quotations of the share list!

To the east of the colossal grotto, whence rises the celebrated spring, we meet with the *Fontaine de l'Ouille*, doubtless a corruption of *ouaille*, to which is attached a pastoral legend from which it derives its name.

"Voyez-vous," said a well-to-do looking peasant, who was amusing himself by making ducks and drakes with flat pebbles on the smooth surface of this limpid and fathomless pool; "c'est étrange, mais, ma foi, c'est comme cela—'faut ben le croire puisqu'on la dit," added he, with a suspiciously expressive shrug.

"It was here," he continued, "that the shepherd and his sheep re-appeared."

"Re-appeared?" inquired I.

"What! Did you never hear the story?"

"No, this is my first visit; and I live a long, long way off."

"Ah! I see," replied the old fellow, with a knowing chuckle. "You are German, I found that out directly."

"Oh, dear no! that is quite a mistake."

"Then you come from our northern provinces? I had some idea you were French."

"That is a very bad guess; try again."

"No, no; I give it up, unless you are German."

"Well, I see I must tell you; England is my country."

"Ah! bah! ne l'avais-je pas dit? mais c'est la même chose," answered he, for he was evidently determined to maintain the honour of his sagacity; so I humoured him with a conciliating "Précisément," which immediately restored his good humour.

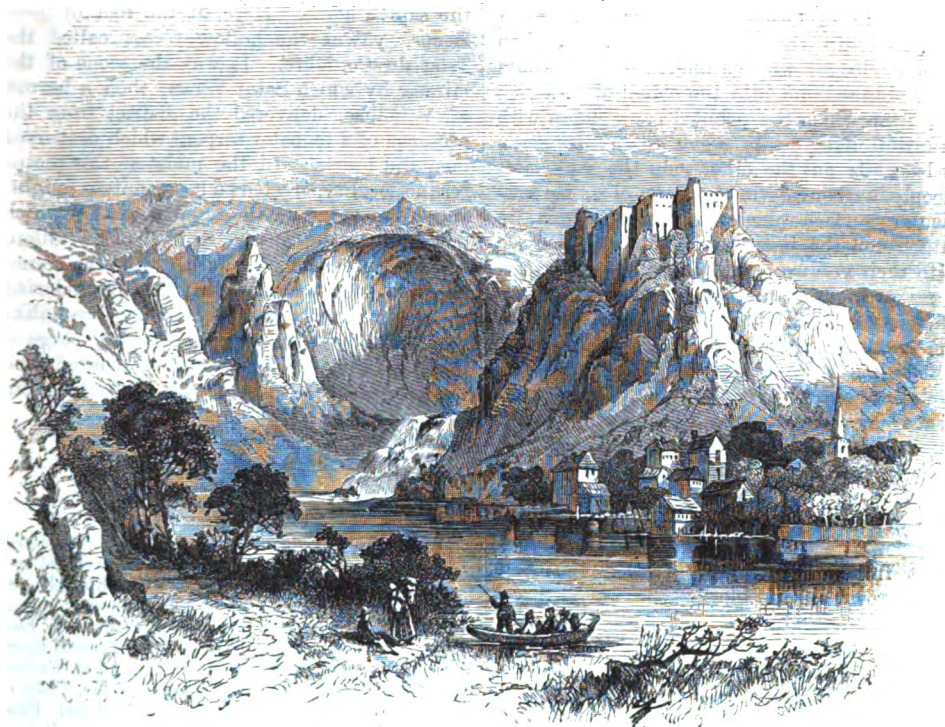
"Well then," he said, "if you come from such a very great distance, I daresay you never heard of Piedmont; so I will try to make you understand where it is."

"O, no, you need not take that trouble. I know Piedmont very well. I have even been in Piedmont."

"Ah! vous avez voyagé dans le Piémont? tant mieux; écoutez donc, et vous allez convenir que c'est une chose merveilleuse que je vais vous raconter. You must know then that, one day—you will bear in mind that this was a great many years ago, before my father or grandfather were born—a shepherd was watching his flock in one of the Piedmontese valleys, when a ram wandered away and fell into a grotto. The shepherd, as in

duty bound, went in after him, and both disappeared. They were heard of no more in their own country; but one fine day, to the surprise of the whole valley, the lost sheep

and his shepherd came through here, in one of the caverns of our grotto; so that there is actually a subterranean passage connecting these two distant points."



Valley of the Sorgue, Vaucluse.

"Well, that is a curious story; and were they much hurt?" added I, with the gravest face I could assume.

The old fellow looked at me for a moment with his "penetrating grey eye" (it is a fact that *he had* a penetrating grey eye) as if he wanted to make out whether I was serious or chaffing him. Then with great quickness, determining to pay me in my own coin, he said, with a roguish laugh—

"Ah! par exemple, en v'la-t'il un qui croirait ben aux miracles!" but I must not forestall my recital, and the impression produced by the first view of this mighty cataract.

Relinquishing my *monture* at the little inn, the village *rendezvous* for smokers and domino-players, and drinkers of *vin-ordinaire*, *en blouse*, I started, guideless, to visit the object of my curiosity. It is always desirable to escape those tedious and annoying *banalités* which, like the crackling of thorns under a pot, distract one's ideas and destroy all the

effect which the contemplation of a grand, interesting, or suggestive sight is calculated to produce. Any description of, or stories concerning it, are admissible either before or after it has been seen; but to be accompanied by a chattering, unintelligent "guide," only capable of repeating by rote the parrot-like lesson of which he understands no more than the bird he "imitates so abominably," is a nuisance I heartily bequeath to my sight-seeing fellow-countrymen, to whom we are in a great measure indebted for the existence of these locusts of travel. I remember on my first visit to Rome, turning in disgust from one of its historic remains—

The promontory whence the traitor's leap
Cures all ambition—

when in reply to my inquiry for the way which led to it, I was conducted to a house on the closed door of which I read, "*Custode della rupe Tarpeiana!*"—tea-gardenism rampant even amid the classic ruins of the Eternal City.

To return to the subject: I started then, following the bent of my own meditations, and traversing the further of the one-arched stone bridges which connect the islets formed by these several Sorgues, I followed the direction opposed to that of the rapids which came rushing headlong towards me. As I advanced up the narrow, jagged, broken path or ledge, whence one false step would have plunged me into the "hell of waters," and from which the pebbled bank slopes with beautiful irregularity down to the torrent's bed—while on the other side the rock rises steeply, harbouring in the clefts of its perpendicular surface plants and trees which, in return for the home it yields them, deck it with their verdure—the fall became more and more precipitous, and the volume of water increased in bulk and in force; the channel of the stream was rougher and more encumbered, and huge masses of rock intercepted the passage of the waters, which, as if maddened by these obstacles impeding their career, tossed and boiled in delirious fury, carrying all away before them: disturbed, however, as it was, its pure and limpid brightness remained untarnished, its very surf was transparent.

At frequent intervals between the bold moss-grown granite blocks,

unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt,

a deep, green-hued pool was formed, over which a new torrent, pouring from the abundant source, falls like a glassy veil, but so rapid in its precipitous course, that it mingled not with the kindred fluid over which it passed unheeded and unheeding.

The grotto rears its colossal semi-circular dome, formed by the hand of Nature, some hundred feet above our heads, overshadowing the spring, which rises to a smooth, still, brimming, lake-like surface—"splendidior vitro"—reflecting on its limpid and fathomless bosom the rugged outlines of the rock which embraces it. At times the water is so low that the caverns beneath the level of the ground are exposed in their entirety, and can be entered and explored. This peaceful basin forms an amazing and effective contrast with the "roar of waters" into which it is so soon changed.

Near the summit of the rude cliff the eagles build their eyries, and if any spot on earth could be secure from the rapacious hand of man, it would be this; but even thither he contrives to follow them, and the simple children of this wild and sequestered valley have a method by which they climb to the summit of the peak, and let one another

down by ropes, like samphire-gatherers—"dreadful trade"—to spoil these birds of prey.

On one side of the central rock, in an inaccessible spot, is pointed out the Chemin de Saint Victor, still bearing the hoof-prints of the saint's horse. Here, at the foot of these steep, yawning hollow recesses called the Trou du Couloire. It was the scene of the miracle by which Saint Vêran, then a hermit of Vaucluse, delivered the district from the presence of a monster serpent which destroyed men and beasts. In the midst of this picturesque locality, erected on its mountain height, stand the ruins of the ancient castle, which belonged to the former Bishops of Cavaillon, temporal lords of Vaucluse. Stirring scenes no doubt once passed within those mouldering walls; but inmates and masonry have alike long since disappeared from the busy stage of life, and the crumbling stones, defaced and disjoined from each other, are all that remain to record their silent epitaph.

(To be continued.)

ANA.

EARLDOMS.—It is not often that a commoner, on being created a peer, is allowed to step over the two lowest grades of dignity, and finds himself *per saltum* gazetted to an earldom. The most recent instance of such an elevation was that of Earl Russell, and before him those of Lord Francis Egerton to the earldom of Ellesmere, of Lord G. Cavendish to the earldom of Burlington, of Mr. Coke to the earldom of Leicester, and of Colonel Fitzclarence to the earldom of Munster. Sir Robert Walpole, we all know, was raised from his seat in the Lower House of Parliament to the earldom of Orford, and "the great Commoner," the elder Pitt, in like manner became Earl of Chatham without passing through the inferior grades of a baron and a viscount. The only other instance that we can remember is that of Sir James Lowther, the patron of half a dozen rotten boroughs, and who first introduced the younger Pitt into St. Stephen's as M.P. for Appleby. He was a man of fiery and overbearing temper, which led him into frequent duels, and occasionally led people to doubt his perfect sanity. When Pitt proposed to make him a peer, he declared that he should consider the offer of any coronet short of an earl's as a positive affront. Nor did his arrogance end here; for when he found that he was created an earl together with three other noblemen who were already barons, and that his name stood last in the batch, he actually attempted to reject the peerage rather than submit to so great a mortification. With this avowed intention, he presented himself at the door of the House of Commons, intending to take his old familiar seat as a plain knight of the shire, and he was only deterred by the sergeant and deputy sergeant-at-arms, who were obliged to draw their swords, before they could succeed in making him beat his retreat from the floor of the House, and take up his seat under the gallery, on the benches assigned to peers who wished to be present at the debates of the Commons.

E. W.

FRANCIS DEÁK, THE HUNGARIAN PATRIOT.



FRANCIS (FERENCZ) DEÁK, or, to give the proper Magyar pronunciation, *Day-awk*, is the most prominent man in Hungary.

He was born Oct. 13, 1803, and descends from an ancient Roman Catholic race, long settled on his family estate at Kihida, in the county of Zala. Even before Kossuth's influence was recognised in the patriotic and political field, the name of Deák occupied a proud pre-eminence; and while the expatriation of the one has condemned him to silence and a diminished influence during the great controversy which has been carried on in Pesth, the presence of the other, and his eloquent outpourings, have given him a still increasing power. If in Hungary "the great Count" is universally known to mean Szécsenyi—the noblest among the nobles, "the great Deputy" is the title which everybody applies to Deák—the first among the citizens. His elder brother, Anthony, who was driven by illness from public life in 1823, introduced Ferencz in terms of affectionate and admiring laudation, and he became the representative of

his native district in the Congress which met in that year. Szécsenyi, despairing of the redemption of his country, shot himself in a Vienna madhouse in 1860. Patriotism was then called madness; but he had uttered words which have found millions of echoes: "Hungary has never been, but now shall be!"

It is not easy to realise the position nor to deal out the deserved honours which belong to that small body of patriotic men, who from 1828 to 1848 were laying the foundations of Hungary's future freedom. The reformers and regenerators of their country had to struggle, not only against the Imperial influence of the Austrian sovereign, but against the long-existing, firmly-bound, and highly-educated patrician party who held the uninformed multitudes in vassalage. The masses of the people, ignorant and inert, lent no aid for the furtherance of their own emancipation. But what is wanting in numbers to the leaders of a forlorn hope is made up by a concentrated energy; and their efforts were all the more

remarkable and meritorious, as they had to give the example of sacrificing their own patrimony and privileges, and descending themselves in the social scale for the purpose of raising others. The hundred few were to surrender the monopoly of power, that it might be distributed among the million many—among the millions who had never felt, at all events had never complained of, their own degradation. The contest lasted for nearly a quarter of a century. Proscriptions, imprisonments, exiles, persecutions in every shape pursued the patriot party; but the Diet of 1847, representing no less than fifty-four counties (comitates), surrendered, with absolute unanimity, the independence of the Hungarian people.

Deák was only twenty-two years old when first nominated to the Diet. His colleagues of the Lower House were full of perplexity. A white-headed old man stood up and said, through his tears, "I have lived long enough to see the self-murder of the noble Magyar nation." Deák uttered the words: "The most radical reform carried out to its remotest consequences."

It would be a wearying, dreary work to follow the tracks of Austrian despotism in its reckless violations of law and of justice. Every new invasion of popular right strengthened the appetite for aggression. Lovassy and Kossuth were arrested in 1837; the one died, the other passed three years in prison. In 1839 the national party in the Diet universally recognised Deák as their leader. Concessions were made in 1840, and there seemed a truce between the King and the people.

A confederacy of the petty nobility of the district of Zala rejected Deák in 1843. It was a sad blank; but an honorable tribute was paid by the leader of the Conservative party, who said that Deák, "the purest character in Hungary, is wanting in the Diet." In truth, the Liberals had lost their leader; but in 1847 no man was found to oppose his candidature, and he, with Kossuth, was named a representative of the people. Severe illness and far travel prevented his engaging in public affairs, but on the establishment of the first independent Hungarian cabinet he was nominated Minister of Grace and Justice by Balthányi. His rectitude and his humanity marked all his official career, and he was one of the deputation which visited Vienna in the vain hope of averting by friendly intercourse the rupture which seemed impending.

It was indeed a vain hope. The Emperor had determined to stamp out the spirit of disaffection, and he found ready instruments at hand. The close of the year 1848 witnessed

the presence of some of the most illustrious magnates of Hungary in the camp of the Austrian army of invasion, seeking conditions of peace. "I treat not with rebels," was the reply of the commander-in-chief.

Universal opinion recognises in Deák a man of rare intellect, deep and varied knowledge, of emphatic eloquence, indefatigable inquiry, and love of labour, and of most cordial and enduring affection. Tall and stout in person, broad-shouldered, with massy head, short hair, marked eyebrows, brown and bushy moustaches; his imposing presence is tempered by bright blue childish eyes, and a fascinating smile. Tóth says: "His sharp logic, his clear intellect, his fruitful experience, are mingled with singular moderation, unselfishness and discretion. Brilliant flashes of wit adorn his words of wisdom, and his utterances are so spontaneous, so natural, so unexpected, so ready, that his right to leadership is recognised almost as a matter of course. His influence is the legitimacy of mental superiority. His is not a light to extinguish, but rather to welcome other lights. He never wounded the self-love of another, not even of a political opponent, and a hearty "hear! hear!" from the lips of his public adversaries is a frequent tribute to his honesty. His language is truthful, thoughtful, unadorned, but fluent and flowing, and so faultless in expression as to lose nothing of its warmth and power when submitted to the severest criticism. He is the orator of peace, of order, of conciliation; always listened to because never intruding. His courage is never wanting on occasions worthy of its exercise, but he wastes it not on trifles. His policy has ever been to surrender nothing that is essential, but willingly to make the concessions which involve no such surrender; whereby the concession serves, as it often does, to strengthen the essential."

The dark days arrived, and Deák withdrew to his domicile in Kihida, where the Austrians carried their unresisted policy. More than two thousand persons suffered on the scaffold, and ten times the number were flung into prison; while, of exiles, the published list is 4652, consisting of the noblest in the land. Accusation and condemnation became synonymous words; neither high position nor innocence afforded any protection to those who were denounced by or to authority. How Deák was passed over unpersecuted and unnoticed can only be attributed to the conviction that, under changed circumstances, his influence might be employed in the work of reconciliation. But it was by no dishonourable concessions that he sought to be a peacemaker. He resisted more than one appeal

from Vienna by declaring he could not recognise the legality of Austrian law in Hungary; and, on one occasion, when invited to an audience by Baron Bach—the evil genius of Hungary—who sought to win him over by flattering words, he replied, “Your Excellency must graciously excuse me. I know nothing but the Hungarian constitution. As long as it ceases to exist, as is now provisionally the case, I have no existence.” Still he pursued the even tenour of his way, passing the winters in Pesth or in Vienna, the summers at his country-seat. He neither sought nor avoided political controversy; he knew when discreetly to be silent, when becomingly to speak. He busied himself with the interests of science and literature; yet was of a nature so genial that it was said he never sat long by the side of a lady without her looking smilingly into his face, and placing her hand upon his arm—as if seeking the explanation of a riddle. Szemere said of him, “He is a forbidden oracle in a land accursed; none dare consult him for fear of the utterance.”

It has been remarked that a felicitous word, a patriotic song, a well-turned phrase, may have more permanent influence among peoples than strong reasonings or arbitrary laws. Such enunciations pass glibly from lip to lip; and during the period when monarchy seemed triumphant, there were many Hungarians who in calling themselves *kingly* instead of *imperial* legitimists fancied that they made a sufficient concession to the national demands. The Italian war showed that Austria's embarrassments were Hungary's opportunity; and a spasmodic action proved that, if sleeping, the Magyar spirit was not dead. Both the Doctrinaire and the Conservative party made new advances to Deák. They met with no welcoming response. It wanted the ripening of events. These events ripened into promise, and in 1860, in company with his personal friend Eötvös, the Cultus-minister, Deák was invited to a private interview with the emperor.

The result decided him to quit his solitude, and he whose merits were known only to the Hungarians, became a prominent actor on the European stage. He entered eagerly upon the reforms of the local tribunals, and of the administration of the comitats. He wrote in 1861 the famous address of the Diet to the Emperor, in answer to the imperial rescript. He brought into prominent relief the ancient Hungarian laws, contending that rights and privileges, conceded to and enjoyed by the people, could never be legally withdrawn. He denied the authority of Austria to introduce her criminal code into Hungary, and

insisted that the Hungarian press should not be fettered with the chains which despotism had forged at Vienna. Elected by the capital he insisted that the Hungarian capital was the appropriate place for the assembling of the Hungarian Diet.

The Diet of 1861 was marked by violent discussions between the country party and the more moderate Liberals of the Assembly. Offended with the tone of the Emperor's address on the opening of the Parliament, the Radicals were anxious to pass it over in silence, as the most becoming protest against the pretensions of the sovereign and the policy of his Austrian advisers. In this conflict of opinion Deák rose and proposed that masterly address which carried with it the support of the majority of the contending factions. It was truthful, it was liberal, it was loyal. It was the concentration of the national voice. Bold in expression but courteous in form, it told the sovereign that Hungary recognised no monarch but her own crowned king—not an autocrat, but the sovereign power, instituted to give effect to the laws by which he was bound to the people. The recognition of the supreme authority must follow the solemn oath that promised obedience to these laws, and which should be associated with the solemnity of the coronation, that the Constitution must be defined, the absolute integrity and independence of the Hungarian kingdom secured, that the Magyars had nothing to do with the relations which bound their king to other states, nor could other states interfere with the internal government of the Magyar land. The Pragmatic Sanction of 1727 had clearly defined this position, while it proclaimed the legitimate sovereignty of the Hapsburg family. The abdication of Ferdinand V. as Emperor of Austria was without effect on Hungary until sanctioned by the national will; that matters of mutual interest between the empire and the kingdom must be submitted to the equally independent representatives of both, and that the adjoining and intimate relations which had existed for centuries between Austrians and Magyars, should insure to each all the benefits of kindly neighbourhood. The address was adopted by both houses of the Legislature.

It was received coldly at Vienna. Its suggestions were repudiated by the Austrian Diet. The Minister of State, Von Schmerling, passionately denounced it a *verwirrungstheorie* (theory of bewilderment)! It was an unfortunate phrase, and sank deep into the Magyar mind. But the outbursts of impatient despotism are often the heralds of emancipation, and Hungary has now a fit

answer to the proclamation of the Austrian cabinet that the Hungarian Constitution has ceased to exist.

Whatever may be desired by the Court party to *unify* the two monarchies, such a consummation can never be expected while the Magyar feeling remains redoubtable in Hungary. Union with Austria, in the sense current at Vienna, is subjugation and vassalage. The training of the Hungarian mind, the teachings of the Hungarian literature, the outspeaking of every patriot whose voice is dear to the people, all ring with the same unmistakeable sound, and till the course of the Danube flows back towards the Austrian frontier, there will be only one solution. The violence of the storm from Vienna may scatter the leaves and shake the branches of the old Magyar oak, but it is planted too deeply in the popular affection ever to be uprooted. The Hungarians are strong at home, strong in a wonderful unanimity; strong abroad in the moral support and encouragement of enlightened European opinion. Many there are who wait, but serve while waiting; many who watch, satisfied patiently to witness the ripening of the fruit which will be gathered in due time. *Nationality* is the universal desire, the universal demand. The Magyar life is too extensive to be absorbed in, too antagonistic to be amalgamated with, that Austrian empire which has been dreamt of by statesmen of the Metternich school, and who fancy they can dispose of men and their movements as a dexterous chess-player conducts a successful game.

The gathering of the Diet in 1865 was a distinct recognition of the National Independence of Hungary. Even the Conservative newspapers of Vienna proclaimed the integrity and self-standing (*selbstständigkeit*) of the crown of St. Stephen. Yet, in their interpretation of the "common relations" between Austria and Hungary, they have denied to the latter the rights of regulating its own finances, and settling the amount of its contingent to the military forces of the country. An independent and responsible Hungarian minister is the demand of the Hungarian people. What Austria could in Italy never accomplish, she may effect in Hungary. Italy detested, repudiated, dismissed the Hapsburg dynasty. The Rubicon once passed, conciliation or concession was impossible. Not so in the Magyar land. The imperial family, the royal name, has a strong hold upon the popular affection; and, wisely counselled, that name may win every concession not incompatible with the substantial rights of the Magyar races. It is, indeed, a privilege when a man is found, as was Mirabeau in France, O'Connell in Ire-

land, Cobden in England, to be the incarnate representative of the national mind, not, of course in all its varieties, colourings, and aberrations, but as a substantial amalgamation of the great masses of opinion—and such a man does Hungary possess in Francis Deák.

JOHN BOWRING.

DOCENDO DISCIMUS.

At school my masters many are,
And I their only scholar;
They wear as their official dress
Jacket and turn-down collar.

High subjects, very high, are taught
By these Professors youthful;
They teach how good it is to be
Earnest, and kind, and truthful.

A pleasant fiction 'tis that they
For their advance have sought me;
They've taught me none the worse, because
They knew not that they taught me.

Their senior shows me how to work,
("Fit fabricando faber"),
Gives lessons on the dignity
Of patient, manly labour:

Another has the holy gift
To lavish love in blindness;
Too generous he to feel a doubt
Of being met by kindness;

While boisterous spirits bubbling o'er
Are surely as a sign meant
That frolic wild is not opposed
To absolute refinement:

And one is an impetuous brook
Whose banks are often broken,
He shows how frank regret atones
For words too rashly spoken:

Then comes a quiet one, almost
Too dignified,—the science
Of self-restraint he teaches me,
And honest self-reliance:

And one is full of winning ways,
And eager after knowing;
'Tis of itself a study deep
To see that young soul growing.

And many more there are,—but you
Would weary ere I sung them;
I am a better man, I hope,
Than when I came among them.

And then they talk of gratitude
For kindness that I show them!
Oh! that I could repay a tithe
Of all the debt I owe them.

E. H. E.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.—PERCY IS PERSUADED.

THE two men who sate in Mrs. Pratting's first-floor front discussing business matters, were very different in outward appearance to the two men who had met so many years before in Hyde Park. The one—a lad then, was a youth no longer. He had "lived and not lingered" by the way; he had gone over much ground in the time; he had worked hard, thought hard, and suffered grievously. Suffered in body and in mind; in body by reason of the fall he had got almost before his race began; in mind, because of disappointments in his affections, in his money-matters, in his pride. He was of a temper to labour diligently and indefatigably; but yet, if the labour did not produce fruit so quickly, or of precisely the description he desired to see hanging on the trees in his business-garden, he worried over his want of success, over the delay in the gratification of his wishes.

There was nothing buoyant in his nature, very little of thankfulness in his heart. He suffered more keenly from disappointment than he rejoiced in moderate success. Nothing short of the whole could satisfy him; and it is a question whether the whole of his boyish projects would have contented him had it been possible for such a dream ever to be perfected. As it was, though his rise, to outsiders, seemed miraculous, the result of the race appeared to him so far eminently unsatisfactory. When a horse is expected to win by a head, his owner can scarcely feel that the desired result has been compassed when, reeking and tottering, he comes in sixth.

The bystanders who may never have thought about the steed, or if they did chance to think of him at all, prophesied that he would be nowhere, are astonished at this comparative success, and consider the race has been well run; but, nevertheless, there is disappointment in stable and in paddock; another owner has pocketed the winnings, and the sixth steed might as well have been among the ruck, whose deeds were not worth recording. True, the animal may be entered for other races; may win easily other cups; but then, who that has striven for a gold medal, ever cries for "honourable mention;" who that has hoped to be first is ever content to walk in the middle of the procession. There was the evil. The man had been too ambitious; he had expected such a measure of prosperity that no moderate competency was likely ever to satisfy him. He had wasted his strength; he had

fretted his soul, in order to get on too fast; and the result was that, already, Lawrence looked middle-aged, and haggard, and careworn, as he sate staring into the fire, thinking of his past, of his present, and of his future.

Work changes most of us, and, as he also had worked hard, Percy Forbes' face was a changed one likewise. There were lines where no lines were traced, when first, dear reader, you beheld him; his chesnut hair had grown thinner and darker; he had lost something of his former elasticity, of that fresh gaiety which had once been so charming; he was more thoughtful, more steady, less foppish, more manly, than at an earlier period of this story. But people were as much attracted by his manner as ever: no one came in contact with him who did not remark on the pleasant frankness of his address, the sweetness of his smile, or the amiability of his temper. The workmen adored him; their wives had always something to say good of the junior partner as he passed along back streets, and wound his way through dirty alleys and dingy lanes.

He was generous, he was thoughtful, he was pitiful to distress, forbearing towards error; the children were not afraid of him; many a father he had kept out of gaol, many a home he had assisted to hold together, many a wise and tender word spoken just at the right time was remembered both by man and by woman, though he (the speaker) could not have recollected his ever uttering it. Due East he had found his vocation, but that vocation made him sadder; due East he had found his fate, but that fate took some of the elasticity out of his nature, and changed him in many most important respects from the younger self who had come to take up his residence at Reach House, hopeful as Lawrence Barbour, and almost, in a humbler way, as confident of success.

They had run a good part of the race, and vaguely each was wondering what the end would be, while they remained for a moment or two silent after Lawrence Barbour's last observation.

"You were going to tell me in what way you have been harassed and fatigued," Percy at last suggested, finding his companion in no haste to continue the conversation.

"Yes," Lawrence answered, "no person who had not followed me step by step during the last few months could imagine how I have been worried and tormented. You have nothing to do with the business arrangements of your firm, I suppose? Your department is solely, I believe, to be a general looker on at the Reach Works, and to pocket your share of the profits?"

It was not a very important post to fill,

and Percy felt the confession that he indeed stood exactly in the position Lawrence had assigned him, rather humiliatingly.

"You are right," he said; "but how can my position affect yours?"

"It does not affect mine," Lawrence replied. "I only named the matter to show you how differently we are situated: you have a certain place in the firm, although a subordinate one; you know your work, you understand what you have to do, and so long as it is done properly, nobody finds fault with you. The whole weight of a business is not thrown on your shoulders; you are not amenable for consequences without having full power to manage as you think best; the other partners do their part instead of standing by and criticising how you perform yours; every day you are not hauled over the coals for something you have done or left undone; if you do not earn much bread, at any rate you can eat what you do earn in peace; you are not afraid to see your seniors entering the office; you have not to bite back your words and swallow humble-pie till you are sick to death of the dish; you are not put on oath as to what you have drawn, where you have been, nor how you spend your money; you can discharge a man without consulting the entire firm; you have no tales carried from yard to house; you are, in a word, free. Well, in a word, I am not free—I am a perfect slave."

"In what respect?" asked Percy.

"Have I not this instant told you?" demanded Lawrence. "When I was a clerk I had a great deal more power in the business than is the case now. There is not a move I make, not a sale I effect, not a thing I buy, that has not first to be submitted to Mr. Sondes and approved of by him. He is so exacting and suspicious, that nothing short of a printed and attested statement of all I do and where I go, from the time I leave Stepney Causeway in the morning, till I return to it at night, would satisfy him."

"I am afraid it scarcely would do so," Percy remarked.

"What do you mean by that speech?" asked Lawrence, sharply.

"I mean that if Mr. Sondes knew about the companies you are connected with, about the time you spend with Mr. Alwyn, about your constant visits to Hereford Street, he would be even less pleased than is the case at present," Percy returned. "I can only say, if I were Mr. Sondes I should not like some of your modes of proceeding in the least."

"How would you have me act, then?" inquired Lawrence. "Would you have me remain a mere cipher in an establishment that would go to the devil in a month if I did not

work as I do? I must make money somehow; I must get out of my present position by hook or by crook; I cannot go into leading-strings now; I will not give up my old acquaintances at the bidding of any one; I can't endure being called upon to furnish an account of my time as if it were so much petty cash furnished to me by Mr. Sondes. I work harder than he ever worked—I am confident of that."

"And is he not satisfied with your exertions?" Percy asked.

"No," Lawrence answered. "Unfortunately the character of the trade is changing, and I can't make him understand that it is doing so. He thinks I ought to be able to get in cash and turn the money as fast as he used to take a profit out of it. I believe he imagines I keep back the accounts in order to have a fling of my own out of the proceeds before paying them into the bank. You know how willing he used to be to try new experiments, and to pay me for any good idea I suggested. Now the other sugar-houses are shooting past us like express trains. If your people refused to employ the best new tools, would you not consider them idiots? I will be bound there is scarcely a good thing patented that does not find its way to your department."

"We get all the latest improvements, certainly," acquiesced Percy.

"And would make poor way without them," added Lawrence. "Well, imagine the door being shut on every new process; fancy that I dare not try an experiment even at my own expense. He swears I am theoretical of late, rather than practical. He is getting that cursed slang—of things being better managed when he was about—of my only wanting him out of the way, and all the rest of it; and he declares that, as he cannot now look after his interests himself, he will withdraw from the business altogether, and buy that place he raves about at Grays; and, I suppose, airing my wife down there, and leave me to amuse myself as best I can in Stepney Causeway. Whatever you do, never marry an heiress, Forbes. The slaves in South Carolina are free men in comparison to a husband in such a position."

"Don't, Barbour. Do keep your wife's name out of this discussion. If she could make you rich and happy, she would do it—you know she would."

"Yes, she would," Lawrence answered; "you are right there. It is not her fault, poor child." And there came a soft, tender look into the husband's face—a pitying look, it may be, for the love she gave him, for the love he could never, as he then thought, return in kind. Strange problem this, of men and women marrying with wandering hearts,

with love, it may be, on the one side, but none on the other; of husbands idolizing wives who have never cared much for their lords and masters; of wives willing to make any sacrifice for husbands who scarcely feel a grain of affection for the women they have wed.

Strange problem, this, oh! Lord, who knowest the secrets of all hearts, the form the skeleton takes in most houses! Why cannot they love? Why do they marry?—why through the ages have men gone on mating with the wrong women, and women persisted in attaching themselves to men who care more for other eyes and other lips than theirs? Does not the whole thing seem sometimes but a series of cross purposes—of cross questions and crooked answers? Jack loves Gill, but Gill is attached to Will, while Will in his turn is dangling after Phyllis, who refuses to vouchsafe him a civil word.

All this passed vaguely through Lawrence's mind as he thought of Olivine and his own matrimonial mistake. He didn't love his wife, and he believed he never could love her. In no one respect had his marriage contributed either to his happiness or well-being. He had not got money, or position, or comfort, or even peace. Olivine had her fortune, but it was so tied up as to be perfectly useless to him; and now not even the business was going to be made over to him unconditionally. He would have to pay for it: he must somehow raise money sufficient to purchase such a share as might place him on an equality with his new partner; and if any great capitalist came into the concern, Lawrence thought he must leave the refinery. "I never will be under any man again," he decided, and then he said aloud, "But now, Forbes, to come to business. There is a chance for us both to make our fortunes. I do not think two men ever before had such an opening if we only choose to avail ourselves of it. There is the refinery in full work—there are the customers forming a steady well-paying connection. Mr. Sondes is willing to let us have the lease and goodwill and plant for twenty thousand pounds, and he wishes, also, to part with the half-share in the Distaff Yard concern for five thousand pounds, which would place Mr. Perkins on an equal footing with any new partner. I merely mention the Distaff Yard affair incidentally, because I know you would have nothing to do with it. The 'Eagle' Sugar Refinery is, however, quite a different matter. I know what the concern could be made to pay. If we were once masters, then, able to do as we liked, and push the trade along, I for one would not change places with any duke in the land."

"You will not find any difficulty in pro-

curing a partner," Percy remarked at this juncture.

"Yes, I shall," answered Lawrence, "unless you agree to sail in the same boat with me. For one thing, Mr. Sondes would not make the terms so good to other people; for another, there are very few I could work with; for a third, I do not intend ever again to take all the kicks and let a capitalist pocket all the halfpence. I have worked tremendously, and I want in the future to see some result from all my labour, just as you must be beginning to derive a larger profit out of the Reach Works."

"I am quite satisfied with my share," answered Percy.

"Pooh, man!" retorted Lawrence, "you could never persuade me of the genuineness of that statement. There are you, working like a horse from morning till night, with ten thousand pounds in the concern; with first-rate business capabilities, only drawing a manager's salary out of the firm."

"Who told you that?" demanded Percy.

"Mr. Sondes; but how he knew, I cannot tell you. He said, 'Forbes is only getting about ten per cent. for his money, though he slaves away in those works like a common labourer.' Now, suppose your people were to fail?"

"Excuse me, but I would rather not suppose anything of the kind," interrupted the older man.

"Very natural; but, suppose at the end of six, or seven, or eight years, there came a smash, and your ten thousand pounds went down with the ship, should you consider you had got any equivalent out of the concern in the shape of position, or ease, or pleasure. During that time you are a complete cipher, you are an utter slave. You have put your thousands into a business which did not need them, and the natural consequence of that is, your thousands are an overplus, and would simply, did any failure occur, go without leaving a trace behind."

"I cannot follow your argument," Percy observed.

"Why, look here, it is as plain as possible; if you put ten thousand pounds into plant and good-will, and a concern in which you have a voice, if anything happens to the house you are connected with, there is still the plant and lease, and one piece of property or another. In its way the business is like a freehold, or, rather, in that case, it resembles a house, which a man takes and furnishes from top to bottom. If he lose the furniture under those circumstances, he knows how and why it goes; but suppose he furnishes a room in another person's house, and the brokers come in? Then he loses all his property without ever having

incurred a debt himself, just as you would go down with your firm, though you have drawn so little out of it. In a word, you do not share in the prosperity as you would in the adversity. Do you follow me?"

"I think so," was the reply. "Go on."

"It might have been all very well at first," proceeded Lawrence; "but if I were in your shoes, I should not sit down contented with such a position for life. I should expect to see something much more like twenty-five per cent. than ten out of any business I had to do with: and I should want, not merely to pocket that per centage, but also to go on increasing my trade and premises and plant, year by year. I have no fancy for grubbing on for ever. I should desire, as time went by, to see properties in the country and houses in town belonging to me. For a man who is willing to work to rest satisfied with a subordinate post is beyond my comprehension. Of course you can do as you like. I do not wish to urge you beyond a certain point; but I am confident, if you refuse this offer, and let such an opportunity slip out of your fingers, you will only regret your decision once, and that will be always."

There was a pause after this, during the continuance whereof Percy beat a tattoo on the table, and Lawrence watched the expression of his face, anxiously.

"I am satisfied the opening is all you say," remarked the elder man, at last; "but I can't avail myself of it. I would rather, even though the profit be smaller, remain at Reach House."

"You may remain at the Reach Works," said Lawrence, who had been keeping back his last piece of information till such time as he could discharge it with effect; "but I do not think you will remain very long at Reach House."

"And why should I not?" inquired Percy.

"Because one of your seniors has taken a fancy he would like it for one of his sons-in-law. There is a gentleman connected with your firm who does nothing, except to draw a tremendous lot of money out of the concern every year, is there not?"

"Yes. I have never seen him but twice, though; he lives somewhere down in the West of England. You do not mean he wishes to put any of his family in Reach House?"

"That is precisely what I do mean," replied Lawrence. "It appears one of his daughters has made a *mésalliance*, and instead of shipping the young people off to Australia, he contemplates banishing them to the Isle of Dogs. You will hear about it within a month, and then remember my prophecy."

"How the deuce, Barbour, do you contrive to obtain all this information?" demanded Percy Forbes. In answer to which question Lawrence laughed, and said there were more ways of killing a dog than hanging him.

"Fact is," he went on, "your thousands are a mere bagatelle in the capital of the Reach Works Company. They think no more of them than a father does of the hoard in his child's money-box. Come to me, Forbes," he added, persuasively. "We can raise money on the lease and plant to-morrow to pay off Mr. Sondes; we can cut things close for a year or two; we can push the business as it has not been pushed for this many a long day past; we can work together."

"No," interposed Percy, "that is just what we could not do."

"Then it would be your fault if we could not," answered Lawrence; "for I think I could work with the devil, and agree with him too, if I saw my interest in doing so. Come, you shall dictate your terms, and I will abide by them; you shall choose your own department, and I will never meddle with it; or otherwise we will work heart and soul together, having one common end in view—wealth, not a mere beggarly competence—"

"What is competence?" asked Mr. Forbes.

"Always a little more than you have," answered Lawrence, promptly; "wealth, on the contrary, is a great deal more than you want."

"I do not care for wealth," remarked Percy, though in his heart he did care for it very much indeed.

"You will not say that always," replied the younger man: "there comes to most a day when wealth seems very desirable indeed, when the things money can buy look very beautiful hanging in the shop-windows of life; when gold is wanted to secure respect, to employ leisure, to soothe sickness, to make health more enjoyable still. You have not been a Spartan always, neither will you remain one for ever. When you marry and have a tribe of children, you will want money to clothe, educate, and put them out in the world. You will desire luxuries for your wife—"

"I shall never marry," Percy remarked.

"You think so now, but you will think differently hereafter. You will tire of a solitary life as I did; you will meet some one you fancy you would like to have waiting for you in your own home—"

"Don't, Barbour, don't!" the other entreated, and Lawrence held his peace.

"Why do you not take the whole concern on your own shoulders?" asked Percy, after a short silence, reverting to the original subject

of conversation. "It seems to me, with your temper, with your capabilities, with your experience, and your push, that would be far and away the best course for you to pursue."

"No," Lawrence replied; "our business requires two people to attend to it—one for the out-door and another for the in; one to look after the money and another after the goods. If I took it, I must either depend on my own individual exertions or else trust too much to the care and honesty of a manager. I should not like to do that. Even if I were perfectly strong and sound, it would scarcely answer for a large concern like that to hang on one man's health; and as matters stand, it would be perfect madness for me to attempt anything of the kind. No, you must come over to Goodman's Fields, Forbes; there lies the true El Dorado for both of us."

But Percy shook his head.

"I am not going to take 'No' for an answer, remember," declared Lawrence, rising. "You will think the matter over, and try to get rid of your prejudice against me: you shall make your own terms, as I said before, and I will agree to them, provided they be at all within the bounds of reason. I do not want you to do anything in a hurry. Just consider the whole question calmly and dispassionately, and then take your uncle's opinion on it; after that, decide. Meantime, all I have to observe further is, I hope you will agree to let us take ship together. If you do, and that you are not comfortable, it won't be my fault."

"You know I detest speculation," remarked Mr. Forbes; "that I distrust all companies, and promoters, and——"

"Make your mind easy on that score," was the reply. "If once I am in partnership with you, I would stick to my own business and attend to none other. Though I have dabbled in companies, it has only been because I wanted to get money on my own account somehow, to be independent alike of my wife's fortune and of Mr. Sondes. You cannot blame me for that: you have acknowledged yourself, my position must be a deucedly disagreeable one."

"Are you going to Reach House now?" asked Percy, a little irrelevantly, as it might have seemed to a bystander.

"No," answered Lawrence, who immediately caught the drift of the question; "I shall sleep at Stepney Causeway, for I have to be in the City early to-morrow morning, and it's such a deuce of a way from the Isle of Dogs." Nevertheless, spite of this reply, when Lawrence emerged from the *cul de sac* in which Mrs. Pratting's house was situated into the main street, he turned to his right

instead of to his left, and pursued his road across the bridges, instead of striking up to the left, towards Stepney.

"I changed my mind," he said to Percy Forbes next morning, "and sent a note into the City, which did nearly as well as going myself. I thought Olivine might feel uncomfortable without me, in case her uncle was taken worse through the night."

"How is Mr. Sondes?" Percy inquired.

"I believe he is a little better. I have scarcely seen him, however, for he was in bed by the time I got back from your place."

And this statement was perfectly correct. Lawrence had scarcely seen Mr. Sondes; but the pair found time, nevertheless, to exchange two sentences.

"Has he consented?" asked the sick man.

"No, but he will," replied Lawrence; and Mr. Sondes fell asleep comforted.

Both knew that when once a man begins to deliberate he is as far on the road towards yielding as a woman is declared to be under similar circumstances: they felt confident that if the seed of even partial conviction could once be sown, the plant and the fruit would soon spring to life.

Indeed, there was everything in favour of the change, and very little to be urged on the other side; but the word which perhaps turned the scale was spoken in due time by Olivine.

"What is this I hear Lawrence saying about your going into partnership with him? Have you decided? Is it really true? I should be glad—so thankful! It would be such a pleasure and comfort to my uncle."

"And you, Mrs. Barbour?" he asked.

"Oh! it would be a pleasure to me, of course," she answered. "You have been such a friend to us, you have been so good and kind; I do not know what we should do were you by any accident to drift out of our lives, and be separated from us. Often I have dreaded that; but if you go into partnership with Lawrence it could never happen; could it?"

It could never happen in any case, he thought; but he prudently kept his opinion to himself. Ah, heaven! there is a time when children cease crying for the moon; but the child grown to manhood would scarcely rest content never to see the moonlight, for all that.

To Percy Forbes, Olivine was now as unattainable as the Queen of Night is to the child; but he could not even contemplate the possibility of never again beholding her, with composure.

And yet she was always trying his self-command; always making some speech which tempted him almost beyond his endurance;

always coming to consult him about this little trouble, or that impending sorrow; always flinging a ray of sunshine across his path, only, so it seemed to Percy, to leave it in greater darkness the next moment. A hundred times he told himself he was certain one day to speak some word, or make some sign which would frighten her away, and put the consciousness of risk between them; but yet he lacked resolution to leave her, to go where those sweet eyes could never look upon him, where he could never feel the soft touch of her hand, nor hear the low music of her voice. The man was hopelessly in love with her—more in love with her since her marriage than he had ever been before—and yet he lacked courage to tear himself away! Besides which, had he not promised Mr. Sondes to be her friend for ever, to stand between her and harm, should harm in the future approach her?

Faithful and true as he had been to Olivine's mother, Mr. Sondes expected Percy Forbes to be faithful to his niece. He had loved his brother's wife so much that all personal love, all selfish feelings, all despairing passions were wiped out of his heart. He would as soon have thought of making love to a divinity as to the first Olivine when she was once his sister-in-law, and that which he had done he thought it possible for another to do also. He forgot that in his own case the bond of near relationship had interposed one insuperable obstacle both to hope and to temptation. He never remembered in what different positions Lawrence Barbour and Percy Forbes stood to one another to that occupied by his brother and himself. It did not occur to him that in the one case marriage was as possible as in the other it had been impossible. Thinking of almost every other conceivable danger which could come to his niece, the peril of such close associations to her, and the temptation to which it exposed a man like Percy Forbes, slipped his memory altogether. In business he had every faculty awake; but in a matter like this he was utterly blind.

Even when Percy Forbes told him of the power of fascination Mrs. Gainswoode still exercised over Lawrence—even when he implored Mr. Sondes to keep his niece's husband out of the way of temptation—even when he asked him "where he could have lived all his life not to know Lawrence had never ceased being fond of Etta,"—even when out of the passion and sorrow of his own heart, he pleaded the temptations and spoke of the peril to which another man was exposed—even then, I say, Mr. Sondes failed to see that if there were in the one case danger to Lawrence Barbour, there was in the other danger to Percy Forbes.

Percy himself was not deceived, however, by the watch he had to keep on his face, by the guard he was compelled to place on his tongue, by the almost irresistible impulse he felt at times to clasp Olivine to his heart and tell her all his miseries, all his love—he knew his position was anything rather than one of safety—but yet, though the struggle was firm, though the battle began anew each day, though he never dared withdraw a sentinel, he elected to fight on.

Better to stay within sight of that fair land, surrounded by enemies, camped among foes, than to retreat into the outer darkness of a country far away from her. No child was he playing with fire, running his finger along bright weapons, unaware of their sharpness.

He knew the danger, and he faced it; therein lay his security; never once did he shut his eyes to the advance of the troops of evil; never once did he lie down and let his soul take her sleep while the powers of darkness compassed him round about.

"I can keep the knowledge from her," he thought; "and so long as I am able to do that, what does it matter about me?"

The old story, friends! the old sad story common to all humanity; of one taking upon him in his solitary strength to keep at bay the legions of hell; of one promising to his own soul to perform a task beyond his capacity; the old story of parleying with sin and temptation, instead of fleeing from both; of hungering and thirsting after the beauty, and purity, and sweetness, and grace of a woman whom he ought to cast out of his thoughts for ever.

Daily by her unconsciousness she stabbed him to the heart; a common misery would, Percy often decided, have been easier to bear than the heavy burden which pressed on his shoulder alone. If he could once have said to her,—

"My darling, I will go, because I can't run the risk of dragging you down from the height where you stand,"—he might have left her, he thought; but as it was, so it was; he would not tell her, and it never entered into her mind to conceive the torture she was inflicting.

She never knew, as she laid her hand on his arm to second her request, how much it cost him to refrain from covering it with passionate kisses; she never imagined till long, long afterwards, what made him stand for a moment still and silent, ere he answered her appeal. All she understood then was, she had carried her point, and that from thenceforth, as she thought, Percy's interests and those of her husband were to be united.

(To be continued.)

THE GROTTO OF VAUCLUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

CHAPTER II.

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem
 Sunt nobis mitia poma,
 Castaneæ molles, et pressi copia lactis.—VIRGIL.

. At midnight
 The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal cliffs
 Whose icy summits shone
 Among the stars like sunlight, and around
 Whose caverned base the whirlpool and the waves
 Bursting and eddying irresistibly,
 Rage and resound for ever.—SHELLEY.

THE locality of Petrarch's dwelling-place has been the subject of fierce disputes; these might, however, have been settled long ago had the contending antiquaries studied a little more closely the words of the best authority on the subject. There can be no doubt that it must have stood behind the quincunx of planes on the left bank of the cataract. A portion of a turret once forming part of his house still remains, and beside it the five times centenarian but still vigorous trunk of one of the numerous laurels which adorned the garden he loved to cultivate. Petrarch has himself so accurately described it that it seems impossible to mistake the spot. "Recal to mind," he says in a letter to his friend, William Pastrengo, "the piece of ground you were so kind in helping me to clear: you would hardly recognise it now, it is a garden enamelled with flowers. It is bounded on one side by the Sorgue; on the other by very lofty rocks, which, during the heat of the day, shelter it with their shadow; a wall encloses and defends it on the south."

The site of his house is not less clearly indicated. "There is at the base of the rocks," he writes to Cardinal Colonna, "a little nook which seemed to belong to the nymphs of the spring; it is there that I raised a temple for my Muses."

It was in this humble cottage that he received the eager civilities—not to say the homage—of all the most illustrious personages of the court of Avignon; it was there that were composed the greater part of his philosophical works; it was there, above all, that his rich imagination gave birth to those admirable poems which retrace his love in such pathetic and exquisite language; there it was, in short, that was won, and nobly won,

. That crown
 Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore.

In the various letters dated from this sanctuary of the Muses may be detected his partiality for laurels, for we learn from these interesting papers, that he had planted, in his

garden of Vaucluse, every known species of that tree which recalled to him the cherished image of her who bore its name. The sole survivor of this collection of pets, in its green old age, still bears berries, which are carefully treasured by those who venerate the poet's memory.

As I sat contemplating the scene before me, ruminating on the memories of the spot, and listening to the "roar of waters as they howl and hiss," a gentle voice fell upon my ear: "This place I see is new to you," it said, and as I looked up, the benevolent countenance, full of intelligence, which bent over me, harmonised with its tone.

I rose, for it was the *curé du village* who addressed me; his well-worn *soutane* bespoke the poverty of his position, and the broad three-cornered hat, which cast its transparent shade over half his face, had, like himself, seen service.

"It is a suggestive haunt," he continued, "and used to it as I am, it seems to say something new to me every day."

"I can readily believe it," I replied, "all that is really beautiful gains upon us by more intimate acquaintance, and all that surrounds us here may certainly be classed among Nature's most attractive works. I have long looked forward to this visit; for, besides the natural beauty of the place, I am deeply interested in its associations."

"Then I hope and believe your anticipations will be realised, for we are in the midst of breathing, living reminiscences of him whose chosen home was this valley."

"I see," said I, "I may congratulate myself on having met with a kindred spirit, for you must, I feel sure, be a warm and appreciative admirer of the poet who has immortalised your canton."

"Indeed I am," he quickly answered, and his eye flashed for a moment with enthusiasm; "and I only hope I shall persuade you to study the place under a more congenial aspect than that under which you now see it. If you are a real lover of the sublime you should not miss the opportunity of visiting this inspiring scene by the pale moonlight, when the glare of day is withdrawn, and the too vivid outlines are softened and melted into a mysterious *chiar'oscuro*. It is then, to my mind, that the roar of the torrent falls upon the ear as a mighty and overpowering harmony in the midst of the universal silence, while the spectral cliffs and peaks stand around as if awed and motionless. No words can convey an idea of the impressiveness of the hour. It is that at which you must come here, and commune with the spirits of Petrarch and Laura."

It was as if he had said, in the words of our own poet:—

It will not bear the brightness of the day
But when the moon begins to climb
The topmost crag, and gently pauses there
When the low night breeze waves along the air
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then, in this magic circle, raise the dead.

The passage recurred to my mind with an instinctive regret that my companion did not understand English.

"Your description, dear sir," I said, "is a tempting one, and I lament that I had not taken measures to avail myself of the enjoyment I am sure it would afford."

"If you are disposed to prolong your stay," replied the worthy man, "it will be a pleasure to me to offer you such simple hospitality as my little *presbytère* can supply; at all events, you will find there a welcome."

"I shall be truly happy," I said, "to accept what is so frankly bestowed; and if not indiscreetly occupying your time, perhaps not the least inducement will be the prospect of enjoying your companionship the while."

"My time is fortunately free this afternoon," returned the *Curé*, "and as you will doubtless wish to know all the local traditions regarding the *heros de ces parages*, you can make what use you please of such information as I possess regarding him."

We had been walking on, and had by this time descended into the hollow, taking the direction of the garden of laurels, into which my new friend now led me; that garden, whence issued those songs destined to touch the hearts of subsequent generations.

During the life of his Laura, the poet cultivated these trees with an assiduity worthy of his impassioned nature and romantic imagination. When death had snatched away the joy of his life, he still pursued this occupation which became his solace,—

Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

In one of his later poems, he pours forth his plaint in language expressive of the consolation he sought in this *délussement*, and we may see how intimately it was associated with the memory of her he mourned,—

L'aura, e l'odore, e l'refrigerio, e l'ombra
Del dolce lauro, e sua vista fiorita
Lume e riposo di mia stanca vita.

We devoutly gathered a branch from the favourite tree of "Laura's lover," and seated ourselves beneath its shade, the *Curé* pointing out to me the spot on which his hermitage

had stood, and the last remaining vestige of his house.

For my companion, as well as for myself, it was a charmed spot; and dull of soul must he be who could repose within hearing of the music of those waters to which Petrarch must so often have listened, and not feel the suggestiveness of the proximity. That stream,—

For ever changing—unperceived the change,—

no longer that which whispered tones of love into the ear of him who knew so well how to interpret the voice of Nature, spoke to us in its own solemn language of the lapse of time—like its own waters—irrevocably passed and mingled with the ocean of eternity. It spoke of ages which have rolled away, leaving the remembrance of Petrarch and Laura as the indestructible but delicate Iris hovering in the spray of its seething, exhaustless torrent, even as visions of the departed are said to haunt for evermore the scenes which were erewhile their home. So frail and yet so enduring! No human hand can dislodge its vaporous form or dim its brilliant hues; no human footstep can cross the fathomless abyss it fears not to span: even thus, the poet-lover's deathless melody is inseparable from the place of its birth; his spirit pervades it still, and his graceful song sparkles in every dew-drop, festoons every branch, and hangs upon every rock in this valley which he has immortalised, and which, in its turn, immortalises him.

"It was in 1336," said the *Curé*, "at the age of thirty-four, that Petrarch first withdrew to the shades of Vaucluse, little dreaming what he was to find, and how he was to be enchained there! His natural disposition prompted him to the pursuit of study, and to a desire for retirement."

"Charmed with the wild beauty of this sequestered vale," he says, in a letter to a friend, "I determined to fix upon it as a residence where I could enjoy the cherished society of my silent companions—my books."

"It would take me long to tell you all that I did at Vaucluse," he says again, "where I lived many years. I can only give a general idea of the extent of my literary labours beneath that genial sky, but I may say that, of all the works that have proceeded from my pen, there is not one which was not either begun, concluded, or entirely composed there; and these works are so numerous that they occupy me still, and would suffice to engross my attention for many years to come."

The whole tenour of his correspondence shows how congenial this spot was with the natural tastes and dispositions of the writer, independently of the attraction he subsequently and unexpectedly discovered there.

Petrarch had travelled much in France, in Germany, and in his native country, before he made this secluded valley his home; it was in vain that all the seductions of the Court of Avignon were employed to persuade him to fix his residence there. Cardinal Jean Colonna vainly offered him an abode in his palace, the rendezvous of all the *savans*, poets, painters, sculptors, and philosophers of that age of art, science, and literature, attracted thither from all parts of Europe. Pope Benedict XII. proposed to him an influential and lucrative position; the poet resolutely refused everything: his determination was taken, and his sole object was to escape from the busy scenes of that brilliant court. Such society, nevertheless, would have been that in which he could have held a prominent place, for his genius would have been appreciated by those choice and intellectual minds.

Yielding, then, to the mysterious power which, as it were, spell-bound him, and oblivious for the time of his naturally roving propensities and love of change, he banished himself to this romantic site, where he at once proceeded to arrange the modest tenement which was to house him, so as to serve the purpose of a library and study; here it was, that under the influence of the gentle but powerful inspiration by which the rest of his life was to be moulded, his soul gave birth to one of the most elegant collections of verses that have embellished the literature of Italy: they make us forget the poverty of his "Scipiade" and the *bizarre* sentiments of his "Philosophical works." The poems which sprang to life at Vacluse have placed their graceful author in the foremost rank of those poets whose works we read and re-read with renewed pleasure—for he has elevated and ennobled the passion he sings, with a grace and eloquence which belong only to his own mind.

The sweet songster of Vacluse can only be compared with himself, for his love is unlike that of any other poet. The chaste adorer of the pure and gentle Laura adapted his sentiments to the chivalrous traditions of the troubadours; but he imparted to them the hues of his own enthusiasm, he embellished them with the reflexes from his rich imagination—he transformed them by the force of his genius. Petrarch is the first writer who metamorphosed love into a noble virtue.

There is an inexpressible beauty in the ethereal nature of Petrarch's passion. Intense and absorbing, it is yet so pure and chaste that it appears to us hovering above and around the object that inspired it as if she were to him a being of celestial mould only to be contemplated from afar, and towards whom the exhalations of his devotion could only be

wafted on an angel's wing:—it is not "Youth's Phrenzy," but "Passion's Essence;" it is the very poetry of love.

The fragmentary character of the story, and the imperfect—not to say perplexing—details we have of it, are in singular accordance with the delicate material of which it is woven: we scarcely wish to penetrate the mystery in which it is veiled, perhaps because it creates a realm of fancy in which the imagination can revel unshackled; otherwise, a tale so, comparatively, barren in incident could hardly interest us as this does.

We have no certainty that Petrarch's sentiments were reciprocated; we are not even sure that Laura was ever conscious of them: all, in fact, that we can be said to know—of *him*, is that he lived and loved—of *her* that she blossomed and faded:—

Early, bright, transient—chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled—was exhaled, and went to heaven.

The impress Laura has left on our minds is that of a flower—a dream—a vision of unearthly evanescence appearing from an upper world to become the inspiring theme of a great poet, who, till then, knew not what he was, nor recognised the place he was to fill:—

..... He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes.

The story of their first meeting forms a graceful and congenial opening to the poetical legend, for it is scarcely more.

During the fourteenth century, and even for some time after, a pious custom prevailed among the inhabitants of Vacluse and its adjacent villages, of passing the night between Holy Thursday and Good Friday in prayer at the shrine of S. Veran—still preserved in a small chapel of the little parish church of Vacluse: the priory of Vacluse was an affiliation of the Abbaye de S. Victor de Marseille, and being *chef lien du canton* it claimed the privilege of distributing the paschal communion on Good Friday—the day on which the Holy Eucharist is not administered: hence there was frequently a very numerous concourse.

It was during one of these holy vigils that Laura d'Adhémar, then seventeen years of age, was brought thither by her parents to take part in the sacred solemnity: her chaste beauty and angelic attitude were observed by Petrarch, on whose heart they made a vivid and indelible impression. In every one of her movements was an ineffable grace:—

Veri incessu patuit dea.

The poet thus expresses his admiration

when recalling this memorable occasion in his 69th sonnet; he says:—

Non era l'andar suo, cosa mortale,
Ma d'angelica forma.

It is in the 3rd sonnet that he mentions Good Friday as the day on which he first beheld this entrancing vision which captivated his whole soul for ever, and in his 8th he immortalizes Cabrières—the place of her birth:—

A pie dei colli; ove la bella vesta
Pressa delle terrena membra pria.

It was then, beyond a doubt, in the little church of Vacluse that his heart first received the impress which was to be co-existent with his life; it was in the vicinity of Vacluse that he recognised her continual presence; Vacluse it was, therefore, that made him forget the rest of the world and became his earthly paradise:—

Avventuroso più d'altro terrano,
Ove amor vidi già fermar le piante.

This charmed spot had an attraction for him which rendered every other distasteful and uninteresting; he expresses this with exquisite grace and tenderness:—

Quasi un spiro gentil de paradiso,
Sempre in quel aere par che mi conforte,
Sì che, 'l cor basso altrove non respira.

The beauties of nature as exhibited here, seem to be associated in his mind with the beauties of her he worships:—

O suave contrada! O pure fiume,
Che bagni 'l suo bel viso e gli occhi chiari.

And as we read we cannot be surprised that this home of his aspirations—this scene of his love, should have retained him captive during fifteen years:—

'l benedico il loco e 'l tempo, l'ora
Che si attoniraron gli occhi miei.

Beside the headlong cascade, in the midst of a country at once severe and sweet, he entertained in his heart a passion which grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. It became part of himself, and was the more invincible because—free from all that is earthly—his reason did not disapprove it.

In one of his chaste and touching canzoni he takes pleasure in recalling that his love is to him a stimulus to virtue. "Donna amabile," says he, "I perceive in that eye a soft light which indicates to me the way to heaven; it is that look whence I derive all impulse to good, and by which alone I seek a glorious object in life; that it is, which draws me away from the weaknesses common to humanity."

In his 12th sonnet he says again, "The love with which Laura inspires me, aggrandises me and sustains my footsteps in the arduous ascent to the sovereign good, so that I am

able to despise those things which human nature is wont to crave:—

Poco prezzando quel ch' ogn' uomo desia.

Again, he says, in addressing her in his 314th sonnet:—

Fior di virtù! Fontana di beltate!
Ch' ogni basso pensier del cor m' avulse!

Petrarch may be regarded as the most perfect type of a poet. Ambitionless, and without anxiety for the future, perhaps somewhat of a visionary, he followed cheerfully the path of life, and was by no means of that sombre character some have supposed. He could be facetious or sarcastic, imaginative or philosophical, a patriot or a cosmopolite, a hermit or a man of the world,—in short, all things to all men, as occasion required it. "Some pursue riches," said he, "and some pleasure; for my own part I value nothing so much as the sweets of a tranquil life. One man is delighted to be a king, another to be a hero: for myself, I am quite satisfied to be a poet; *'mihi sufficit esse poeta.'*"

Behold him again, when passing from the polished salons of Cardinal Talleyrand de Périgord, his friend, into the picturesque Château de Vacluse, where the Bishop of Cavaillon, Philippe de Cabasole, received his illustrious neighbour with all the distinction he could show him—for we must not forget that Petrarch's modest abode was at the foot of the rock on which stood the venerable castle. With these choice spirits the genius of Petrarch seemed to expand and to flow in his conversation; all the grace and elegance of his mind was unfolded and shed around him an undefinable charm; but as soon as he was once more alone with the Muses, he would, with equal facility, pour forth his harmonious plaint, or follow the caprices of his fancy in one of those silent gorges of Vacluse in which he loved to lose himself.

"Alone in these solitudes," he says, in his 92nd sonnet, "and according as I am inspired by love, sometimes I cull rhymes and verses, and sometimes odoriferous herbs and flowers:—

Qui sto solo, e come amor m' invita,
Hor rime e versi, hor colgo herbette e fiori.

In one of his letters we read a facetious account of the prolonged wanderings into which he and his friend, Philippe de Cabasole, were often beguiled in the tortuous sinuosities of the valley of Vacluse, forgetting both their way and the hour, in their literary and philosophical digressions, so that more than once the Bishop's footmen have searched them out with bells and torches in the midst of the rocky labyrinth, to tell them that the dinner had long been ready.

(To be continued.)



KUNEGUNDA.

THE crescent moon is sailing through the ether
 Convey'd by fleets of stars upon her way :
 Whilst wrapt in slumber deep the earth beneath
 her
 Is sleeping off the fever of the day.

No sound is heard upon the lakeside—only
 The lazy water lapping midst the weeds,
 And night winds with a murmur sad and lonely
 Sighing soft music through the border reeds.

But hark ! what is that sudden strain that swelleth
 So soft and low upon the midnight air ?
 The voice seems full of tears, and sweetly telleth
 Of love unspeakable, and love's despair.

“ As an angel thou art fair,
 Kunegunda,
 And the meshes of thy hair
 Round me weave a golden snare,
 Kunegunda.

"And the glory of thine eyes,
Kunegunda,
Like a glamour on me lies,
And my heart within me dies,
Kunegunda.

"Thou art high exceedingly,
Kunegunda,
I am poor, of no degree,
Only rich in loving thee,
Kunegunda."

The singer little knows midst yonder myrtles
That there are list'ners to the song he weaves:
He does not see the flow of women's kirtles;
The gems like fire-flies flashing through the leaves.

He sees not her who parts the leaves asunder,
And listens with soft rapture-speaking eyes:
It is the maiden-queen, fair Kunegunda,
Who tries to catch the words, but vainly tries.

"I fain would know the purport of his singing:
My maidens, wait for me a little space!"
And like a wild roe o'er the daisies springing,
She gain'd unmark'd the minstrel's resting-place

"Thou my boldness ne'er can'st blame,
Kunegunda,
Never wilt thou know my flame,
None shall hear me breathe thy name,
Kunegunda.

"Only when the night-winds blow,
Kunegunda,
Dare I name it soft and low,
They alone my secret know,
Kunegunda.

"They are kind, for they reply,
Kunegunda,
To my sighing—sigh for sigh,
I must love thee or I die,
Kunegunda."

With finger to her parted lips she listen'd
To drink the melting accents as they fell,
And soon sweet tears upon her eyelids glisten'd
To learn that she was loved so passing well.

"This is the love for which my heart is yearning—
A love for my own self—and nothing more,"
And bending down, her cheeks with blushes burning,
She whispered, "Live and love me, Troubadour!"

A NIGHT AT ST. VALENCE'S.

"HAVE you made your bump, old boy?"
"Bump! no."
"Nonsense."
"A fact, nevertheless."

And Shirley, the captain of the St. Valence crew, turned sulkily away, and was about to mount the stairs leading to his rooms, when I laid my arm upon his shoulder and stopped him.

Harry Shirley was an undergraduate of the College of St. Valence, in the University of Cambridge. He had been up nearly three years, and was consequently not far from his degree. He was a fine, well-made, handsome,

open-faced fellow, and was a great favourite with every man in the place. He had been sent up to Cambridge, not for the purpose of burning the midnight oil, and toiling wearily at the dead languages, not for the hope of gaining a high place in the tripos, or competing for a fellowship, but that he might acquire the last finishing touch to his education, and reap the full benefit of those advantages which a life at the university so fully and eminently develops. He was a boating man, and was decidedly a most favourable specimen of that set. He was beyond doubt the most powerful and effective oarsman in the college; had twice rowed successfully against Oxford, and had for more than a year been captain of his club. Moreover, he was peculiarly exempt from the great failing, indeed the besetting sin of all rowing men, both great and small, viz., that of talking "boating-shop" in hall; and this particular good point in his character never failed to carry its due weight.

It was a brilliant May morning, the last day of the May races, and Shirley's last May term. Several of his friends had come up for the express purpose of witnessing the races, of applauding his prowess, and of hailing the triumph of his boat. Among the ladies there was one who stood to him in the convenient relationship of cousin, whom we certainly expected soon to see bound to him by a closer tie. Shirley, then, was doubly anxious to do well on the river, and he had spared no pains, and grudged no trouble in training his crew, and getting them in good order and condition. For the first four races all went merrily with the St. Valence; from sixth they had risen to second, and on the last day they were to make their grand effort for the supremacy of the Cam. I had been in London the previous evening, and had just come back when I met Shirley; and then I was destined to learn to my utter astonishment that St. Valence, instead of making its bump, and so gaining the proud position of head of the river, had been compelled to succumb to its pursuer. However, as Harry Shirley laconically answered my question, I said eagerly,—

"How has this happened? How on earth did the Trinity men manage to keep away from you?"

"Keep away? Wilford! we were bumped,—bumped by those confounded S—men. I feel so savage. I can scarcely speak civilly to any one."

"But how did you manage to come to such utter grief?"

"I will tell you. You know Manton has been rowing stroke up to to-day. This morning at breakfast-time I got a note from him to say that he should not be able to row this

afternoon. I could scarcely believe my senses. You can easily imagine my dismay. I went up to his rooms directly, and expostulated with him. I begged of him to reconsider his decision: for what on earth could be done? But it was all to no purpose. I could not alter his intention; of course he said he was very sorry, but he declared it was impossible that he should row. I tried my utmost to induce him, but he was inflexible. We had to go down the river with Whitehurst as stroke, and with a new man in the boat. I anticipated disaster, but I showed a bold front, and did my best to encourage and assure the crew. I determined to make a desperate effort at the start, and endeavour to cut down the Trinity men in the first reach. It was just within the range of possibility that we might succeed, but the chances were great against us. We could not catch them; and, though we lasted for more than a mile, we were caught in sight of the winning-post."

I cordially sympathised with Harry Shirley's indignation against Manton. And on that day every boating-man was allowed to indulge in any amount of "shop" in hall. The St. Valence crew, though bumped, had nevertheless rowed most pluckily. At the start they had gone off at such a tremendous pace, and every man had so thoroughly thrown himself into his work, that it seemed as if victory were about to crown their efforts. But the change of stroke, and the want of practice on the part of the new man, soon told heavily against them, and after a most glorious exhibition of pluck, and an exertion of almost superhuman strength on the part of Shirley and his crew, the hopes of St. Valence were crushed, as they saw the third boat inch by inch overhauling them, and heard the cry of bump raised when they were within fifty yards of the end of the course. Fortunately Manton was absent at Hall-time, or he would have experienced sundry feelings of annoyance, as the unpleasant word was passed along that he had been the cause of the misfortune, for it would have been next to an impossibility to repress the opinions of the men. Every one censured his conduct as most unjustifiable, and he became there and then a most unpopular man. The night was appointed for the boating supper, and there again Manton failed to put in his appearance. The remarks upon his conduct, which had before been somewhat free in the supper-room, became violent and angry. He was stigmatised as a selfish dishonourable fellow, who had, for some hidden purpose of his own, deserted his post.

Harry Shirley was quite the hero of the evening, for, though he had failed to achieve victory, every one was eager to do justice to

the energy and ability which he had displayed in the management of his crew; and to his zeal and activity in behalf of the club. When therefore his health was proposed, the cheering was enthusiastic and the shouting terrific.

"Three cheers for Shirley!" were given over and over again with such uproarious merriment as was seldom before heard within the walls of the old college. One or two voices raised the cry of "Manton!" and the groan of execration that followed was loud and significant. There was mischief lurking in the sound. But suddenly a cry of "Shirley, Shirley!" arose; all eyes were quickly directed to one part of the table, and in an instant every voice was hushed, for Harry had risen to reply to the toast.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am much obliged to you for the enthusiastic manner in which you have drunk my health. It is almost needless for me to express my deep regret at the issue of this day's race. I had hoped that we might have been head of the river; but fortune has been against us; we have done our best; we have all strained our utmost endeavours to bring our series of victories to a glorious end. It has been no fault of ours that we have failed. I have striven to the best of my power to fulfil the trust placed in me by the members of the St. Valence Rowing Club, and I trust that I have satisfactorily discharged my duty (loud cheers). I trust that next year you may be more fortunate, and no one will experience more pleasure in hearing of your success than myself (hear, hear). Gentlemen, I have to tender my best thanks to every member of the club for the support that has always been given to us. I am convinced that the success of the boat has been a subject of interest to all ("Manton!"); and I shall not be saying too much when I predict a more triumphant May term for you next year. My only regret will be that I shall not be with you to share in your good fortune. Gentlemen, I propose that we drink success to the St. Valence Rowing Club."

As Harry Shirley resumed his seat, the applause on all sides was loud and prolonged; and the toast given by him was drunk with full musical honours. And then for a time desultory uproar ensued: the St. Valence men inveighing in the most indignant tones against Manton's defection, and the out-college men expressing their astonishment at the unexplained conduct of the delinquent. What could have induced him to adopt so sudden and so extraordinary a determination? What could have influenced a man who had always been passionately fond of rowing, so far as to make him ruin the chance of his boat getting head of the river? It certainly seemed an in-

explicable mystery, and all concurred in the opinion that his line of conduct was highly reprehensible. As the evening wore on the uproar became greater; and when twelve o'clock had struck, and the out-college men had all gone, there was an ominous muttering of Manton's name. The wine was getting into the heads of the undergraduates, and was prompting them to all sorts of mischief.

Wilton, an enthusiast in the cause of rowing, who was to succeed Shirley in the captaincy, rose and gave vent to his feelings on the college grievance.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are all St. Valence men here (hear, hear). Mr. Shirley in his excellent speech dealt somewhat too tenderly with a certain member of the club (groans), who has been the cause of our coming to grief. Now—I wish to say ("Yes! three groans for Manton!") that I consider his conduct contemptible ("Gently," from Shirley). I consider that he had no right to treat us so shabbily (groans and hisses). We ought to have an explanation ("Yes! yes!"). I beg to move a vote of censure on Manton. My course is irregular: this is certainly only a supper meeting, but I should like a unanimous expression of disapproval of his behaviour."

The storm of groans and hisses for the unfortunate Manton that followed this speech, for some minutes drowned every other sound. And Shirley strove in vain to pacify his companions, or to modify their rage. They listened presently to what he said, but were by no means mollified towards the object of their hostile demonstration.

"You are too generous, Shirley," said Wilton, who had decidedly had far more wine than was good for him; "you know you would have been the last man to do such a thing."

"But Manton may have had reasons."

"Then why did he not give them?"

"The fellow should be paid out," said Blackford, one of the wildest and fastest men in the college; a man who was always in hot water with the dons; a daring, impetuous character, and of great experience in all manner of midnight frolics.

His remark immediately provoked a sympathising shout from those around him; and Shirley, who was the coolest man of the lot, and who had more influence than any one else, at once saw that, if the meeting did not break up soon, there would be some summary method adopted of conveying to Manton the indignant remonstrances of his fellow undergraduates. Now Harry was no more averse to a bit of fun than any one, but in the present temper of the men, and after the vindictive way in which Blackford had once or twice

in the course of the evening spoken of the matter, he feared that if any scheme of practical joking were projected, it might be carried too far, and that mischief might ensue.

"Don't trouble yourselves about the man," he said, trying to make the thing appear unworthy of thought. But Wilton immediately answered:

"Come, Shirley, that's too bad; you know you were as savage as any one this afternoon. Let us finish the evening well: I second Blackford's proposal to give Manton a bit of our minds, in a quiet way."

"Screw him in," said one.

"Break his windows," said a thick voice.

"No, no!" said Shirley. "Not that." He saw they were resolved upon doing something, and as he could not prevent their carrying out their plan of punishing their late stroke, he strove to change the direction and modify the action of their schemes. "If you must have a joke, let it be a harmless one. Remember the last boating-supper and the broken windows."

"Confound the windows!" said Blackford.

"Screw the beggar in, and we'll take care he shall not get out in a hurry to-morrow."

"Is old Fernley in bed?" asked one.

"Yes, his lights have been out for some time."

"Let us get to work then," said several voices.

"Mind he does not serve you as Blackford did," said Shirley, "and throw his coals down on your heads."

"We'll take care of that."

We quitted the supper-room, and descended quietly into the court. The moon was shining brilliantly, and the old ivy-covered buildings looked still and peaceful beneath its rays. There was an old legend attaching to the tower-staircase, up which Manton slept. And as I stood in the angle of the court, gazing upon the gloomy side containing his windows, which were lighted up by the moonbeams, I thought of the hard-working undergraduate who was said to have hanged himself from one of those very windows, in bitter despair at his failure in the tripos on the previous day. As I stood thus musing, and only half listening to the conversation of my companions, an idea suddenly struck me, and, hardly thinking what I was saying, I called out to Blackford,—

"Hang him in effigy!"

"Bravo!" said he, instantly catching up my words. "Hang him in effigy! A capital idea! By Jove, it will look quite ghastly in the moonlight, and when the bed-makers come in the morning, they will think it is the ghost of the Tower-staircase."

I felt immediately sorry for what I had said. It was uttered on the spur of the moment, and before I had reflected on what I was about. But there was no drawing back now; everybody eagerly seized the idea, and Blackford determined that it should be carried into execution.

Harry Shirley cast a reproachful glance at me. "You should not have suggested that," he said.

"I am sorry for it, Shirley. Upon my word I don't know what made me do so, but I spoke almost thoughtlessly; I don't quite like it."

"I shall stop to see that no injury is done to Manton; I could not trust them in their present mood; they are all rather flushed, and there is no knowing what they will do with Blackford to lead them."

Suppressing as far as possible all noise, we mounted the staircase to Manton's rooms. Our task was rendered somewhat more easy from the fact that the door was not "sporting," so that we entered without risk of waking him.

"Let us see if the fellow is in bed," said Blackford. And he was about to open the bedroom door, when Shirley darted forward, and, just peeping in, instantly closed the door again, and so prevented any one from going in. He at once put the first screw in, and then Blackford and Wilton drove each another, and so the door was made fast. It was utterly impossible that he should interrupt us in our further task. We then set about the more important part of the work of this night of revelry and riot. Manton was safely screwed into his bedroom, after several weak and unavailing remonstrances on his part; and was thereby effectually prevented from interfering with our plans. Blackford now enthusiastically took up the suggestion which, in a moment of thoughtless impulse, I had made. He determined that the idea should be carried into execution, and becoming more excited, by the part of the joke which had already been played, persistently urged us to complete our purpose. But the men apparently required little of this exhortation, for they were as eager as he, to hang our renegade stroke in effigy, and they all immediately called upon me to further the design which I had suggested.

"Come!" said Blackford, addressing himself somewhat roughly to me, "now, let us carry out your part of the programme. Hang the fellow in effigy! By Jove! it will be grand fun. It will look like the ghost of the Haunted Tower."

I did not like the way in which he spoke. There was something repugnant to my feel-

ings in mention of the fate of poor H—, and I thought that we had done enough. In fact I heartily repented of my suggestion. The eye of Harry Shirley was continually and reproachfully fixed upon me; but he did not anticipate that any positive harm could come from our joke, and therefore, to a certain extent, he gave his assent to it. Table-cloths, sheets, dusters, paper, in fact everything upon which we could lay our hands were seized, and carefully thrust into Manton's flannel trousers; a bolster was then taken from the sofa, and being swelled to a convenient size by the application of a sufficient number of sheets and table-cloths, was invested in his boating-jersey; a pair of socks, properly stuffed, with his rowing shoes on them, were fastened where the feet should be; and then the top of the bolster, being drawn tight by means of a piece of cord, was surmounted by a rowing-cap; and in a few moments a perfect effigy of the stroke of the St. Valence boat was swinging from the window in the Haunted Tower; and then, when we were all leaving the room to screw up the outer door, Manton, in a somewhat louder tone of voice, said,—

"Blackford! Blackford! do open the door!"

But it was worse than useless to appeal to men in such a frame of mind; and we descended the staircase somewhat more quickly than we had gone up, and then slowly and gradually dispersed to our several rooms, utterly regardless of Manton's objections to being screwed in.

"I got but little sleep that night. Why I felt that vague and restless uneasiness, I cannot exactly say, but certain it is that for more than an hour I lay awake thinking on the night's work, and the part which I had played in it. However, weariness at length got the better of the indefinite anxiety that oppressed me, and sleep came to my rescue when I was almost despairing of rest; and, though I slept but a short time, I awoke in the morning considerably refreshed by the brief interval of repose that I had enjoyed.

The recollection of the joke of the previous night immediately returned to me, and I was eager to know how far the bed-makers had been affected by the sight that must have met them on entering the college gates. However, my suspense on that score was but short-lived, for Mrs. Brown rushed breathless into my keeping-room, and commenced a vigorous attack on my bedroom door.

"Sir! sir!" she called out in excited tones.

I feigned drowsiness, and answered in a voice that seemed to rebuke her for waking me.

"Yes! what is the matter, Mrs. Brown?"

"Oh, sir! what did you gentlemen do last night? Oh dear! oh dear!"

And then she stopped, and it seemed as if she were crying.

I could scarcely keep from laughing: she evidently heard that I was treating it as a joke, but I said,—

"Why, what is the matter, Mrs. Brown? What have you called me so early for?"

"Oh, sir, it is dreadful, and the tower-staircase too!"

"What is dreadful?"

"Oh! Mr. Manton has hanged himself."

"Nonsense!" I said calmly.

"I wish it was nonsense. It is dreadful."

"Mr. Manton has not hanged himself. What rubbish are you talking about?"

"Oh! come and see for yourself." And then her emotion seemed to overcome her, for I could hear her sobbing and crying bitterly.

There was something in her manner, in spite of my laughter, that impressed me; and I hastily dressed myself, and, leaving Mrs. Brown sobbing in my room, I went down into the court. A group of undergraduates was collected under Manton's window, and from the window was still swinging a figure. But—a shudder instantly passed through my whole frame as I looked—the figure was dressed, not in boating uniform, but in ordinary costume. There was no cap on the head; the hair was blowing about loosely in the wind; on the ground, close to where I was standing, was the effigy that we had suspended on the previous night. What did it mean? What could it mean? The first man I saw was Blackford; I seized him by the arm.

"Blackford!" I said, in hoarse tones, "what is the meaning of this?"

He turned quickly upon me.

"You should know as well as I, Wilford," he answered, in a voice that I scarcely recognised as belonging to him, "perhaps better."

I felt stung to the quick, but I made no reply.

"Manton has hanged himself."

I believe that I knew perfectly well before he spoke the real state of the case, but I felt as if I wanted some one to tell me plainly.

It was but too true: there was Manton hanging from the window from which we had hanged him in effigy after the supper.

Blackford and I exchanged glances. I shall never forget the look of utter dismay upon his face, and I am sure it was fully reflected in mine. All the men who had been sharers in the screwing-in were gathered in that group, and each man's face betrayed the bitter thoughts that were harassing his mind. Fernley, the tutor, was there too, with a severe and stern countenance. Presently we roused ourselves from our apathy, and slowly and solemnly mounted the tower-staircase.

Of course the door was screwed. Fernley turned round gravely upon us.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I shall require some explanation. Last night you had your boating-supper. Was it not so, Mr. Wilford?" he said, turning suddenly upon me.

I muttered an indistinct affirmative, and then the screws were drawn, and we went into the inner room: the bedroom door was still screwed. This seemed for a moment a mystery. But on entering this room everything was explained. Manton had got out of the window, gone along the parapet to the spot where the effigy had been suspended, and after cutting down the figure had hanged himself in its place.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the feelings that rushed through my mind on this discovery; and my conscience smote me bitterly when I reflected that I had been the one who had suggested the mock hanging, which had been carried out.

Some vague idea of the responsibility involved by the result of our practical joke passed through my mind, and before I had time for much reflection on the matter, I felt the grip of the officers of the law upon my arm, to arrest me on the charge of the murder. With a shriek—I woke, and found Shirley standing by my bedside, shaking me.

"When are you going to wake?" he said. "I thought I should never rouse you."

"Thank God it is only a dream," I said.

"What do you mean? Get up. Fernley wants you about the Manton business."

"Where is Manton?" I asked.

"In his room. He has been suffering from heart disease for the last two days: that was why he would not row; but he did not like to tell me. He is rather nervous about it, as the doctor thinks it a bad case."

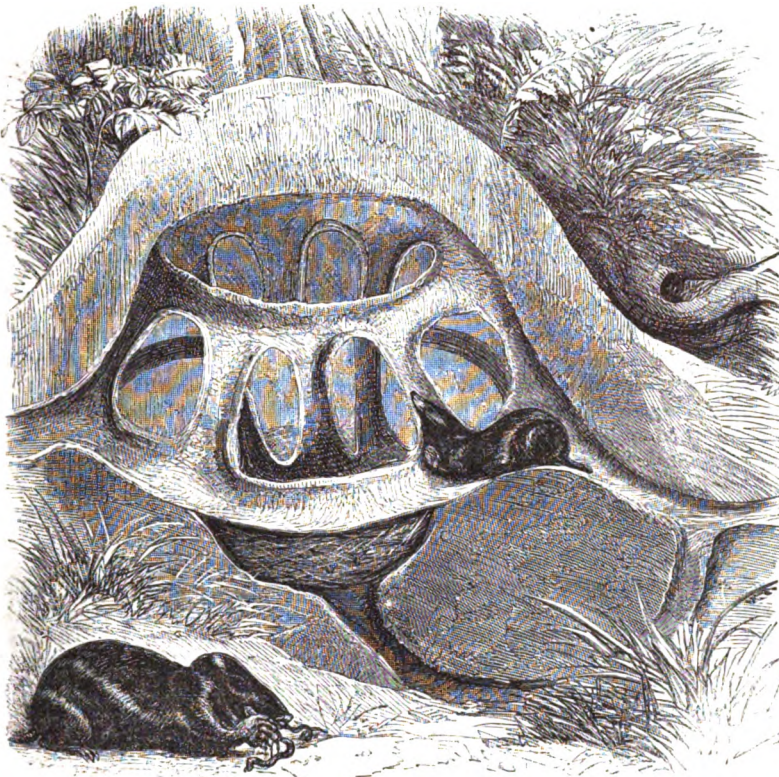
But I could not shake off the impression made upon me by my dream for some time, and the censure that I received from Fernley seemed as nothing compared with the relief experienced, that the result of the practical joke was but what might have been expected.

However, the whole thing taught me a lesson; and being gated for a week for my share in the work, I became more shy of practical jokes.

When Manton's reason for not rowing became known in the college, the men repented of their harsh remarks about his conduct, though it would have been much better for him to have given his reason at the time. He has lived to conquer the disease; but the doctor has often declared that had he, in his dangerous condition, rowed on the last night of the races, the result must have been fatal.

MARK SHATTOCK, B.A.

HOMES WITHOUT HANDS.*



Fortress of the Mole.

UNDER this quaint title the Rev. J. G. Wood, whose numerous popular works on natural history are so well known, has collected a most extraordinary number of facts, illustrative of the wondrous constructive power of God's creatures, and especially of their instinctive gifts employed in sheltering their young during the period of incubation. We are so inclined to refer all building power to the hand, that we seem to forget that the smallest insects, with no other implements than their feet or fore limbs, manage to construct houses in places where man would utterly fail for want of light; to drive tunnels, that he could only accomplish by the aid of the nicest mathematical instruments; and by the organization of labour, to construct dwellings of such magnitude, considering the diminutive size of the workers, as to throw the pyramids completely into the shade.

Among the burrowing mammalia, for in-

stance, the mole, which Mr. Wood considers the typical creature of the class, drives tunnels under ground in marvellously straight lines, now and then ascending to the surface, and casting out the loose earth we are familiar with as mole hills. These are not the domicile of the animals, but merely the refuse heaps ejected in the course of his work; just such heaps, in fact, as we see marking the line of a tunnel. The poor mole, who makes many such passages all radiating from his central dwelling, requires no theodolite to drive his road straight as man does; but, by some singular instinct, he works his unerring way in the dark. Again, where can imperial man show such vast works as the African termite? This social ant is perhaps the most extraordinary builder among created things. A full-sized nest is twenty feet in height and a hundred feet in circumference, composed of clay, which, under the tropical sun, bakes as hard as clay. So strong, in fact, are these structures, that they will support the weight of a strong animal, and

* The illustrations to this paper are lent for reproduction in these columns by the kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, the publishers of "Homes without Hands."

are habitually used by the hunter as a post of observation from which to look for game. And of this vast structure the greater part is underground, a system of galleries is excavated to a considerable distance, the conical shaped mound being indeed formed of the material thus excavated. If we take the size of one of these ants and compare it with the stature of a man, we are lost in wonder at the magnitude of the works they construct. Perhaps the brown ant, which is known only in particular districts in this country, presents one of the most astonishing examples of the true building insect we possess. He not only constructs chambers and galleries, but houses in regular stories, with the view to change his dwelling according to the condition of the temperature and the moisture of his establishment; for upon these conditions being favourable the hatching of its young depends. These ants appear to thoroughly understand the art of brick-making. Whilst some of the workers are engaged in making little clay pellets, others scoop out the foundations of the building. When all is ready, the pellets are placed one upon another, and made to adhere to each other by the pressure of the ants' mandibles and fore feet. Incredible as it may appear, these creatures are equal to making vaulted ceilings to their chambers. In order to do this, they mould each pellet or brick to the proper angle, and they turn arches with wonderful accuracy. "Although," says Mr. Wood, "many centres are employed, the parts always coincide in the proper spot." It has been observed, also, that they take advantage of any object in the course of their building operations which may be of use to them. Thus, they at once seize upon straws, and use them as beams to support their ceilings.

The insect tribe are by far the best of all the building creatures, and mammals the least so; or, rather, we should say, that the necessities of the former compel them to take greater precautions, or to require more forethought than the hardy mammal is required to do. With mammals the earth is required simply to act as an overcoat for themselves and as a warm crib for their young. We are all familiar with the simple burrows used for this purpose by the rabbit, the fox, the squirrel, &c.; but there is one huge animal, whose instincts in this direction are not so well known—we allude to the Arctic bear. Its fur is so thick that it does not require any further protection, even against the rigors of a polar winter. The female, however, when it has to protect its tender cub, always resorts to a burrow in the snow; or rather, it seeks the shelter of some rock, scoops a hole, and then allows the snow to fall upon her

until she is completely buried. There is no fear of her being suffocated, as the breath forms a hole, and keeps open a communication with the upper air. In this manner the bear suckles her young through the hardest winter, never stirring out of her burrow, but feeding her cub and herself upon the immense accumulations of fat she has stored upon her own body previous to her accouchement. So completely is her hiding-place concealed, that the hunter often passes overhead without being aware of the savage game beneath his feet. The artifice of the bear, it is urged by Mr. Wood, may well be imitated by the human being overtaken by a snowstorm. The Esquimaux laughs at the idea of the loss of life under such circumstances. He quietly scoops his hole, and finds that he is only too warm in his sheltering place, which he leaves at his leisure.

Mr. Wood classes his different builders according to their principles of construction; this, although the method best adapted for his work, yet appears to confound our ordinary ideas of classification, as the different methods of construction are mixed up, mammalia with insects, birds, and fishes; in fact, living creatures follow one another in his pages, just as they do when turned out of Noah's ark at random. This will be our excuse for the seeming irregularity with which we seem to skip from one end to the other of the chain of created life. As we have said before, the insect tribes are by far the best and most scientific builders, the ants and the bees being perhaps the best representatives of their class. The gigantic labours of the white ants, and the wonderful ingenuity of the brown ants, we have already described; but we think there is nothing in natural history that is so astonishing as the ways of the agricultural ant. We have it on the authority of a letter from Dr. Lincoecum to Mr. Darwin, otherwise we should have believed it was a joke played at the expense of naturalists, to be told that there is an insect which regularly farm the ground, reap the produce, and house it. We are told, indeed, that it levels the ground around its habitation to give good drainage, thoroughly weeds it, and "having planted the crop in a circle around, and two or three feet from the centre of the mound (ant-hill) the insect tends and cultivates it with constant care, cutting away all grasses and weeds that may spring up among it, and all around outside the farm circle to the extent of one or two feet more. The cultivated grass grows luxuriantly, and produces a heavy crop of small white flinty seeds, which, under the microscope, very closely resemble ordinary rice. When ripe it is carefully harvested, and carried by the workers, chaff and all, into the granary cells,



The Trap-door Spider and Nest.

where it is divested of the chaff and packed away. This chaff is taken out, and thrown beyond the limits of the housed area." We are, moreover, told that when the grain happens to become damp, it is carried out and exposed to the sun on the first fine day to dry, and is then returned again to the store. This looks as like human instinct as well can be.

The ants even let their fields go fallow for a time, and commence sowing again at a regular season. Great care is taken by them to select spots for their farms which are not intruded upon by gaminivorous animals. Thus the turn rows in arable fields are selected as places where they are little likely to be disturbed. This account of the habits of the agricultural ant has little to do with his home-building capabilities, but it is so curious that the reader will readily excuse the digression.

The driver ant of Western Africa is another very extraordinary creature. This insect is a builder, it is true, but it employs its art in making a kind of covered way to protect it from the sun whilst moving from place to place. These ants, when upon their march, are the terror of every living thing they come in contact with. The natives desert their villages, knowing that the army never deviates from its line of march, and that it devours everything in its way. They never cross water when they can avoid it, but when it is compulsory upon them to do so they never hesitate. They manage to complete a suspension bridge from tree to tree of their bodies, in the following ingenious manner. First, a single ant clings tightly to a branch, and then a second insect crawls cautiously down its suspended body, and hangs to its long outstretched limbs. Others follow in rapid succession, until they form a complete chain of ants, which swing about in the wind. One of the largest workers then takes its stand immediately below the chain, holds firmly to the branch with its hind limbs, and dexterously catches with its fore-legs the end of the living chain as it swings past. The ladder is thus completed and fixed ready for the transit of insects. When water has to be crossed the ants cling to each other, and thus form a floating raft, the free end of which is swept by the stream against the opposing bank, where the last ant anchors, and the living pontoon is thus prepared for the passage of the main army. The natives have a story to the effect that even the great python is so fearful of these armies of driving ants that, after it has crushed its prey, it makes a long circuit, at least a mile in diameter, in order to see if an army of these insects is abroad, knowing that, if such is the case, they are sure to make towards it in order to devour it. The python, there-

fore, deserts her meal, fearing possibly that, whilst gorged and helpless, she may herself fall a victim to these creatures, which resolutely attack snakes, first biting their eyes, and thus rendering them helpless victims, bound in darkness to one spot.

In the ant-lion we have another insect whose habitation combines in one the character of a trap, as well as a home. This singular creature selects a sandy spot, into which he digs a conical pit, throwing up the sand with its hind legs as it progresses with its work. In this manner, it excavates a sand trap about three inches in diameter, at the bottom of which it hides itself and waits for its prey. Insects of all kinds are an inquisitive race, running to and fro, and carefully and patiently trying all things; consequently when any of them approach the ant-lion's trap, and peep into it, the treacherous sand gives way, and the doomed creature slides down right into the ant-lion's mouth. How many traps men set for each other, and how easily we slide into them we too well know, therefore we need not preach a sermon to poor little insects upon the folly of heedlessness.

There is a spider which constructs a home and a trap in one, but upon different principles; the ant-lion may be likened to a medical quack, whose artful pitfall leads you to slide down to ruin gently. The trap-door spider, on the other hand, snaps his victim up sharp, without any preliminary struggle. This curious creature inhabits many parts of the world, but the best specimens, of the class are to be found in Jamaica and Australia. It makes a tunnel in a sloping bank, and to this tunnel it fits a lid, so beautifully constructed, that it closes without giving any evidence of existence to the creature passing by it. The hole, Mr. Wood tells us, is bevelled inwards as truly as though it had been turned, and the lid fits with a nicety that could not be beaten by the cleverest human workman. The hinge by which the trap is fastened is also a specimen of splendid workmanship, and fits the orifice with perfect truth. The creature, which is very large-bodied, and from its likeness to a crustacean, is called the crab spider, sits at the entrance, with the lid sufficiently opened to allow of its seeing anything near, and immediately it does so, out it rushes and drags in its victim, banging-to the trap with a perceptible click. There is a specimen of this spider's trap-nest in the nest-room of the British Museum, which has a trap-door at either side of the tunnel.

There are two other spiders, whose habits and habits are so extraordinary, that our readers cannot fail to feel an interest in Mr. Wood's account of them. The pirate spider

is well named, for it constructs a raft of leaves and twigs, upon which it floats upon the water, waiting for anything that may float past in the shape of a meal. And it is not altogether bound to its robber island, for it can follow its prey upon the water, its long legs allowing it to run swiftly on its surface. The raft, or pirate spider, is to be found in most marshy places, especially in the Cambridge-shire fens. It is a handsome spider,

its colour being a chocolate brown, marked with a broad orange band, which outlines its abdomen and thorax. The still more remarkable water-spider, whose habits partake of those of the water-beetle, is also a native of our island. This creature builds its home in the water, and lives a sub-aqueous life. Its nest, which is made of silk, and woven quite water-tight, is generally attached to the leaf of some water-plant. As this spider breathes the air, it was long a puzzle how it stored its submerged cell with air, some naturalists thinking that what had been found in its nests had been exuded from the plants; the observations of Mr. Bell, made upon some of these captured spiders, give a most interesting answer to the question. After building its cell, which is about the size of half-an-earthenware, the rounded part being uppermost, it stocked it with air in the following curious manner:—"As soon as it comes to the surface of the water it turns with the extremity of its abdomen upwards, and exposes a portion of the body to the air for an instant; then, with a jerk, it snatches, as it were, a bubble of air, which is not only attached to the hairs which cover the abdomen, but is held on by the two hinder legs, which are crossed at an acute angle near their extremity, this crossing of the legs taking place at the instant the bubble is seized. The little creature then descends more rapidly and regains its cell,

always by the same route, turns the abdomen within it, and disengages the bubble. The curious diving-bell home of this creature, we are told, is now becoming quite scarce, the dealers who furnish aquaria ransacking every pool for it, and charging a high price for the treasure to their customers.--What strikes the general reader, who has no intimate knowledge of the infinite methods by which nature works, as made known



The Raft Spider.

to us by her creatures, is the apparent inadaptability of certain living things to the work they have to do. For instance, what creature seems to be less adapted to boring holes in the hard rock than the snail, yet it is without doubt that a mollusc, termed the boring-snail, very like the common banded snail of the hedges, does work its way into very hard rock. There is a little wood in Picardy, known as Le Bois des Bochus, in which the stone is found that built the column at Boulogne. It is very hard, yet these boring snails have managed to excavate to half-an-inch in depth, sufficient to give shelter to the creature's body. It is supposed that the foot of the snail secretes an acid which dissolves the stone, but this has by no means been proved. There is, however, a mollusc which is a very notable borer, and which makes its way deep into the rock. The pholas, popularly known as the piddock, has indeed riddled our chalk cliffs with its holes. Its shell is the instrument with which it works. Although extremely fragile, it is covered with ridges, which work into the rock like a boring-tool. This little creature is an active agent in producing the disintegration of the rocks bordering the ocean, and to its agency many of the changes that are ever going on along our sea-coasts may be ascribed. The wood-boring pholas, more popularly known as the ship-worm, may be considered, however, the typical borer. The

ravages which this creature makes among shipping renders it the terror of the mariner. It destroys thick beams of wood as noiselessly and as unobserved as the white ant; and, like that creature, it lines its tunnel with a calcareous lining of 'great strength. The visitor to the South Kensington Museum will find some most extraordinary specimens of ship's timbers, so bored in every direction by this creature, that scarcely a bit of vegetable matter is to be found remaining.

The great terebo produces a shell more than five feet in length and three inches in diameter, the substance of the shell being half-an-inch in thickness; they look, in fact, like hollow stalactites. These curious tunnel-shaped homes, lined with its internal casing, gave the hint upon which the engineer worked in the construction of the Thames Tunnel.

It seems odd to refer to fishes as examples of nest-builders;* but there is a little creature that most of us have hooked, with a bent pin, from the ponds or ditches in the country—the stickleback, that is a very notable specimen of an aquatic builder of a "Home without hands." This fierce little fish constructs a nest of the grasses and fresh water algæ to be found at the margin of all streams, and it must be remembered that it has only its mouth as a tool to work with. The nest is very loosely woven together, and is used for depositing the eggs. It is well understood, says Mr. Wood, that a certain space around each nest is considered sacred to its occupiers, and if any other fish should venture to intrude within this charmed circle, they rush at it even if ten times its size, with the most undaunted courage, and generally manage to drive it away. There is another fish, in the fresh waters of tropical America, that constructs nests out of grass blades, straws, and leaves, in muddy holes above the water. The fish, known to the natives as the hassar, is, however, very curious in its habits; like an eel, it will travel from one pool to another across the land, and indeed, at certain seasons of the year, like those creatures, it burrows and lives in the mud.

The aptitude of birds as builders we all know; but our readers will be surprised to hear that there is a bird of tropical America—the red-breasted horn-bill—which "submits to a live confinement;" that is, the female bird, when it enters its nest, which is generally situated in the hollow of a tree, is plastered up by the male, and never leaves her young for three months, during all which time the family are fed by the old bird.

Dr. Livingstone, who gives an account of this bird, in his well-known work, says that

"she is said sometimes to hatch two eggs, and when the young of these are full-fledged, other two are just out of the egg-shells; she then leaves the nest with the two elder, the surface is again plastered up, and both male and female attend to the wants of the young which are left."

The pensile birds of America afford an example of the multiform methods adopted among the feathered tribe of constructing their homes. Some suspend their nest, just as the sailor does his hammock, by the head and foot, to a branch, like the lanceolate honey-eaters; others, like the saw-bill humming-bird, weave them of long vegetable fibres, like an open-work purse, so that the eggs show through; others again, like the Baya sparrow, construct their nest like a retort, the entrance being from below; whilst the sociable weaver bird of South Africa constructs a nest, which is a wonderful example of bird architecture. These nests are large enough to shelter five or six men. It is not the effort of a single pair of birds, but of the united efforts of a number. It is originally constructed by a single pair, however, who begin their proceedings by hanging bunches of grass over a branch, which acts as a kind of thatch. Under this the first nest is built, and others are speedily attached to it. At last, so many nests are constructed under the sheltering thatch, that there is room for no more. The thatch is now enlarged, and nest after nest is added around its circumference, just as in the combs of a wasp's or hornet's habitation. It must be observed that the entrance to these agglomerations of nests is from below; in fact, the structure looks very like an extended umbrella hanging in the tree, full of holes at the bottom, the entrances to the different nests. In course of time these nests grow so large and become so heavy that, with the addition of the wet they absorb during the rainy season, down they come crashing to the ground.

The bird that most nearly imitates the methods used by man in sewing articles together, is the tailor-bird, which makes a nest as a sempstress would make a pocket. Having selected a convenient leaf, it pierces with its beak a number of holes along one side, using that instrument exactly as a cobbler uses his awl. It then finds some long vegetable fibre and passes it through the holes, drawing the ends of the leaf together until a cone-like hollow is formed, which it lines with a soft white down. In this manner a light and elegant nest is formed, which is not distinguishable from the other leaves of the tree; when one leaf is insufficient for its purpose, another is sewn to it in the same manner.

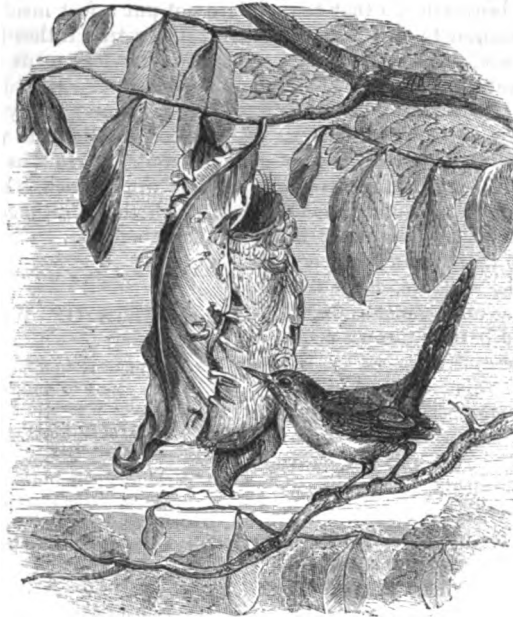
* See Old Series, Vol. 1. p. 145.

There are, we are told, several specimens of the nest of the tailor-bird in the British Museum, as well as of other living creatures—a fact we were not aware of before.

With respect to the bee, which we all recognise as a sociable insect, Mr. Wood tells a remarkable story. All observers have noticed the close packing of the cells of this familiar insect, and philosophers have long suspected that they represented, with mathematical accuracy, the truest economy of packing within a given space. But it remained to be proved, and in accomplishing this proof, a very singular fact was evolved. "Many years ago," says

Mr. Wood, "Maraldi (an eminent mathematician), being struck with the fact that the lozenge-shaped plates always had the same angles, took the trouble to measure them, and found that in each lozenge the large angles measured $109^{\circ} 28'$, and the smaller $70^{\circ} 32'$, the two together making 180° , the equivalent of two right angles." Beaumur, another mathematician, thinking this uniformity of angle might have some connection with the wonderful economy of space which is observable within the bee's comb, asked Kœnig to make the following calculation: "Given, a hexagonal vessel, terminated by three lozenge-shaped plates, what are the angles which would give the greatest amount of space with the least amount of material." The reply was $109^{\circ} 26'$ and $70^{\circ} 34'$, almost precisely agreeing with the measurement of Maraldi. The difference was so small, that it was considered practically to amount to nothing in the actual construction of a cell, and the bee was accordingly accredited with having solved the mathematical problem. However, Maclaurin, a hard-headed Scotch mathematician, very properly concluded that, in a mathematical question, precision was a necessity. Accordingly he worked

out the problem for himself, and found that Kœnig was wrong in his calculation, and that Maraldi was right; and then the question arose, how did so excellent a mathematician commit the error? "On investigation it was found that no blame attached to Kœnig, but that the error lay in the book of logarithms which he used. Thus a mistake in a mathematical work was accidentally discovered by measuring the angles of a bee-cell—a mistake sufficiently great to have caused the loss of a ship whose captain happened to use a copy of the same logarithmic tables for calculating his longitude."



The Tailor-Bird.

Of the sociable mammalia, the beaver is, without doubt, the best type. So many idle tales have been told respecting this creature; his building powers have been so exalted, and again so detracted from, that it is lucky we have at last specimens of the animal in our Zoological Gardens, and can verify some of its alleged capabilities at least. In its native wilds it builds really very formidable dams, in order to secure a supply of water in all seasons, and it is known that in constructing these barriers it proceeds upon truly engineering principles. Thus, when it has to deal with a sluggish stream, where there is little pressure of water, it builds the dam with logs of wood laid at right angles to the banks, filling up the interstices with mud. But where the stream runs rapidly, and the pressure is great, the dam is constructed in the shape of a V, its apex being directed towards the head of the stream, thus affording the best means of resistance to the weight of water. The speed with which beavers will fell the largest trees, with the aid of its adze-like teeth only, is truly marvellous. A society of beavers will clear in a wood a space of acres of trees: it would seem as though an emigrant had been busy with his adze, or with fire, so great is the

clearance. If the reader wishes to see the workman-like manner in which this animal goes to work, he can do so by inspecting the logs in its enclosure in the Zoological Gardens, where several stumps of trees are to be seen that have been gnawed through in the cleanest possible manner. The beaver-lodge they have constructed is exactly similar to that made by them in their original wilds, and we only regret that a stream of water cannot be turned through their paddock, in order to test their dam-making capabilities. Mr. Wood tells us that some of the dams they build are "two or three hundred yards in length and ten or twelve feet in thickness." These embankments become very much thicker by reason of the drift wood it collects, so that after a time vegetation covers it with thick verdure, large trees even taking root in it, and transforming it into the appearance of a barrier thrown across the river by natural agencies.

And now let us close this notice of a very interesting subject by a description of an elk-yard. We have seen that some insects can lay cunning traps, that others can move with a military organisation, &c., but we have yet to be told of a huge animal whose instinct leads him to fortify himself against his active enemies—to throw up a rampart of vast extent, inside which it defies their efforts.

The elk, or moose, inhabiting the northern parts of America and Europe, like the reindeer is forced to face all the severities of an arctic winter, but these little affect it compared with the dangers it is subjected to, from troops of hungry wolves during the spring-time, when the ice-snow is beginning to thaw. In the open, where the ground is hard, the elk, a creature of immense size and weight, has little to fear from any enemy. Its powerful horns are aided in attack and defence by its power of striking with its fore-feet, and its fur is so thick that it is almost invulnerable to ordinary enemies. But there comes a treacherous time, when the snow has melted below, and a thin crust of ice is left above. Through this the poor moose sinks and flounders, and then the wolves have him at a disadvantage, which they immediately turn to account by boldly flying at his throat, and speedily destroy him. The elk instinctively provides against this danger. Collecting in herds it forms a yard or space, often four or five miles in diameter, which it surrounds with a rampart of snow. The yard is traversed by roads trodden down in the snow in every direction. These roads are so deeply sunken below the level of the surface that the elk can pass and repass without their backs being seen; they are, in fact, traverses, such as troops make

when approaching a position by the ordinary trenching operations. Although extending over so much ground, the stranger would not even know of their existence at half-a-mile distance. Here the elk is secure against wolves, who peer into his fortification, but dare not put a foot inside it. To man, however, it is a trap rather for the poor moose, as it gives him clear roads in which his unerring rifle is discharged with deadly effect.

But we must really refer our readers to Mr. Wood's delightful volume itself for further details. He has certainly given the public a work which is as charming as a fairy tale, with the additional interest, that it is founded upon fact. A. W.

SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

A BABE at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of nought but mother's love,—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-wing'd butterflies,—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Gladd'ning the eye that looks on her,—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender words,—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
For ever join'd two hearts and hands,—
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born beauteous boy,
For ever hers till death shall part,—
So sweet a mother's joy.

A matron in life's autumn-time,
With young life glustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knees,—
So rich is autumn's store.

An aged form, whose dimming eyes
Foretell departing breath,
Are closed by grateful, loving hands,—
So sweet is peaceful death.

Six feet of grass-grown flow'ry sod
On earth's kind shelt'ring breast,
For ever freed from grief and pain,—
So sweet eternal rest.

MARGARET SWAYNE.

HAZELEY MILL.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. BY LOUISA CROW.



CHAPTER I.

A BUSY place is the old wooden mill at Hazeley from the rising to the setting of the sun, as the clacking wheels whirr steadily round to the music of the falling waters, and

the miller's men bustle in and out, and up and down at their dusty labours.

And a cheerful place is the mill when the light of day is gleaming and glistening on the rapid stream beside it; and waggons from

the neighbouring villages, or broadfaced farmers, in their chaise-carts, come to and fro to traffic with the wealthy miller; or tarry—for old acquaintance sake—on their way home from the town to discuss the rise in prices, or the latest news gathered there; or to have a social chat and cup of tea, with the miller's pleasant, hospitable wife.

But when night falls and work is over, the spot wears, to unaccustomed eyes, a dull and solitary aspect. On two sides the little river environs it closely; on the third the miller's garden and fields extend for a considerable distance; and on the other, the narrow highway alone separates the miller's domain from a few acres of woodland, the poor remnant of what had once been an extensive forest.

Not a house is nearer than a cluster of labourers' cottages, half-a-mile away; and the village of Hazeley, in itself but one straggling street, lies still further from the solitary mill. But those who once dwelt within it knew no fears. For years they had found shelter and safety under its roof, even when floods from the adjacent hills roared around the very doorstep, and isolated them for days from the dry ground beyond.

Their most troublesome visitors were but a footsore tramp, whose thanks and blessings were easily won by a seat in the porch, and a hearty meal; or—and this was but rarely—a gang of gipsies, whom the prudent dame, with a view to the safety of her hen-roost, while they encamped in the vicinity, was careful to conciliate.

Besides, Abel Weston, the miller, was large-limbed and strong-armed; and in the peaceful valley where he lived and prospered, greater crimes than the petty pilfering of saucy boys in the orchards or farm-yards, were almost unknown.

From the time she was a merry active child, delighted to help Mrs. Weston in her garden, or peep with awe-delighted eyes into the mysteries of grinding and bolting, Katie Morris, the neatest and prettiest little girl in Hazeley, had been a member of the miller's household.

At first she was welcomed as an amusing visitor; then prized for her tender assiduities, when the dame's eyes began to fail, and her once active limbs to stiffen; and, eventually, as Katie was one of a large family, whose parents could scarcely contrive to maintain them all, it was arranged that she should receive a regular wage for her willing services.

From thenceforth she resided entirely with the aged couple; and as she blossomed into fair womanhood, her light footfall and merry songs filling the house with pleasant sounds,

the miller and his wife grew to love their *protégée* as dearly as if she were their own child.

But her friends were not without that frequent blemish—family pride. In their great Bible there were registered generations of staunch yeomen, who had intermarried with the most reputable and ancient families in the county; and Katie, who had never heard a reproachful word from her indulgent employers, saw their brows bent upon her sternly and disapprovingly, when their nephew and heir, handsome Hugh, so far forgot himself as to linger by her side in the porch at twilight, and to steal a kiss from her cheek as they parted.

Abel Weston could easily separate the young people, and he did so, by sending Hugh to London to see a little of the world, under the guardianship of a bustling trader, who claimed kinship with him. But would this root out the love with which Katie had inspired the lad? And if not, what was to be done?

Hugh was ardent and impetuous, and if aroused by aught he deemed unjust, or even ungenerous, obstinate to a degree. Against his choice what had they to urge but her poverty and her birth? They had well liked Katie, and she deserved that they should; but they never forgot that her mother was the daughter of a carter who had grown grey in their own service, or that her father! aye, here lay the greatest difficulty of all—

Abel Weston had his hobbies, as other men have; his violin, which he treasured and caressed, and played with the enthusiasm of a fanatic; and his politics.

A Conservative, as his sires had been before him, he staunchly upheld Church and State, and refused to believe that the party for whom he voted—whether in power or out of power—could ever do wrong. And his opinions and prejudices, strenuously adhered to, and always vehemently expressed, were sometimes rehearsed at the White Horse at Hazeley, where the wealthy miller was generally listened to with respect. But Harvey Morris, the father of Katie, a journeyman carpenter, in a paper cap and patched jacket, not only chose to consider himself superior to the farming men who sat in the tap, and so quaffed his occasional pint at the door of the bar, but joined in the conversation carried on by the favoured few admitted to a seat within it. And not content with this intrusion, he had on more than one occasion ventured to contravene some of the miller's assertions; and to argue the rights and wrongs of the working-classes with all the rhetoric of an intelligent, but uneducated and dissatisfied man.

This Morris, with his radical notions and errors, must *he* be permitted to link himself with their family, and, perhaps, infuse his wild fancies into the mind of the young and enthusiastic Hugh? Abel Weston had begun by fostering a distaste for the saucy workman, whose noisy denunciations of the Government measures had shocked and disgusted him; but little by little the rancorous feeling spread until it deepened into hate; and in his wrath he declared to his grieving dame that he would sooner disinherit the boy than see him the husband of Katie Morris!

Katie was accounted by those who knew her best a high-spirited, quick-tempered girl; but now she bore changed looks and cold words uncomplainingly. To leave the mill was to quit Hazeley, and very possibly to see Hugh no more.

Besides, were not they who rebuked her his nearest and dearest relatives? and for his sake what could she not endure? By-and-by—so she hopefully argued—they would see that the love which had sprung up in their bosoms was no light passion which would wither beneath the first cloud in the sky; and, subdued by her patience and Hugh's entreaties, his uncle would withdraw his tacit opposition, and they should be happy once more.

And thus it might have been, but for the interference of her father. Some gossip-loving neighbour seized the first opportunity of condoling with him on the sorrowful looks of his daughter, Hugh Weston's departure, and the miller's harshness.

His pride in arms that a slight should be cast upon his child, Morris threw down the plane with which he was industriously flogging floor-boards, and without vouchsafing a comment to his officious and now half-alarmed informant, put on his jacket, and went to the mill.

At the gate he encountered Katie, on her way to the village shop; and drawing her across the road to the shelter of the wood, angrily questioned her.

"You have been in tears! Nay, no denials! These purse-proud Westons have cast your poverty in your teeth, and told you that you are no fit match for their nephew; is it not so?"

She attempted a faint disclaimer, but he would not listen to it.

"I have heard the whole truth of the matter, so why try to deceive me? Come home, child! Nay, you shall stay there no longer. Why, who and what are they to despise you? There is more sense in your little finger, Katie, than in all their shallow pates together! They shall pay dearly for their

insolent treatment of you!" and he shook his fist menacingly in the direction of the mill.

"Who has been telling you this, father? I have made no complaints. Is it known in the village?"

"Ay, child, for it was there I learned it. Leave this house at once. There is food and shelter for you at home."

"No," Katie replied, spiritedly, "I will never be a burden to you, nor stay in Hazeley to be pointed at. I will go right away."

"That's my brave girl! Never fret for Hugh Weston! The lad's well enough, but there are better husbands to be had than he."

But, with the sound of that name, Katie's resolves melted away, and sitting down on a felled tree, she wept piteously.

Not knowing how to console her, Morris paced about, his ire increasing with every sob that burst from the lips of his daughter as she wept.

At last he broke out furiously: "I must be a blind fool, or I should have seen this long ago, and taken you away. But they shall repent every tear they have made you shed, as sure as my name's Harvey Morris! I'll have a day of reckoning with Abel Weston for this. Come home, I say, at once!"

"Oh! no, no, father!" she pleaded; "the dame is not well; I could not leave with no one at hand to help her. I will quietly say that you have bid me come away, and I promise you that some time in the evening I will let you know when I can be spared."

At first, Morris would not hear of this concession. The yearning tenderness Katie felt for those at whose board she had sat so long he could not comprehend, and was half disposed to rate her soundly for her want of spirit. But she was resolute; and, still muttering threats against those who contemned her, he plunged more deeply into the wood, too much discomposed to return to his daily labours.

Katie went on her errand; heard her delay crossly commented on without reply; and then faltered out her intention of quitting the mill.

Dame Weston clasped her feeble fingers and sighed piteously. The miller, although more moved than he would have confessed even to himself, heard her with apparent composure and satisfaction.

"It will be for the better, my wench," he said; "better for you, and for all of us. And you're going quite away? Right; quite right. Get into the town, and see a little more of life; and if you marry a decent steady lad, let's know, Katie, and the missus shall send ye a wedding-dinner, and I'll find something towards the house furniture."

"God bless ye, Katie, wherever ye go," said the old lady, tremulously. "I shall miss ye, sadly. I wish——"

She caught the warning look of her husband and paused; and, by common consent, Katie's future was not discussed again.

With an aching heart, the poor girl all through that day went slowly about the house, bidding a mute farewell to the cosy chambers her willing hands would arrange no more. On the morrow, when the waggon went to the town with a load of flour, the carter was commissioned to bring back with him an elderly cousin of Mrs. Weston's, who could take Katie's place for the present.

Ah! they would soon replace her. Perhaps when Hugh returned, another would be filling her duties so deftly that they would almost cease to remember her.

But where would she learn equal forgetfulness?

The mill had been her home so long, that even now, with her trunk packed for removal, and her sad and silent farewells said to those nooks in the garden and by the river, where Hugh had first whispered his love, it was difficult to realise that she was going away, and for ever.

The evening closed in; the cloth was spread for supper, and Abel Weston, who had lingered in the counting-house until the last moment, came in to partake of it.

And now Katie remembered her promise to her father, and reached down her bonnet and shawl.

"Thee needn't hurry back, child," said the miller, with something of remorseful kindness in the tones of his voice. "If thee art a bit late, dame shall go to bed, and I'll smoke a pipe in the garden and wait for thee."

Katie's soul was too full of heaviness to make more than a brief reply to this unexpected offer; but she stooped over Mrs. Weston ere she departed, and kissing the old lady's wrinkled cheek, whispered an assurance that she would return in time to assist her up-stairs; an office that would never be hers again.

It was a relief to Katie to find the children a-bed, and her father out. From her mother she could procure the address of an old friend who resided at D—, a market-town twenty miles from Hazeley. Thither she would go, and seek a service in some secluded farmhouse, where the name of Hugh Weston could never reach her.

Unceasing struggles with poverty, and wearying endeavours to support a large family honestly and decently, chafed and fretted Harvey Morris into murmurs at his hard fortune. But they had a different effect upon

his wife; perhaps for the reason that he met them in his own strength, while she, with truer wisdom, sought the sustaining aid of a Divine arm, and learned in the only book she ever read, to be patient and hopeful.

From her sympathising tenderness Katie won consolation; and when she rose up to depart it was with changed feelings, and a determination to emulate that dear mother's resignation and unfailing trust in Providence.

As she crossed the threshold a sudden thought made her pause and return into the kitchen. "Mother, I'll not go back along the road. Betty Jones is standing at her open door, and I don't care for her to see my swollen eyes. I'll run down the garden and cross the fields, and so home by the wood."

"It's a long round and an unkind (lonely) one," her mother dubiously remarked; but Katie was resolute, and with another hasty "God bless you!" she sped away.

The night was closing in sombrely, but Katie was familiar with the narrow track she had chosen, and trod it unerringly, even where the trees clustered thickly together, and threw their shadows darkly across it; and her thoughts were wandering in that blissful future, which her faith in Hugh's fidelity whispered was not impossible, when the tramp of heavy feet aroused her from her reverie.

Katie was no coward, and it was from no foolish timidity that she instantly stepped aside and crouched behind a convenient thicket. The same disinclination to betray her tears to the curious eyes of Mistress Betty Jones, now actuated her desire to avoid the rude stare of others, and she saw no harm in thus avoiding a threatened rencontre.

The next moment, three men, in the rough garb of the working-class, came hurrying by, huddling together, breathing loudly and quickly, and glancing fearfully to the right and to the left, as if some terrible shadow, which they vainly sought to avoid, was dogging their uncertain steps. Scarcely had they passed the hidden listener, when she started up, with the word, "Father!" upon her lips, for, on the one nearest to her, she certainly recognised in the dim twilight the old, but neatly-patched, jacket he commonly wore.

But without perceiving her they had gone on; and wondering a little at their haste, and the direction they were pursuing—for they were already far down a by-path leading to a bleak common beyond—she went on her own way to the mill.

A couple of hundred yards more, and the stile was reached; but here Katie stopped with an exclamation of surprise, for, fluttering on a bramble beside it, was the treasured India silk handkerchief which Mrs. Weston was in

the habit of folding over her head as she dozed in her arm-chair in the evening.

Carrying it in her hand, and speculating as to how it came there, she ran across to the gate of the miller's garden, where she expected to find him awaiting her coming.

But Abel Weston was not there, and the house-door was closed and fastened. This was unusual, for the miller, accustomed to be much in the open air, seldom sought the fire-side in hours so mild as this fair spring gloaming.

Katie rapped for admittance, and the summons remaining unanswered, she stepped back to reconnoitre the chamber-windows. Was it later than she had imagined, and had they—now so indifferent about her—retired to rest?

If so, surely the key was hung in the porch, as it had sometimes been for Hugh; and, standing on tip-toe, she groped for the nail. It was empty; and now disposed to resent their seeming unkindness, she rattled the latch loudly and repeatedly, and then put her ear to the key-hole, and listened for the coming of the miller.

The ceaseless rushing of the water over the weir, and the steady ticking of the Dutch clock hanging in the nook by the dresser, alone broke the solemn stillness of the hour; for so calm was the night that even the leaves on the beech-trees opposite seemed to be at rest. But suddenly a low, lengthened groan, followed by a choking sigh, echoed through the quiet house; and Katie, with a shriek of terror, fled from the door, and down the lane to Hazeley.

CHAPTER II.

PALE as a corpse, breathless with running, and unconsciously retaining in her hand the silken kerchief, she reached the cluster of cottages already alluded to.

On a bench outside one of these, where a widow eked out the parish allowance by selling a variety of odds and ends, including table ale, two or three labourers were lounging to have a gossip and a neighbourly pipe, when Katie appeared.

"To the mill! to the mill!" she frantically cried. "The door is fastened—I cannot open it—and some one is dying within!"

A few words put the astonished men in possession of what little she knew, and they began to don their hats and rouse up a sleeping blacksmith, whose services might be required to gain them admittance.

The widow had now heard the unusual stir, and she joined the group gathering around the terror-stricken Katie.

"Lordsakes, child!" she cried; "but you've hurt yourself, ain't ye? No? Why what's this on your pretty handkercher?"

Aye, what indeed! The prudent and pitiful woman forcibly detained the frenzied girl, while the men—their faces blanched by this dark evidence of some fearful occurrence—hurried off to ascertain what had really happened.

It was well for Katie that, despite her struggles and angry remonstrances, those kind hands detained her; for fearful indeed was the sight that met the beholders, when they had burst open the door and entered the miller's living-room.

There had been spoilers in the home of the aged couple—spoilers and murderers. On his own floor, killed in defence of his hard earnings, lay Abel Weston; and his wife, in feebly endeavouring to protect him, had perished too.

Like one stunned by the vastness of the misfortune, stood Katie, insensible to the condoling and pitying speeches of those who crowded around her, chafing her cold hands and bathing her temples; until a simple, kindly-natured lad, who worked at the mill, in a burst of sorrow for the good old maister and missus, mentioned the name of their absent nephew.

Then Katie awoke from her lethargy. "Hugh! Oh, Hugh!" she moaned, and bursting through the throng, ran wildly down the road towards Hazeley.

"She's gone to her mother's," said one to another. "It's best so, for she'll feel it sorely. Poor thing!"

Mrs. Morris divined something amiss from her first glimpse of Katie's haggard looks, and throwing aside her work, she folded her arms about the trembling young creature.

"My child, my dear child, what is it?"

"Father!" gasped Katie; "where is he?"

Ere the mother could reply he entered, as ghastly as the girl whose eyes were fearfully surveying him.

With a shudder he raised his hands to the light, and without speaking plunged them into a bowl of water.

"Katie! Harvey!" cried Mrs. Morris, her voice unsteady with apprehension. "What has happened? Harvey, why do you not answer? Where is your jacket?"

"I have lost it," he said sullenly.

"Lost it! But how?"

"No matter how. It is lost. Was it worth so much that you make so many words about it?"

"But there is something wrong. Oh, I am sure that there is! What is it?"

Ere a reply could be given, the tidings of the double murder were loudly told outside the window by one passer-by to another; and Katie and her mother clung together in a

embrace, while Morris, sinking on a bench, hid his face in his hands.

When he looked up it was to exclaim in low tones, "For God's sake, Katie, never repeat to any one the words I said this morning. Why do you look at me so dreadfully, child?"

He came towards her as he spoke, but with extended arms she repulsed him.

"Father, they came through the wood—the murderers! and I crouched down and hid until they had passed."

Her mother uttered a devout exclamation for her safety; but Morris eagerly questioned, "Did you know them?"

Katie flung herself on her knees.

"Oh, tell me it was not you! It was your dress, and I spoke your name as you went by. But no, you could not mean *this* when you said those fearful words! Father, father, say that you are innocent, or I shall die of shame and horror!"

The over-wrought girl now lay on the floor in an hysterical attack, and neighbours, who heard her cries and moans, hastened to proffer their assistance. But Morris, recovering his usual acuteness, civilly dismissed them, and aided his wife in conveying their miserable child to bed.

There for many weeks she lay in the delirium of a low fever, unable to reply coherently when questioned respecting her partial discovery of the murder; unconscious that when the doctor pronounced her recovery hopeless, Hugh Weston had stolen to her side to kiss her burning cheek, and that her own ravings, added to other circumstances unfavourably construed, had made Harvey a marked and suspected man.

No traces of the guilty parties, who had possessed themselves of a large sum of ready money, had been discovered.

It was surmised that, after securing the door and flinging the key into the mill-pool, they had made their way across the wood to some convenient retreat; but the absence of any evidence,—no one but Katie having encountered them,—involved the affair in mystery.

In vain did Hugh offer large rewards; no one came forward to claim them. And as time went on, the belief which had arisen, none knew how, that Harvey Morris was concerned in the murder, gained ground in Hazeley.

There were more than one ready to prove that he had gone in the direction of the mill that morning deeply angered with the miller: and an old woman picking up sticks for her fire, had partly overheard his conference with his daughter.

From that moment he had not been seen near Hazeley until nightfall; when, as the door

of the miller's house was wrenched open, he had made his appearance without his jacket. And, in strange, and as it seemed, remorseful silence, he had assisted in raising the miller, who still breathed, and carrying him upstairs.

Where had he been all this time, and with whom?

So strong were the doubts of his innocence, that he was examined by the county magistrates; but his explanation, though improbable, was possible.

He frankly acknowledged the angry feelings he had cherished, and the idle menaces to which they had given birth; and alleged that, too much annoyed to resume his work, he had gone to a small, out of the way public-house on the roadside, where he drank deeply, spending all the money he possessed; and on awaking from the stupor which followed this unusual excess, had found the jacket on which he had pillowed his head, *stolen*. That, ashamed to return home by daylight or confess his folly to his wife, he had skulked about the wood until the evening, arriving at the mill on his way home, just in time to be among the first who entered.

Although many shook their heads over this tale, yet the man's previous good character obtained his release. But he grew moody and sullen as people began to avoid and point at him, and the men with whom he worked to utter covert insinuations, to which his readiness to resent them with his fists, only gave a deeper colouring.

"Mary," he said to his wife one night, "we must go away from here as soon as that poor child can be moved, for I shall be goaded into worse deeds than they accuse me of. Even you," he said, fiercely, "when Katie hides her face from me, shrink away too, as if you believed me guilty. God help a man when his own wife and children turn against him."

The faithful wife put her arm round his neck. "Don't speak so bitterly, Harvey! If now and then a dreadful fear has come over me, that you went to the mill that night to ask for Katie, and a quarrel arose, only tell me that it wasn't so, and I'll believe you."

"I didn't think that I should ever have to say to you, Mary, I'm an innocent man. You ought to know me better, if no one else does."

"Forgive me, Harvey," she pleaded; and putting his arms about her as she knelt beside him, the harassed and depressed Morris forgot his manhood, and wept.

"We'll go away, Mary. Perhaps in some new home, where there's no one to throw this in my teeth, I shall get back my old spirit and work with a will. But I can't here!"

I'm like Ishmael; every one seems set against me. And though I try to keep a bold front to 'em, my heart gets heavy, and I'm sick of the struggle."

So it was resolved that Harvey should start on the tramp for work the following morning, and in the course of another week his family left Hazeley also. Katie, though fearfully weak, was recovering; and was equally anxious to bid farewell to the scene of so much sorrow.

Hugh Weston, who only heard of their projected departure an hour before it occurred, hastened to the cottage, and bent over the fragile form of her he loved.

"Katie, how can I let you go away from me? But it is only for a little while, is it? By-and-by I shall come and fetch you back."

"No, Hugh, no; I must never see you again. Even if we could resolve to forget your poor uncle's disapproval, you could not marry the daughter of the man whom people —" her voice died away in a sob.

"But I do not believe him guilty, Katie. He came to see me before he left Hazeley, and we did not part like men who mistrust each other. You will come to me by-and-by, dear?"

But she repeated her "No" with equal firmness. "For your sake, Hugh, it must not be. If ever my father is cleared, then—but in a little while you will marry some one more suited to you in station, and I mustn't wish it otherwise." However, Katie wept bitterly as she sobbed this.

Hugh said but little more, for she was evidently unable to bear the agitation it occasioned, but his last words were, "Trust me, Katie! We're not parting for ever, remember!"

And, in spite of her better judgment, she did trust him, and cherished a secret hope that they should meet again, even when a report reached her that Hugh had sold the mill and flitted to a distant county. Even when months elapsed, and no sign came from him. But these were not the days of the penny postage, and Katie felt herself amply rewarded for her faith and patience, when on her birthday, a parcel arrived by the carrier, containing a handsomely bound Church Service, and within its cover a tiny simple locket, which held a wave of Hugh's black hair.

Long before this, Harvey Morris had secured constant work at excellent wages; and Katie, restored to health, was the active and intelligent manager of a large dairy farm, belonging to a gentleman who owned a splendid estate in the vicinity of the town where her parents now resided.

And out of evil came good, in so many ways, that if she sometimes remembered the

old home at Hazeley with a sigh of regret, it was always followed by self-reproach. Her father, no longer the idling dissatisfied man, but sobered and steadied by what had occurred, now laboured assiduously for his family. Her mother had lost the haggard look of over-work and scant food; the boys, under better teaching and greater home care, were developing into bright lads; and one of her sisters was in training under her own kind and steady supervision.

Perhaps such thoughts as these, mingled with some secret yearnings to know if Hugh still remembered her, were in Katie's mind, as a few weeks before her birthday again came round, she stood one soft summer eve watching the setting of the sun from the little flower-garden she called hers.

But she was not permitted to indulge them long. Mr. —, the gentleman who employed her, was about to leave England for a lengthened period, and she was to see him that night, and receive some final directions.

So, gathering the wild roses and honeysuckles from the hedge-row as she went along, Katie, with a lad for a protector, went up the pretty lane which separated her domain from the garden, and entered the "great house" by the offices.

It was an hospitable mansion, and it was nothing uncommon to find vagrants seated on a bench outside, devouring the food unsparingly bestowed on all who craved it; and a ragged footsore man limped from it as she approached, and entering the lobby with a profusion of thanks and apologies begged permission to light his pipe.

The good-natured cook brought him some matches, and he was about to turn away, when Katie, white and trembling with eagerness, clutched his arm. "Where did you get that jacket?"

The confused vagrant tried to slip away, but flinging—to the outer door and bolting it, she repeated the question.

Seeing that the servants—both male and female—were beginning to gather around him, he told a rambling story of having bought it of a mate some long time ago.

There was falsehood in his shifting eye and stammering tongue, and she followed up the inquiry with another.

"Where are the men who went with you to Hazeley Mill the night Abel Weston was murdered?"

For a moment he was startled into silence; then, declaring with a blasphemous asseveration that he knew not what she meant, he thrust his pipe and tobacco-pouch back into his pocket, and, roughly pushing her aside, sought to escape.

But Katie seized and held him firmly. "Help!" she shrieked, "help me! This man is a murderer. I can swear to the pouch now in his possession! It was Abel Weston's; and he had it in his hand when I last saw him alive."

Mr. —, who was a magistrate, was quickly summoned, and Katie's prisoner spent that night in the county gaol.

The excited girl flew rather than ran to the neat little dwelling in the outskirts of the town, where her family resided, and rushing into the room fell upon her father's neck.

"You have forgiven me long ago, have you not, for my cruel suspicions? and now, my own dear persecuted father, the whole world will know your innocence. One of the men, he who wore your jacket, is taken! How shall we find Hugh Weston?—he must be sent for."

"Hugh Weston is already here," said a well-known voice, and Katie started up to meet his loving embrace. "I should have been with you before this," the young man continued; "but at first the success of my new undertaking was doubtful. Now, there is a home waiting for my true-hearted Katie."

"But what is this about a man being in custody?" asked the impatient Morris, and his daughter told the full particulars of her providential meeting with one of those for whose crime he had so nearly suffered.

The prisoner, seeing his danger, turned Queen's evidence; and his accomplices were seized and punished for the brutal deed they had committed; the good folks for many miles around Hazeley flocking into the county town to witness the execution of these stolid sullen murderers of the inoffensive and respected miller and his kindly wife.

When the trial was over, Hugh Weston talked of returning to his business, and it was an understood thing that he did not intend to travel alone. But Katie shook her head sadly when he urged her to fix the day for their nuptials.

"I would fain say yes," she faltered; "but the memory of those who loved us both is still very dear to me, and how can I do what I know would have angered them in their life?"

"Dear Katie," was the earnest reply; "in all that is right and just, I, too, will try to do what would have been pleasant in their eyes. But think you, that if they see us now, the same worldly motives that governed their objections to our union can influence them? Rather believe that their blessing hallows the love which time and trial has strengthened."

The argument was convincing; and after a brief visit to Hazeley, where the tears of the young couple fell fast as they wandered around the old house, and stood by the grave

of Abel and Martha Weston, they were quietly united; from thence departing to found a new family of Westons in a valley as green, and beside a river as brisk and clear, as the never-forgotten stream that still turns the weather-stained wheels of Hazeley Mill.

THE GROTTTO OF VAUCLUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

CHAPTER III.

She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness.

Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue,
Gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream.

SHELLY.

It is time we said something of the blue-eyed, golden-haired Laura, with her emerald-green *corsage*, to whose unconscious powers of fascination, literature owes one of her most admired poets.

It is scarcely necessary to refer to, still less to refute, the absurd and incongruous story, now almost, so to speak, exploded, of the mistaken object of Petrarch's romantic attachment, Laure de Sade, an inhabitant of Avignon, whom some, by a strange confusion, have supposed he saw and was smitten with at the church of St. Claire, albeit they allow that this same Laure (the similarity of whose name was no doubt the cause of the error) was a respectable *mater-familias*, who found, or ought to have found, occupation enough with her eight children to preserve her from the incompatibility of either inspiring or reciprocating a sentimental passion, the object of which was a man necessarily much her junior. In the first place, the researches that have been made into the particulars of the life of Laure de Sade show her to have been a virtuous wife and mother, conscientiously preoccupied with her maternal duties; and in the second, those who have read the addresses of Petrarch can draw the very picture of the fair and youthful maiden he wooed from his graphic and impassioned apostrophes:—there is not a single expression that would apply to a dignified middle-aged matron, who—were she the most perfect and beautiful type of her class—could only claim honour or veneration, but could not be supposed to inspire those chaste and dreamy sonnets which were called forth by a far less prosaic object.

Again, Laure de Sade inhabited Avignon, and we not only have no record of any sojourn of Petrarch's in that city, but we know for a fact that he refused the most tempting offers to reside there. It is generally supposed that

the lover seeks to breathe the same air, to be canopied by the same sky, to dwell on the same spot as his mistress. Casimir Delavigne has said—

Mais le ciel du pays est aux lieux où l'on aime;

and we see that Petrarch has repeatedly declared that it would be distasteful to him to live in Avignon, while Vacluse was the "joy of his life." But we have only to read the poet's effusions to convince ourselves of the identity of his Laura: we at once recognise in her the simple and graceful, but noble daughter of an ancient house, with supple figure and coy demeanour, whose beauty and innocence won his heart and told him he was a poet.

Laure d'Adhémar was born at the village of Cabrières, in the canton of Vacluse. Her birth-place was the ancient château of that name, a venerable building, with solid circular embattled towers, beautifully situated on the eastern slope of the mountain: her father, who was a scion of a noble family, was Seigneur de Cabrières. Here, then, were passed the infant years of this beautiful girl, destined to be transmitted to after-ages beneath the veil of a mysterious *chiar oscuro*.

At an early age she was sent to the convent of the Benedictines de Galas at Vacluse, and there she received her education. This priory, of which scarcely any traces are now discernible, and all round which, flourishing manufactories are now erected, was delightfully placed on the brow of the hill; beneath it, flowed the Sorgue, and it was on the outskirts of a thick forest. Here it was that Laura was initiated into the learning and literature of the fourteenth century—that period from which we may date the revival of mental cultivation. Petrarch describes this circumstance of her life in his tenth eclogue:—

Verum inter scopulos nodosaeque robora quercus
Creverat ad ripam fluvii pulcherrima Laurus.

What must have been the grief of such a lover, when, at a moment when he could least have expected it, and in the very spring-tide of her opening graces and in the very promise of her budding beauty, this virgin flower drooped on its stem and faded from his sight? His adored Laura, snatched by the stern and relentless hand of Fate, was mourned by her devoted lover with a constancy as undying as his affection was pure, and a sorrow the depth of which can only be appreciated by natures refined and imaginative as his own. As long as he survived her, he never ceased to mourn this

... anima gentile, che si diparte
Anzi tempo, chiamata all' altra vita,

and after his irreparable loss he exhaled his

love in melancholy but melodious outpourings. Study, which had been his delight, became irksome to him, and he sought consolation in frequenting the solitary haunts of Vacluse, whose calm beauties—congenial to his sadness—were hallowed by their association with all that had constituted the charm of his existence.

... inopis studii tandemque relinquens
Arva inarata, vagus silvis spatia labor apricis.

Solace came not, however, amid these scenes in which he saw her image everywhere, but found her no more, and at length resolving to abandon the once-cherished vale, he quitted Vacluse for ever in 1352 to return to Italy, where he still possessed considerable property, and where politics as well as philosophy and literature occupied his time and his energies. He bequeathed his little territory at Vacluse to the poor, and his house became a hospital. Even this, however, has disappeared, and nought now remains but a few crumbling stones to record the unique and poetical episode enacted here, for solitude once more reigns supreme in the deserted domain.

Of his subsequent life such authentic particulars as have reached us are most interesting; we can only feel certain of those we gather from the inscriptions on the various tablets which have been erected in almost every place that can lay claim to the fact of having enjoyed his presence, if for ever so brief a time. The dispute is not yet settled which is to determine whether the first seven years of his life were passed at Arezzo or Ancisa. Certain it is, however, that Petrarch had many intimate friends in the political world who highly esteemed him, and consulted him on many difficult and complicated emergencies. But he seems never to have been diverted from the pursuit of literature and the study of science, in proof of which we may mention his "Four Books of Invectives against Physicians," whose ignorance he thought it his duty to expose.

"Arquà, where he died," was the charming solitude he selected as his retreat in 1370, after he had unsuccessfully visited Rome for the sake of seeing the Pope, then Urban V. It was after this that he made his journey to Venice with his friend Francesco Novello di Carrara, and on his return thence he divided his time between Padua and Arquà. Petrarch passed the autumn of 1368 at Pavia; and also resided at Milan and Parma, where he was archdeacon of the Society of S. Agatha, and ought, therefore, to have been buried in that city. As it is, he was buried nowhere! Florence, his birth-place, but where he remained only seven months, is denied the privilege of possessing his ashes. His aversion

for his country is well known; but "they keep his dust in Arquà," where

it is their pride,
An honest pride, and let it be their praise
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre.

We said Petrarch never was buried:

... Reared in air,
Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover.

And his death was as characteristic as is his burial. For the former: he died in his library-chair, where he was found with a pen in his right hand, his left resting on a book.

For the latter—as his life, and above all, his mind, was unique and distinguished from that of other men, so is his tomb. Above ground, and conspicuous among surrounding grass, is the mausoleum which holds the bones of the hermit of Vacluse; it is of red Pyrenean marble, and is supported on four low columns; four laurels—appropriate mourners—wave over his remains.

Arquà is one of the loveliest localities the earth can boast; it was fit to succeed Vacluse in the poet's choice; I might describe its site, embosomed in the Euganean hills, the copse by which it is approached, the clear and calm blue lake, and the intricate succession of hills clothed with vines and olives—with fan-palms and pomegranates, prickly-figs, aloes, and cactuses. I might draw a picture of the sunny and reposeful village, with its church, as seen between two meeting acclivities—I might point out the villas which dot the hills, and that centre of interest—Petrarch's mansion; and I might speak of the plains beyond, covered with fig and mulberry trees, and of the thick dark clusters of pines and cypresses which surround them, carrying the vision to the windings of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic: I might attempt to convey the impression of the wondrous beauty of this spot, but the inadequacy of words is too apparent to those who have contemplated it. I content myself with that description which relinquishes the painter's task, but recognises the power of the poet, and tells us that,—

... The soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

Developing the mountains, trees, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, where by,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which though to the eye
Idleness it seem, hath its mortality.

We had sat so long, conversing and collating the incidents and reminiscences I have thus endeavoured to throw together, that we only perceived, by the change in the atmosphere, that the sun was fast sinking behind the hills, tinting the heavens with a deep rose-coloured glow which reflected itself over the whole face of nature.

The Curé rose, and we paused to admire the glorious sight as we wended our way towards the centre of the village. My companion had a kind word and a familiar nod for every one we met, and as he laid his hand with a smile on the heads of the little children who flocked round him, it was easy to see that they regarded him as the father of the small community: we reached the little church, into which he preceded me. Who knows, thought I, as I dipped my fingers in the ancient *bénitier*, whether the hands of the lovers of Vacluse may not have met within this very marble—who can tell whether the flag on which I stand may not be the very one whence Petrarch caught the first sight of the "emerald-green bodice" which embraced the slender figure of his Laura!

We knelt for a few moments before the same altar at which they had worshipped, and we visited the chapel of S. Veran, in which stands his tomb—an object of veneration among the village population nearly 500 years ago, and where miracles are said to have been performed. The saint has left many local legends, with some of which the Curé entertained me: he led the life of an anchorite at Vacluse for many years, but was afterwards appointed to the see of Ca-vaillon, of which he also became Seigneur, and left his humble retreat to occupy the château, of the ruins of which I have before spoken. This saint was not only Bishop and Seigneur, but was also honoured by being appointed to represent, as Ambassador, his sovereign, Gontran, one of the early kings of France. Petrarch has made this saint the subject of one of his finest passages.

Hard by the church stood the humble *presbytère*—little better than a labourer's cottage, but on entering, there was no mistaking the calling of its occupier. The little *parloir* had, it is true, a small carpet on its brick floor, but the furniture was of the simplest; sacred pictures, a crucifix, and other similar objects, together with a few books of piety, were the accessories I perceived; the kitchen, which was only divided from it by a narrow passage, and of extremely limited dimensions, was no doubt large enough for the good man's requirements. An elderly *gouvernante*, who constituted in her own person his whole establishment, was occupied in preparing the evening meal, for which

our appetites were tolerably well whetted. Its simple constituents were soon spread, and I do not remember that I ever did more justice to a repast. My host made me feel thoroughly at home, and was extremely cheerful and pleasant, apparently quite contented in his narrow quarters: I admired the good taste of his frank and simple welcome, and felt the true dignity there was in his utter disregard of the smallness of his means, accepting his poverty as a part of his calling, and making no allusion to the narrowness of the accommodation.

As we were finishing supper, Marguérite tapped at the door to apprise M. le Curé that a little lad wanted to see him, his errand being a request that he would come to visit his mother, who was sick. The Curé promised to follow him immediately, and then asked me if I were disposed to turn my steps towards the Grotto, as it was now *nuit noire*. I readily assented, and we quitted the house together, my kind host having apprised Marguérite that she was to lodge me for the night in any way her ingenuity could best devise.

When we reached the bridge, the Curé took leave of me to pay his promised visit, and following the narrow rocky path I had found in the morning, I took my solitary way along the edge of the torrent.

It was a still, spring night, fresh but genial; not a breath was stirring, and all around me was tranquillity profound;—

Μερόπων δὲ φῶλα πάντα
Κάτα, κόπη θαμίντα.

The busy hum of men was hushed—their labour was suspended—not a light flickered in the cottage homes, and all indicated slumber and repose.

I proceeded along the rugged track, and the only sound which broke, while it overmastered, the solemn star-lit silence, was the ceaseless, eternal rush and roar of the giant Sorgue compelling all nature to listen to its voice, as it swept its mighty way through cleft and winding, wildly striding, with giant step, from rock to rock, and curling its spray round their worn promontories, as if it scorned their rugged strength, and mocked the abyss beneath—alone—the undisputed monarch of that solemn hour.

As I surveyed the imposing torrent in the deep shadow of the surrounding rocks, a new scene broke upon me:—

The moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

It was a sight to see—an impression to be felt—language could not paint it. The phantom character of those colossal rocks rearing their jagged and fantastic *silhouette* in the pale

glare of moonlight—the wild glen no longer defined in outline, or clothed with the warm and attractive colours of day—were suggestive of unearthly apparitions; and the mystic depths of those cavernous hollows seemed fitting habitations for the spectral forms imagination was disposed to detect in their individual obscurity, amidst which, the fierce seething of the waters rendered it a picture of terrible grandeur.

I know not how long I remained contemplating the unique and absorbing vision, nor how long I should yet have lingered there, for I was fascinated to the spot, had not a friendly hand, gently laid upon my shoulder, aroused me from my reverie; I turned and beheld my excellent host, who fearing I should lose my night's rest, had prolonged his walk, and, returning from his errand of mercy, had sought me out and found me.

"You have chosen," he said, "the very point to which I should have led you myself, and I do not wonder that you find yourself enchained there; it is a scene to be enjoyed alone, and to me it always seems to be the very perfection of solitude."

We turned away arm-in-arm. How well I remember every step of that walk! The day I spent at Vaucluse, and that night-stroll, and the conversation of the interesting old Curé, are indelibly impressed on my mind, and I have often thought I would pay another visit there. Years have rolled by since then, and my intention has always remained unfulfilled; there are some occurrences that are never repeated even in the longest life, and this in all probability is one: but the recollection of them lives—

'Tis treasured up among
The things most precious—and the day it came
Is noted as a white day in our lives.

A COUNTRY STORY.

Few things in this world are pleasanter than a far away ramble into the country on a fair summer day, when the skies have just clouds enough to shape themselves into pictures as they float idly over the heavens. For it would not suit our quiet English scenery to have a cloudless canopy of dazzling blue raised over it. We want a sky that harmonises with our landscape, with our feelings; that makes for itself a voice, and tells us not to forget the clouds amidst the sunshine; that gives us a sense of life whose beauty is not stillness, not a life whose sensuous beauty is so potent that it weighs us down, and we can do no more than lift our heads from a delicious enervating lethargy, and just breathe out the words, "How beautiful." Something more than this monotone of beauty is needful to

us, and without our being conscious of it, our June skies tell us this, and stir up in our hearts the feeling that drew forth those golden verses of the poet,—

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
I woke and found that life was duty,—
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on sad heart courageously,
And thou shalt find thy life to be
A noontide light and truth to thee.

But where am I wandering? Far away from shady lanes and hedges fragrant with wild honeysuckle, where the cool elder flowers display their tufts of tiny blossom, that make me think of Hans Christian and sumach trees, and tea-pots, and all kinds of things that are not a bit like them. And whilst I have gone into a reverie I am suddenly startled by a blaze of colour, and a bank covered with lilac mallow and scarlet poppies, surmounted by a perfect wall of wild roses, meets my eye. The wild dogwood and young ivy-leaves tone it down a little, so does the wheat-field, waving like a sea of green billows, that the five-barred gate opens upon, and making me ponder what a wise provision it is that the hunting-season is over before the summer comes. And on and on I go, my eye roaming over rich pasture-lands and fields, now alive with busy haymakers, whilst the last notes of the cuckoo are sounding through the land, telling us, if we will only heed its cry, "I waked up the woods to summer, and cheered it with my song; it will miss me when I am gone, and will not linger long after me." I pause to rest by the river-side, where the blue forget-me-nots enamel the mossy banks, and strive for pre-eminence with the yellow water-flag, whilst the white water-lilies near carry away my thoughts to "Sabrina fair" knitting lily flowers into her flowing tresses.

And through the shadowy woods I half expect to see Oberon and Titania flitting with all their fairy train—and how do I know but that Puck may not be perched on the tall bulrush opposite to me?

And then I fall to musing upon myths and mythic personages in general. How myths suit themselves to different countries! What would the classic gods of Greece do amidst English scenery? Minerva moving majestically across the plain would have no charms for an English poet, and I question much if he would even recognise Venus as his type of beauty. The Muses, too, have not met with much personal adoration since the days of Queen Anne. Old Pan alone holds his ground here as in Greece, and Fauns and Satyrs, Dryads and Hamadryads do not seem altogether out of place amidst our tangled forests.

Yet the mythic lore of England deals rather in giants, fairies, and enchantments. Instead

of the labours of Hercules we have the feats of the Seven Champions of Christendom; and our want of hinds with brazen feet, Hydras, and other monstrosities is supplied by the Dun Cow, and the Dragon of Wantley. A half-way station we hold between the wild rude myth-heroes of the north, and the more refined gods and goddesses of the south, and our giants are a grade between rough unkempt Skrymner, with his uncouth brothers, and the classic Titans.

But what has this to do with the story I am going to tell you?

Just this—the foundation-stone of all my mythic superstructure was the one sentence, "It all came from a hatful of beans."

And then I sailed backward up the stream of Time, and landed at a fair haven where were three tiny urchins poring over picture-books, and the title of one of the books was "Jack and the Bean-Stalk." A curly-headed little rascal with wonderful eyes and unsmooth hair was diving into its pages, and every now and then he made his comments aloud,

"I wish I had a hatful of beans like Jack's; wouldn't I make my fortune!"

And then returning from my mental excursion, I asked my friend,—

"What came of a hatful of beans?"

"This," said he, pointing to a jolly black-timbered farm-house, of such pretension that it earned for its owner the title of Squire Bligh; though, to tell the truth, he had no more right to it than any of his neighbours.

But there was such a wealth of treasure in that house that it guaranteed respectability; and no one ever entered the doors without feeling, as Miss Matilda Tomkin, a lady who read all the periodicals of the day, observed, that you had caught a glimpse of the luxuries and appliances of Oriental life.

This might be stretching the point a little, inasmuch as the luxurious items contained in the apartments were decidedly owing to English upholstery; nevertheless, there was no lack of ivory carving, curious screens, inlaid cabinets and ebony caskets, rich striped fabrics, tiger skins, shells, and no one knew what; but the general impression was that it would take a fabulous time to make an inventory of the whole, however practised an appraiser might be employed.

"Who is Squire Bligh?" I asked.

"Who *was* Squire Bligh, you mean," returned my friend. "Sit down, and I will tell you the story."

So I sat down, and he told me as follows: and I have been thinking of it ever since, and weaving it into my thoughts with the memory of those tiny children intent upon their marvellous picture-books.



"EVENING."—BY B. BRADLEY. [See p. 97.]

"Nigh forty years ago, there was a widow living in this place who had an only son named Jack."

"Yes," I interrupted; "and he was an idle good-for-nothing lad, always in mischief, and an anxiety to his mother."

"Who told you so?" asked my friend.

"No one," said I; "go on with the story."

"He went on doing little or nothing, until he was a great fellow of seventeen or eighteen, his chief work being to take the horses down to water for the farmers round—this he did not object to, as he could ride down to the river, and ride up again. One fine evening in the spring he was returning with the horses as usual, when, as he passed a certain stile, he heard some one call to him,—

"Jack!"

"Here I be," said Jack, stopping the horses, and looking in the direction from whence the voice came. 'Hoy!' he ejaculated, in a tone expressive of astonishment and gratification, as his eye fell upon the neat little figure of the girl who had been taken to help in the dairy.

"What be you doing here, Nelly?"

"Waiting to see you, Jack."

"That's kind, at any rate, and it's not many would do it; but I'm a ne'er-do-well, and no one need trouble about me," said he, somewhat bitterly.

"That's just what I came to tell you," returned the little maiden.

"Then you don't care about me?" said he, with a little vexation in his tone.

"Care! why should I, for a lazy fellow like you? I should think not."

"But you might, Nelly."

"Might, indeed! I mightn't do anything of the sort. At any rate, I don't."

"Then what did you come here for?"

"To tell you you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"There's plenty to do that," returned the lad.

"Yes; but you don't heed them, and you might heed me, Jack. Won't you begin to work a bit?"

"I don't know what to begin at."

"Your mother's a nice bit of garden, Jack."

"I've nothing to put in it," answered Jack, dependingly.

"Nonsense," said Nelly; "what a faint heart you have. I'll give you a lot of beans to begin with. You put up the horses, and I'll be back in a minute."

"So Jack put up the horses, and waited for Nelly. Presently she came tripping along, with her apron full of something.

"Here," said she, 'hold your hat.' She poured the beans into it; and he went home.

"Next day Jack took a spade, and worked away diligently for two hours.

"What's come to thee, lad?" said the widow, as he came in, all flushed and hungry, to his dinner.

"Nelly Giles is a good lass," quoth Jack; "and if ever I get rich I'll marry her."

"Thee get rich!" said the Widow Bligh, and she held up her hands deprecatingly.

"Strange things happen sometimes," returned Jack; and he resumed his digging with renewed energy. All that afternoon he dug away as though his life depended on it.

"The next day he planted his beans. He had evidently turned over a new leaf, and the widow and her neighbours thought the lad was bewitched, as perhaps he might have been. At any rate he had set to work in earnest, and he soon found plenty to do, the farmers being nothing loth to give employment to one who, despite his idleness, was a general favourite.

"Nelly alone held aloof. Jack was getting beyond her patronage; he had suddenly become more manly, and seemed as if he had grown half a head taller all at once; and Nelly turned shy, and it was all he could do to get a stray word from her now and then.

"It was clear that she would have nothing to say to him, which Jack thought rather hard after all the trouble he had taken to please her; and the more he pondered over it the less he could understand it, Nelly used to be so friendly. 'Perhaps if I were a rich man she might give a thought to me,' said Jack; and so he determined to go elsewhere, to seek his fortune, and return and make Nelly his wife.

"When he went to say 'Good-bye' to her, he did it in rather a blundering way.

"Maybe I shall find you married when I come home again, Nelly," said the poor lad, looking wistfully at her.

"Maybe you will," retorted Nelly, 'if I find any one I like whilst you are away.'

"And so they parted, and both repented their speeches when it was too late to recall them.

"Well, what is to be is to be," soliloquised Jack, endeavouring to find consolation therein; 'but Nelly's the only woman that shall ever be my wife.'

"When Jack was gone, Nelly went very often to see the Widow Bligh, and was a great comfort to her; and their conversation always turned upon Jack.

"A year passed away, and no tidings came of him. Then another, and the two women did not talk so much now, but they sat quietly at their work when Nelly could spare time from the dairy, and it was a consolation to them to be together.

"At the beginning of the next year Nelly

was summoned to her home in a distant county. Her mother was dying, and as she did not come back, the Widow Bligh was left to bear her trouble alone; and through the spring and into the summer she watched and watched, and every morning as she opened her shutters and let in the daylight, she wondered whether that day would bring her son home, and every evening as the daylight faded away she said, 'He may come to-morrow.'

"And at length the 'to-morrow' came, and a handsome sailor walked up the village-street into his mother's cottage; and soon the news spread abroad that Jack Bligh had come home with bags of golden guineas.

"But that was not, of course, true. The first person that Jack asked after was Nelly Giles; but he could hear nothing of her.

"Never mind her, Jack," said the widow, who was quite content, now that she had her son, and indeed did not care much for a rival, 'she's not worth thinking of.'

"But Jack was not of his mother's opinion, and he was scarcely sorry to go away again, for the old place seemed very dreary without Nelly.

"This time he was able to write to his mother occasionally, for he had brushed up his writing; and it was a proud day for the widow when the schoolmaster came in to read her son's letters.

"A second time Jack Bligh came home; and this time a hired carriage, laden with boxes and packages, stopped at the widow's door, for Jack was prospering.

"But nothing had been heard of Nelly, and Jack could not bear the sight of the fine things he had brought, for he had intended the most of them for her.

"It's all through those beans,' thought poor Jack, 'that I came to go away.'

Yet would he have been any nearer had he stayed at home in idleness?

"Fifteen years had passed away, and Jack had prospered so well that he decided upon giving up his sea-life and settling in his native village. So he took the jolly old farm and filled it with his foreign curiosities, and the Widow Bligh presided over it in great state."

"And did Jack marry?" I asked.

"Don't interrupt me," said my friend. "For a long time he did not, although his mother pointed out more than one girl in the neighbourhood, who would make him a good wife—at last he did."

"Oh!" said I, with a kind of sigh.

"Wait," continued my friend.

"One morning a pale thin woman entered the village, and when she was opposite the old black-timbered house, she asked of a waggoner who was passing, whether the Widow Bligh was still living?

"Ay," replied the man, 'she be.'

"And has Jack come home?"

"Jack, indeed!" said the man. 'Squire Bligh's come home, and he lives in that house there.'

"The poor woman looked up at the substantial dwelling of the lad to whom she had given the hatful of beans, and her heart died within her.

"He'll not care for the like of me," said she to herself, as she turned to go away again.

"But the shock had been too great for her toil and travel-worn frame, and she had not taken many steps before she sank down on the ground.

"The waggoner ran to her assistance. He raised her head, pushed back her bonnet, and shouted to the astonished squire, who happened to be returning from his morning's stroll,

"Measter, measter! if here beant Nelly Giles!"

"This was on a Saturday, and how it all came to be arranged so soon, or whether the Squire even asked Nelly, I don't know; but the next Sunday at church the banns were put up, and in less than three weeks the Squire and Nelly were married. And they live at the old farmhouse to this day, and the Squire changed its name to the 'Bean Farm,' and so it's been called ever since. And they've one daughter, as bright a lass as need be. She does not wear little white linen caps and short petticoats, as her mother used to do; but, for all that, the Squire says she's the very image of what Nelly Giles was when she gave him the hatful of beans."

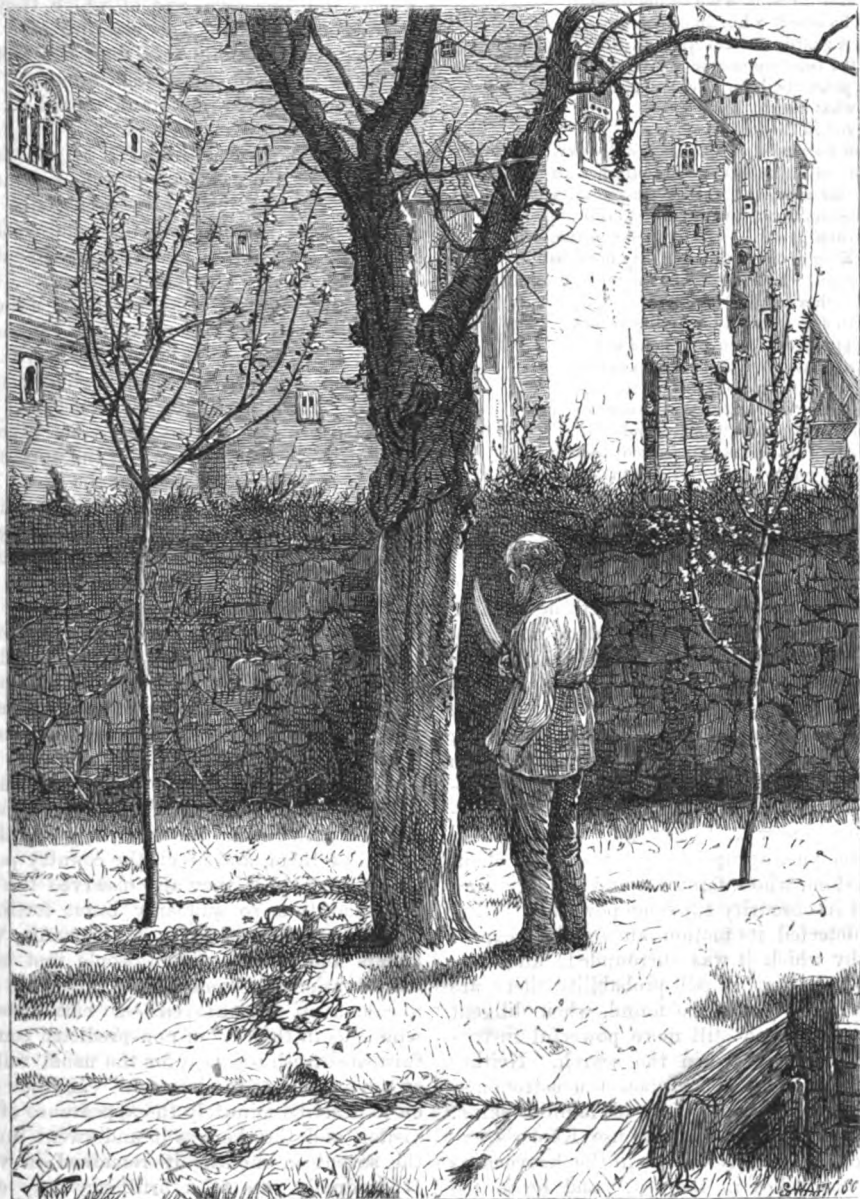
"And where had Nelly been all those years?" said I.

"Up far away in the north with her father. He was a poor weak body, and she couldn't leave him till he died, and then she travelled down to see if Jack had come home; for, of course, she knew that Jack liked her, and would never marry anyone else. Only, you see, she never expected him to prosper as he had done."

* * * * *

And this was the story my friend told me, and somehow it wove itself into my mind in connection with the fairy legend which the little ones in the fair haven were poring over, and I mingled fiction and fact until I brought myself almost to believe that I had seen the hero of bean-stalk celebrity. For did he not owe his prosperity to a hatful of beans? And had he not left his widowed mother in her little cottage whilst he went into far-off lands to bring home gold and treasures? And did not they end their days in affluence, just like Jack and his mother in the time-honoured story?

JULIA GODDARD.



LUTHER'S GARDENER. [A.D. 1544.]

Our cherry-tree was almost dead,
 The ivy had choked its trunk and top,
 Strangled it with tight twining cords,
 That my master now had bade me lop.
 I ripped the trailers that sucked and clung,
 Stifling the springy and tender boughs,
 And I tore off the rooted stem that crept
 ('Tis there that the centipedes love to house).
 So I freed the long straight polished shaft

(The espalier pined for light and air),
 And the leaves methought looked out and laughed,
 As the sun and the wind came gambolling there.
 Our garden's the best in all Wittenberg,
 And lies just under the minster tower;
 The peaches cling to the belfry wall,
 Under the clock that tells the hour.
 And I think that the great bell's thunder power
 Is a blessing to us and kills the blight,

And so thinks our Kapell-meister Ferg.
 It scares the beetles out of the limes,
 As I have seen a hundred times;
 And it guards the fruit from the thieves at night,
 For the bells are blessed and criss-cross things,
 And potent both for good and right.
 Oh, what a sight it was to see
 The stir in the insect colony
 When I stripped off the flakes of the ivy, and there
 Streamed in the light and the fresher air!
 Just like a convent when by there comes
 A Protestant army with Protestant drums.
 The earwigs curled and writhed and tumbled,
 The King of them all was sorely humbled.
 The snail, who had reached the top of the wall,
 Fell with a suicidal fall.
 The spiders scurried like guilty things,
 Dropping from divers ropes and strings.
 The red ants plied their legs like oars,
 And wood-lice rolled away by scores,
 As I cried "Here Luther comes once more
 To clear out convents, aisle, and cell,
 And drive out the rogues without book or bell!"

WALTER THORNBURY.

A CELESTIAL SURPRISE.

A FEW weeks ago, astronomers were taken by surprise by the bursting forth of a bright star in a part of the heavens where no star of such lustre had been known to exist before. It is not often that surprises occur to astronomers; they generally know to a dead certainty what celestial events are going to happen long before the time of their occurrence. Even when the discovery of a new planet is announced, it creates no wonder; for these philosophers know well that the "discovery" is only the picking up of a tiny wanderer about our system, whose faintness and insignificance kept it in obscurity till some powerful instrument detected its motion among the heap of stars by which it was surrounded: and they know well that in all probability there are dozens more yet to be found, when diligent perseverance and still more powerful instruments are employed in the search. Neither does amazement come upon the astronomer when a strange comet visits his familiar skies: he knows that there are, to use Kepler's expression, "as many comets in the heavens as there are fishes in the sea," and he is too well acquainted with the erratic nature of these bodies to be surprised at any vagaries they may commit. But the apparition of a new fixed star is a far different phenomenon, and one which the most callous observer, astronomer or not, can scarcely regard with indifference. For the fixed stars, there can be no doubt, are stupendous suns, equalling, and in many cases doubtless surpassing, our luminary in magnitude and brilliancy: and although we cannot certainly tell, still there is at least reason for conjecturing that they

may be surrounded by systems of planetary worlds like our own, and of which they are the life and light. The creation of a new star is, then, nothing less than the creation of a new sun, and surely such an event is in the highest degree important, regard it from whatever point of view we please.

The sudden apparition of a bright star is not a phenomenon without precedent, although of such comparatively rare occurrence that the annals of the past two thousand years do not furnish more than about twenty instances, or an average of about one a century. For the greater part of these we have no other authority than that afforded by Chinese records; and in some cases doubts have been expressed as to whether the so-called "stars" were not in reality comets without tails. The most remarkable, and at the same time the best authenticated, instances of the appearance of temporary stars are those of the years 1572 and 1604, with each of which a great name is associated. The first was discovered by the famous Tycho Brahe. Returning one evening from his chemical laboratory, in the monastery of Hertritzswadt, and raising his eyes as usual to the well-known vault of heaven, he tells us, "I observed, with indescribable astonishment, near the zenith, in Cassiopeia, a radiant fixed star of a magnitude never before seen. In my amazement, I doubted the evidence of my senses. However, to convince myself that it was no illusion, and to have the testimony of others, I summoned my assistants from the laboratory, and inquired of them, and of all the country people that passed by, if they also observed the star that had thus so suddenly burst forth. I subsequently heard that, in Germany, waggoners and other common people first called the attention of astronomers to this great phenomenon in the heavens—a circumstance, which, as in the case of non-predicted comets, furnished fresh occasion for the usual raillery at the expense of the learned." He then goes on to describe minutely the appearance of the visitor, and the changes it underwent during the seventeen months it remained in view. It gradually rose to a brilliancy only comparable to that of the planet Venus when nearest the earth; so that it was visible to keen eyes at noon-day, and even at night, when the sky was overcast, could occasionally be seen through the clouds. The telescope was not then invented, so that after it faded below the sixth magnitude—the lowest that can be seen with the naked eye—we have no information concerning it. It is, however, tolerably certain that, even with large telescopes, no trace whatever is now discernible of any star in the spot of the

heavens which it occupied. The second of these famous new stars appeared during the life of the immortal Kepler: it was not, however, discovered by him, but by his pupil, Bronowski. In brilliancy it fell short of that of 1572; not equalling Venus in lustre, although surpassing all stars of the first magnitude, and even the planets Jupiter and Saturn: but it was remarkable for the extent of its twinkling or scintillation, which excited the astonishment of all who saw it. It remained visible for about the same time as that of 1572; having been first seen in October, 1604, and disappearing about March, 1606. Sixty-four years after this, another star appeared, and was detected by the Carthusian monk, Anthelme; after several disappearances and reappearances, occurring during an interval of nearly two years, it finally vanished, and has never since been seen. With the exception of a new star, discovered in 1848 by Mr. Hind, and which attracted attention rather by its peculiar crimson colour than by its magnitude—for it was comparatively small—the past two centuries afford no instance of the recurrence of an apparition of a bright new star, although the epoch includes all the brilliant discoveries of observational astronomy that followed the birth of the telescope, and a continued and unbroken watch, precluding the idea that such a phenomenon could escape attention, may be said to have been kept over every part of the heavens. Astronomers of the present day were beginning to think they had been unfairly treated in not having the opportunity afforded them of witnessing such an event as had been manifested to their ancient predecessors, Tycho Brahe and Kepler; and it was, therefore, with agreeable surprise that they regarded the sudden apparition of the body that has called forth the present article.

The simple record of the phenomenon can be told in a few words. Somewhere about the 12th of May last a bright star suddenly appeared in the constellation *Corona Borealis*, or the Northern Crown. When it first attracted attention, it shone out with a brilliancy of a star of the second magnitude; but it did not long retain this lustre, for it so rapidly diminished in brightness that, in little more than a week, it faded below the limit at which stars are visible to the naked eye. In this rapid declension of magnitude this star is very remarkable; no similar instance is afforded by any of the stars that have appeared during the past two thousand years, most of these having remained in view several months; the shortest-lived of them, of which we have record, continuing visible for three weeks.

To whom we are to award the palm of first detecting this celestial stranger it is somewhat difficult to say at present. It was almost simultaneously observed in England, on the one continent, and in America. It seems, however, probable that, so far as our present information enables us to judge, it was first observed by Mr. Birmingham, of Tuam, in Ireland, on the evening of the 12th of May. This gentleman, adopting the readiest means of calling the attention of astronomers and the public to the phenomenon, forwarded an announcement thereof to the Times, but his letter was never inserted. This is a circumstance much to be regretted; for while the publication of the letter would have established Mr. Birmingham's priority of observation, it would have secured ready intimation of the apparition to those to whom, in the interest of science, such early notice would have been of the utmost, we may say, of inestimable value.* The circulation of intelligence of the discovery had consequently to depend upon postal communication, and hence arose an unfortunate delay. The star, however, was detected on the continent on the day following Mr. Birmingham's discovery, and was independently discovered by Mr. Baxendell, of Manchester, on the 15th of the month. The hue and cry was raised, and all astronomical eyes were soon turned to the strange object; recording its position in the heavens, and noting the changes of brightness which it so rapidly underwent.

The place of the star having been accurately determined, it became important to know whether any star, however small, had ever existed in the spot before. Upon searching through the various standard star catalogues, it was found that a star had occupied its position; but a star of very small magnitude; below what astronomers call the ninth magnitude, or about one-eighth part as bright as the smallest star the naked eye can detect. The absolute agreement between the place of this small star and that of the one which (although it is a contradiction) we call the new one, left no shadow of a doubt that the two objects were identically one and the same. Hence it became evident that the phenomenon was not the absolute creation of a new star, but the sudden

* A few days after the above date a second letter was forwarded to the same journal by the assistant at the Cambridge Observatory, at the request of the Director, Professor Adams. This letter was also rejected; at least, it never appeared. And yet the Times gave insertion to two letters upon the same subject, one of which was twaddle, while the only claim the other had to notice was the name and reputation of the writer. The exclusion of the letters from the discoverer and from the Cambridge Observatory, and the insertion of those from writers who had, in this matter, so small a claim to notice, reflect little credit upon the judgment and justice of those who preside over the correspondence department of the "leading journal."

bursting into intense brilliancy of one hitherto comparatively obscure.

We are naturally prompted to inquire what is the cause of such an outburst? But this is a question more easily asked than answered. From the immeasurable distance of the fixed stars we can gain little or no insight into their physical structure. The most powerful of telescopes show us no more of the largest star than a tiny point of light, which no amount of magnification can expand into a real disc. We have nothing to guide us to a knowledge of the structure of the stars but their simple light. All glory to modern science that it should be able to extract information from that, and from that alone. By the mere light that emanates from any source, however remote, we are now enabled, by the new science of spectral analysis, to determine the nature of the source from which such light is emitted. In a previous article, some time ago,* we pointed out the principal means by which this wonderful end is achieved: without repeating what we wrote in that article, it will be sufficient here to remind the reader, that when a beam of light is passed through a prism, it becomes spread out into a long luminous band, which is called a *spectrum*; that, if the light has emanated from some solid body in combustion, the resulting spectrum is a plain continuous ribband: that if the light in its course has had to pass through certain vapours or gases, this continuous spectrum is crossed by dark lines, due to the absorption of certain of the rays of which the beam of light is composed: but that if the light has been emitted by a luminous gas, the spectrum, instead of being continuous, consists of one or more bright lines, perfectly isolated, and with dark spaces intervening. Now, when the light from this strange star was collected by a telescope and passed through the prism, astounding indeed was the spectrum it produced. In the first place there was a continuous spectrum, like that given by the sun or any other star, indicating that the source of it was some body in a state of incandescence or combustion: in the second place, this continuous spectrum was crossed by several very bright lines, indicating that *their* source was a blaze of combustible gas: and, from the position which these lines occupied, there could be little doubt that the gas thus kindled into a blaze was principally hydrogen. Thus we are led to conclude that this star was, at the time of its greatest brilliancy, in the condition of a vast sun in a state of incandescence, surrounded by an atmosphere of hydrogen gas in a state of vivid combustion. Mr. Huggins, the most suc-

cessful labourer in this field of observation, and the first who secured a "spectrum observation" of this star, says that "the character of the spectrum of the star, taken together with its sudden outburst in brilliancy and its rapid decline in brightness, suggests to us the rather bold speculation that, in consequence of some vast convulsion taking place in this object, large quantities of gas were evolved from it; that the hydrogen present burnt by combination with some other element, and furnished the light represented by the bright lines; also that the flaming gas had heated to incandescence the solid matter of the photosphere."

But these little chink-hole peeps into Nature's vast laboratory only serve to stimulate our curiosity to gain a fuller insight into the mysterious processes there carried on. The more we know the more we find we have to learn, and the greater our desire to learn that more. Unfortunately—or fortunately, it is hard to say which—the supply of information we possess never comes up to the demand. What can we ever hope to *know* concerning a star that is many billions of miles distant from us? We may think, we may theorise, and we may infer: knowing the causes that produce certain effects within the limited range of our accurate observation, we may hence infer that the same cause will produce like effects upon a gigantic scale, and at distances beyond our observation; and we are justified in making such inferences by the knowledge that the laws of nature are irrespective of the magnitude of their operation. "We are on the right track for the discovery of truth," says a modern philosopher, "when we clearly recognise that between great and small no qualitative but only a quantitative difference exists,—when we resist the suggestions of an ever active imagination, and look for the same laws in the greatest as well as in the smallest processes of nature. This universal range is the essence of a law of nature, and the touchstone of the correctness of human theories."

To apply this argument to our subject. We know that we cannot render a body luminous without subjecting it to a high temperature; hence we may assume that the star that has lately become so brilliant has by some means become intensely heated; and modern science teaches us that what we call heat is nothing more than a certain phenomenon of motion, a motion of molecules or atoms. We all know that we excite heat by friction. Some of us may have heard that when a cannon-shot strikes a target it falls down hissing hot: a blacksmith will heat a bar of iron to redness by a few well-directed blows with

* See ONCE A WEEK, Old Series, Vol. viii., p. 708.

his hammer; and the meteor that darts through our atmosphere is raised to a temperature of incandescence by the friction it sustains against the impeding air. The explanation of these examples is the philosophical axiom that "when the motion of a body is arrested or impeded, the motion of the mass is converted into a motion of the atoms or molecules composing it, and this molecular motion is heat." Force cannot be destroyed: attempt to destroy it, and it appears as heat. The relation between motive force and heat has been exactly determined, and it is always the same. A given amount of force arrested, produces an amount of heat always corresponding to the amount of force; and, *vice versa*, a given amount of heat will always produce a corresponding amount of force. To obtain an intense heat we must expend an enormous quantity of force. If the orbital motion of the earth were suddenly arrested, it would become heated to a temperature several times as great as that required to melt iron. And since we know that there is no other means but by expenditure of stupendous force that vehement heat can be generated, we are led to the conclusion that the kindling of the recent star has been the result of some violent collision between it and some other mass or masses of matter. What such a mass or masses of matter may have been, we have no substantial grounds upon which to hazard a conjecture. It may have been that some obscure body, wandering in those distant skies, clashed with the star and set it in a blaze; or, if the star had been a sun surrounded by planets, it may have been that, from some disturbance in the equilibrium in the system, it collapsed, and the planets were dashed against their primary with a force sufficient to generate the heat of which we have seen the result. But these are speculations, and speculative philosophy pushed too far degenerates into idealism.

Although the eruption of this star is to us a matter of to-day, it really must have occurred many years ago. We see objects by the light that comes from them, and although light travels with the enormous rapidity of 183,000 miles in a second, yet such is the immense distance of the fixed stars that it occupies more than three years in reaching us from the nearest of them, and probably centuries in coming from some of those more remote. We have no knowledge at present of the approximate distance of this particular star, but we can say that it is by no means a near one; so that very probably the bursting forth we have just witnessed took place a century ago. This, however, does not affect the *suddenness* of the phenomenon; whenever it occurred, the

bursting forth was really as sudden as it appeared to us to be.

A circumstance so extraordinary as the conflagration of this star gives rise to ideas upon the stability of the component bodies of the universe, which we will briefly allude to in conclusion of this paper. We are accustomed to look upon our sun as a very symbol of eternity. We never allow our minds to entertain for a moment the possibility of that sun ever failing to supply us with its wonted store of light and heat, or ever giving off such an amount thereof as to destroy its surrounding worlds. Although we admit the probability of an *end*, we are habited to think that that end will be gradual, as was *the beginning*. The works of Omnipotence, or, if it be preferred, the processes of nature, are usually slow and progressive; we know that countless ages have been occupied in the creation of the world to its present state, and we justly think that the progress of decay will be as long and as gradual. But a phenomenon like the bursting forth of this star annihilates the notion that nature's great works are slowly performed. Within the space of a few hours, ay, almost *instantaneously*,* this star, this distant sun, kindles to a heat compared to which its normal heat must have been insignificant; and if this "star condemned" was the centre of a system of worlds, their destruction must have been the work of a moment. And our sun is but a little star in the immensity of the universe. Indestructible and imperishable as the solar system seems to us to be, a few hours might (by inference from the case before us) suffice for its annihilation. In the temporary outshining of the little star we have so lately witnessed, we have a warning of the probable fulfilment of the prophecy, that "the earth and all that therein is shall be burned up."

J. CARPENTER.

HOW I GOT MY VICTORIA CROSS.

"You want to hear how I managed to get the V. C., do you, old fellow? Well, send over to the Buttery for another tankard of beer, and I will tell you all about it; it's dry work talking, and your Brasenose malt is perfection.

"Now for my story:—

"It was near the close of a glorious summer day in the plains of India, if you know what *that* means; the sun had just gone down blood

* Since writing the earlier part of this article we have learnt that a distinguished Continental astronomer was closely observing the part of the heavens where this star appeared on the very evening of its appearance. Up to a certain stated time he is confident no such star was visible, yet four hours later upon the same evening the star was seen.

red in a cloudless sky, the thermometer stood at 110 degrees in my tent, and not a breath of air was stirring. I had only just returned to camp after a pretty hard day's work, and had fallen asleep on my cot, booted and spurred as I came in. I had at that time, as you may remember, the command of a body of Sikh horse which I had raised myself, and was, moreover, Acting Deputy Quarter Master General, and Head of the Intelligence Department to the Cis-Nurbudda Moveable Column under Major General Sir George Percy, K.C.B., so had work enough on my hands. On this day I had been in the saddle from daybreak till late in the afternoon, scouring the country for miles in advance of the column, and had wound up by a hard gallop of half a dozen miles with a troop of mutineer Sowars at my heels. Imagine my disgust at being roused up by a big black-bearded Sikh orderly, with, 'Sahib, the general sahib wishes to see you immediately in his tent.' I jumped up, soused my head in the big brass basin which we Indians carry with us everywhere, pulled on my blue *Meersai*,* and rushed off to the General's tent, not in the best of humours. As soon as I entered, however, I saw there was something serious the matter, and I had not been routed out for nothing. The General was seated at his camp-table looking very grave, and with an open letter in his hand. By his side were Colonel A——, second in command to J——, his Adjutant General. Sir George handed me the letter as I came in. 'Read this, Llantaine; it has just been brought in by a disguised Sepoy from Shahrānpore.' It was from Major L——, who had long been beleaguered in that place with the officers, women, and children of his own regiment and a few fugitives from neighbouring stations. It was written in Greek characters, and ran as follows: 'Only twenty men fit for duty, provisions very short; we cannot possibly hold out more than five days longer.' Few words and simple, but full of awful meaning.

"The difficulty is this," said the General, turning to Colonel A——, 'Shahrānpore is, you know, only some thirty miles to the eastward, and we might reach it in time to save them, but then we must leave Bharaghur to itself for at least a week, and I don't know in what state they are there, or how long they can hold out; the number of Europeans there is three times as great as at Shahrānpore, and they have a large treasury and magazine in the fort. Llantaine has sent six spies at different times with letters to Bharaghur; the two first came back with their ears and noses strung round their necks, and the others never

came back at all. All our information goes to show that the enemy are in great force round the place. I dare not divide our small force; if we march to relieve Shahrānpore, we risk losing Bharaghur, and as this letter shows, if we attempt to relieve Bharaghur, Shahrānpore must fall into the enemy's hands, and there will be Cawnpore over again. What do you advise, A——?'

"The Colonel's face worked strangely, and when at last he answered, it was in a thick husky voice.

"My wife and children are at Shahrānpore, General, but the safety of Bharaghur must not be risked."

"There was silence for some minutes, and as we looked at each other, our faces gathered blackness.

"By God!" exclaimed Sir George, 'this is a fearful position to be in. I'd give a year's pay to know how things really are at Bharaghur.'

"By this time my mind was made up.

"All right, General, write a cheque, and give me till noon to-morrow, and if I'm in luck you shall have the information you require."

"What do you mean, Llantaine? You won't get any one to go to Bharaghur after the way your poor devils of spies were treated."

"I don't want anyone to try, General; if the thing is to be done at all, I must do it myself. It's only twenty miles from here to Bharaghur as the crow flies, and I know every inch of the country, as I had charge of this district for two years before the row began."

"Nonsense, Llantaine, you'll get cut to pieces as sure as fate, and do no good either. We must think of some other plan."

"He either fears his fate too much, General—you know the rest. If the niggers are to have my scalp, they may as well take it now as a year hence. Anyhow, I'll risk it."

"There was a little more discussion, but as no better plan could be hit on, I carried my point and left the tent, to make my arrangements. Colonel A—— followed me out.

"God bless you, Llantaine, and bring you safe back," said he, wringing my hand: and as I looked at him I saw the tears standing in his eyes. It took me rather a back, for the old fellow was no great friend of mine, and was a regular Tartar, to boot.

"All right, Colonel, never say die. I shall live to plague you yet, I hope."

"I sent at once for my Rissaldar,* and in five minutes he was in my tent.

"I am going for a ride to-night, Shere Singh, let your son with Bulwunt Singh,

* Loose tunic worn by Indian officers on service.

* Native officer of Irregular Cavalry.

Hurry Singh, and four other good men be ready in an hour, and look you, see that they are well mounted, and their arms in good order.'

" 'They are always ready for work, sahib,' said the old Sikh, as he saluted and went out.

"I slept like a top for nearly an hour, and awoke feeling game for anything. Tattoo was beating as I rode off with my small party, and the moon did not rise till nearly midnight, so we had good three hours of darkness before us. For the first ten miles we rode hard along the high road which crossed a large barren plain, destitute alike of villages and trees, and here I knew we were not likely to come across any of the enemy; but after that the country became cultivated and thickly peopled, and we were obliged to make our way as best we could, skirting villages, feeling our way through large topos,* in many of which we saw fires burning, and not a few horses picketed. It was evident enough that the rebels were strong in cavalry, and had scattered them well over the country between us and their camp.

"At last we arrived, without any adventures, within half a mile of Bharaghur. The enemy were apparently in very strong force all round the Fort, and their watch-fires were blazing in every direction. It was manifestly unsafe for us to go on any further, so I halted my men in a dense patch of jungle, with strict orders not to move on any account unless discovered and attacked, until my return, unless, indeed, I were absent more than three hours, in which case they were to make the best of their way back to camp. I left my horse, of course, with them, and stripped, keeping on only a waistcloth, in which I stuck my revolver, and stole off, sabre in hand, towards the north face of the Fort opposite to which we were, as I knew that the only entrance was on that side. Favoured by the darkness I crept along under cover of mounds and bushes, until I gained the north-east angle of the ditch; the entrance to the Fort was nearly at the other end of this face, but I could not get opposite to it, as the Sepoys had a strong picket there, and their sentries were pacing up and down to within a few yards of where I was. Here, then, it became necessary for me to take to the water. Crouching beneath a bush, I took off my sword and left it there, but kept my 'colt' on, as I knew from experience that it would stand any amount of wet. Now I was all ready, and had nothing to do but to get into the moat; but somehow I was rather backward in going forward; the water looked horribly black and ugly, and by no

means inviting. I knew that crocodiles were as thick as thieves there, and it now occurred to me for the first time how extremely probable it was that one of them might take a fancy to me. Never before had I fully appreciated the deep wisdom of old Falstaff's reflections on honour,—honour pricked me on, sure enough, but would it pull me through if one of the scaly gentlemen down below should lay hold of my leg? The idea was by no means pleasant, and I must admit that I funked horribly. But it was now too late to draw back, and the more I looked at the water the less I liked it, so at last, with something between a curse and a prayer, I dropped quietly in. Ugh! how fearfully cold it felt, though the night was warm enough. I am a tolerably good swimmer, and struck out manfully, but I seemed to be crawling through the water. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte' was by no means true in my case; I had some three hundred yards to swim, and by the time I had got half-way I was, if possible, in a greater funk than when I started. I swam with my beard over my shoulder, expecting every moment to hear the rush of some huge mugger,* or to see its horrid jaws rising above the water. Every ripple startled me, and I could hear my heart thumping against my ribs. At last I reached the other bank safe and sound, scrambled up it sharp, and being lucky enough to find the European sentry a little less ready than most of them with his rifle, succeeded in persuading him that I was not "a nigger," in time to escape lead or steel. In a couple of minutes I was surrounded by half the garrison, and had told my story. It was received with a wild hurrah, which startled the gentlemen on the opposition benches not a little, and brought down on us a shower of bullets, which luckily did no damage.

" 'Tell Sir George,' said the old brigadier, 'that we have lots of food and ammunition, and can hold out for a fortnight if necessary; but stop, I will give you a note to him.'

"After taking it, and a peg of rum, I was ready to start again. As I was saying 'good-bye,' one of the rifles sang out—

" 'By the bye, Llantaine, if you should get knocked over going back, the General will be in as big a fix as ever; you had better let one of us go with you, two fellows are better than one, and I am your man.'

"Just then a sepoy stepped out of the crowd.

" 'Let me go with the sahib, a black man may get through where a white one cannot.'

"He was an Oude man, a 'Pandy,' and a Brahmin, but had stood by his officers like a

* Clumps of forest-trees.

* A crocodile.

man, and looked like one who might be trusted; so I accepted his offer at once, and he stuck a copy of the brigadier's letter into his turban. A shake of the hand all round, a chorus of 'God bless you,' and 'Good-bye, old fellow,' and we were both in the water, swimming like fishes. Strangely enough, I did not mind it a bit going back; the danger seemed to me to be all over, and I was as jolly as possible. Just as we were nearing the other bank I heard a sudden exclamation from my companion, 'Dekho, sahib, dekho!' and turning my head, caught sight of something black above the water. The next moment a shrill sharp cry of agony rang through the still night air. To my dying day I shall never forget the wild despairing face and outstretched arms which rose for a moment high above the water, and then slowly disappeared as my poor comrade was dragged down. I could do nothing to help him; his death-shriek roused the sepoys, and in another moment a shower of bullets splashed in every direction around me. I pulled myself out of the ditch faint and sick at heart, and scrambled up the bank, but by this time the mutineers were fully aroused, and torches glared on every side. Suddenly the Fort batteries opened fire briskly, and were at once answered by the guns on the opposite bank; rifle, musket, and matchlock joined in the chorus; drums beat to arms throughout the rebel camp, and all was confusion. Hoping to escape unperceived in the row, I ran towards the trees where my horse was tied up, but was intercepted half-way by a lot of Sepoys. My revolver was handy, and I fired into them right and left, but the next minute a bullet hit me in the leg, and I shared the fate of the Black Mousquetaire, who, the legend tells us,—

Went down with a groan and a frown,
And a hole in his small clothes the size of a crown,

the only difference in my favour being that my small clothes escaped damage, having parted company with me a couple of hours before. I managed to stagger on to my legs, but only to be sent to grass again with a sabre cut over the head. Of what followed I have but a very vague idea. I remember as I went down a trampling of horses, and hearing the war-cry of my Sikhs, "Ah gooroo Jee, Ah gooroo Govind," a clash of sabres, pistol-shots, a whirl of horses' hoofs all round me, and then the blackness of darkness.

"When I came to myself we were riding along full speed over the open plain, and old Shere Singh and another were supporting me on either side. At daybreak we halted for a few minutes on the banks of a tank while the

"Look, sir, look."

horses got breathed a bit, and I had my wounds washed and bound up. By the time that was done I felt pretty well again, and looking about me, missed young Runjeet Singh, and asked his father where he was.

"He is with his fathers, sahib," said the old Sikh, calmly; 'he died like a brave man, fighting for you and the great company whose salt he had eaten.'

"I was sorry for the youngster, for he was one of the best men in my corps, and old Shere Singh's only son. On we rode again, keeping our horses up to their speed, for we were being followed pretty close by a troop of Irregulars, and it was quite a toss up whether they ran us down or not. Just as the sun rose, and when we were only some three or four miles from camp, they all but overtook us, and two or three bullets came whizzing about our ears, the Sowars were gaining on us at every stride, and things looked very fishy, when suddenly a turn of the road brought us face to face with another strong party of cavalry. I thought for a moment that it was all over with us; the next instant a ringing cheer told me that we had met friends, and I found myself in the midst of a squadron of my own Sikhs; hard behind us came the enemy, yelling like fiends, and as they turned the corner, pulled up, and crowded together, undecided whether to advance or turn back. Small time had they to make up their minds; our fellows charged down on them furiously; tired men and horses had little chance against fresh ones, and the shock was irresistible. Being myself *hors de combat*, I looked on quietly, and never in my life did I see men so cut to pieces; our fellows rode through and through them, and had they been allowed to follow the fugitives, scarcely a man would have escaped. But I wanted to keep them in hand, so sounded the recall rigorously. Back they came; old Shere Singh growling savagely, his sabre covered with blood.

"If the sahib had only let us go on, we would have followed the scoundrels to the very gates of Bharaghur, and sent all the Mussulman dogs to hell."

"In half an hour more, we were safe in camp, and I went straight to the General's tent. He had evidently been up all night, and looked worn and haggard. Colonel A. and the Adjutant-General were with him. My story was soon told, and the Brigadier's note delivered. The General was in ecstasies.

"Not a bad night's work, Llantaine," he said; 'but it's precious lucky the mugger did not swallow you, instead of that poor devil of a pandy.'

"No mugger in his senses would attempt

to "take in" the Head of the Intelligence Department,' said Colonel A., with a spasmodic attempt at a joke, and I left the tent.

"Your name shall go in for the V.C.," sung out Sir George as I was leaving; 'and it shan't be my fault if you don't get it.'

"He was as good as his word, and in due time, red tape permitting, I got my Cross.

"Within a week Shahrānpore had been relieved, and the mutineers who were rash enough to show fight in front of Bharaghur got such a thrashing as they did not forget in a hurry. I was not engaged in either affair, as the cut on my head gave the doctors lots of trouble, and at last sent me home on sick certificate."

B.

THE SUGAR-GRASS.

A SUGAR-YIELDING grass has recently been introduced into the South of Europe and North America, the cultivation of which has extended with wonderful rapidity in the United States, in regions far to the north of those adapted to the sugar-cane. It has long been cultivated in China and in Africa, partly for the sake of the sugar which is made from it, partly for its seeds, which are a good grain, similar to the Durra so extensively cultivated in the East Indies and in Africa. Durra (*Sorghum vulgare*), also known as Sorgho and Indian Millet, may almost be said to be the principal corn-plant of Africa; and the Sugar-grass, or Shaloo (*Sorghum saccharatum*), may be regarded as a superior kind of Durra. Its seeds are much larger than those of the common kinds of millet, and although the meal does not make good bread, it is very nutritious and pleasant, and is prepared in various ways as an article of food. Its productiveness exceeds that of most kinds of corn, almost rivalling the productiveness of maize. It is a tall grass, from four to eight feet high, with a diffuse and very spreading panicle. As a corn-plant, however, no attention has yet been paid to it either in Europe or in America; whilst, as a sugar-yielding plant, it has obtained an important place in agriculture. It is cultivated only to a small extent in the south of Europe, and particularly in the Veronese. Its value does not seem to have been appreciated by European farmers as it has been by those of North America, whose enterprise and perseverance have quickly turned it to great account. It can be cultivated with profit as far north as the state of Maine, and probably wherever the vine and maize can be cultivated, requiring like them a hot summer, and of about the same duration which they require. It is not, therefore, adapted to the climate of Britain,

where it can only be expected to succeed in the warmest parts of England.

The Sugar-grass was introduced into Europe by the Count de Montigny, the French consul at Shanghai, in 1851. Of the package of seed sent by him to the Geographical Society of Paris only one seed germinated. From this single plant a small quantity of ripe seed was obtained. Messrs. Vilmorin, Andrieux, and Co., seed merchants in Paris, purchased eight hundred seeds derived from it, and paid eight hundred francs for them. Another portion of the same crop passed into the hands of the Count de Beauregard, and from these sources this seed was distributed over Europe, and thence over America. The first seeds were carried to America in 1857. Two years after Mr. Wray brought seed from Africa to America, and two classes of varieties are now recognised there, the Chinese, or *Sorgo*, and the African, or *Imphee*. In 1862, more than 100,000 acres were devoted to the cultivation of the Sugar-grass in the United States, yielding at least 16,000,000 gallons of syrup. The extent of land thus employed has increased since that year, although the crop of 1863 was almost a failure through a very early frost. The cultivation of the Sugar-grass has hitherto been chiefly carried on in the North-Western States—Ohio producing in 1862 more than 6,000,000 gallons of syrup, and Iowa nearly 4,000,000. The Eastern States have, however, begun to engage in it.

The sugar-grass is sown in spring, as soon as the frost of winter has disappeared and the ground is in a suitable condition to receive the seed. The seed is sown in rows about four feet apart, and the plants are thinned out to at least twelve or eighteen inches in the rows. Many farmers, however, make little mounds or hills three feet and a half apart, in each of which they plant a number of seeds. In rich strong ground ten or twelve plants are sometimes allowed to grow in a hill; but if too many are allowed to grow they are feeble, do not become sufficiently mature, and are comparatively unproductive. The plant has a tendency to *tiller*, like wheat, and some of the varieties, of which there are already many in America, throw out suckers in great number, but the suckers rob the plant of its strength, and are themselves of very little value. After the seed has been sown, the only care requisite on the part of the farmer is to keep the ground clear of weeds. The growth of the grass is at first slow, and weeds are then apt to choke it; but after a certain period it grows very vigorously and luxuriantly. The roots spread widely and run deep into the soil, so that, except when the plants are very young, the plough or other implement em-

ployed to remove weeds and to stir the soil between the rows must be used with caution. The stalks begin to become sweet before the flowers appear, and become sweeter until the seed begins to be formed, after which the sugar seems to be consumed in part by the ripening seed, and perhaps in part returns to the root, for the plant is a perennial, although always treated in America as if it were an annual. No attempt seems yet to have been made to protect the root in winter, so as to procure a second crop from one sowing. It is destroyed by the winter frost. It endures, however, a slight frost without material injury. A frost which merely kills the blades, and does not freeze the stalk, arrests the further growth of the plant, but is not otherwise injurious if the crop is cut without delay. If it is left standing after the leaves are frost-bitten the saccharine juice rapidly disappears. When the thermometer descends two or three degrees below freezing point, the stalk is affected, the juice then quickly undergoes fermentation from exposure to the heat of the sun during the day, and acetic acid is formed. The proper time for harvesting, if frost does not compel it sooner, is when the seed is not quite ripe, the stalks being then most rich in saccharine juice — if the farmer does not choose to sacrifice a portion of the sugar in order to save the seed. In the most northern parts of the United States the seed does not ripen well, and the farmers find it best to depend on supplies from the south. When the crop is cut the stalks are usually stripped of their leaves; but as this is a laborious operation they are sometimes passed through the mill without being stripped, although the leaves cannot but carry off on their surfaces a portion of the juice. The leaves are stripped off by some farmers before the stalks are cut. They are good fodder for cattle. When it is not convenient to pass the cane at once through the mill it is dried and stacked, but care must be taken that it does not heat in the stack, the danger of which is greatest when it has been in any degree affected by frost. When fully ripe it may be kept a long time in a stack or barn without injury.

Mills of various kinds are employed for crushing the cane and expressing its juice. A minute description of these is unnecessary. One in common use consists of three horizontal rollers, an upper one resting on the other two. Mills with vertical rollers are also employed. The mills are wrought either by steam, water, or horses. Great part of the sugar-grass grown in America is crushed by the farmers themselves in small mills, and much of the syrup is used without being converted into sugar. The juice, as it is obtained

from the mill, contains many impurities—dust and earth, small fragments of cane, and green vegetable matter. These are in part removed by filtering, and a filter of straw is often employed. They are removed more completely by skimming during the boiling of the juice, but, if no further means are adopted, so much of them still remains as to give the syrup a dingy appearance. The processes employed in procuring sugar from the sugar-cane in tropical countries are equally applicable in the case of the sugar-grass.

It seems probable that the cultivation of this grass will soon be carried to a great extent in North America, and also in the South of Europe and other parts of the world. How far, without a protective duty, it is capable of competing with the tropical sugar-cane is a question on which it is perhaps impossible as yet to form a decided opinion, but in all probability it will in a great measure supersede beet-root as a sugar-producing plant in the southern countries of Europe.

AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

IN the following pages the writer (who, although he does not lay claim to the character of a sportsman, has yet passed many years of his life in the wilds of South Africa) has endeavoured to collect the scanty details which form nearly all the information we possess respecting the African variety of the elephant, a small specimen of which (from North Africa however,) has recently been added to the collection of the Zoological Society.

Sir J. Emerson Tennent, in one of the chapters of his work on Ceylon, describing the elephants of that island, remarks,—“The shooting of elephants has been described with tiresome iteration in the successive journals of sporting gentlemen, but whoever turns to their pages for traits of the animal and his instincts will be disappointed to find little beyond sketches of the exploits of his pursuers.” If this be true of Ceylon, it is equally so of Africa. Without wishing to depreciate the labours of those gentlemen who have of late given to the public so many accounts of African adventure, it must be confessed that these works are disappointingly silent on all points tending to throw light on the almost unexplored field of African natural history. The travels of Dr. Livingstone, which form a marked exception in this matter, show how much may be done in the service of natural history by an attentive observer, even under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Although the writer cannot hope to offer any information new to the naturalist, he trusts

his remarks may not be without interest to the general reader.

The African elephant, the *Elephas africanus* of Cuvier, may be described as follows (but, be it observed, these details are taken chiefly from specimens shot in South Africa).

The height of the males when full grown is about twelve feet at the shoulder, and that of the females about three feet less; in length they average from eighteen to twenty feet.

The skin is rough and destitute of hair, and of a black or dark ash grey colour. The head is rounder and the forehead more convex than in the Asiatic species,* the ears long (often exceeding six feet in length) reaching down to the legs and overlapping at the back of the neck, thus covering the place usually occupied in India by the mahouts or drivers. Both sexes carry tusks of from eight to ten feet in length and curved upwards (in some Indian specimens the tusks are curved downwards). The teeth have certain lozenge-shaped prominences on them which distinguish the species from the Asiatic variety, as well as from the six fossil varieties recognised by osteologists.

The toes are invariably five on each foot, not three as stated in some works on natural history.

Sir J. Emerson Tennent, in his work already referred to, remarks that many small distinctive peculiarities are found in different elephants, and so well are these "points," to use a sporting phrase, known to the natives, that they can decide at a glance the particular caste or breed to which the animal belongs.

After many careful inquiries among hunters, both European and native, at the Cape, the writer has been unable to learn that any peculiarities have been there noticed beyond those dependent on age and sex. The absence of distinctive peculiarities in different individual elephants, at least in South Africa, would appear to be confirmed by the fact that in the dialects of the Kaffir tribes there is but one word for the elephant, viz. "Inhlovu," (signifying primitively a huge or mighty one) although they (the Kaffirs) have distinct names for many species of animals which have only recently been recognised by naturalists, and some of which have not yet found their way into works of reference; we may instance the black, blue, and white varieties of rhinoceros, two varieties of eland, several of gnus, and others.

Albinism is generally asserted to be more common in Africa than in many other parts of

the world. We have ourselves seen some remarkable human specimens among the Kaffir tribes, and it has, we believe, been occasionally observed among the South African *feræ*, but white elephants have not yet been found there. Dr. Barth (a careful observer of natural history) however, speaks not only of black and grey elephants in Northern Africa, but alludes to a yellow variety, apparently as a distinct species. As we approach the equator the size of the elephant appears to diminish. Captains Grant and Speke, and the missionary Krapff on the east coast, and Mr. Winwood Reade and M. du Chaillu on the west, speak of the elephant as from eight to nine feet in height only, and as carrying tusks weighing from forty to sixty pounds. The latter gentleman remarks that the finest ivory on "the coast" is furnished by the elephants found in a small tract of country directly under the equator. No cause can be assigned for the peculiarity. These tusks are externally of a shining coffee colour, some almost black, but when sawn open they are of that peculiar hue known as "green" ivory, which is supposed to preserve its whiteness, when once bleached, longer than any other. The tusks of the elephants further south, we may remark, are occasionally found of 110 to 120 pounds weight, 70 to 80 pounds being an ordinary weight per tusk for full-sized bulls.

General de Lima, the former Portuguese Governor of Mozambique, told Sir E. Tennent that having been commissioned to procure a pair of tusks of the largest size for the cathedral at Goa, he, after immense difficulty, procured two, one weighing 180 and the other 170 pounds English. These tusks, we believe, now form a cross (they were nearly straight throughout their length) over the high altar in the cathedral at Goa. They are the largest of which we have any record, one spoken of by the late Mr. Gordon Cumming as having been in his collection, weighing 173 pounds, ranking next.

Having thus glanced at the external characteristics of these animals, we must now say a few words on their habits, as far as they have been observed.

Sir E. Tennent has remarked that although elephants are generally found in warm and sunny climes, it is a mistake to suppose that they are partial to heat or light. No altitude seems too lofty or too chill for them, if it afford the luxury of an abundant supply of water. In many parts of the Cape Colony, where these animals are still to be found, and where once they roamed in vast herds, not only are the night-frosts severe, but in winter we have seen the snow lie for days on the ground several inches deep—a circumstance

* In Griffiths' Cuvier two wood-cuts may be found of the crania of the Asiatic and African varieties, in which the peculiarities of the facial contours, of the position of the eye, and of the general expression, so to speak of the latter, may, be well seen.

certainly not in accordance with the popular idea of "Africa's burning shore."

The best, indeed the only account we have seen in print, is given by Mr. Gordon Cumming, in his "Five Years of a Hunter's Life," from which we have in part extracted the following details.

The elephants are found in small herds under the leadership of one or more bulls. In some cases the old bulls are found singly or in pairs, while the younger ones remain long in the company of their mothers.

The elephant's food consists of branches, leaves, and the roots of trees; the destruction of the latter, even when of great size, by these animals, being enormous. They also consume a variety of bulbs, of the situation of which they are advised by their exquisite sense of smell. To obtain the latter, they tear up the ground with their tusks,* and Mr. Cumming remarks whole acres may be often seen thus ploughed up to a considerable depth.†

They are particular in frequenting the freshest and most verdant parts of the forest, while their peculiar habits and the noiselessness of their step and motions, even in the thickest cover, causes them to be less often observed than almost any other game animal. Their favourite haunts are often in the most secluded spots in the forest, at a long distance from water. About sun-down they leave their mid-day haunts, and commence their march towards the water, perhaps twelve or twenty miles distant. Arriving here an hour or two before midnight, they quench their thirst, and cool their bodies by spouting over them large volumes of water; they then resume the path to their forest solitudes. About midnight the bulls frequently lie down and sleep for a few hours, usually selecting for that purpose the side of one of those huge ant-heaps which are here often forty feet in diameter. The deep impression of the under tuak on the ground usually found in these cases, proves that they lie upon their sides. Mr. Cumming, however, states that females, and even the males in positions of danger, generally sleep in a standing position, resting against a tree or bank.

Although the young remain long with their mothers, the oft-repeated tale of the devotion of the latter to their young must be ranked, it would seem, with the numerous other fables of which the elephant has been the theme. In an interesting paper on the Asiatic variety, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1793, Mr. Corse pointed out the incorrectness of

this belief. "If a female elephant (he wrote) were separated from her young for two days only, she never seemed to acknowledge it after, although the young one would evidently recognise its mother." Sir Cornwallis Harris, to whose work we have already referred, describing the attack on a large herd of elephants in the Matabile country (many hundred miles N.E. of the Cape Frontier) says, "Much has been said of the attachment of elephants to their young, but neither on this occasion nor on any other, did we perceive even the smallest concern for their safety; on the contrary, they left them to shift for themselves." He, however, relates a touching instance of the attachment of a young one to its dam, and of its apparent docility and friendliness towards man. "On the following day," he continues, "on visiting the glen which had been the scene of our exploits during the early part of the action, a calf about three and a half feet high walked forth from the bush and saluted us with mournful cries. Entwining his little proboscis round our legs, and demonstrating his joy at our arrival by a thousand ungainly antics, he accompanied our party to the carcase of his dam. The conduct of the quaint little calf was now quite affecting, and elicited sympathy from every one. He ran round his mother's carcase with every demonstration of grief, piping sorrowfully, and essaying to raise her with his tiny trunk." Sir C. Harris adds, he was almost persuaded never to kill another elephant.

The domestication of the elephant, and particularly of the African variety, is a point on which we possess but little reliable information.

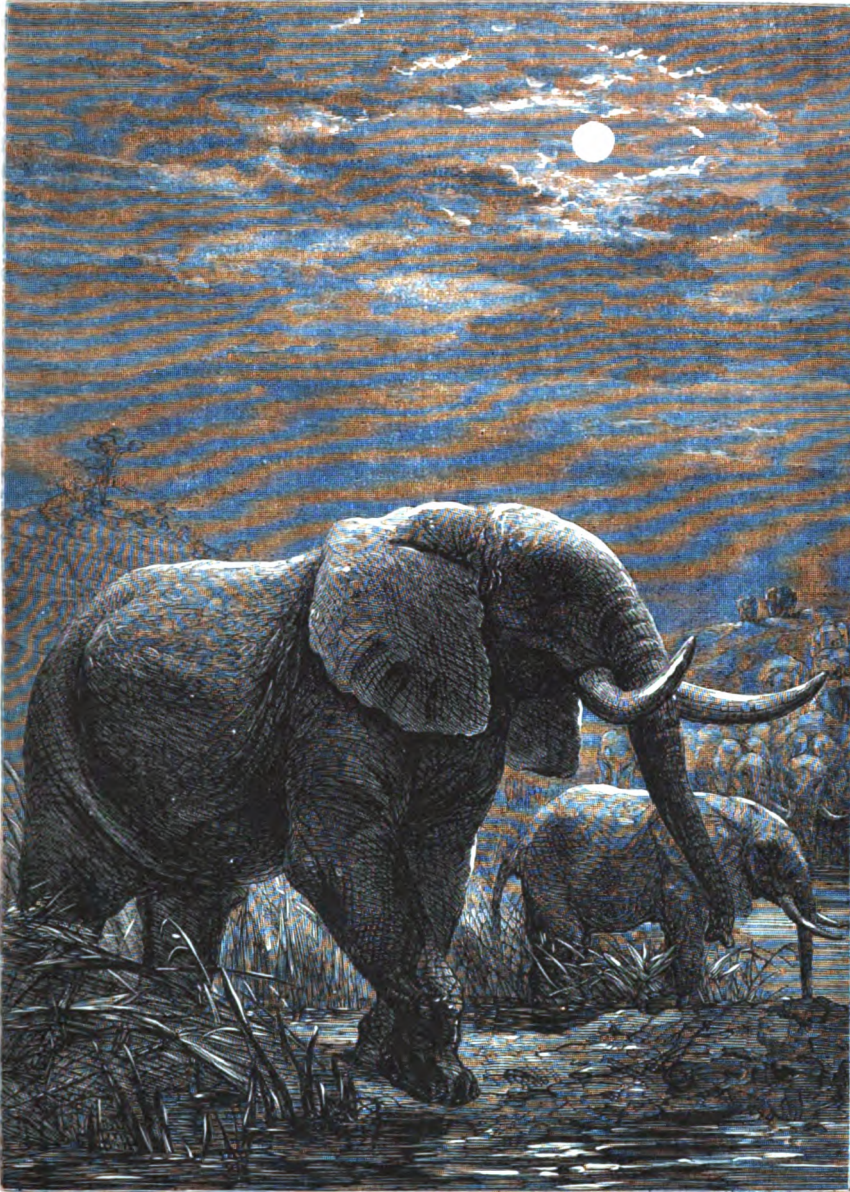
The elephant is mentioned once only in holy writ,* and according to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, like the camel, never appears on Egyptian remains, although the camelopard, (the very existence of which was so stoutly denied by some "savans" within the memory of persons still living) and other of the larger game animals are occasionally portrayed in connection with subjects relating to Ethiopia.

Elephants, supposed to be of the African species, we know were used in the first Punic war. According to Polybius, Hannibal had eighty at Zama. Sallust mentions that Sextius, the Quæstor of the Proconsul Calpurnius, seized thirty war-elephants at Vacca from Jugurtha. It has, however, been questioned with some show of probability whether these elephants and their conductors were not from the east, and not of the native breed. Medals representing the performances

* The use of the elephant's tusks was long a moot point with zoologists.

† This fact appears to have been known to Pliny, who mentions it when speaking of the Indian variety.

* In the book of Maccabees.



of elephants in the Roman amphitheatres have also come down to us; and on these the peculiarities of the African type are so well marked, as to leave no doubt that the art of taming the African species was practised in the days of the Cæsars, although now long since lost.

Sir C. Harris,* whom we must once again

* This officer, when on an embassy to Shoa, appears to have persuaded the then "Negris" of Abyssinia to attempt to domesticate some of these animals, with what result we are not told. (See Harris's "Highlands of Ethiopia".)

quote, writes, "The barbarous tribes that people South Africa have never dreamt of the possibility of rendering this lordly quadruped serviceable in a domestic capacity, and even among the Cape Colonists there exists an unaccountable superstition that his subjugation is not accomplishable. His capture might however be readily effected, and as he appears to possess all the intelligence of his Asiatic congener, the only difficulty which would

present itself within our territory would be the want of sufficient food for his support; an opinion in which Dr. Livingstone appears to concur. Kolben, a Prussian writer who resided long at the Cape, to which he proceeded in 1705, states that an elephant was used in moving a stranded vessel on shore in Table Bay during his stay in Cape Town, but we think it probable that this animal had been brought from the Dutch possessions further east, and was not of the African breed. Elephants from Coromandel were introduced about thirty years afterwards in the French colony on the Isle of France (Mauritius) but the expense of their keep made the experiment a failure. It were much to be desired that some efforts should be made to utilise these noble animals before the reckless war of extermination now carried on against them has caused the race to become extinct. Great as has been the destruction of these animals in Ceylon, the circumstance of the females being there devoid of tusks and consequently worthless, has not been without an important effect in preserving the breed.* In Africa, on the contrary, where both sexes carry tusks alike, the animals are destroyed with the most reckless disregard to size, age, and sex.

The amount of ivory imported annually into Great Britain is very large; the proportion from Africa is, however, difficult to ascertain. Mr. Frank Buckland, in his "Curiosities of Natural History," first series, has given some interesting information on the subject of ivory, with a few extracts from which we will conclude.

Ivory, he says, from India, Siam, Ceylon, North Africa, and the Cape, has in each case its characteristic peculiarities. The rats gnaw the African ivory, more especially that which, from its hue when cut, is called the "green" ivory, while they will not touch the Asiatic, the latter not containing enough gelatine to make it worth their while.

Rats are thus useful to the ivory turner in two ways, in assisting his judgment in choosing the ivory, and also in laying bare the under substance of the tusk, which is overlaid by the "bark" or outer covering.

Tusks brought from North Africa are covered with small cracks. This ivory is said to be brought on camels' backs across the desert; the camels are unladen at night and the tusks placed on the ground. The next morning while still moist with the heavy dew, they are placed unwiped on the camels' backs again, and are again exposed to the hot

sun of the desert. This alternate heat and moisture causes the numerous cracks, which, however, strange to say, are more numerous *inside* than they are on the outer covering or bark.

According to Mr. M'Culloch, ivory is divided into the following classes: Tusks of 70lbs. weight and upwards, 1st class; 56 to 60 lbs., 2nd class; 38 to 56lbs., 3rd class; 28 to 38, 4th class; 18 to 28lbs., 5th class; all under 18lbs. weight being known as "scrivellos." The price in the English market varies according to quality from 15l. to 32l. per cwt. of 112lbs. C.

ANA.

HUFELAND'S WIT.—The celebrated German physician Hufeland, on being presented to a reigning Prince of one of the small states of the German Confederation; that exalted personage, in the fervor of his admiration of Hufeland's great professional skill, said to him, "You are so famed a physician, you know the human body so intimately, that you must really be able to cure every disease!" "Your Highness," replied Hufeland, "it is with us physicians, as with the night-watchman: we know the leading streets and bye-ways tolerably well, but as to what is going on inside the houses, we can only guess at that."

CELTIC PEDIGREES.—There is much misconception, and great injustice displayed towards the Celts—the name in this nineteenth century being oftener provocative of a smile than any serious consideration. People are apt to sneer at the Welsh—their pride of birth; their long pedigrees; and the tenacity with which they advocate the study and use of their ancient language. Certainly now and then one falls in with strange instances of what I shall call credulity in the matter of ancestry. For example, a family pedigree was lately placed in my hands beginning thus—

A Gair Dew yn uchaf.



The bardic symbol of the name of God—the A-wen or sacred A.

Menyw, called also ap y Teirgwaedd, son of the three Shouts, whereby the world was created—the man "Adam."

From whom, in the thirty-eighth generation, was born Du Gadarn, who led the Cymry over from the East into the Isle of Britain; from whom again in direct descent we find Managan, who married "Anna, cousin of the Blessed Virgin Mary;" and their son, Beli Mawr, king of Great Britain, was the father of Caswallawn, down from whom, about the thirty-first generation, is Ithel Vychan—from whom the family of Bethell (Lord Westbury) trace their descent.—A descent, according to the foregoing pedigree, too old to be disputed by anyone; except, perhaps, the famous man upon whose family tree some half way down was a marginal note—"About this time occurred the creation". I. D. F.

* It cannot be denied that these animals are very destructive to cultivated ground—many districts in Ceylon, now productive, were formerly incapable of cultivation from this cause. This objection does not, however, apply to a great part of Africa.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S YARN.



READER, have you ever been thousands of miles away from your friends, I mean your own dear relations? If so, have you ever thought of them, wondering what they were doing at that very instant? I don't know what you may have done, but I remember that I for one, with many of my shipmates,

after having been two years away—half the ship's commission—on a dull and monotonous station, have often leant over the bulwarks of H.M.S. —, and, looking down into the depths of the perfectly calm sea on a hot tropical night, have thought and talked of our friends at home by the hour together, won-

dering what they were doing, and wishing we could transport ourselves to them at that instant.

"Well! what is there to be done?" said one of the mids, after a long pause.

"Upon my word, I don't know," said I; "but what do you say to a paper-chase next Thursday?"

Our shore-going readers must be reminded that Thursday is generally allowed as a holiday to seamen, who, instead of being piped to drill on that day, are piped "to make and mend clothes," and that the day goes by the name of "rope-yarn Sunday."

"I vote for a ride across country, a dinner at old Carpin's at Las Piedras, and a ride home in the cool evening, smoking a quiet pipe."

"Not half a bad idea," was the general chorus.

By this time several of the ward-room officers had joined us after their dinner, and the motion was unanimously carried. The next day was a very busy one; the youngsters were besieging everybody right and left for paper to tear up for scent. All last mail's papers went like a flash of lightning, and then began a descent upon middies' work-books.

"Oh! I say, you've got my Day's-work Book there," said one poor luckless midshipman.

"Don't tear up that," said another; "it's a '66 Almanack I've just got out by the last mail."

At last one of the clerks appeared at the berth-door with two or three tremendous volumes of old office-books, and a whole lot of waste paper.

"Come along, old S——," was shouted; and the books were torn up and packed away in an instant. By this time we had paper enough; and the gunner poked his head in at the gun-room door with four large canvas knapsacks, which were immediately collared, and stuffed till they were nearly bursting.

Then there was a pause after the first excitement was over.

"How about leave?" said one.

There was a dead silence. From the faces of all you could see that each one was thinking of the same subject. A good many of them had guilty consciences, and knew that they did not deserve leave for not having been up in their tops at crossing top-gallant and royal yards, or for not having their logs or watch-bills up.

"Whose turn for the leave-book?" said one.

"Oh! I'll take it in; put your tallies down."

So the names were put down in the book,

and away I went to the Commander to get it signed, who, being a jolly, easy-going old fellow, signed it at once; but now came the tug of war. The Captain's signature was wanting to complete it. Away I went.

"Sentry, is the Captain engaged?"

"No, sir."

I gave a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in," said the old skipper, in a sonorous voice.

"Have you any objection to these young gentlemen going ashore, sir?" said I.

"Let me have a look at the book," said he; and as I turned it towards him he drew his finger down the page. "Mr. —, log not up; Mr. —, watch-bill incorrect;" and so on. About five of the names were scratched off. I was just turning to go away, when he bade me stop a minute; then he went on to say that he had heard we were going for a paper-chase instead of knocking about the town all day, drinking bad liquor, and otherwise abusing and endangering our lives. The old doctor (who was always a great friend of the middies) had advised him to give us all leave, telling him that the run would do us good.

"You may thank Dr. C—— for your leave," continued the Captain. "Away you go!"

I didn't wait to be told twice; so away I rushed down to the berth, and without saying a word flung the book upon the table with the crosses against the different names. There was immediately a groan from the unlucky ones, and I set up a laugh at them, for which I nearly got pitched into for my pains. As soon as I could obtain silence, I told them how the old Doctor had got leave for all of us. Then followed a scene almost indescribable—fellows tumbling over one another, four on the top of one, singing out "More sacks on the mill!" the more steady ones sending for their servants, and getting their plain clothes ready. When the fellows had got a little steadier, they went to cadge for spurs, whips, clothes, or anything required to fit themselves out for a good ride on shore. At length the day came to a close, and we all turned in to our hammocks early. Several ward-room officers were going, and the Commander had promised a boat at half-past seven, so as to get ashore by eight. Letters had been sent round to the different ships of the squadron, and every one was prepared for a jolly day on the morrow.

"Five bells, sir," said my hammock-man, as I lay in a dreamy state the next morning betwixt sleeping and waking. "Five bells, sir."

"All right," said I, and out I jumped.

The other fellows were turning out and rubbing their eyes, the hammocks were quickly disappearing out of the steerage. "Who's for a bathe? come on, quick! they have just piped to breakfast." Away we went overboard, and had a good dip alongside before breakfast, dressed in plain clothes, and managed to make a good breakfast before the cutter was called away. As we were sitting at breakfast, the old Doctor made his appearance at the berth door. "Good morning, sir," was echoed on all sides; "thank you for getting round old Sinbad." *

"Ha! ha!" said the old Doctor, in guttural broad Irish: "ye may thank yir stars that I cot him in the right humour. Now mind ye enjoy yirselves, and come off properly to yir leave; don't get sticking about that nasty town and catching fever and ague, for I promise you, by the powers, if ye fall into my hands through you running wild on shore, I'll—. Well, never mind, there's yir boat called away, now cut along, and get a good day's ride, it'll do ye all good."

So the old Doctor disappeared into the ward-room, muttering to himself that it was of little use his speaking to the hair-brained young rascals, for half of them wouldn't mind what he said one bit. Up we all scrambled. Of course the cutter had not dropped from the boom yet, but there we were all in a flock in the gangway, ready to jump into the boat before she was well alongside. "Come, hold on there! you'll have me overboard if you don't look out." This from the fellow at the bottom of the ladder. "Move on," ejaculated some one from the top, "here's number one coming." This was the First Lieutenant, a very good seaman, a thorough gentleman, and a capital officer. At length we all got comfortably stowed away in the boat. "Shove off," said the First Lieutenant. "Shove off," echoed the midshipman of the boat, "down with your oars, give way together." Bravo! we were fairly off from the ship at last. Then commenced a chaffing match, such as is common amongst midshipmen whenever they have nothing to talk about.

"I didn't see much of you in the middle watch, B—," said the First Lieutenant, to me.

"No, sir," said I, "I was just remarking the curious coincidence to Pat here, that I never saw anything of you either. I suppose you forgot to turn out, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I did," said Meacham (that was his name), "I turned out, but I didn't see

any midshipman of the watch, and thereby missed my usual cup of coffee."

"Did you really, sir? I am indeed very sorry to hear it, but of course, sir, you made up for it by taking a nip of something stronger." A alight laugh was raised at Number One's expense, as he was rather fond of taking a nip. He shook his fist at me, saying,

"Get out, you young blackguard; I'll remember you the next middle watch, and won't let you off quite so easy."

So the chaff went on, the service and discipline being left on board the ship and every one wearing a smiling face. As we neared the land, each began asking the other where he was going to get his horse from. The knowing ones kept silent, or threw out sly hints about stables that they knew of, where there was a splendid bay that went like the wind, so as to throw the greens off the scent and secure the best horses for themselves. I and my chum had taken the precaution of writing ashore to one of the livery-stable keepers, so we had nothing to do but walk quietly there, where we found horses all ready for us. After looking them over a bit, we jumped on their backs, and walked them out of the yard. You must know that these horses are very singular in their movements; they rarely, if ever, trot, but always canter or gallop. The natives teach them this pace when they are young, and use them for making long journeys; horses out there are known to keep up this pace for twelve hours out of the twenty-four almost without stopping. But to return, our horses, immediately we got out, commenced their canter, which (not having been on horseback for some time), greatly disturbed my equilibrium, and, to add to my difficulties, the streets were rather crowded. I managed, however, to bring my horse all right to José's café, Monte Bruno, where I dismounted and found several fellows belonging to the different ships. After the usual greetings, sundry slaps on the back, &c. &c., we agreed that we would start at once for the rendezvous, a village about four miles out, called Passo Molinas. On the road to the course we had a friendly gallop, just to try the speed of our animals. We arrived there in about twenty minutes, and dismounted to wait for the rest. On they came by twos or threes together, till about some twenty of us were present. Then Meacham, taking out his watch, called out, "Who are the foxes?"

"Smith and Pat, sir," said I.

They had already been fixed upon as having the best horses. So after looking to their girths, and strapping on the bags, they were

* I am sorry to say "Sinbad" was the name which we reckless young reefers gave to our gallant captain.

allowed to depart with instructions to give us a good scent, and a view about two miles before they got to Calpini's, an hotel about twelve miles off. Ten minutes was the time agreed to give them. Then we all lit our pipes and stood talking and lolling about, to the utter bewilderment of the natives who had crowded round to look at the unnatural number of Inglizas (as they kept calling us), who had been behaving in what seemed to them a most extraordinarily eccentric manner.

"Two minutes more," shouts Meacham. Girths are buckled up, and everybody springs into his saddle to wait for the last moment. "Fair play is a jewel," as Meacham remarked. Hats are firmly pressed on, and pipes are carefully stowed away, when "time's up" is shouted out. Off starts every one in a canter amidst the cheers and hoots of the populace; each of us glancing to the right and left, to make sure that the foxes had not turned down one of the bye-lanes. We got well out of the village before a sign of paper was to be seen, out into a large common. Then we began to spread. All of a sudden, "Yoicks, forard!" was heard right behind. Some of the more steady ones that had pulled up outside the village had observed a little bye-pathway, which had escaped notice in our hurry, and, suspecting that something was up, had made towards it, when a handful of scent was the first thing that greeted them. Now followed a smart gallop for about half a mile, scrambling through hedges and ditches, and getting ourselves torn and scratched by the horrid prickly cactus of which the hedges were made.

Not a check yet. Good foxes! Only five of us are together, and looking back we perceive a long line of horsemen trying to get through. "Holloa! why, where is the scent? Rein up there, rein up;" and "cast" was the general cry. So away we spread; and whilst casting about, one of the fellows came galloping up and shouted that the foxes had shown themselves in the rear, and that all the fellows behind us were following them by sight. Cunning fellows, those foxes! They let all who had good horses go past them, and then showed themselves to the stragglers, knowing that they could ride out of their sight in no time. We soon came up with the stragglers, whom we found clustered together at a large ditch and fence, which the scent went right up to and could be seen on the other side. Not one of our horses would face it; and how the foxes had got through we couldn't tell. We were enclosed in a small garden full of different plants, &c.—here a bed of potatoes, there a crop of wheat just coming up, &c. Of course ten or twelve

horses were not doing any good to the garden. By and by out came an old man with his wife and daughter. The old man shouldered a gun, the wife was armed with a big stick, and the daughter with a pitchfork. The old man let off a torrent of abuse in Spanish, and, amidst roars of laughter, pointed his old musket at us; but as we could see the cobwebs across the muzzle, and that it had no lock to it, we were not much afraid of it. The old woman was a more formidable assailant with her big stick, with which she soundly cudgelled any of us she could hobble across; but the young lady—to look at her she seemed not more than fifteen—my eyes! I shall never forget the way she handled her fork as long as I live, although I myself got off scatheless. There she was, a regular young virago, rushing in and out among the horses, and putting about half an inch of steel into every one's seat of honour she could reach. The horses were neighing and plunging and rearing; the fellows were roaring, some with pain, others with laughter. I thanked my stars that I was one of the latter. Backing my horse out of the crowd, I spied a gap that had been all the while right under our noses. It was so shrouded by trees that when seated on horseback you would scarcely notice it. I sang out to the rest of the fellows, and, giving my horse the whip and spur, I made a dash at the gap; but the horse and myself both rolled into the ditch together. It was only soft mud; so I got off with two or three scratches and a precious dirty "messaging." When I had picked myself up again and mounted, about five of them had got through and were commencing the chase again. Away we went for about two miles, the scent getting scarcer and scarcer.

"It's time to get a view, I should think," I observed, as we rounded a small copse of trees. I had scarcely said so, when "Tally ho!" was wafted faintly on our ears, and we saw both the foxes on the brow of the next hill, sitting down by their horses, and smoking. To spring into their saddles was the work of a moment, and to be out of sight the work of another. Away we went, full gallop. I was some way astern of my comrades, and was a good deal surprised to see four of them go over their horse's heads one after another, and the fifth give a stagger and a kind of jump, and then continue his course. I soon became aware of the cause of the disaster. The two young gentlemen, whom we had selected as foxes for the day, combined all the natural qualities of the real animal; they had pulled up directly all the scent was gone, and had led their horses behind a blind ditch, where they had dismounted and lit their pipes, in-

tending that we should see them, and at the same time knowing that we should ride full gallop at the spot where they had disappeared. I have shown how they had succeeded by their foresight and cunning. My horse having considerable way on him—going at a gallop—I had the good luck to stagger over the ditch, holding on fore and aft; for I defy any one to sit properly in the saddle as these horses go at it. Then came a neck and neck race who should get to Calpini's first and touch one of the foxes: for we had no idea of catching them previously, since their horses were fresh compared with ours.

"Off!" said I, as I threw myself to the ground before my horse had fairly pulled up, and making a rush at one of the foxes, I gave him a hearty slap on the back. My companion had done the same to the other fox. By this time up came the rest, at least the four best, and dismounting we discussed the "run" over claret and pipes. Dinner was ordered, fellows kept dropping in every minute, and were greeted with shouts of laughter, especially those who had had the misfortune to get a little bit of pitchfork. One fellow got dubbed "Prongs" on the spot, and I believe retains the *sobriquet* to this very day, from the fact of his having had both points put into him. Then we all went down to the river for a bathe, and by the time we had had our dip dinner was pronounced "ready."

I need not describe the dinner-scene—what a noise there was—how one of the stragglers had taken an awful leap which unfortunately no one had seen him take: how he was told to "pipe down," although of course he was implicitly believed; how another had had a row with some Gouchos (the natives who look after the cattle); and last of all how I came rushing in to inform them that a young married couple were about to start on their wedding-tour in a coach and four; how every one at once cleared out and gave them three times three, much to the astonishment of the natives and of the young couple, who had perhaps never heard twenty or thirty young Englishmen cheer before. The young bride gave us a most fascinating smile and bow as they dashed away. After settling with our worthy host, we lit our pipes, and prepared for a twelve mile ride home by moonlight, having given our horses three hours for rest and refreshment. We all started together, and arrived in town about eight o'clock, horses and riders thoroughly well done up. We met at José's again, and bartered for a boat. After putting the officers of the squadron on board their respective ships, we made sail for our own, which was about two miles out.

"I hope my hammock is down," I said with a yawn; "I shall turn in with a relish."

This remark of mine elicited nothing but a sleepy response from the others. We arrived alongside in another quarter of an hour, and tumbled up the ladder.

"Good night, sir," said I to the First Lieutenant; "good night, and pleasant dreams."

It was about ten o'clock, the lights in the berth were out, and having declined number one's offer of a glass of grog, we betook ourselves to our chests, and deposited all our clothes in a lump on the top of them, being too tired to put anything away.

"Well, I am tired," said I; "ain't you, Pat?"

"Yes," said he; "good night."

Reader, are you tired?—I hope not. Good night. M.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOVEREIGN.

A GLITTERING sovereign, fresh and bright from Her Majesty's Mint, lies upon the table before us; and in that form of intercommunication, which poets are wont to term "silent eloquence," it unfolds its curious history.

"From dust I came: beyond that elementary form of existence I am unable to trace my pedigree. Nor can I state with certainty in what part of the earth my *disjecta membra* first saw the light: for such is the cosmopolitan nature of my component matter that all the four quarters of the globe, and, if I may apply the Hibernicism to Australia, the fifth quarter also, claim it as their native. I have, however, good reason for supposing that it was in the said 'fifth quarter' that I was snatched by ruthless hands from the bosom of my mother earth, where for æons of ages I had peacefully reposed.

"In my early and dismembered state I was intimately associated with base and earthy connections; and the earliest impression on my memory is the cruel treatment to which I was subjected to rid me of my baneful associates. By my first possessor I was crushed and beaten and washed till the lighter of these were carried away: then I was further stamped on and pulverised till, together with the quartz that had been my nearest associate and firmest friend, I was reduced to a fine powder. Next I was treated with a large dose of mercury, and submitted to further trituration, till the mercury, from the affinity existing between it and other metals, had hunted out and taken up every grain and tiny particle of me from the powdery mass, and made me form with it an *amalgam*; leaving the quartz without a trace of its former rich connection. The mass of mercury which held me in its firm embrace

was then put into a leathern bag, which was twisted and squeezed till the fluid mercury was wrung from me, and oozed through the leather's pores, leaving me in a granular state behind. Still some little of the subtle metal clung to me, and needed fierce treatment to make it loose its hold: so I was put into an earthen vessel, and thrust into the fire, and there kept till every vestige of the mercury had become vaporised and carried off, and I was left, a button of gold in the bottom of the retort. In this form I changed my master, and was transferred to the temporary possession of an agent of a colonial bank, who purchased me from my finder and first owner, at the rate of about three pounds sixteen shillings per ounce of my weight, and transmitted me, amongst a heap of fellows, to his principals in town. By them I was handed to a cruel tyrant, who unceremoniously cast me, with my travelling companions, into a crucible, and again the furnace received me. And it was not a gentle warmth that I was compelled to bear, but the fierce heat necessary to melt me into a fluid state; at which state arrived, I was poured into an iron mould, and allowed to cool, when I found myself the insignificant portion of a bulky ingot which, after being duly weighed and stamped with its weight, was returned to the bankers' coffer. But I was too valuable a servant to lie long idle there; so I was soon boxed up and securely packed, and shipped on board a good ship bound for England, which country will henceforth be the scene of my story.

"Shortly after my arrival in England I was conveyed in a carrier's van, and without any such escort as my high position entitled me to expect, to a dingy establishment not, as ambiguous reporters would say, 'a hundred miles from Cheapside,' London—a gloomy building that bore little external evidence of the glittering produce it contained, or of the value of the commodity wrought within its walls. For I was the tenant of a large refinery: and after careful weighing and ticketing I—that is the mass of which I was a part—was stored in a strong inner chamber, there to await my turn for undergoing further purification. For it must not be thought that I was then in a state of virgin purity: my matter in its pristine condition is rarely unalloyed, but has mostly some traces of the baser metals commingled with it. To rid me of all such, I was, when my turn arrived, placed in a cup-shaped vessel with a quantity of common metal, and in this state I was again submitted to the fervent heat of a furnace, till all my base admixtures had been volatilised and carried away. Still, even after all this, some few traces of my poorer relative, silver, were con-

tained in me, and to expunge these I was reduced to fragments, and then boiled in acid, till they were all dissolved away; and then, and not till then, did I assume a state of absolute purity. Again the melting-pot received me, but this time in company with a large mass of my substance, also in its state of final purity, and again the furnace received the melting-pot, and all was melted and run into an iron mould to form an ingot, of which I constituted but the thousandth part. It may be thought that these repeated subjections to the fiery element would occasion me considerable loss of bulk: but this is not the case; for such is my salamandrine constitution, that I scarcely feel, still less am I injured by, any amount of fiery treatment.

"After a few days' respite, granted I presume in order to prepare me for the hard usages I had yet to undergo, I—or rather the ingot that contained me—was conveyed, with a large number of similar masses, to the magnificent establishment on Tower Hill, from whence I was not to come forth till arrived at the state in which you now behold me. Upon my arrival I was formally handed over to the master; and, after having been examined by the assayer to ascertain that I was free from impure affection, I was conveyed to a strong, a very strong, apartment, where I was left for a time to meditate upon and wonder at the further hardships to be undergone.

"I did not wonder long. Scarcely a day had elapsed from the time of my arrival before I was again handled by rude hands, and carried to a dusky chamber whose architecture and furniture reminded me forcibly of that which I had left a day or so before. As I lay, part of one of a large heap of bulky ingots, on a counter, I could make out a row of gleaming furnaces, to and from one or other of which strong arms were ever and anon lowering and raising small but weighty crucibles full of glittering contents. My turn soon came: with three of the companion ingots mine was placed in one of the recently emptied vessels; and to every eleven parts by weight of the precious substance, one part by weight of pure copper was added. What was this for? I did not know then, but I do now. Gold in its pure state is too soft and pliable to bear uninjured the continual wear and tear to which a coin is subject; so a twelfth part of copper is mixed with it, and thus an alloy is formed that is far harder and more durable, and hence better able to withstand rough usage. With a little flux to aid the melting, our crucible was carefully laid in the fire, which was heaped around and over it; and in a short time the mass ran into a fluid, which was from time

to time stirred to ensure a proper admixture of the alloy.

"At length the fire was removed, and our vessel was hauled out of the furnace: a careful hand seized it, while another bore a portion of its heavy weight, and gently poured the liquid contents into deep square moulds, of which there was a long row of fifteen or twenty connected in one frame which ran on a tram-way along the front of the range of furnaces. The contents of our melting-pot exactly filled four of these moulds; and when all the suite had been filled (from the other pots) and the metal had completely cooled, the sides of the moulds were removed, and as many bars of gold were taken out, each bar about two feet long by an inch or more square, weighing about twenty-six pounds and comprising the matter of upwards of twelve hundred sovereigns, your exponent being one among the number.

"My bar, after the assayer had chipped a bit from it to ascertain that it was of 'standard' quality, was taken with a heap of others to another room, which I heard explained to visitors as the 'rolling-room,' and was here passed through a succession of pairs of heavy rollers till it had diminished considerably in thickness, and increased proportionately in length. Then it was cut into shorter lengths, and these were placed in copper boxes, and once again I became a tenant of the furnace; but the heat this time was comparatively temperate. But what was the purport of this operation? It was this:—After metals have been beaten or rolled to any extent, their molecular structure is considerably altered: their atoms are, as it were, disarranged, and the consequence is that the mass becomes brittle or friable; but that wonderful element, heat, possesses the power of restoring, so to speak, the atoms or molecules to their normal condition—of re-arranging them with their former order, and so of rendering the metal fit to undergo further mechanical treatment. This process is known in the arts as that of *annealing*.

"The particular strip of metal that contained me was then further rolled till it had extended its length to something like six feet, and flattened itself to about my present thickness, as shown by the gauger's plate; but in order to test its *exact* thickness, a couple of pieces were punched from it, of exactly a sovereign's size, and these were weighed with scrupulous care: if they were too light, the rolling had been carried too far, and the fillet of metal was too thin; if heavy, it had not been flattened enough. In my case it was right: the strip had just been rolled enough. But still it was not perfect: there might be

little inequalities in the rollers, or little irregularities in their motions, and the result would be slight differences in the thickness of the metal in different places: to overcome this defect the strip was drawn between two fixed jaws of hard steel, the opening of which was adjusted to the proper thickness with the extreme accuracy: these smoothed down all irregularities, and the strip was thus made perfectly uniform in thickness throughout its entire length. The long lath of gold was cut into lengths conveniently short for the workmen's handling, and all was in readiness for the next stage of my development.

"A trayful of these lengths was carried to another apartment, and laid at a workman's feet. He seized *my* strip and laid one end of it over a round hole in a steel plate, and instantly a steel punch came down and cut out a clean round disc of metal of the exact dimensions of a sovereign. The punch ascended automatically; the metal was pushed forward; the punch re-descended, and a second *blank* was cut. My turn soon came; the portion of the strip that I occupied came over the hole, the punch crushed me down, and I fell into a box beneath, with hundreds of companions. From this moment I assumed an entity, and henceforth I can speak of myself alone, and without associating myself with a shapeless mass of metal. The remnant of the plate from which I was cut, after all had been punched from it that could be, was cast aside, to find its way back to the melting-pot: and the box of blanks was handed over to a boy who minutely examined every one to see that it was a perfect disc and had not been cut from an imperfect part of the plate: some he rejected, but the majority, myself among the number, were cast into a bag and passed over to another machine.

"If you will look at me closely, you will see that I am thicker round the edge than in the middle, that I am surrounded by a raised rim. The object of this is to protect my face from the scratching and injury that, without it, would result from the friction and knocking about I am doomed to be subject to through life: and the putting of this fence around me was the next operation I underwent. I was placed, one of a large pile constantly fed by a workman, in a tube, or 'hopper,' as it is technically termed, from which, when I reached the bottom, I was pushed, by the projecting cam of a rotating wheel, down an inclined channel. At the bottom of this channel I was caught edgewise between a grooved plate and a rapidly revolving wheel which squeezed me, as it rolled me round, with a heavy pressure sufficient to raise up this 'burr' upon my edge, at the same time

that it made my said edge smooth and free from the little irregularities the punch had left upon it.

"But I had not lately had any 'annealing:' and I was beginning to get within reach of friability: so I was made one of a phalanx numbering above a thousand members, which were all ranged in order in an iron box: the lid was put on and securely 'luted' up with fire clay, and a pile of these boxes was rolled into the mouth of a furnace, and kept there till the whole pile was heated to a cherry red heat, when they were withdrawn and allowed to partially cool. But this treatment had slightly discoloured me: if I had been pure and free from alloy this would not have happened, for pure gold is untinted by the fire; but the copper contained in me caused me to assume a dirty tarnish under the action of the heat. To 'blanch' me, I was first cooled in pure water, then immersed for a few seconds in diluted acid, out of which I came bright and glittering, and then bathed in water again to wash all traces of the acid away. To dry me, I—with the whole phalanx—was thrown into a sieve with a heap of hot beech-wood sawdust, and shaken and tossed till the moisture was absorbed; the process being finished by roasting us in a hot-air stove.

"An important epoch in my life had now arrived, for I was at length prepared to receive the insignia that would promote me from a meaningless piece of metal to the dignity of the most important coin of Her Majesty's realm. To pass the ordeal of this promotion I was, with a trayful of comrades, carried to a large chamber containing eight huge presses, each capable of stamping sixty pieces in a minute, 3600 in an hour, 36,000 in a working day, and so on: how many the whole eight would coin in a year any one may find by a little multiplication. But the whole eight are seldom called into use at one time; when I was there not more than half of them were at work. Each press was attended by a boy whose sole duty was to keep the feeders or hoppers properly supplied with blanks, the whole of the coining process being automatical. Even the laying of the blank on the die, which used in olden times to cause the frequent crushing of fingers, is now performed by the machine; a pair of metal fingers carefully picking up the blank, reaching out and laying it upon the die, first pushing aside the coin that has just been struck, and off which the die has ascended. Well, I was taken from the tray, amongst a handful of others, and laid at the top of the pile in the hopper; as piece after piece was struck, I descended one step downwards, till at last I came to the bottom of the pile; then the metal fingers took me

edgeways, and, reaching out, pushed the just-coined piece into a box, laid me exactly upon the lower die, bearing the *obverse* design, and retired to pick up my follower. At this moment a steel collar or ring rose up around me, the inner edge of which was cut into the fine grooves that were to produce the milling upon my edge. Instantly the upper die, bearing my *reverse* design, came down with a fearful thud, giving me such a tremendous squeeze between it and the lower one that I was forced into all the hollows and interstices that formed their designs, and at the same time jamming my edge into the milling of the steel ring till it received the impression of that also. The upper die arose from me, the milling collar descended, and the metal fingers—holding my successor—gave me a push that sent me into a receiving box—a perfect sovereign. All this took far less time than I have taken to describe it, since the whole operation occupied only a single second.

"I said I was perfect, but I found I had other trials to undergo before I could be pronounced so. I might be a fraction of a grain too light, in which case, if the Mint so turned me out, it would cheat the bank; or I might be a fraction of a grain too heavy, in which case the Mint would cheat itself, and in either case I should have been doomed to the melting-pot, to go through the whole course of manufacture again. So I had to be weighed with the minutest accuracy. My predecessors, in years gone by, were weighed in little hand scales; an unsatisfactory and laborious process, now superseded by a most beautiful machine. Accordingly I was handed in to a long room, where a range of a dozen clock-work-looking instruments, under glass cases, were at work, weighing and sorting my fellows with enormous rapidity and undeviating regularity, and without any human intervention beyond the keeping of them constantly supplied. To one of these machines I was taken and placed in a tube containing a pile of us in single column; presently, and step by step, as my foremost comrades passed to their judgment, I reached the bottom, when a moveable plate shifted me on to an exquisitely (I use the word in its superlative sense) sensitive balance; scarcely did I rest there a moment before my fate was determined, and I was pushed off, and fell down a little metal 'shoot;' and such was the marvellous beauty of the machine that had I been too light this shoot would have delivered me into one box, and had I been too heavy, by the merest fraction of a grain, would have sent me into another; but as I was of the just weight it shut me into a third, and so I passed this ordeal.

"But yet another test was necessary before

I could be pronounced perfect. Although of just weight, there might still be some tiny flaw or minute and invisible crack in me that would at some time or other bring the stigma of 'bad' upon me. Such a fault could be detected by making me speak—by my 'ring.' I was therefore transferred from the box, into which the almost intellectual weighing machine had cast me, to the side of a sharp-eared operator, who took me in his hand and lightly filleted me on to a little iron anvil on a bench before him, when I rebounded with a ring that told him at once whether any hidden flaw existed within me. My voice was clear and sonorous, and my troubles and trials of my birth were at an end.

"I was cast into a bag, with 700 companions, the total weight of which was exactly fifteen pounds, and in this state I was conveyed to the bank for which I had been coined, and thence, good hearer, I passed into your possession."

The sovereign was fain to enter upon a lengthy prophetic review of his future vicissitudes; but as we are as well able to imagine these as the sovereign, we cut his story short by returning him to our purse. One thing, however, our imagination might not tell us, but which the sovereign might, that is, that at the end of the year he would have decreased in weight and value by the nine hundredth part; that being the average annual loss which each sovereign sustains by friction in the hands and pockets, tills and coffers of its various owners.

J. C.

A SKETCHING ADVENTURE.

"Isn't it a beauty?" was my greeting as I strolled one morning into the *salon* of our little inn.

"Isn't what a beauty?" answered I.

"This pistol. Elliot bought it in Bayonne yesterday for my birth-day present. I think it's the very prettiest little thing of the kind I ever saw in my life; isn't it, Mr. Campbell?"

"My dear Mrs. Hardinge," I replied, amazed, "what in the world put it into your head to want a pistol? What nonsense! who do you suppose is going to hurt you?"

"I don't know; maybe no one, nor nothing, and I daresay it's very silly; but when I'm out sketching or walking by myself miles away from home, I fancy I shall feel more comfortable if I have some sort of a protector with me, although I don't suppose I shall ever meet with anything dreadful, of course, or I shouldn't go alone."

"Well," said I, after a minute examination, "it certainly is a perfect little affair. Take care you don't shoot yourself, that's all;" and

with a laughing promise on her part to "try not," we went our different ways for an hour or two, to prepare as usual for the expeditions of the day.

What blind moles we are! How little did either she or I imagine that before another day dawned, her life would hang on the way she used that little revolver; that in a few hours her fate would be to meet that "something dreadful," so lightly spoken of just now, to conquer it, or die one of the most horrible deaths possible to be conceived.

We were a very happy *partie quarrée*; Elliot Hardinge and his wife; I, John Campbell, and mine. We had got tired of the coast of Biscay, where we had spent the early part of the winter, and taken to the little villages among the Pyrenees, where there was very good fishing, and occasionally plenty of shooting besides. Our wives sometimes accompanied us on our excursions, but very often mine, who was rather an invalid, remained at home, while Mrs. Hardinge, a perfect slave to her colour-box, would go out alone, sketching, leaving Elliot and me to our own devices.

Thus it had been arranged for the day in question. Elliot, his wife, and I, started all together; but we two left the lady at the entrance to a small valley which ran at almost right angles with the tract of country we intended shooting over; in passing which one day, she had fancied some particular view or another would make a good subject for a picture, and determined to take advantage of the warmth of this unlucky Friday to have a long day's work there. Accordingly, we bade each other good-bye, and went our separate ways. She, of course, went armed with her revolver, and plenty of ammunition, "for who knows," quoth she, laughing, "but that I may have to kill a giant or two before I return."

At this point of my story I must change places with Mrs. Hardinge, and let her tell her own tale as she told it to us long afterwards, when she had in some measure recovered from the horrible effects of this terrible day.

"The weather," said she, "was so delicious, and the scenery so beautiful, that instead of sitting down at once to my work I wandered on, always believing I could cap the present view with the one I should get by just climbing the brow of the next hill: this one led to another, and that to still another; and I had only just begun to find out that I had strayed much further than I had intended, or than, indeed, was quite safe at this time of year, even though I had a grand new pistol to take care of myself with, when I awakened to the very unpleasant fact that the sun was rapidly disappearing behind the high mountains to the

west, and that I should soon have only moonlight to help me find my way back again. Of course, sketching was now quite out of the question, and I turned round somewhat anxiously to see what way-marks I could remember to have passed in the morning. Luckily, though long, the valley was straight, and in the open ground just in front of the gorge by which it communicated with the more extended country beyond, there was a group of cork trees, the peculiar shape of which rendered them distinguishable from the brushwood which clothed the bases of the mountains. Luckily, too, the valley, precipitous and rugged on either side, had a nearly even ground, perhaps half a mile wide, upon which, when once reached, the walking would be easy. So though the trees were a good three miles off, and I was already sufficiently tired, I calculated that I should reach them in about an hour and a half, all hindrances considered, and once there, I should be only one mile from the inn: and after all, I flattered myself, I could get home before you," she said, addressing her husband, "and the others had begun to be frightened about me.

"Off I started, therefore, and walked away with a will. In less than half an hour the sun set, and for a while it was almost totally dark. To press on, not minding the stumbles and occasional falls, and to keep up as brave a heart as I could, was all that was possible; and I had got nearly to the end of the last wood, close to the open ground (which I had not dared try to reach by a direct scramble in the dark) and could see the cork trees looming large in the glimmer of the rising moon, when I thought I heard a peculiar cry far away behind me, and I paused for a moment to listen, thinking there might possibly be some other belated wanderer in the dark as well as myself.

"For only *one* moment. The next I was rushing along as fast as terror could drive me, sketching things, cloak, umbrella, everything which might impede my flight flung away; for in that one moment all I had ever heard of the now seldom seen Pyrenéan dogs, their terribly acute scent, and horrible ferocity, flashed through my mind, and I knew by instinct that the sound I had heard was the cry of one of them as it had stumbled on my trail, and that the whole pack would be upon me long, I feared, ere I could get even as far as the cork trees.

"At first, as I fled along wildly, I gave myself up for lost, for the idea of defending myself never once occurred to me, so paralysed was I with fear; but as I went on and heard the occasional cry, and hungry yapping always nearer and nearer, the horror of the

threatened death roused in me a courage I had never known before, and remembering now, in fearful earnest, my revolver, I resolved to sell my life at all events as dear as I could.

"At this moment I gained the open ground. The moon, white and brilliant, lighted up the valley, and brought into strong relief the group of cork trees not far away now, and which, oh! if I could but reach, I believed I might yet escape.

"I pulled out my revolver, hardly abating my speed, slipped the safety stop, and made for a little thicket of juniper some fifty yards in front; for now the cruel 'yapping' sounded closer and closer, and it seemed as if hundreds of savage beasts were at my heels: if I could not stop them so as to gain a little time, I must be torn to pieces in a minute. Suddenly facing them as I reached the juniper, and instinctively remembering the direction to fire low which you gave me, you know, Elliot, I shot off each barrel quick as lightning, then rushed on again. That I had killed some, at all events, was evident by the growling and fighting of the others over the dead ones. I knew that the dogs, now-a-days, were never known to descend to the valleys until driven by actual starvation, and, also, that when hungry they did not scruple to eat the dead of their own kind; so I ran on, at the same time reloading the pistol, my hope being that by firing among the pack I might gain the time they took while they stopped to devour those which were killed.

"How it was, I don't know; I suppose every one has felt the same when the first brunt of a great danger has been endured, and one remains for the moment still in safety; but as I ran, I felt a reckless courage, and a, so to speak, determination *not* to be killed, take possession of me. On I went, my pace a little slackened, for I feared my strength would hardly hold out; and I was congratulating myself upon the precious minutes I was gaining, when I heard a single 'yapp' so close behind, that an agony of terror put for the moment my late courage to flight, and I almost fell down paralysed, as, turning my head, I saw two glaring eyes within a yard of me. In less time, however, than it takes to tell you, I revived again, fired, and, waiting only to see that the dog was disabled, struggled on once more; and now, only a few yards from the trees, I was looking to see which would be the best to make for, when the pack came on again in full cry. Alas! there was no juniper here for a defence for my back, and I knew all must be lost if they once got to close quarters; so I turned again, let off all the barrels pretty nearly at random,

and then made the last effort I felt would be possible, for I was well-nigh exhausted, and at last reached the trees.

"How I scrambled up one of them I don't know, and what became of me for a while I don't know; I fancy I lost consciousness altogether, but when I came to myself, and looked down on the sea of glaring eyes below, it was almost more than I could endure. Yet it was evident they could not reach me, leap and jump as they might; and all the tales I had heard of creatures gnawing trees down in which their prey was seated, I firmly believed to be pure fiction, so that all I had to do to be safe, appeared, after all, to sit still where I was.

"But for how long? I had only three cartridges left. I could not be sure of the number of dogs in the pack, but there were upwards of fifty at least, and whether they only attacked at night, or were equally savage during the day, I knew not. But even should they remain long, which was not probable when once they found that their prey was out of reach, I remembered that you would be sure to come to my help when you found I had not returned; and I was comforting myself with this assurance, when it flashed through me that you would, as likely as not, come without your guns, and if you did, nothing could save you. This was the worst of all, and as I sat thinking of it, the cold dews of helpless dread gathered on my face, and I put back the shrill whistle I always carried when wandering alone, and which I was just going to blow, lest it should give you too true a clue to my place of refuge.

"How long I sat crouched among the branches of that friendly cork tree, turning these hopes and fears over in my mind, I hardly know. It must have been an hour at least, for the moon had travelled over the valley, and was setting behind the snowy mountains beyond, when from the opening gorge, mentioned before, there came a shout! I knew the voice well, Elliot, and waited without answering, lest you should be alone. I think the few minutes of suspense which followed were more intolerable than anything which had yet happened! But very soon there came another shout, and then several voices together, and almost at the same moment the glare of torches, as a whole party of men turned into the valley. The relief was too great. I tried to shout, too, but my voice died away in my throat. I tried my whistle now, but the sound I produced was too feeble to be heard far away. At last, by a bright thought, I fired off my three remaining cartridges, and then—you know better what happened and what became of me than I do myself."

What happened, and what became of Mrs. Hardinge, was as follows:—

As we neared the grove of cork trees so often alluded to in the above recital, and to which we were directed by the sound of the pistol, the pack of dogs left their unsatisfactory employment of gazing at the food which was unattainable, and came *en masse* to attack us. But we were prepared for them, and they received two or three volleys so well-directed and telling, that after coming at us once again, they betook themselves to the shelter of the brush-wood on each side the valley. I said we were prepared for them; for, returning home from our expedition about an hour before, we were met by a peasant who told us that he and some others had seen the first pack of wild dogs remembered for upwards of thirty years, descending from the High Pyrenees towards these valleys; and as they certainly were not far away, it was not safe to be out, unless in a party and well-armed, for they were always desperately savage; they had doubtless been driven from their lairs (he said) by the long continuance of cold and snow.

"Which direction had they taken?" asked we, with a view to a possible day's sport on the morrow.

Judge of our horror when the man named the valley Mrs. Hardinge had chosen for her walk that morning, and pointed to the mountain immediately overhanging it as the place where he had seen them.

Before he could finish his sentence, we were hurrying home at our utmost speed, hoping to find our fears needless, and her safely returned. When, however, we got there, hours later than she usually remained out, our hearts failed, when, to our quick question, "Where's Mrs. Hardinge?" my wife replied, "I don't know; she has not come in; I thought she was with you!" Instantly the alarm was given, the whole village was roused; every man armed with a gun rallied round us, and we took our way to the entrance to the valley, silent and sick with apprehension for the fate which most likely had ere this overtaken her.

After the rout of the dogs, we hastened to the trees, and climbing that in which, by the light of our torches, we could see Mrs. Hardinge, lifted her down. She was quite insensible, though, further than bad bruises and tears, apparently from falls and thorns, she seemed unhurt; at all events, there was no mark of the dogs upon her. We carried her home, and did all we could to restore consciousness; but alas! the horrors she had gone through had been too great, and it was many, many days before she recovered from

their effects. It was not, indeed, until three weeks afterwards that she was able to give us the preceding account.

She still treasures her little pistol as the chief saviour, under Providence, of her life, but we who heard her tale so unaffectedly told, thought the pistol would have been but of little use, had it not been for the wonderful pluck and almost incredible courage which had borne her through hours of danger, more appalling than often falls to the lot of a man to endure, much less to that of a lady.

It is hardly necessary to add that that was the last time I ever laughed at a lady for asking for a pistol as a birth-day present.

TOUCHING THE OYSTER.

A DIRE calamity is said to be impending. There is the authority of an active naturalist for stating that the public are seriously threatened with an Oyster famine. Mr. Frank Buckland, when giving evidence as to the natural history of the oyster, stated to the Fishery Commissioners that, if a large fall of "spat" did not speedily take place, the time would soon arrive when an oyster would become a curiosity for preservation in a glass case! The same prophecy was at one time uttered as to the salmon, and, had it not been uttered, and thereby become a means of directing public attention to the fast-failing supplies of that valuable fish, it is not unlikely but that some day the prophecy would have been fulfilled. Let us hope then that Mr. Buckland's prediction may be the means of directing peremptory attention to the case of the oyster, for a failure of the oyster crop would be a more serious calamity than the decline of the salmon supply; not so much because many more people eat oysters than salmon, as because the cultivation and collection of that bivalve for the market forms a means of subsistence to a very considerable body of people. The oyster-trade is a branch of British commerce which is much more extensive than is generally supposed by those not conversant with it; it gives employment on the shores of Kent and Essex, and at other places as well, to a large number of dredgermen, some of whom are banded together in joint-stock, or rather co-operative companies, which are at present very profitable, and have afforded for a long series of years a comfortable income in return for exceedingly light labour. One of the oyster companies sold, in season 1862-3, "natives" to the value of ninety thousand pounds, and the stock of the same company (at Whitstable) has been valued at the handsome sum of four hundred thousand pounds! There is no indi-

vidual salmon fishery so valuable as this oyster-farm; but, of course, the oyster is, emphatically speaking, a stationary animal, and even if one were to breed millions of salmon and send them off to the sea, there is no valid security for their return, whilst the oyster, once laid down, may continue to breed and flourish on the same spot for ever, or at any rate till some serious calamity shall uproot the scalps, or destroy the breeding power of the animal.

Oysters have all of a sudden become scarce and dear, the price per bushel (wholesale) having been more than doubled during the last two years. The want of a supply of oyster-brood, is, for the present, the chief hindrance to an unlimited supply. A fall of what is technically called "spat" (that is, the young of the oyster as it exudes from the shell), is of the last importance to the dredgermen of Whitstable and the oyster farmers of the Colne, for when a full or general fall of spat does take place, which is only once in seven or eight years, or, according to Captain Austin, once in ten years, or, as has been experienced by many dredgers, once in thirteen years, it furnishes a supply of brood for growing into marketable oysters that will last for several seasons.

The business of the oyster companies of the Colne and Swale, which have just been alluded to, is to grow oyster spat from its most infantile stages into a marketable commodity; in other words, to transform raw material, that may be originally worth ten shillings, into double that number of pounds; to convert, in short, twenty thousand pounds worth of oyster brood, bought in 1859-60, into ninety thousand pounds worth of saleable oysters for the markets of 1862-3. Oysters were lately selling at the rate of six pounds per bushel, in other words sixteen hundred natives cost one hundred and twenty shillings! The ratio of oyster growth is according to the following scale:—While the bivalve is in the state known as *spat*, a bushel measure it is thought will contain 25,000 of these infant oysters; at the next epoch of its commercial life, the oyster is known in the market as *brood*, in which condition the measure in question will contain 5500 individuals; when the oyster grows into *ware*, which is the next stage of its cultivation, a bushel measure will hold 2000; and, in the final or marketable stage of the oyster, when the animal is about four years old, 1500, or at the most 1600, will fill the same measure.

Some innocent folks may think that all that is necessary for the ensuring of a plentiful supply of oysters in our markets, is to throw down a few bushels of brood and just let it

grow: in a sense, that might do very well, and in the natural beds of the Firth of Forth, which unfortunately are not cultivated nor much cared for by any person, the spat just gets leave to grow where it falls; but such a mode of farming would never produce "natives." These much prized bivalves are nourished on the London clay in the bed of the Swale at Whitstable, and the ground must be favourable and the feeding good to produce such an excellent oyster, for it is large in flesh and of succulent flavour. Oysters at once take on the flavour incidental to their surroundings. A vessel laden with petroleum having foundered in the Bay of Portland, Maine, every oyster taken there for a long period had the flavour of coal oil; the hungry bivalves having fattened upon the oil of the Pennsylvanian wells, just as consumptive patients do on the oil extracted from the liver of the cod. Many persons do not like the oysters which are sold in the London shell-fish shops and taverns, and it is but telling the truth to say that they are sophisticated, being fed and cooked up in appearance by means of oatmeal, &c., but what they gain in fat they most assuredly lose in flavour. Tastes differ as to oysters. A Scotchman, accustomed to the delicious "pandores" of Prestonpans, on the Firth of Forth, thinks natives are rather "wersh" in flavour; an American again likes his own large, rich, and unctuous "Shrewsburies" better than the Colchester oysters, which he avers taste of copper; then your Australian colonist cries, "give me the oyster of Rose Bay, at Port Jackson, it dissolves in one's mouth like a clot of Devonshire cream, it is far better than your bearded 'red banks' or your famed colossus of Leith roads." As to the amount of flesh contained in an oyster, there is no doubt the natives bear the palm; they are full indeed when compared to the oyster of most other places, not excepting even the much praised and finely flavoured "whiskered pandores" of Prestonpans, which of late seem to have become rather consumptive, especially those sold in the Edinburgh taverns.

During all the stages of its growth the oyster ought to be assiduously cultivated or tended by the dredgers; it is by close attention to this rule that they have gained their fame at Whitstable. The ground there is divided into large fields, each of which has oysters in a certain stage of growth; in one field the oysters will be of very small size indeed, the nearest stage to spat; at another portion of the farm they will be considerably larger, and so the range of size will go on increasing from one year olds, up to those which are on the market-ground. The men of Whitstable are

constantly at work arranging their beds, and clearing away the enemies of the oyster, which are numerous and require to be constantly watched to prevent them from accumulating. To enable men to engage with success in oyster-farming, it is necessary that they should know a good deal about the natural history and habits of the oyster. It is pretty certain that we are not just so ignorant of the natural history of this mollusk, as we are of the natural history of some of the other animals which inhabit the sea, although there are many problems of oyster-life which have yet to be solved. Naturalists, for instance, cannot come to an agreement as to whether an oyster rests on its concave or its flat shell; but the grand mystery which, for the present, hangs over the oyster beds, and which has hung over them for some years past, has been the failure of spat; a failure which cannot be explained, and which has been pretty general on all European oyster-grounds, except those of Ireland. In good—that is, as is supposed, at any rate, by some naturalists—in sufficiently warm seasons, the oyster sickens in June or July, and then begins to brew and emit its seed, or rather its young, for each little oyster is perfect in shape before it leaves the parental shell. Another point of oyster controversy is whether or not the spat ascends or descends at the period of its emission. Mr. Buckland says, that the spat never comes to the surface of the water, but according to other authorities, it does so rise to the top, swimming about for a time, and then falling at the place to which the wind or the watery current may have carried it. On the chance that it falls on an appropriate place, depends the future of the oyster; if the spat have the good fortune to fall on a gravelly or rocky bottom, or, better still, on the culch of an oyster-bed, then all is well; but if, on the contrary, the spat falls on a spot of mud, then the infant mollusk will assuredly perish with great rapidity.

When a favourable spatting year occurs, the yield of young, as may readily be supposed from the known fecundity of the oyster, is enormous, and along with the partial spat of other seasons, supplies, as the reader already knows, brood for many years. Each individual oyster is supposed, by practical men, to spawn once a year, and it may do so under favourable circumstances, giving forth, it is calculated, about a million of young! In unfavourable seasons only a small number of young will be emitted; and in all seasons the destruction of the spat by enemies is enormous, so that only the merest percentage of it is saved for the benefit of the oyster-farmer. The spat, unfortunately, does not

always fall on the bed from which it is emitted, but, as has been already hinted, may be carried far away by either the wind or the waves; and we can thus easily account for the new oyster-beds which are being constantly discovered in the English channel and elsewhere, by the spat from some old bed having been wafted to the spot, and there having found a good holding-on place; for unless the infant oysters obtain a good resting-place, some "coigne of vantage," they are lost. A good deal has been said and written as to the best bottom for an oyster-bed; now, it is certain that the most proper ground for the reception of the spat of the oyster is the culch incidental to the scalps, *i.e.*, broken shells, &c. A good, clean, and smooth oyster or mussel shell, is best of all. There need be no doubt whatever on this point of oyster economy, as dredgers frequently find as many as twenty juvenile oysters clinging fast to an old oyster-shell. Much praise has, of late years, been awarded to various foreign contrivances for receiving oyster spat, as tiles, faggots, frames of timber &c., but such receptacles are not required where there is a bed of natural culch, or where culch can be laid down, and all along the coasts there are shell middens sufficient to bottom any number of oyster-beds. It is only on such oyster farms as those on the foreshore of the Ile de R  that tiles and other artificial contrivances are required, and there the tiles fortunately serve a double purpose, as they can be so laid down as to form channels for the running of constant streams of water over the beds, which are useful in washing away the mud that has a tendency to gather there; doubtless these tiles, and all other artificial contrivances, will be superseded whenever a natural culch is formed. None of these contrivances for the artificial capture of spat have as yet succeeded to any extent on the British oyster-beds, although at the oyster nursery of the Baie de For t in France, all kinds of tiles and artificial contrivances have proved very effective.

The failure of the spat during these recent years, and also at former periods, is a riddle that many have been trying hard to solve, although without effect. Captain Austin of Whitstable, who has a practical knowledge of oyster-farming, has a theory that the increasing dirtiness of the Thames has something to do with the prolonged failure of the spat. He says the necessary conditions for obtaining a good fall are clear water and quiet weather, and that these conditions cannot now be obtained on the Thames, in consequence of a muddy deposit, which thickens the water and so hampers the cilia or swimming apparatus

of the young oyster, that it is killed, so to speak, almost before it has time to live, or, at any rate, before it can get anchored to a bit of culch or smooth pebble. The captain, from experiments he has made, does not think that the heat of the weather has anything to do with the question of a good or bad spat, but in that case, how about other oyster-beds? The spat has been equally scarce in France during late years, as it has been in England or Scotland, and on oyster-beds where the water is both clear and quiet. To show the reader, however, how doctors differ on this as on all other questions, it may be stated that there are men who pooh pooh Mr. Austin, and who go in so strongly for the heat theory, that it has been proposed by one enthusiast to erect furnaces and steam-boilers in the neighbourhood of a newly laid down oyster farm to keep the water at a proper spawning temperature! Would it not be well worth while to investigate systematically the natural history of the oyster, and the other food-giving products of the sea as well, putting the expenditure connected with the investigation down to the national account? Large sums of money are often expended on matters of less moment. The success of our fisheries depends, or rather, to speak correctly, ought to depend, on our exact knowledge of the birth, growth, and periods of gestation and reproduction of the various animals fished for, whether these be shrimps or salmon; but we have always legislated for our fisheries without such knowledge, which yet should be the basis of all legislation bearing on the economy of our sea food supplies.

ARIADNE.

Green are these Naxian groves to all save me,
But unto me, ye gods, Cimmerian shades!
I wearily tread the slopes of this high hill,
And gain the topmost crag, and gaze afar,
But glimpse no sail upon the sun-bright sea,
Nor blue of mantle through the sycamore woods,
Nor hear his footfall o'er yon rocky ledge.
All is so still, ye gods, that I could sit,
But for my grief, and dream away my life
Here 'neath the violet canopy of heav'n!
Will ye not grant my prayer, and swiftly send
Theseus or Death? for each morn brings unrest!

Ye gods, there hath been treachery! I am bowed,
Forlorn, abandoned to a cruel fate;
Cast here, unwept to perish! I have placed
Trust in a mortal, therefore am undone,
And left to mourn the weakness of my faith!
Would that the yawning waves had seized their prey,
Or the white breakers hurl'd us 'gainst the rocks,
And left us with dark blood-marks on our brows,
Lifeless, but peaceful, by the moaning sea,
Clasped in a close embrace, and fast in Death!

Black was that autumn day, and fierce the gale,
When nigh the beach our bark was roughly tost

By giant waves, whose bellowing voices woke
The thundering echoes of the mountainous shore.
I, with blanched cheeks, knelt on the slippery deck,

My long hair floating in the boisterous wind,
My white hands tightly clasping Theseus' knees,
While he, his wild eyes starting, urged his slaves



To some last effort of their well-tried skill.
Ye gods, most bravely did the whole crew strive!
Half blind, and deafened by the hissing surge,
They steered the bark to some well-sheltered cove,
Where scarce a ripple vexed the water's face,
And, leaping to the shore, a broad plank stretched,
That we might speed unto the friendly beach;
Which gained, we gazed into each other's eyes
Most silently and solemnly, as was fit,
Knowing our peril was past.

Alas! my love,
My maidens held aloof, the while you clasped
My shuddering form unto your dripping breast,
And prest a kiss upon my wave-washed brow.
E'en now I feel the wild throbs of thine heart,
And see thy tangled locks, quick, restless eye,
Dilated nostril, and pale, bloodless lips—
Broken thine accents, but most sweet to me!

And when three days had passed, and all was calm,
And half forgot the fury of the gale,
Far in the isle we strayed, and made our home
In a fair dell, pleasant with odorous shrubs,
And bright with streamlets flashing in the sun.
There were we happy. Thou, by Eros, vowed'st
Never for one brief hour to leave my side;
And I, most innocent of man's deceit,
Knelt to the Fates, and thank'd them for their
gifts.

Just then, the sun beneath the tremulous waves
Sank, and the thick mists veiled the heated plain,
While overright the east the strange moon loomed,
Bloated and restless, like some wine-struck faun.
Far up the slopes we clomb, while as we sped
Dwindled the hurrying orb, and lustrous grew,
Propitiating the gods.

On a high crag
We stood, far gazing out to sea. Tenos
Before us, like some huge black beast; afar
Athena, and the wide plains of Marathon.
To me 'twas life elysian! To thee clinging,
Thy strong arm twined around my delicate waist,
My sweetest dreams seemed truths, and thou a god:
So have I been sore punished for my sin,
And not one joy is left!

Give me a sign
That I may know the essence of life, ye gods,
And the great truths so sparingly doled out
To mortals. Favour ye not then a reign
Of pleasure in the woods, where no harsh sounds
Hush the sweet music of the nightingale's song?
Is happiness evolved from stern decrees,
And recognition of the common-weal,
And not by one great passion?

O, my love,
Mis'ry is born of isolation! We, who thought
Bliss a fair gem hid but to one small group,
Were blinded by our pride!

Are thy scales fall'n,
And dost thou see? Yet, even now, I beg
Remembrance of thy pangs, and my dread toil—
My vows to Dædalus, and my pray'rs to Zeus,
What time th' insatiate monster menaced thee.

Bacchantes, with their golden hair afloat,
Their zones unloosed, and violet robes all trailed,
But four noons since, through yonder sycamore glade
Tript to the cymbals' mirth-inspiring clash,
Following the chariot of the vine-clad god.
By Dian! though sore vexed, I have not swerved.

Return, O Theseus! Canst thou thus forget
All my long watchings, all my patient love,
And thy deliverance from most cruel death?
O I would rather that my lot should be
Hard as the meanest slave's that ever strapp'd
Sandals upon thy feet, than thou should'st roam
Far from my side, beyond yon treacherous waves!
Know, if I die, one death will not suffice—
Soon will the sad hour speed when I shall wake,
Shudd'ring, and press but pale lips to my babe,
Or peacefully sleep on yonder grassy slope,
Never to be disturbed by roughest blast!

WILLIAM J. TATE.

A CHAPTER ON THE THAMES.

If its representative who sits in the courtyard of Somerset House could but speak, what inexhaustible tales might it not tell us of the past, even if it went no farther back than the time when our ancestors in their gaudy-coloured but enduring suits fished in its waters, and their wives and daughters in their more perishable but more graceful woollen robes wandered along its banks. How often they must have thought of those halcyon days when the Romans made their way up the river, and compelled them to labour on its embankment. Gladly, too, we should hear of those who first ascended it to bring the Christian religion into our land, and of the personal appearance of St. Paul, if, as has been asserted, he really did accompany them. Coming down to later

times, we might be told of splendid pageants and of much merry-making in those days when great men and rich citizens had their barges and boats along its banks, and their sons and apprentices had their water tournaments, in which the antagonists stood upright in separate wherries, and strove with their lances to upset each other into the river; or else ran at a shield attached to a post, with the result, probably, of being thrown backwards into the river, unless he touched it at a certain point. Those must have been fine times for the watermen, of the number of whom in his time Stow says they exceeded forty thousand.

The Thames in those days, and long subsequently, was in fact the great highway. All great processions from the City were made in the handsomely decorated barges, of which each company had one or more since the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. When the proud and happy Anne Boleyn embarked at Greenwich to proceed to the Tower for her coronation, she was attended by the mayor and corporation in their barges; a circumstance that must have recurred to her memory and caused her many a bitter tear, when she found herself floating downwards to her last place of residence, previous to her entrance into that narrow home from which neither her friends nor her foes could hope to avoid following her.

In a map on a large scale, the tip of the finger could not be placed on any part of the river from Greenwich to Chiswick Ait, without covering a spot respecting which an interesting anecdote could be related. Kings have descended it to share in joy and feasting, and at least one king has embarked on it with a heart filled with sadness, who never expected to see it again. All along its banks are to be seen memorials of individuals who once dwelt on them. Steel-clad men have walked upon them discoursing of the rivers of sacred lands; and men of more peaceful pursuits, but whose names make a much greater figure in history.

The locality of York House is still shown by the water-gate, commonly attributed to Inigo Jones, but which, as it seems from an entry in an old book of works in the Soane museum, was erected by Nicholas Stone, master mason to King Charles, of whom it is said, "The Water-gate at York House hee dossed and built; and ye right-hand lion hee did, fronting ye Thames. Mr. Kearne, a Jarman, his brother, by marrying his sister, did ye shree lion." Here the great Lord Bacon lived and hoped to end his days, but did not, for, being within the verge of the court, it lay within the boundaries inside of which he was forbidden to take up his

abode. His successor was that Duke of Buckingham who was murdered by Felton, who purchased the weapon with which he did the murder within sight of the Thames, and beneath the walls of the Tower; within which lie, between two queens, the remains of one who once lived in his immediate vicinity, the Duke of Northumberland. The Thames was, in fact, the great highway to the Tower, and many who were more deserving of pity than the ambitious duke just mentioned, were conveyed thither by it.

Time after time it has been frozen over, and fairs have been held on it. Sore, indeed, was the frost on these occasions, as the old chroniclers phrase it, that produced such a result. Still there were thousands on each occasion who gladly seized the opportunity to indulge in merry-making* on its hardened surface. Oxen were roasted whole; targets were established, whereat men and apprentices exhibited the skill they had acquired at the butts at Finsbury and Islington, and which many among them had probably exercised on battle-fields, where Saxons, Normans, or Frenchmen were the living butts, and who could venture, like the gentleman of York who slew Sir Andrew Barton, to stake their lives on striking a silver shilling at twelve score yards. Every other diversion practised in the days when they occurred were played with increased zest in such a novel arena. Nor were stalls and tents wanting to supply the brisk demand of the passengers, nor hackney-coaches to give them what Sam Weller called a mile of danger, though at a price by no means so low as Mr. Pickwick obtained his for. Bears were hunted, bulls were baited, and dogs and cocks fought for their own satisfaction and the amusement of the spectators. Nor was the opportunity ever lost since the invention of printing, of establishing a printing-press on the ice, a gainful speculation as it seems, for from the lowest to the highest, all wished to have a record of their having been present at such a novel gathering. There was once such a record of Charles II. having visited it, in company with James his successor, Queen Katherine, the Duchesse Mary, Princess Anne, Prince George, and a Dutchman, whose name is printed Hans in Kelder, but whether that record exists now or not, we do not know. The ultimate end of these tents, with whatever they happened to contain at the time, was usually destruction, for the ice generally broke up suddenly, and everything upon it was carried away, and either crushed between the blocks of ice, or found its way to the bottom of the river. Nor was the destruction always confined to inanimate objects: the thaw was

sometimes so sudden that bridges were swept away, and the inundations occasioned by the floods so extensive that very many lives were lost.

There was a time when the Thames was a clean and wholesome river far below Somerset House; where London citizens, a-wearied with the toils of business, might take a boat and enjoy the pleasures of angling, with the chance of catching a salmon; for, as Fitz Stephen says, the Thames was once "a fishful river," and the privilege of sitting at the Prior of Westminster's table was claimed by the fishermen in return for the tithe of salmon which they presented at the high altar of St. Peter's, and which even then required protection, for it is nearly five hundred years since an act was passed for the preservation of salmon and salmon fry. In these days it is more common to see porpoises rolling about off Somerset House—and this has been known to occur—than to see a fish of this species anywhere in the river.

Those who in these days have only seen the Thames under the muddy aspect it presents anywhere below Putney have no idea of the beautifully transparent character of its waters nearer its source, notwithstanding all the pollution it is subjected to in its long course of more than 200 miles from its rise in Trewsbury mead to its estuary. In the intervals between the 217 cities, towns, parishes, and hamlets which line its banks, what beautiful pictures of green meadows may now be seen glowing with a rich yellow, which gives it in places, when the sun is shining upon it, the appearance of a river of crystal set in a broad frame of gold; and if a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, the 180,000 persons who dwell on its banks ought to be grateful for the everlasting joys it has conferred.

One cause of the neglect with which the river has been treated, at all events in that part of it which flows above the City stone near Staines Bridge, has no doubt been the multiplicity of persons whose duty it is to take care of it. The list of the commissioners upon whom this duty rests comprises the representatives in Parliament of the counties of Wilts, Gloucester, Bucks, Berks, Middlesex, Surrey, and the Oxford University, and of the cities and boroughs therein. The lord mayor and aldermen of London, the vice-chancellor and heads of colleges and halls in the University of Oxford, the dean and canons of Christchurch and Windsor, the provost and fellows of Eton College, the rectors and incumbents of the parishes which border on the Thames and Isis on both sides from Staines to Cricklade; the mayors and recorders of Ox-

* See VOL. IV., Old Series, p. 180.

ford, Abingdon, Wallingford, Reading, Henley, Windsor, and Maidenhead; the senior bridge-warden of Great Marlow, and the clerk of the works at Windsor Castle. As if these were not enough to ensure the utter neglect of the river, the various Acts of Parliament which conferred powers on them also gave equal rights and duties to every person having an estate of 100*l.* annual value in either of the counties through which it runs down to Staines; to the heir-apparent of every person in these counties who has an estate of the annual value of 200*l.*; to every person residing in those counties who owns land anywhere in Great Britain of the yearly value of 100*l.*, or is heir-apparent to a person who owns land of twice that value, or possesses 3000*l.* personalty, or is a bondholder upon the navigation to the amount of 500*l.*

Excess of care has not in this instance proved particularly advantageous to the welfare of the river. The total number of persons qualified to act as its guardians under the above heads amounts to between 600 and 700. Practically, it is left to fifteen commissioners chosen out of five districts, three from each, whose proceedings are supposed to be controlled by general meetings of the commissioners. The powers of the Conservancy Board are more extensive, and extend down the river as far as Yenleete, or Yantlett's Creek. It is composed of the lord mayor, two aldermen, four members of the Common Council, the deputy master of the Trinity House, two members appointed by the Admiralty, one by the Board of Trade, one by the Trinity House, two elected by owners of shipping, one by owners of steamers, two by owners of lighters and steam-tugs, and one by occupiers of docks.

How the commissioners deal with their trust must be gathered from the report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the best means of preventing the pollution of rivers. They say that, owing to decay and neglect, the condition of the weirs and locks is ruinous; that the rough manner in which the navigation is worked is extremely injurious; that large areas of land are saturated with water, owing to the retention of great heads of water at the weirs, which also cause floods of great extent at Oxford and other places. Weeds are cut or left uncut, just as suits the interests of individuals; and if the person who causes them to be cut does not want them, he lets them float away down the stream, where they collect in places, form obstructions, and do other mischief. The dredging is carried on without any system, and parts of the channel are silted up; so that the river, which is generally said to be

navigable as far up as Lechlade, really is so no farther than Oxford.

But this neglect of the Thames is of small importance in comparison with the injury inflicted upon it by the vile usage to which it is subjected by the inhabitants of the places situated on its banks and on the banks of its tributaries near the points of junction. The number of these is close upon 900,000, but very many more would be added to this number if the people who live in places higher up these streams, who equally assist in polluting it, were taken into the account. The extent to which this pollution exists is frightful, and no language we could venture to use could do more than faintly shadow forth the horrors which met the gaze of the commissioners, or were described by the witnesses who gave evidence before the commission. All these things existing, be it remembered, above the places from which the water is pumped for the supply of a large portion of the population of London. The wonder is, that, under the circumstances described, the water is so good as it is, and not that it should possess the peculiarity of putrefying in the vessels in which it is taken to sea. Compared with this kind of pollution, that arising from trades carried on on the banks of streams is of very small importance. Probably in the case of the Thames and its tributaries the worst is that caused by the paper-makers: not only do they let in the filthy water they use in washing the rags and other substances used in the manufacture of paper, but they pour in the bleaching liquid, which is absolutely dangerous to health, and, if it were not diluted with an immense quantity of water, would render the continued existence of fish anywhere near them an impossibility. This fouling of the stream has given rise to much litigation in certain localities already, on account of the supposed destruction of the fish; and at this time, when such strenuous efforts are being made by Mr. Francis and others to induce salmon to return to the Thames, it is to be hoped that something will be done to prevent its continuance, a matter which is not only capable of being accomplished, but, as is asserted, with pecuniary advantage to the paper-maker. That the sewage matter actually injures the fish when it is first poured in, is very doubtful; but its subsequent putrefaction may give rise to gases which have that effect. As to re-stocking it with salmon, we might manage to do without these if we could get an abundance of such Thames trout as were picked up dead by a fisherman who gave evidence before the commission; one of which was two feet four inches in length, another two feet nine, that would have weighed, if it had been whole

and sound, fifteen pounds, and three others of five, six, and seven pounds each.

We have already given an account of the constitution of the Board of Conservancy. We will now proceed to give an account of what has been done in recent years for the improvement of the navigation and so forth of that portion of the river which falls within the control of the Board.

So long ago as 1836 a committee was appointed to inquire into the administration of the conservancy of the Thames. The evidence given before them relative to the crowded state of the river, and the vicious regulations which led to great inconvenience and loss of human life, induced this committee to recommend that a Bill should be prepared, under the authority of Government, for consolidating, enlarging, and amending laws and regulations affecting the port of London. The labours of the committee of 1836 were, however, thrown away—at least nothing was done in pursuance of their recommendation.

Years rolled on, and another committee was appointed in 1854 to make the same inquiries. They reported that the Lord Mayor was Conservator of the Thames from Staines to Yantlet Creek—that is to say, Southend—as his predecessors had been from time immemorial; that there were two classes of powers, one affecting the Thames above London Bridge, the other below it; and that the committee of Common Council entrusted with the administration of these powers was incompetent to do its work properly. They recommended, instead of the common councilmen, a Board of Navigation, composed of the Lord Mayor, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the President of the Board of Trade, the First Commissioner of Woods, and the Deputy Master of Trinity House. This Board to appoint properly-qualified officers, and pay them out of the funds arising from tonnage-rates and interest on stock, which two years previously had amounted to 19,476*l.*, but which in 1854, owing to the moderate duties levied on shipping, was considered insufficient for the purpose. At the time of this inquiry litigation was going on between the Crown and the Corporation with respect to the ownership of the bed of the river between high and low water-mark. This litigation had been going on since 1844, and in 1854 the Crown offered to abandon its claim on condition that the money derived from the sale of this land, or for allowing erections upon it, should be expended in the improvement of the navigation. A compromise was effected, by which the Corporation bound itself to keep an account of rents and purchase-money, to pay one-third to the Crown, and expend the rest for navigation

purposes. This compromise was effected shortly after the committee had made its report, and the arrangement was confirmed by an Act of Parliament passed in 1857, which modelled the Conservancy Board as it exists at present, less the representatives of the shipping interest, who have been added subsequently, and in this Board are vested the whole of the funds. It likewise gave the Board full powers to deal with the Thames, and manage the traffic as it thought fit, except that the consent of the Admiralty was to be obtained for erections below high-water mark, and the Crown reserved its right to the bed of the Thames in front of its own lands. When the receipts exceeded the expenditure, the surplus was to be applied, first, in payment of debts; secondly, in reduction of tolls; and in the highly improbable, if not impossible, event of a surplus remaining after this, it was to be disposed of by Parliament.

The powers conferred by the Act sound very complete, but they are in reality curtailed to an extent which nobody seems able to estimate by the saving clauses, which guarantee the rights of quite a host of boards, companies, and private individuals. Thus, for example, the Trinity House has the sole monopoly of supplying vessels below London Bridge with ballast, the conservators, according to Mr. Farrar, having generally to pay persons to carry away what they have dredged. This question of ballast is one of very considerable importance. In 1862 there were shipped in the port of London, as ballast, 202,915 tons of chalk, and 565,700 tons of shingle, for which 44,300*l.* was received in payment. This quantity of ballast is certainly enormous, but it is easily accounted for by the fact that ships leaving the port have not the option of taking, instead of this waste material, coals, iron, or salt, as they would have at Liverpool, Glasgow, and some other ports. It does not appear to us that the charge per ton for this ballast is so high as to admit of independent persons entering into competition with the Trinity House, and the complaints which have been made by shipowners on this subject refer chiefly to the delay in putting it on board, and to the unaccommodating spirit displayed by the officers to whom they had to apply, and also to the charge of 6*d.* a ton on all ballast brought into the river in vessels, which, whether they lie in the river or the docks (in the latter case they have to pay 4*d.* a ton more), cannot discharge their ballast into another vessel, but must put it into lighters, sent alongside by the Trinity House. Of course it must be very annoying to the shipowner to see this lighter taking his ballast, and making him pay sixpence or ten-

pence a ton for doing so, and selling it under his eyes to another ship lying alongside; but seeing that the port must raise a fund from the shipping in some form or other, and the money so raised is expended in improving the navigation of the river, from which he derives his full share of advantage, we do not see that he has serious ground of complaint on this score. There is another point of view, however, from which this question of ballast supply must be regarded. We all remember that a few years ago a petition was presented to Parliament by the ballast-heavers, complaining that, in consequence of their being forced to apply to certain waterside publicans for employment, they were compelled by these to receive the greater part of their earnings in drink; hence, they themselves were daily intoxicated, and their wives and families in a state of semi-starvation. The Prince Consort, who was then the Master of the Trinity House, took their case into consideration, and the Society released them from this state of bondage in a very simple but very effectual manner, namely, by undertaking to do the work of ballast-heaving at a rate very much below the charge made by the publicans. Since the Trinity Board have exercised this power of heaving it on board, in addition to merely bringing it alongside, as was the case previously, the condition of the ballast-heavers has been altogether changed, and it is to be hoped that, if any modifications are made in the mode of managing the shipping business of the Thames, care will be taken to prevent these men from becoming again subject to the anything but tender mercies of the middlemen.

The Conservancy Board appears to be wholly irresponsible. The Corporation may or may not be able to remove the members it appoints, but even if it can, the control it can exercise through this means must be very small indeed. Alderman Salomons, who was one of the committee, seemed to think that some control might be exercised over the Board by the representatives of the three Government Boards reporting to their respective Boards if there were anything to complain of; but, as Mr. Farrar observed, his Board could do nothing if he did report. Indeed, judging from the evidence, the Board of Conservancy does its work in a way which leaves little ground for complaint, and we see no reason to believe that its yearly income of 40,000*l.* could be expended more beneficially than it is. This opinion is confirmed by the report of a committee, based on that evidence, which states, "The Board have, in the course of five years, entirely removed or greatly diminished all the shoals between

London Bridge and Barking Creek, which narrowed the water-way and obstructed the navigation of the river; they have laid down in well-chosen stations, secure and commodious moorings for vessels riding in the stream, which has greatly facilitated its immense and complicated traffic; they have done something towards the rectification of the channel; they have, as far as possible, protected the river from the practices of those who would make its bed the receptacle of mud and rubbish, and who poisoned its water with impurities. Finally, out of the capital fund at their disposal they have erected, at various points on the river banks, improved piers and landing-places, which have not only afforded great accommodation to the thousands of passengers who daily crowd the highway of the Thames, but have opened to the lighters and small craft plying on the river an inshore passage, obstructed or blocked up by the former landing-places." For all of which the committee is of opinion the Board deserves the thanks of those interested in the River Thames.

This committee pronounced the complaints against the Conservancy Board on the whole to be ill-founded; nevertheless they thought some changes would be beneficial. It did not consider it desirable to perpetuate the powers hitherto exercised by the Watermen's Company, and objected to a renewed sanction being given to a law which provided that no barge or boat shall ply on the Thames for hire, unless it had on board one or more members of the Watermen's Company, or persons approved by it; and did not approve of the suggestion made by several intelligent witnesses, that a member of that company should have a seat at the Conservancy Board, but, notwithstanding this opinion, the company still possesses its ancient privilege in this respect. It recognised the justice of the principle that those who benefited by the improvements made in the Thames should contribute towards the expense of effecting them, and therefore approved the claims of the ship-owners, who contribute nearly the whole of the funds, to a redistribution of taxation which should be more equitable. It also considered it but just that those who pay the taxes should have a voice in the appointment of the officers entrusted with their expenditure, which was acceded to. But, as regarded the redistribution of taxation, the committee considered that it would produce a constituency very similar to those which, under recent Acts, elect the conservators of other navigable rivers; and if the wharfingers, dock proprietors, and owners of and occupiers of waterside premises, from Staines to Yantlet Creek, who, it was suggested, should con-

tribute towards the expenses of the river, were endowed with the franchise, such a body could not be moulded into a practicable constituency. Under the circumstances, it considered the suggestion impracticable.

The next subject the committee referred to is that of ballast. Considering that the Trinity House had a monopoly in respect to the supply of ballast, it was not surprised to learn from the chairman of the Shipowners' Association that the ballast supplied was comparatively dear and bad, and considered that the shipowner ought to be allowed to make his own bargain about ballast, though, in the very next paragraph of the report, it admitted that that taken from the bed of the river could always be sold at a lower price than any brought from a distance; it seems clear, therefore, that there can, in reality, be no competition, unless the Trinity House raises the price. At the end of their report the committee again adverted to the extraordinary powers which the Watermen's Company exercise over the traffic and navigation of the Thames. This company has jurisdiction over all boats, barges, and vessels plying between Teddington and Gravesend, and over all such craft discharging between these two points, from whatever part of the river they may start. A freeman of the Watermen's Company, or some one authorised by it, must be engaged by the proprietor to assist the navigation of even the smallest boat plying for hire on the Thames between these two towns. Vessels coming from without the jurisdiction of the company and discharging beyond it, are free to pass through the whole space between Teddington and Gravesend without being subjected to the interference of the company; and as it is not asserted that any accidents have occurred in consequence of this, we may infer that these vessels were not navigated by unskilful persons. The committee recommended that, without further interfering with the vested rights of this company, all owners of vessels, including barges and lighters, on the river, may be allowed to employ whom they please to navigate them, and that the sanction of the company should no longer be necessary to that purpose; the Conservancy Board to have the power of excluding from the right to navigate the river such persons as, by misconduct or incompetency, proved themselves dangerous to others.

The Bill which is still under discussion in the House of Commons, though with every probability of passing, proposes to place the control of the upper part of the river in the hands of the same body which governs the lower; so that the Conservancy Acts, instead

of being operative only as far up as Staines, will extend to its source. The weirs and locks established from time to time by private persons will no longer be suffered to remain in their hands; and the pollution of the river will, as far as possible, be prevented by the prohibition of the construction of any more sewers with outlets into the Thames, or within three miles of the mouth of either of its tributaries. In the case of existing sewers, the Conservancy Board will have power to stop them under certain conditions.

All these regulations for the better working and management of the traffic on the Thames are good in their way; but if the improvement of the river by embankments, and so forth, is to be accompanied with a serious diminution of its volume, that will be a much more important matter. The river is fed by tributaries which, singularly enough, are equal in number on the north and south banks—seven on either side—which contribute to the supply of the metropolis, and eight others which flow in below the pumping stations of the water companies; and it is to be hoped that when the Board get the power into their hands they will speedily make the river navigable much higher up than at present, and at the same time purify and increase the volume of its water.

The people who spend their working days and nights on the Thames are as different from each other as the flags which fly from the almost innumerable vessels that lie in the docks and the Pool. Apart from the honest population, who earn their living by the hardest work, there are thousands who live either entirely, or partly, by work which is not open and above-board. Various names are applied to the different classes of operators, but it would be difficult to draw a sharp line between their operations; the man who lets his boat drift alongside a vessel to receive the plunder of a confederate on board, would be as ready, if the opportunity offered, to steal the anchor, or creep on board and carry off the captain's chronometer; and the same man, who drags diligently for hours for a dropped chain, is often the same who prowls up and down among the shipping in search of dead bodies, or creeps along shore in the forbidden operation of "boning and crumping," the meaning of which may be understood by a member of the Board of Works or by a Thames conservator, but which, though denounced by the former, none of the officials employed by it, of whom we have asked the question, have been able to solve—the nearest approach they could make to a solution being that it was derived from the German, and signified to carry away.

G. L.

ALLIGATORS IN ENGLAND.

"ALLIGATORS in England! Come, come, major, is not that just a little too—eh?"

"Well," cried the major, throwing himself leisurely back, and taking a long puff at his cigar, "I would tell you why I think so, but that the telling would involve something of a story which might not, perhaps——"

But he was interrupted by a chorus of voices, "A story! What! a story!" as if that were not the very thing our ears were all thirsting for. Thanks to our friend's generosity, and the goodness of a most exemplary landlord, our other thirst is in the fairest way of being gratified. A comfortable room, lots of easy-chairs, an open window to admit the most fragrant of evening breezes from the bluest of seas, glorious wine, and more glorious good-fellowship; there is nothing wanted but the mellifluous accent of some Hassan or Mejnoun, like yourself, major, to send us all into the seventh heaven of rapt attention; and what narrator can resist so fair a promise? Besides, you must not under-rate stories; now-a-days everything is done by appropriate stories. Setting aside education in general, and our beloved magazines in particular, see what has been done, and will be done with them too. Isn't wine-bibbing and drunkenness put down by pretty little stories in pretty little books, and sins more heinous still eradicated by anecdotes compiled by line and rule, and fitted to our requirements with the nicest scrupulosity? Shall we not hear stories in one place how that mercenary Tom was bribed to vote, and that noble Dick resisted the temptation? and, in another place, how—but, faith, if I go on longer I shall be in the position of spurring a noble steed, eh, major? and at the same time keeping the door barred against his egress. A thousand pardons; but stories—egad, I am not sure but that I should say to the "varsal world," as little girls do to an obnoxious playmate, "Oh, you big story."

"Well," said the major; "what I have to tell you certainly does look vapourish enough now it has passed, but there were awkward bits of granite in the events themselves which still, at times, grate sharply upon my meditations, and remind me that the circumstances, 'quorum pars fui,' have not been all of oil and roses. When I was some twenty years nearer to the beginning of all things than I am at this present" (here followed a lengthy puff), "I was staying at the house of an old friend of my father's, in one of the northern counties of England. The squire himself, our host, was advanced in years, and we saw little of him, save at those times when the master

of the house is expected to stand somewhat prominent in doing its honours. The greater share, however, even of this kindly duty devolved upon his heir, his only son, a fair average specimen of his class, gentlemanly, well-informed, rather retiring in disposition; and, I often thought, more likely, if left to himself, to shut himself up in his studio or laboratory for the instruction and benefit of mankind than to interest himself actively in the rough-and-tumble of life. He was not, however, without an occasional stimulus from his father, who as the representative of an ancient and well-endowed family, deemed it incumbent upon himself and his heir, amongst other duties by no means neglected, to extend the hand of good-fellowship to his neighbours, and of hospitality to every deserving individual (ahem!) who came within the quiet sphere of his influence.

"Thus comfortably and satisfactorily things went on with us, till the near approach of a day of considerable importance to the family of our worthy entertainer: nothing less, in short, than the marriage of his heir to the daughter of a neighbouring proprietor; a match in every way suitable and full of promise for coming generations of Westertons, for such is the name we will now know them by.

"The family estate was strictly entailed, and, in case of the death of the younger Westerton, would go to a distant cousin, then in the army and on duty in India. The old gentleman had, in his youth, suffered some rather severe love disappointment, and was long supposed to have taken an irrevocable vow against any further dealings with the traitorous sex; during this period it was that he had his nephew and heir to live with him; and the young man, seeing the fact of heirship reflected on every side, naturally came to look upon his ultimate accession to the property as almost a thing of course, and when his uncle 'shook off the dew-drops from his mane,' and provided himself with a wife, and, in due time, a direct heir to the estate, felt no doubt a deep amount of chagrin and disappointment. He had, however, no after-reason to complain, for his advancement in life was as carefully looked to as if he had been a younger son; which, I take it, is all that, under the circumstances, could reasonably be expected. There was not much cordiality, I fear, but a certain amount of all-very-well sort of intercourse kept up between them, their relative positions being well understood and appreciated on both sides.

"There was some troublesome war or other on hand just at the time I speak of, and we were accustomed to look over the news of the day with the sort of interest one is expected

to take in the relatives of one's host—a kind of lazy curiosity to know whether they are going to be made field-m Marshals, or, in American phrase, had already gone under—when we were startled by the arrival, totally unexpected, of our cousin himself. Ill-health formed the plea for his arrival in England; the contemplated marriage, heard of on his landing, for his presence in the north.

"He did not come alone. A wonderful collection of Oriental curiosities accompanied him, from the wing of a butterfly to the handkerchief of a Thug; curiosities which were under the especial charge of a Hindoo retainer, Gholab, and a retainer's retainer, who, if they were not Thugs themselves, looked, I could not help thinking, eminently well qualified for the dignity. That he should have brought these worthies with him excited our surprise; but that he explained by informing us of their devoted attachment to himself, for some vital service rendered to them in India. I think it was the saving Gholab's life; but, whether from a tiger, a bullet, or the gallows, I will not undertake to say.

"Both Gholab and his master were much occupied about the museum of curiosities before mentioned. In truth, I think I never came upon the former but that he was rubbing, polishing, or in some way working upon some queer, uncouth-looking object or other. Once I came suddenly upon him in a plantation at some distance from the house, and, as my curiosity had always been somewhat excited on his account, I stood for some moments observing his labours before advancing upon him. You know what bangles are?"

"To be sure. Indian ornaments for the ancles."

"Just so. Well, our friend was busily engaged in altering and shaping what appeared to me to be an ornament of this description, adding to it a strong-clipping spring, and a link or two of chain. He started up when he became conscious of my vicinity, with a greater appearance of fright and more wildness of gesture than I deemed the occasion justified, though he was an Oriental, and we were in a plantation at a short distance from an English squire's hall; and in reply to my simple question of what he was about, uttered some unintelligible gutturals, and gesticulated in a manner meant possibly to be explanatory, but which had, to me, an appearance wonderfully resembling the passes of Herr Presto, the conjuror, when especially bent upon a process of bamboozling.

"But this and many other small matters besides, which have since acquired significance,

passed away from my mind—at least from the surface of it—to lodge themselves, however, in those mysterious receptacles where I do believe every atomic affection on our sensoria, at any time experienced, is indestructibly lying, and still capable of being made prominent, either by some mental magic beyond our research, or by some sympathetic and appropriate combination of external circumstances. We shook ourselves down with our new arrivals as best we might, and returned to our diversions, among which swimming must be reckoned one, especially with the younger portion of our party. I don't wonder at it, as there was a beautiful lake in the grounds, with smooth grassy margins along the rich meadows, and shallow enough to be safe to all, but winding off into some thick plantations on high ground, where it became of corresponding depth, and where several rocky islets broke its surface, and rendered it, if somewhat gloomy, exceedingly picturesque and solemnly beautiful. Young Westerton was an excellent swimmer, and especially delighted in the refreshing exercise, so much so that he would not unfrequently spend the greater part of a summer afternoon in and about the lake, striking off boldly from the more open parts, and revelling, like a very Triton, amongst the rocks and sunken trees of the deeper and less accessible portion. Sometimes he would lie passive on the surface of the water, floating almost motionless, or gently paddling hither and thither in the full enjoyment of youth, health, and vigour.

"In amusing contrast with young Westerton's love of the water was the extreme horror always manifested by the Hindoo Gholab, whenever he was compelled to approach its banks. Nothing less than the most positive orders of his master ever brought him near, and it was ludicrous to see the speed with which he hastened from its vicinity as soon as, having discharged his service, he received his master's permission to retreat. The latter accounted to us for this striking dislike by relating an incident which occurred in one of the Indian rivers near which Gholab's childhood was passed. He was one day, in company with another youth, paddling about in the stream, when suddenly a large alligator rose close upon them, seized his companion, and disappeared with him in his jaws. The shock was so great that the poor fellow, who was sincerely attached to the unlucky victim, never quite got over its effects, but retained the picture of that horrible incident in his memory, to be freshened and intensified by any combination of wood and water at all resembling the scene of the sad catastrophe, 'a wonderful resemblance to which,' said cousin Westerton, 'some parts of my uncle's domain do certainly exhibit.'

"We were now within a fortnight of the projected marriage, and I was one day out on a shooting expedition, when, happening to pass near the turnpike-road, I saw a gig rapidly approaching from the direction of the Hall, and soon heard myself hailed by Cousin Westerton. I felt that, under ordinary circumstances, he would hardly have taken the trouble to greet me, as we somehow had not grown to care much for each other. It was therefore with some curiosity that I went up to the gig, which he had drawn to the roadside, and in which he was standing in evident expectation of my approach.

"I have stopped to say good-bye," cried he, eyeing me keenly the while. 'I am called off by business of the very last importance, and should not be surprised if I find myself tossing on my outward voyage to India instead of dancing at my cousin's wedding. By the way, what o'clock is it? My watch has stopped. Can you give me the exact time? Very provoking, is it not? I mean having to leave just at this particular juncture. What jolly days of it you will have. Half-past twelve, you say. Thank you. My uncle quite sees the necessity for my going. Good sport, I hope. Which way do you return?'

"I pointed in a direction which was *not* towards the lake.

"Ha! I see; through the finest covers on the estate. Well, I must not detain you. Half-past twelve, you say. Good-bye, good-bye.'

"And so he broke off his almost soliloquy, which either the impatience of his horse or his own excited manner leading to repeated checks at the bridle, only to be balanced by compensating touches of the whip, had made a decidedly uncomfortable proceeding. He was soon out of sight, and I on my rounds.

"After a while I dismissed the keeper and his dogs, having determined to saunter quietly back alone. It was a lovely afternoon, with warm balmy breezes just fanning the trees and hedgerows into graceful animation; the rich cornlands lying luxuriously in the vale, with their fringed robes of autumn-tinted woodlands drawn irregularly and negligently about them, and in the distance the slope and swell of many undulating hills, whose varied curves of beauty stood out in the rich blue sky in endless variety of loveliness. Westerton Hall, with its well-ordered gardens and plantations, stood in the mid-distance, and I was just wishing for some bit of active life to give more human interest to the scene, when from its gates emerged a single horseman, who galloped not merely swiftly, but, as it seemed to me, frantically in the direction of the town. Of course I hastened at once to the Hall. A

strange dread came over me, and my thoughts settled with involuntary tenacity on the agitated manner displayed by Cousin Westerton when I met him on the road; but he, I reasoned, could not have been cognizant of any unusual occurrence, or he would at least have informed me of it. Besides, might I not be needlessly alarmed? Not so, however, for when I reached the house I found that young Westerton had just been brought in dead—drowned, as it appeared, in the deepest part of the lake.

"No one had witnessed his death. His companions on this occasion, as had often been done before, left him when they saw him strike off into the wilder and more secluded parts, where none of them cared to follow, never doubting, however, that when tired of exercise and exploration, he would return as usual, and join their party when evening drew nigh. Before this, however, accident revealed the body to a keeper who happened to be passing. It had got entangled amongst some roots or branches, and, but that it was lying over one of these, it is probable that the discovery would not have been made so early, as, from being thus caught, as it were, it was prevented from sinking into the depths of the lake. Life was quite extinct.

"At what hour," I asked, 'did he leave the house?'

"At one o'clock; after lunch-time.'

"Where were the Hindoos?'

"In their master's apartments, packing up and preparing to be gone.' One of the house-servants had seen them busily engaged in doing so; indeed, so fully were they occupied with their task, that they plainly showed him they wished his absence, and immediately after he left locked their door, and so had kept it ever since. I went at once to the rooms, impelled by some shapeless suspicion, of what I scarcely knew. The door was now unlocked, and I went in to find them both eagerly engaged in the manner represented to me by the servant, and as, to all appearance, they had been ever since his visit. I left them to themselves, though I declare I think a shepherd's dog, who suspects, but is not quite certain that some vagabond curs have been worrying his master's sheep, and longs to fly at their throats, must feel very much as I did.

"An inquest was duly held. All the ordinary indications of death by drowning were of course exhibited, and there was nothing more, with the exception of certain bruises about the right ankle-joint, which might have been occasioned by striking against the rocks or stubs in the lake, though, as one of the jury casually observed, they presented a remarkably circular and band-like appearance. I

was myself present, and a good deal struck at the time by the words. They escaped, however, without comment, and as I could not connect them in any way with anything leading to suspicion of foul play, nothing further was said, and the circumstances passed from my mind, to return, however, with terrible distinctness and meaning thereafter. A sudden seizure of cramp was taken as the cause of death, a verdict returned accordingly, and young Westerton, just about to step into the arena of active life, was laid stark and disfigured in the vault of his forefathers.

"If this were an ordinary tale I am narrating, I ought I suppose in this place to descant upon the dreadful shock (though that for awhile it certainly was) this sad event occasioned to the bereaved bride—to send her with dishevelled hair into the woods, or to find her lying lifeless at the foot of some frightful precipice. There rises, however, in my mind's eye the vision of a still comely dame, not without sundry olive-branches springing around her, which quite precludes the propriety of that usually orthodox termination. Not that his intended wife was heartless or unfeeling. No; whilst she mourned for him, she mourned for him sincerely; but time, with its alleviations, tempered, though it might not obliterate, the smart, and his remembrance faded into one of those gentle sorrows which we must of necessity cause to stand apart from those active duties life still brings with it. As to the heartstruck and hopeless old father, let us draw over him the veil of deep and silent sympathy.

"More than two years now passed away, and I was on the banks of the burning Ganges. My duties carried me to one of the lesser towns on the river, where time soon began to hang rather heavily on my hands. Occasionally I would, out of the merest idleness, turn into the court of justice there, but was seldom rewarded in my quest of adventure by anything more than the most petty illustrations of the doings of the Indian Themis. At last there came a change, and of so startling a character, that neither during the remainder of my sojourn there, nor for a long time after, had I anything to complain of in the way of listlessness or apathy. It chanced that I one day entered the court-house at one door just as a mixed group of guards and offenders were leaving it by another. I had just time to recognise amongst them the, to me, unmistakable features of the Hindoo Gholab, but whether there as a custodian or infractor of the laws I was then unable to make out. It mattered little, however, as I knew where to obtain easy and certain information of any and everything connected with the adminis-

tration of justice. On my return to my quarters, I found that the very men whom I wished to meet with were there, and were then discussing with some brother officers the details of a crime of an extraordinary nature, which had just come to light in that district. Several Hindoo girls had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared under the waters when performing their ablutions in the sacred stream, drawn under and devoured by alligators. Such was the general belief, until the body of one of them chanced to be picked up lower down the river, totally unmutated, and deprived of certain valuable ornaments, which the young devotee was known to have had on when she went in. For a good while justice was completely at fault, but these ornaments having been traced to the possession of two men, over whose doings the strictest watch was preserved, the result was, that they were apprehended in a covered boat moored in the centre of the stream, almost in the act of despoiling one of their victims. It was supposed that a skilful diver, watching the opportunity of one being separated from the rest, rose through the waters, fixed a strong ligature to one of the lower limbs, and then dived off, whilst a confederate in the boat, by means of a rope and hold or purchase of some kind at the bottom of the river, drew the struggling swimmer irresistibly down, when death soon put an end to all efforts to escape.

"Whilst these particulars were being narrated I became more and more agitated, until I could no longer keep my seat. 'Why, major,' said one, 'you seem disturbed; can there be anything in the doings of these wretches of sufficient pungency to quicken—'

"'Stop,' said I, for I saw he was about to quiz my equanimity, 'don't treat this matter lightly. I confess I am not a little agitated or a little confused at present, but—I have heard all you say, and, what is more, I have seen—'

"'What have you seen?'

"'I have seen the face of a man whom I never thought, and certainly never desired, to meet again.'

"'Of whom do you speak?'

"'Gholab.'

"'Why, that is the name of one of the villains accused as I have just informed you.'

"'Great Heavens!' I exclaimed; 'but no, no, it is impossible; he could not approach a running stream, much less—and here, here, of all places; his dread of water, his pitiable shrinking away from its vicinity—'

"'Something very like a burst of laughter from all assembled in the room here greeted me.

"'My good major, dread of water! Piti-

able shrinking away from its vicinity! Why, this fellow Gholab is one of the most (if not the most) daring, skilful, and enduring divers of the East.'

"In a fever of agitation I demanded to be shown the remains of the latest victim. I was taken to where they lay. The attendants were about to disrobe the upper part of the body, but I pointed to the feet, and bade them uncover it there. They lifted the mat with which it was concealed, and there, round the slender ancle, was the circular band-like mark, the exact counterpart of that which I had beheld long before, when the happy home of one of my dearest friends was turned into a house of bitterest mourning.

"Unknown to the accused, I was present at the trial. Gholab—the other was hardly a sane being—in turn accused the alligators, many of which monsters infested the stream, and vociferously protested his own innocence, even when the bangle-like fetter, chain, and rope, which had been the instruments of murder, and which, as well as the ornaments of the poor victim, had been traced to his possession, were laid on the table before him. When these things were produced, I came from my station somewhat in the rear of the accused, advanced towards the table, keeping my face averted from them, and then taking up the chain and fetter, turned slowly round and confronted them with the evidences of guilt in my hand. For a few seconds the gaze of Gholab, though piercing and intense to the last degree, was evidently more of wonder than alarm; but suddenly recognition shot into his brain, and may I never again behold such terror and despair in the depths of a human soul (for in his glowing eyeballs it seemed all unveiled) as were then opened up like a vision into Hades before me. He stood rigid, immovable, and when the trial went on spoke never a word again, though so fiercely animated before. Still the trial went on, and the Judge was about to pronounce sentence of death, when, starting suddenly from his seeming trance, Gholab threw up his arms, and with a wild cry fell back in a fit of horrible convulsions. The unspoken sentence of a Judge more potent had not only gone forth, but had been executed too: the man was dead——"

"And you think the circular abrasions round the ancle of young Westerton were——"

"The marks of the alligator's teeth."

"And what became of the other—the cousin?"

"He did not live even to inherit. The old squire dragged on a broken life for some time, evincing little interest in anything, and rarely showing himself beyond his own doors, never

beyond his grounds. One day, however, he seemed suddenly to have formed a strange resolution, which was neither more nor less than to drain the lake; he summoned a large body of labourers, and set them to work to perform the almost impracticable task. His nephew, who had not been near the spot since the catastrophe which restored him to his old position of heir to the Westerton estates, as soon as he heard of the old man's doings, urged either by apprehended damage to the property, or by apprehensions of a far more formidable character—namely, lest something might be revealed—hastened down at once, first to use his influence with his uncle, and, that failing, to stop the work on his own authority. As to the old man, he could not be prevailed on to consent to do so, steadily refusing at last to utter even a single word on the subject of his nephew's complaints, but quietly persevering with his design. In fear and rage the latter hurried to the workmen, and ordered them to desist. The foreman, however, having heard how matters stood, refused to stop without the direct orders of the Squire himself; a refusal which so enraged Westerton that he seized the man by the throat, and a personal altercation and struggle ensued, which ended in the former being thrown back into the water. Of course he was quickly extricated, but through the neglect of proper precautions, a severe cold and fever ensued, which, passing through the stages of a delirium, in which he uttered words now best forgotten, finally led to his death. Who shall say whether retributive justice did not show itself in this. At all events, whoever they were who participated in the death of my friend, they are gone where the shortcomings of human justice are unknown, and, let us add, where the limits of human long-suffering and human mercy are far exceeded."

C. H. WILLIAMS.

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

SOME one has remarked that a man might travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, "It is all barren!" So it must be if he chooses to shut his eyes, and neglects to examine the various objects which will open themselves for his observation as he pursues his way. Others, on the contrary, keep their eyes open, or, in other words, endeavour to extract some useful information or some important lesson from the varied stores which Nature is sure to place before him. When this is the case, a repeated source of enjoyment is perpetually at his command.

For instance, how delightful is it to a lover of Nature to wander amongst old pollarded

trees, such as the Burnham Beeches, and view their huge projecting roots, covered with scarlet and other lichens, and sometimes with diminutive ferns, and here and there various fungi will protrude themselves; the restless cry of the woodpecker is heard in the distance, and the oft-repeated but monotonous song of the chaffinch may be noticed. A blackbird, perhaps, utters his alarmed cry as a warning to other birds of approaching danger, and also to those rabbits which may have left their underground retreats and now hasten towards them. The song of a neighbouring nightingale is then silenced, and all is still, until the short crow of a cock pheasant in an adjoining brake reassures the frightened songsters in his neighbourhood. It is also pleasing to observe a family of jays, with their pretty plumage, flitting from tree to tree, keeping out of harm's way, for they are cautious birds, and passing the winter in happy sociability, until the breeding season of the next spring. Such are some of the scenes which a lover of Nature may meet with and enjoy in his walks in the country in the Spring, especially in those districts where woods and coppices are to be met with.

Nor is the Autumn without its charms. Orchards may be seen, with trees covered with rosy fruit, and reapers present themselves, busy in a fine field of wheat, either in cutting the heavy crop, or else in loading it in waggon, to be conveyed to a neighbouring stack-yard. Swallows flit around, assembling for their departure to far-distant countries; trees begin to exhibit their pleasing autumnal foliage, more especially the beech, and near it may be seen

The rush-thatched cottage on the purple moor,
Where ruddy children frolic round the door.

Such is a picture which may frequently be witnessed, for it is taken from the life, during a walk in the country, and it is further heightened by flocks of rooks, as they soar overhead, and who appear to rejoice in their freedom, as they "pour their hoarse music on the peasant's ear."

But I must continue my description of a walk in the country. It is by the side of a clear purling stream, with a smiling sun cheering me as I wander along its banks. It is the month of May, when the beautiful May-fly emerges from the stream in countless numbers—a sight seldom witnessed but by honest anglers, and who rejoice at seeing these ephemera or day-flies, as they may properly be called, for then the trout rise freely, and gorge themselves with the lovely insects. There are, indeed, few river-sights more pleasing, or I may add interesting, when the

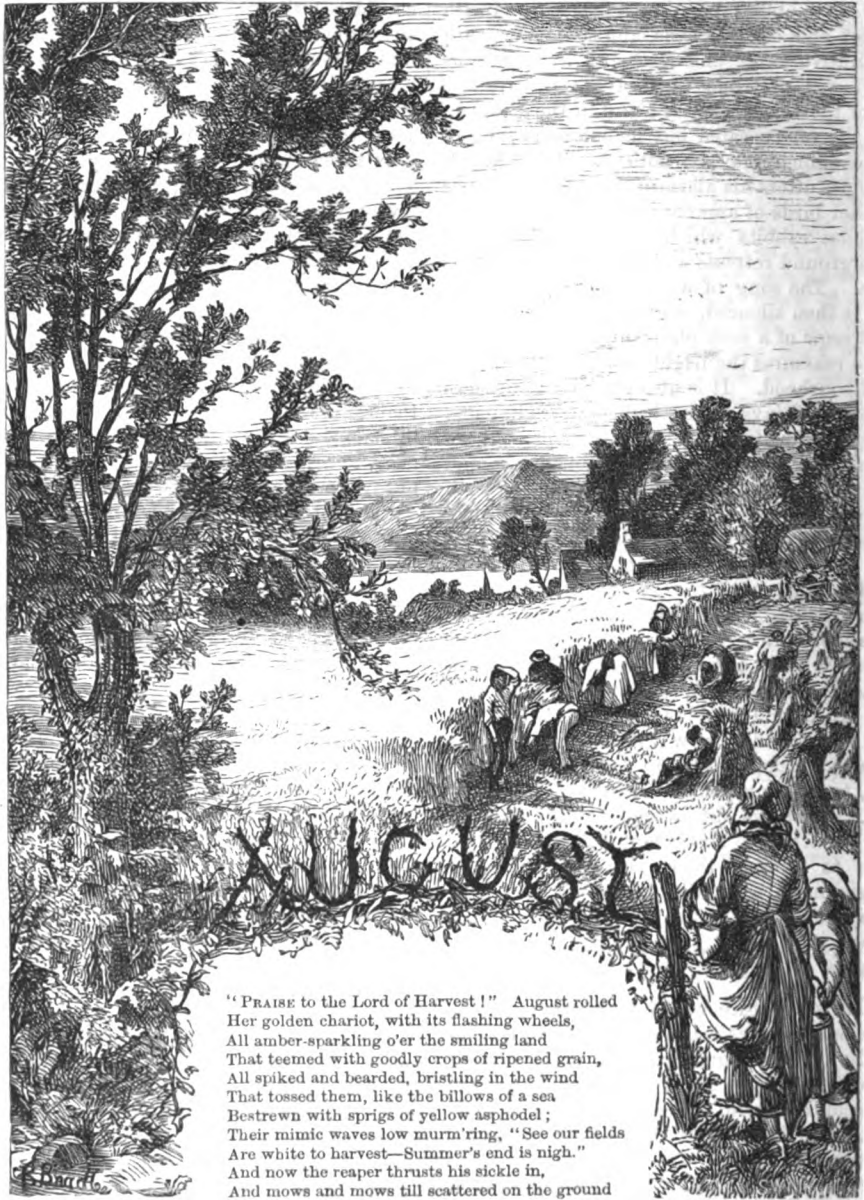
history of the insect is known. When it is considered that these insects in their first and subsequent states are strictly aquatic, living under stones or in holes in the banks of the river below the water, where they remain from two to three years, yet their lives are very short when they emerge from the stream. Some live only three or four hours, many not so long. The time of their emerging differs in different rivers. In some of the rivers in Germany the transit often takes place after sunset; but while fishing in the River Colne, at Denham, near Uxbridge, I was witness some years ago to an astonishing number of ephemera emerging from the stream about 12 o'clock at noon on a fine sunny morning. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The trout were gorging themselves on the beautiful flies in every direction, but disdained to notice my artificial ones, to my great mortification, and also those of my companion, a well-known and expert angler of the Stockbridge Club.

It should be mentioned that, during the appearance of the May-flies, swallows assembled and fed on them, and wagtails and other insectivorous birds did the same, so that both birds and fishes had an ample supply of food.

But let me continue my walk by a river-side. We may see the gaudy dragon-flies settling on a bullrush, expanding their wings and exhibiting their gaudy colours, and feeding on the ephemera flitting around them. Then a kingfisher may be seen perched on a neighbouring willow, watching for its prey. Presently he sees a minnow or a small roach swim very near the surface of the water. He darts down and seizes it, and, if he has young, conveys it to a hole in the muddy bank of the river, which probably had previously been the retreat of a water-rat. The beautiful plumage of the kingfisher sparkles like an emerald as it emerges from the stream, and cannot be sufficiently admired. A stealthy water-hen may, perhaps, be seen, stealing cautiously among the rushes, followed by her brood of young ones, who hide themselves quickly on the slightest alarm of danger. A willow-wren warbles its sweet notes, and a thrush is heard on the top of a neighbouring elm. Swallows fly over and dip in the clear sparkling stream, until the close of evening warns them to depart. But it is not all silence then: the nightingale pours forth its "sweet loud music," which is answered by a rival in some adjoining brake or copse. These "madrigals," as they have been called, are very pleasing.

Such are some of the scenes which a lover of Nature may meet with and enjoy. He will lay them up in his memory as the sources of much happiness through life.

EDWARD JESSE.



"PRAISE to the Lord of Harvest!" August rolled
Her golden chariot, with its flashing wheels,
All amber-sparkling o'er the smiling land
That teemed with goodly crops of ripened grain,
All spiked and bearded, bristling in the wind
That tossed them, like the billows of a sea
Bestrewn with sprigs of yellow asphodel;
Their mimic waves low murmur'ing, "See our fields
Are white to harvest—Summer's end is nigh."
And now the reaper thrusts his sickle in,
And mows and mows till scattered on the ground
The lavish wreath of sunburnt August lies

Next to be gathered into stately rows
Of sheaves, fair as the dream-sheaves Joseph saw
Bow down to him. And busy gleaners glean
As in the olden days when Ruth went forth
And gleaned, a stranger in her husband's land.

"Praise to the Lord of Harvest!" and the song
Nearer and nearer stole. And lo! a train,
With banners heralding the Harvest Home,
Chant as they march along their hymn of praise.
And childish voices, with their sweet, clear notes,
Fresh as a silv'ry fountain, rose and fell;
Their tiny trebles mingling with the bass
Of sturdy rustics, whose deep tones burst forth

Like to the hoarser roar of distant waves
Breaking upon a wild and rocky shore.

In the church-porch I stood to see the band,
Led by the white-robed priest, with solemn step
Enter the house of God, whose ancient walls
Were decked with many an apt and painted scroll;
Whilst round the pillars and the carven font,
Twisted midst ling'ring flowers of summer-time,
Peeped here and there a tawny ear of corn.
Then pealed the organ, and the waiting crowd
Beneath the sacred roof caught up the strain,
And gave the bounteous Lord of Harvest praise.

JULIA GODDARD.

AVICE AND HER LOVER.*



ENGLAND was "Merrie England" still, and bluff King Hal lived in the odour of masses, horse-racing, bowling, and love-making; encouraged by royal example, the country was not slow in taking up all manner

of sport, and great sums were spent on horses, especially in importing such as were likely to improve the home stock. Goodly estates changed hands with as great facility as in these present days, and although long before that corporate body known as the "Joekey Club" sat in judgment upon "turf" laws, the

* The main incidents of this story are taken from an old legend relating to Clegg Hall, in Lancashire.

settling-day was rigidly observed, and debts of honour paid either by money or blood. Yorkshire took the lead in those days, and the the great race-meeting held in the Forest of Galtres, on the eastern side of the city of York, had just terminated; the favourite had been distanced, and the owner of the favourite, Percy Topham, of Sledmere, had a heavy reckoning to pay. No one wondered at the dark frown that had settled down upon his handsome face; though many did marvel at his reckless challenge to run his mare, "Lady Ann," against Dick Skelton's "Courtier," for the then enormous wager of three hundred pounds.

"Thou'lt never win, Percy," said Squire Thornton, kindly; "back out of it, there's a good lad. The old Hall won't but be thine when all thy debts are paid to-day. Dick's an honest fellow, and cares more for a kind look from thy sister Avice's bright eyes, than for all the race winning in England; make a match there an you like, Percy, and I'll wish thee well on it."

Percy's face flushed, and a rough oath rolled out through his clenched teeth. "Avice can make or mar her own wedding, squire; Dick's taken my hand on the wager, and so it must bide: we of Sledmere never back out of anything; the mare's a good one, and will pull through for the honour of the old place."

And he turned away, evidently bent upon avoiding further advice or condolence; walking off in the direction of the city, whither the crowd was now bending its way likewise. He had spoken, as he thought, lightly; but, God help him! his heart was heavy as lead. Squire Thornton had said no more than the truth, and bitter and unpalatable as that truth was, Percy knew he must "grin and abide it;" the day's ill-luck had been but the finishing stroke to a long train of what he was pleased to call misfortunes, but which his neighbours gave a harsher name to. True, the Hall would not go; it had gone, though only to his sister Avice, long ago; he must pay his debts, or give as good to-morrow, even if the last penny went; and then?—ay, what then? He was young, healthy, and the world was wide. Soldiering was no bad trade, and in those days you got a better price for your blood than now: the king liked a jolly roystering blade, though he might not have a groat in his pocket. He had been down in luck, it is true, but fortune is capricious; luck might—nay, must, if he could only hold on long enough—change, and meanwhile he'd the match with Dick Skelton to win.

There is something peculiarly elastic and hopeful about the nature of a thorough-paced turf-man. So it was that having mentally

faced his ill-luck, and, so to speak, taken the bull by the horns, Mr. Topham mounted his horse to take his twenty miles of home road with a clear brow, and a happy conviction that somehow or other, he didn't know or care how, he'd fall on his legs and tide over the ugly state of affairs.

He had not gone above a mile of his way when Dick Skelton came up with him, and presently opened his heart anent his affection for Avice. Now Avice was Percy's sole remaining relative: she had been with him since childhood; he never indeed remembered a time that Avice was not his comforter, counsellor, and helper; so you may believe he had no desire to see his home broken up, and the light carried away to brighten another. Nevertheless, he could have no objection to plead, he was only a brother, and it was in the course of nature that she should make another home for herself; so with a sickly heart Percy promised to speak for his friend, and they parted by the great gate, Dick having a couple of miles yet to ride.

Sledmere Hall was a rambling, patched-up building; one end was in ruins, and to this had been tacked a quarter big enough to barrack a troop; not more than half the habitable portion was really inhabited. In one corner of the least ruined portion of the old part, where a great lumber chamber existed, Percy had permitted an eccentric beggar man, by the name of Essex, to take up his dwelling. This man had established a curious reputation in the country round, being looked upon as half-fool, half-wizard, and wholly mysterious. The poor folks feared and consulted him, the rich ones humoured and, unwilling to risk his displeasure, fed him bountifully when he demanded the same. Essex was a big, burly, broad-shouldered fellow, carrying his professed age (which he affirmed to be seventy) with a marvellously hearty and hale figure; he wore a long white beard, and mustachios to match, and usually had on a broad-brimmed slouched hat, so that, save a pair of keen eyes flashing out below thick protruding eyebrows, little or no distinctive feature in his face was visible. As Percy rode to the Hall-door upon the evening of the ill-starred race at York, the beggar was striding up the avenue with a well-filled wallet slung over his broad shoulder; Percy glanced at him in passing, but whether from want of thought, or that feeling of irritation which sometimes comes over one when, vexed and sick at heart with life's disappointments, we see some one else taking the ills of their lot easily and in a Mark Tapley like spirit, "looking happy," I cannot say; anyhow, he passed the man without giving him "good-night," which omission was retaliated

by a clenched fist being lifted menacingly, and as ugly a scowl as you'd wish to see.

"Ay, you may hold your head high, my fine young sir," muttered Essex, his eyes following the horseman; "but you'll look low enough soon. You've eyes enough, and words enough to spare sometimes; fewer of both, and it had been better for you; you'll think so yourself before long. You've had a bitter pill to swallow to-day, but there's a worse coming."

"What art mutterin' and mumblin' about, auld man?" cried a voice at his elbow, and a woodman who had turned into the avenue from a bye-path joined him.

"Saying my paternoster, friend, as I walked," was the reply. "Asking the saints to bless thy young master and give him better luck with his horses."

"Has he been unlucky, then?"

"Ay, the mare gave in."

The woodman's answer was a curse, for like most servants he went with his master in winning or losing, and the "mare" had been the boast of every man and stripling on the Sledmere estate. Nothing more was spoken between the two; and the woodman, looking askance at Essex, as one is apt to do at the bearer of ill-tidings, took the first occasion to turn down another path; then, taking to his heels, set off across the park towards the stables, there to learn the true report of the day's work.

Meanwhile, Percy had reached the Hall, told his story of defeat, and sought out his sister.

"What fortune, dear?" was Avice's first question.

"The worst; I've played my last card, I fear, darling. Nay, do not grow pale and turn thy sweet face away; it's all the comfort I've left me, and that scurvy fellow, Dick Skelton, wants to rob me of thee, too. What think you has been the burthen of his cry all the way home? Ah! you know, do you? But you won't have him?" added Percy, oblivious of his promise.

"No, Percy, he'll never be thy brother."

Hearing her decided voice, and knowing well that Dick's chance was gone, Percy relented, and went on. "Yet he's a good fellow, and he loves thee right honestly; thou wert kind to him once, Avice, and there is none thou likest better."

He looked, and started, for her eyes fell, and a painful flush came over her fair face, giving his assertion a very visible denial. There was one she liked better—the tell-tale blood showed so much; and Percy, jealous for his friend, would have mercilessly probed the wound, had not Avice, with the instinct of

self-preservation, hastily effected a *divertissement*.

"The ghost was here last night, brother. They tell me the very horses in the stable neighed with terror, and the maids are going about with blanched cheeks—no one daring to move alone. The grooms shut themselves up in the kitchen, and would not budge an inch for love or money."

"A set of cowardly rascals; and you?"

"Oh! I was frightened too, I own; but I could not save laugh at the consternation; and the ghost or goblin, or whatever it is, was mighty civil to me, for after the household were at their wits' end, and I had gone back to my chamber, strains of heavenly music filled my ears until I fell asleep and forgot my fear."

"This must be seen to, Avice. Strange suspicions have been tormenting me of late. May there not be something else than spiritual at work—some devilish plot? Ghosts do not work so systematically as this of ours appeareth to do; and music, too! ghosts play not such, that ever I heard. We'll have it ferretted out, sister; I am just in the humour for such a piece of work now."

"Nay, wait, Percy; at all events, until the wedding-mask of our cousin is over. My nerves are unstrung as it is, and if you and I are to play our parts fitly, I'll have need of all my impudence."

"All thy impudence!" laughed her brother; "faith, I'd wager my last groat thy impudence would never save a fly's life. Had'st not to wear a bit of black silk over that blushing face of thine, there would be small hope of there being much acting; and yet canst tell me how it comes that modest women grow pert and shameless when they have a mask over their faces? If thou wert anything but the pure angel I know thee to be, I'd say it was woman's heart, and that when they could hide the shame of their purer faces their tongues could wag fast enough."

"Nay, nay, Percy; you do not mean it; you know better than to believe such. I'll not deny there are bad among us, and methinks that when once a woman passes the rubicon of virtue, the devil himself takes possession of her; but there is no lack of good, too, honest, faithful——"

"Rose Raby to wit," interrupted Percy, bitterly.

In an instant Avice's arms were round her brother's neck. "She was driven to it, Percy, poor child! You, a strong man, able to hold your own, should pity her. Nay, I mean it; she was weak; that was her nature, I'll not say nay to that, and I think I'd have done differently; for if love be such as they say it

is, I'd die rather than give up my right to keep faith where I loved. We don't hang our hearts for every gallant to pluck at, nor do we cast them down unsought; but once taken captive, sure it is only maiden modesty to be steadfast to the death."

Her brother listened to this rhapsody with a changing countenance; for an instant a smile sprang up, then that died away, and a bitter sneer curled his lip under the long silken moustache as he answered,—

"You argue like one with experience, Mistress Avice; 'tis a pity Rose had not borrowed somewhat of thee. I met her master (for I'll call him nought else, so never frown at me)—I met her master, I say, on the course, and heard him bragging of what he had done at Newmarket, and how the king trusted him before all men to buy a horse, or choose a wench; and then he vowed all women had their price. My blood was up, boiling like molten lead; and had it not been that Dick dragged me away, there would have been a sinner less in the land by this, and fair Mistress Rose might have had another chance in the market."

"Thanks be to God and Mr. Skelton!" said Avice, fervently, clasping her pretty hands. "You are too hot, Percy."

"Nay, sweetheart, I am cold enough now; feel how my hand shakes. But let's to supper; to-night I must eat, drink, and be merry; to-morrow I'll pay my debts, and sit on thy hearth, a pauper."

When Avice sought her bed-room that night, she had no inclination for sleep. She was uneasy about her brother: his flushed face and trembling limbs warned of more than mental suffering; she had heard from him the story of his losses, too; then, again, this love proposal of Dick Skelton's. Dick was her brother's largest creditor, and one word from her would cancel all debts. She had but to say the little word "Yes," and Dick, who had the finest property in the North Riding, would turn over all she held of the old place, and forgive her brother's debts. Avice was thinking, as she could not but think, of all this; thinking, too, that had the same emergency risen a month before, there would have been no difficulty, but that Dick Skelton would have won a willing bride. Only a month ago—four short weeks, and all this was changed! Four weeks ago Avice would have married Dick, simply because she knew him well, respected him well, and cared for no one (except her brother) better. Four weeks ago Avice had only known one love, and the little heart now thrilling and sinking with its own weight and happiness, lay quiet and unfelt. Four weeks ago, during a long ramble, and while resting

under an old hawthorn-tree, a stranger had passed her; a pair of dark-blue eyes had looked into hers, and up sprang the heart to life. Day after day she had thought of the eyes, night after night they had haunted her in sleep; until, some fortnight after, they had met hers again, and since then scarce a day passed but at some point or other of her walks the mysterious stranger had suddenly sprung up, bowed, and passed on. So it came about that Avice talked of "truth unto death," and sat in the bay-window of her bed-chamber, gazing out into the moon-lit park.

A very sweet and English view was that seen out of the bay-window; first a deep moat, carpeted over with water-lilies, whose bright flowers starred the dark surface of the water; and fringing the moat, a thick underwood of many kinds of shrubs; beyond, a wide expanse of park-land, dotted with great oak and elm trees. Above all this, sailed the moon, to-night at the full, looking down with a clear watchful eye upon the sleep of Nature; not a leaf moved, and an intense silence reigned everywhere—so intense that Avice fell into a half-dreamy state, and sitting with her eyes fixed upon an opening in the copse where the moonbeams made a silvery path of light, let her thoughts weave such fairy-like romances as they listed.

But suddenly the listless look vanished; her cheeks flushed, and leaning forward, she gazed with eager eyes upon a tall, dark figure which, standing full in the centre of the path, seemed framed in that mysterious silver light. For a few seconds the man stood with his face towards the house; then he walked up to the verge of the moat and bent over, gazing down into the deep water. Avice's heart beat fast, and her cheeks paled; what could he mean? why did he bend over the water? and almost a shriek broke from her white lips as, suddenly letting himself down over the ledge, she saw him seize a branch, and so swing down to the water-edge, until he could grasp one of the golden-chaliced lilies, with which prize he was soon standing safe on the green bank again; and Avice, pale enough now, was watching, wondering and perplexed—for she had long ago recognised the figure, as what woman ever does fail to recognise the man that she loves?

The very violence of her emotion had driven the blood back to her heart, which beat and thrilled, and ached in a manner perplexing to poor Avice; who, ready as she was to venture her opinion and tell her mind as to love and its exigencies, as is the manner with many young women, was as yet happily ignorant of its caprices, and wondered sorely why she grew so faint, and tenderly melancholy, though

all the time conscious that she was perfectly happy.

Avice went to bed at last, but not, you may be sure, until the lily gatherer had long ago disappeared, and the moon, travelling on her way, had left the path in shadow.

Bright dreams were Avice's that night; and through them all came a vague consciousness that there was some presence near her; that eyes were watching her, and lips breathing near her; once she thought they touched hers, and starting up with a cry, she saw only the pale dim day-dawn stealing into the room, and turning upon her side the girl fell into a deep dreamless rest, from which she did not awake until the sun was streaming into the room, and coming straight through the middle panes of the bay-window, fell upon her bed, where, upon the crimson quilted coverlet, white and glistening, lay a water-lily.

One might well judge that such an adventure would alarm Avice, and yet it scarcely may be said to do so. In those days there was a much stronger belief in the supernatural; and living as Avice had done in a notoriously haunted and spirit-ridden house, it is scarcely to be wondered at that she suddenly became possessed with the notion that this mysterious wanderer and the haunting spirit were one and the same, and that by some strange freak this spirit loved her. It would be hard to say whether Avice was pleased or frightened when her mind first conceived, and then instantly accepted, this wild notion; it was very awful, of course, to have a lover of an ethereal nature, and not mortal flesh and blood as she herself was; she had read, too, of the Evil One taking human shape to deceive young maidens; but this could not be a demon! oh, no, Avice was sure of that. Those blue eyes that stirred her heart even now, and that sad, quiet face—there was no taint of evil there; rather must he be some heavenly spirit who, for some cause or other, was doomed to remain a season on earth.

When Avice began to let her mind wander away into such wild regions as these, there was no limit to the visionary world she soon made around her; and it was perhaps fortunate that going down to prepare the morning meal for her brother she found he had been seized with an ague, and obliged to send to the nearest town for a doctor.

A long anxious day followed; Avice had her hands full; Percy was very ill, and by no means an easy patient to deal with; for he had to be kept in bed almost by main force, insisting upon getting up and riding over to Middleham to meet the attorney who was to settle his racing losses. As day waned, the fever left him, and then he became bent upon

a new excitement; he and Avice were to attend the mask at their cousin's wedding, which was to come off that night, and being unable to go himself, which sorely against his will he at last admitted, he insisted upon Avice carrying out her part, which was none other than the Queen of Cœur de Lion, which great monarch Percy himself had been prepared to personate. In vain Avice pleaded against his will; he was inflexible; and at last, dreading the effect of continued altercation in his present state, she consented.

CHAPTER II.

THE wedding ceremony was over; the tables were filled with guests, those who were to form the maskers' company remained but a short time at the feast, soon retiring to the rooms prepared for them, and from whence there shortly issued a medley of mummers of every country, class, and order.

Observed of all observers was one, a tall, richly-dressed crusader, who speedily making his way up to Avice's side, whispered,—

"Accept my homage, peerless queen; it is my duty as my most heart-felt pleasure to guard you from all annoyance."

Avice bowed, and, willing to keep up the jest, held out her hand that he might touch the tips of her fingers; but she drew back angrily, and with a haughty motion of her tall figure, as the warrior, seizing her hand, kissed it passionately.

"Manners have not been taught thee in the East, fair sir," said an angry voice, and a second crusader stood by Avice's side.

"True knights went to the East to fight, not to learn the soft manners of a Court; methinks our fair and dauntless queen knows too well what stern stuff a soldier's heart must be made of to take offence at homage, even if more warmly offered than the manner of English life permits."

"Faith, your tongue is glib enough, Sir Knight, and if the queen takes a friend's counsel, she'll banish thee her presence;" saying which, the speaker brought his mask near Avice's pretty ear, and whispered,—

"Let me guard thee, Avice; thy brother told thee my heart's desire."

Avice drew back; she could not misunderstand Dick Skelton, and she dare not encourage him by accepting his service, much as at that moment she longed to do so, and escape from the notice the altercation was attracting.

"Nay," she said, her voice faltering, and her neck showing the blushes her mask hid on her cheeks; "'tis unfair. I'll banish no true knight my presence without fair reason, but I'll equally choose none unknown. Your title, Sir Knight."

"Knight of the Lily, your majesty," and dropping upon one knee, the Crusader flung open his cloak, and showed a water-lily resting upon his breast, while up into Avice's face looked the blue eyes that had been "her heart's undoing."

Things were at a critical pass. Avice, confused and startled, was trying to form an answer, when a general rush was made to another apartment, and a cry of "the wizard" was raised. Avice made no attempt to stand against the current, but suffering herself to be borne onward, soon found that she had shaken off at least one of her knights, and that only Dick Skelton stood by her side. Nor was Dick slow to take advantage of his luck; and right warmly did he plead his cause, heedless of the many expostulations Avice made, or the amused looks that were cast upon them, until, fairly beside herself with vexation and shame, Avice forced her way through the crowd, and walking boldly up to the Knight of the Lily, said, "I call upon you to accept your office, sir, and charge you to remain by my side for the rest of the evening."

Her overwrought feelings gave way, and a low gurgling sob followed her brave speech.

Gently and instantly the stranger knight led her through the crowd, now too eager about the conjuring tricks of the wonderful Eastern wizard to notice aught else, until he took her into an empty withdrawing room.

"I will leave you," he whispered, "but first tell me you are not angry. I have tried to leave you, but fate was too strong for me. Great danger threatens you and yours, and I have power to avert it; but this power has been given me only on one condition. I cannot tell you to-night, but to-morrow night, if you will meet me in the room occupied by Essex, I will. You do not doubt me, Avice? You must not. Your brother's honour, nay, life itself, depends upon your trusting me. Say you will come, and I'll leave you now."

Avice did believe him; what less could she do? Even had he not possessed such a mysterious power over her heart, was there not enough in the idea of danger to her brother to warrant the step, unmaidenly though it might seem to many? So Avice promised, and with a long pressure of the fingers, and a caution to her to stay quiet for a time, the knight left her.

The maskers saw no more of the queen that night; but Dick Skelton did: for hunting about, he spied her making her escape, and, in spite of remonstrance, walked home by her side, silent perforce, and biting his tongue out for very bitterness and jealousy: one thing only giving him satisfaction, namely, that he had at least kept the Knight of the Lily away, and seen Avice safely under the home roof.

Next day Dick, who had all the dogged perseverance of an English nature, rode over to Sledmere, and told his tale to Percy Topham, who, being wearied of bed, and doubly wearied of his own thoughts and the pricking of conscience that had been going on while he lay perforce on his back, listened with rising anger, and sent for Avice, who, however, refused to appear; and at last Dick for very shame's sake had to go home, and leave his hopes behind him.

The day was a long and tedious one for each. Percy was irritated by the morning's talk; Avice worried both by reason of Dick Skelton's persecution and her brother's championship of the suit, to say nothing of the coming appointment she had promised to keep that night. So the weary hours went by, until night came, and with it a sudden storm of thunder, wind, and rain; so that when the trysting-hour drew on the old house rocked and groaned in the arms of the wind.

Wrapping herself in a long black cloak, Avice made her way to the ruined portion of the house, stepping carefully along the dark corridor, and standing irresolute at the door which led to the beggar's room. She had not to wait long, the door opened, and Essex stood there, holding a bright lamp, and dressed in leathern doublet and scarlet hose.

"Punctual to a minute, sweetheart," he said, reaching out his hand to assist her up the ruined steps; but Avice drew back, bidding him mend his speech, and remember who he spoke to. At which he laughed, and bade her choose her own way.

Directly Avice was in the chamber, Essex extinguished the light, and she heard his footsteps descending a flight of stone stairs close at hand; then came a gust of cold air, next a voice she recognised as that of the stranger whispered,—

"Fear nothing, I am here to protect you."

A handkerchief was then thrown over her face, she was lifted in a pair of strong arms, and carried down what appeared an interminable flight of stairs; on and on, through cold passages, until at last she was set down and the handkerchief taken from her face.

The room was furnished, brightly lighted, and altogether had a look of comfort and habitation, though the stone roof showed that it was a vault; and here Avice was left, there being no sign of the owner of the arms in which she had been carried so far.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning there was consternation in the Hall; Avice's chamber was untenanted, her bed unslept in. Percy was at his wife's end, and summoned every one on the place, man, woman, and child, questioning each and

all, but without eliciting anything that could serve as a clue to the mystery.

In the midst of which, Essex sent a request that he might be heard; and accordingly Percy, too impatient to await the man's coming, himself, sought him out. The beggar-man was in his own apartment.

"You want to know what has become of your sister, Percy Topham?" he said. "I can tell you, but I must be paid for it."

Percy for answer sprang at the man's throat.

"Price!" he cried; "yes, thou shalt have this price—the price of a halter, thou cowardly dog. Not content with frightening our souls out of our bodies—for I've suspected long thou wert at the bottom of these devil's tricks that have made us the talk of the country-side—thou must needs carry off an innocent girl. Thou hound, hanging's too good for thee!"

"Hands off, master, or two will play at that game; hands off, I say! I've better right to the Hall and its belongings than thou hast. Thy grandfather cheated mine out of these lands, and drove out my father a beggar. I swore I'd have my revenge, and so I will."

With a sudden wrench he shook Percy off, whose hands, weakened by fever, made small odds against the strength of his gigantic opponent, who, rearing his tall figure, was about to speak, when a report like the loudest thunder shook the room, and brought down a cloud of dust from the crumbling walls.

Essex uttered a yell like that of a demon, and pushing some of the old furniture aside, dragged up a trap-door, and darted down a stone staircase, followed by Percy and some of the more courageous of the servants. On they went, through dark passages and vaulted rooms, until a gust of cold air and the white light of daylight suddenly shone down upon them, and at the same moment a woman's voice was heard; and Avice, pale as death, with dilated eyes, and hair hanging dishevelled over her shoulders, stood upon the brink of what seemed a living grave.

Frantic, and beside himself with horror, the beggar threw himself upon the confused mass of masonry, dragging stone after stone away, shrieking for help, and calling upon them to save his son from a living tomb.

But no one seemed to heed him. Percy, faint and terror-stricken at the sight of his sister, had clambered up and was trying to force her away; but the girl only shrieked and struggled, pointing to the ruin, and wringing her hands. The paroxysm that had taken possession of Essex seemed to pass away; he stayed himself suddenly in his fruitless task, and looking round upon the men, said,—

"You think me mad, sirs, but I am not. My only son is buried behind that heap of

ruin: have none of you bowels, that you stand there open-mouthed while he is dying!"

"Now you speak fairly," cried one of the men, "we'll do our best;" and accordingly to work they went, with pickaxe, spade, and shovel, showing such a hearty will that ere many minutes were over they had opened a pathway and showed the mouth of a dark vault, along which came pouring a sulphurous stream of smoke and steam, and down which, utterly careless of any danger, Essex rushed. There was an intense silence at the mouth of the gulf, broken only by the hard sobbing breathing of Avice, who was crouching down, gazing into the passage.

At last a faint and distant shout came upon their ears; then another and another, and Percy, bidding one of the men not let Avice escape, ran down the passage.

Another minute or two of intense suspense, then footsteps, and then Essex and Percy carrying between them a death-like body.

Avice saw it first, and the shriek that broke from her lips seemed to bring back the power of life to the dying man.

"Save her! save her!" he moaned, and clasped the girl's hand, as she hung over him, calling him by every fond name she could invent; then turning,—

"Percy, save him!" she cried, "he has not hurt me, he would have saved you; it was all an accident; take him to the house, he is dying, perhaps:" and then she began speaking with her words of love again, walking along holding his hand until they laid him on her brother's bed, and began to dress his wounds.

Percy sought for Essex, but he was gone, no one knew whither; and many days passed before the mystery could be explained: and the explanation came from the lips of the man so miraculously rescued.

Essex had been no beggar in reality, but the descendant of the family who had once possessed the Hall, and who, believing his ancestors had been defrauded of their inheritance, had taken a vow of vengeance; and coming down to put it into execution in the most feasible way he could, fell in with a party of coiners, who had already established themselves among the vaults of the old house. He and his son joined these men, and while the father was plotting the ruin of Percy, the son saw and loved Avice, and determined to save them; bribed his father to let him obtain an interview with Avice with the intention, so his father thought, of forcing her to be his wife, but in reality to save her brother.

The end we have seen—an explosion in the works used by the coiners disclosed the plot, and proved the death of the men engaged in the work. Essex was never heard of again.

His son recovered, but only by dint of Avice's constant care : and as she sat by the bay-window in his sick-room day after day, singing softly, and cheering away the long hours, I do not think that she ever regretted that her mysterious lover had turned out to be only like other men.

People wondered at Avice marrying the beggar's son, but Dick Skelton, like a noble fellow as he was, came to her aid, and held it that Essex was a right good gentleman, who had only played the beggar for a time ; and when the "Knight of the Lily," as we may still call him, was able to rise from his bed and go up to the Court, Dick was at his hand to tell his story, and stand his rival's sponsor for his old sweetheart's sake.

I. D. FENTON.

THE FEAST OF ALMHUIN.

A LEGEND OF ERIN AND LOCHLIN.

Bi an Carn do leart.*

GLANCING and keen the bright sun struck the sea,
Which rose beneath it like a silver shield
Guarding the fair young bosom of the land,
When Erragon, with all his princely crew,
Bore straight for Inisfail. The goodly prow
Of that proud ship that pranced them o'er the deep,
In likeness of a fiery-footed steed,
Flinging the chafed foam from its breeze-lashed sides,
Seemed champing at the bit.

More full of fret,
And chafing at the curb of his high will,
Came Erragon. For not to feast came he
To Fion's hall of Almhui by the shore,
Where on that day was held the "Feast of Shells."
A storm of passion in his spirit leaped,
Like a high-crested wave, and would not lull,
But overbore him as a stranded hulk,
Lone at the mercy of the lashing sea.

As bore the ship to sandward, first was he
To plunge breast-high upon the shelving shore,
His polished arms aloft above his head.
And ere his flower of warriors could disembark,
While yet his foot sole kissed the golden sands,
Adown the golden sands toward the sea
Along the pebbled flats in beauty rath
Came Fion's daughter like a new-slipped ray
From out the coronal of morn : white-robed,
And girdled with a wreath of amaranth flowers
Of crisp-scaled petal, purple-violet hued ;
Her shoulder-knots, two corded trefoil stems,
Twisted of green in many a winding knot,
With tripled leaves of the green beetle-shards,
Upborne, like shining wings, upon the breeze.

Leading a hundred steeds, behind her came—
A hundred steeds all white as British steers—
A hundred warriors with strong-hided shields,
And spears, sky-pointed, drawing fire from heaven :

* "May the Carn be thy bed." A more bitter malediction than this could not be uttered. The Carn, though also used for other—priestly—purposes, was a heap of small stones raised over those who came by a violent and unnatural death. See the "Chronicles of Eri."

The steeds with brodered housings each adorned,
In hues of saffron gleaming like the sun.

A moment turned she on her lithe free foot,
Beholding Erragon ; and bade the chiefs
Who led the offering of the milk-white steeds
Make halt awhile : then, forward nobly urged,
Stood straight, and spoke the king.

"To Erragon,
Great king of Lochlin, come I from the feast
Of Almhui. Fion's daughter I : the first
That ever crossed these sands to greet a foe
Or bore the whited wand of sluggish peace.
Nor had I come for safety of my kin :
Not brothers' blood had moved me ; no, nor sire's—
Since battle's work has been their milk from babes—
But to stay vengeance ere its cup be full,
For love of Evarallin."

At that name—
A name of honour once, now brand of shame,
A name of honour and a name of pride,
Ere Aldo, treacherous guest, had stolen away
The queen of Lochlin to the Fions' shore—
The king, forgetting face of fairest foe
And presence high and peace-entreaty voice,
Stamped, sudden-fierce, the pebbled beach to dust.
But never word broke from him ; till the maid,
With herald-wanded hand raised white on high,
Made proffer of the goodly gifts she brought.

"A hundred milk-white steeds are thine—and more
So thou shalt smoothe that ruffled front of war,
And lone in grief leave bowed-down Evarallin."

"A hundred curses light upon her head :
A hundred horses tear her limb from limb,
So ne'er I look upon her face again!"

"A hundred girdles of the amber beads,
Charmed against sickness, shall be thine—and more,
So that thou leave her beauty to its fall."

"A hundred serpents wind about her neck,
Till sickness wither her and blast that beauty
That ruled me, son of Anir, to my cost!"

"A hundred beakers of the elk-horn brim
To set before the kings of all the world :
Whoso shall drink from these grows young for ever."

"A hundred poisoned beakers hold their drink
Who dare to harbour, knowing of my wrong,
Her, the detested one, within their halls!"

"The friendship of the Fions and of Fin—"

"The Fions shall be my captives ; and for Fin,
With Fin will I do battle on the shore!"

"Me, as a hostage, shalt thou have—and more ;
The daughters of my house to fill thy cup,
The brothers of my house to front thy wars,
So thou leave Evarallin to her woe,
Down in the dust her mad adventure weeping ;
Weeping the ruin following on the fault,
Weeping the innocent blood out-poured for her,
Before the spilling,—knowing what must come.
An hostage I, in pledge that she return,
Sullied in name, but not in honour sullied :
To sit in Fion's hall at Almhui's feast,
Safe to my arms she came ; shall safe return :
Her error rued or ere she touched the shore."

Loud laughed the king : " Let Aldo answer it !
For Evarallin,—be the Carn her bed !"
Then, drawing his bare blade across his lips,
He vowed his vow of battle past recall :
" War to the death with Fion and with Fin !"

Like a tress-streaming comet, that has curved
Her errant path to let a star look through
Her beauty, and so tame his fiercer light,
Then back to Almhuiin turned the Fion maid ;
And down the battle rushed. And the long locks
Of Aldo floated in a sea of blood,
Tossed like the Red-Sea weeds when storms break o'er.
The gulphy deeps of Araby. Low laid
Was many a Fion hero on that day.
But Aldo was the spoil of Erragon,
Singled from seven score of Fion chiefs
To whet his thirst of slaughter.

Few returned

To wild Lochlin, of all the princely crew
Who rode that charger of the sea to land,
Where Erragon had met the herald-maid.
The challenged and the challengers alike
Peopled the field of carnage to the wave.

Eight days the battle raged. When dawned the ninth
Great Erragon lay low. On his brown shield
At peace he slept, nor dreamed of Evarallin :
Fair Evarallin, fairest at the feast
Of lordly Almhuiin ; fair, but weak as fair,
And penitent as weak. Above the grave
Of Erragon she wandered like the wind
That, worn with raving, settles to a sigh.
For with the issue of that bloodful day
She maddened. And her wail went up to heaven
And fell, as rose and fell the waves : and still
Her cry was " Erragon, oh ! Erragon,
Most noble—faithful ;—Erragon, my lord,
Wherefore forbad'st thou me the Fion's feast :—
Woe, woe to Aldo—and woe, woe to me
To list his serpent voice, forgetting thine,
Lochlin—my king—my love—my Erragon !"

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

PURE AIR.

WHOEVER has been at one time at a farmer's dinner in the low room of some country hotel, and at another has stood upon the sea-shore ; whoever has been on one occasion in the gallery of a theatre on boxing-night, and at another has stood upon a summit two thousand feet above the level of the sea, knows very well the difference between pure and impure air, so far as they affect the bodily senses. But it will be necessary for us to be a little more precise than this. Before we consider how this first of all among the necessities of life is to be obtained, we must digress so far as to learn something of the components of a pure atmosphere.

Upon " the composition of the atmosphere " Dr. Angus Smith is an authority held in deserved respect. He considers the standard of pure air to contain 20·96 of oxygen, 79·00 of nitrogen, and ·04 of carbonic acid. It will be seen by a comparison of the amount of

oxygen in the most invigorating and in the least oxygenised air in which life can be supported, of how great importance is this element. The same authority tells us that the difference between the amount of oxygen in the atmosphere around Balmoral and in that of the main thoroughfares of Manchester is only ·20 ; the quantity in the first being 21·00, and in the air of Manchester 20·80 ; while the gallery of a crowded theatre at 11.30 p.m. shows 20·63 of oxygen. The flame of a candle will go out when the quantity of oxygen falls below 18·5 ; therefore, as to oxygen, we have but a margin of 2·50 between the highest vitality and certain death.

The quantity of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere is more variable, and its variations are not of importance to human life in the same degree as those of oxygen. Taking three of Dr. Smith's London tests, we find that while the air of Hyde Park shows ·03 of carbonic acid, that of the Court of Chancery shows ·20, and that of the pit of the Strand Theatre ·32. Perhaps these figures, inexpressive as they may seem to many readers, will serve to recall to their senses the stuffy atmosphere of the High Court of Chancery, and the aroma which arises from the densely packed parterre of a theatre.

Into the atmosphere thus composed of quantities of these normal elements, varying with circumstances affecting its purity, there arise the gases of putrefaction, all more or less poisonous. From thousands of cesspits, sulphuretted hydrogen is adulterating with mortal effect the people's constant food in those hives of industry where the density of population directly and injuriously affects their atmosphere ; while in rural districts many wide tracts of undrained marsh and bog lands are emitting gases scarcely less pernicious to the dwellers in their neighbourhood.

The function of sanitary reform in regard to these conditions of the atmosphere is very simple and easy of comprehension. Ventilation is the great principle by which the due quantities of oxygen and carbonic acid gas may always be obtained. It is only a question of sufficient air, or of a sufficient movement in the atmosphere, to secure what is in this respect necessary for health. But sanitary reformers must wage continued and implacable war against the gases of decomposition or putrefaction. They should regard their extinction as indispensable to the public health. Wherever these gases exist in the atmosphere, there exists also a preventible cause of sickness. And it should be remembered that this is no Sisyphean labour ; no hopeless task impossible of accomplishment. It is possible that the thousands of lives annually slain by

these gases shall be preserved in health and comfort. But I question, so far as the human race is concerned, whether the moral offence they give is not more pitiful and more shocking than even the wasting sickness and the loss of wealth and life which is caused by their baneful presence.

From my experience as Government Inspector of Public Works during the cotton famine I could draw illustrations of the demoralisation of filth such as an unusually extensive acquaintance with the condition of the manufacturing towns have afforded. It is filth which demoralises, but it is putrefaction which kills. Speedy and continuous removal is absolutely necessary to prevent the generation of deadly gases. Although fish cannot be said to have any moral sense, yet their habits will serve to illustrate this distinction. For instance, the outlet of a sewer into a running stream is never injurious to the fish; on the contrary, if the drain contains no poisonous chemicals, they will be found congregated round the outlet, feeding upon the contents of the sewer. But if from any cause the flow of the stream is stopped, as in the case of the Thames by the incoming tidal waters, and its contents become putrid, the fish are the first victims of the change, then arise the poisonous gases which can reach higher forms of existence with equal fatality. Sanitary reform, therefore, as regards pure air, should be directed and may be confined to ventilation, and to the removal of all refuse animal and vegetable matter from the possibility of emitting putrid gases.

It was Curran, I believe, who, while discoursing upon the privileges of British liberty and the inviolability of the Englishman's house, said, "the wind may enter, but the king dare not." It would be well for the sanitary condition of a large portion of the town populations if "that chartered libertine, the wind," could make a little more free with the interior of their domiciles. One of the chief causes of the high death-rate prevailing in the manufacturing districts is the large number of houses built back to back, having no "through" ventilation. It has been stated that in Manchester alone there are not less than 25,000 houses of this description; and as their only outlook is generally upon narrow courts, two or three sides of which are occupied by houses thus constructed, it is quite impossible that a sufficient renewal of the interior atmosphere can take place. It also results from this mode of construction that these houses have no back yards, and their inhabitants must have a common receptacle for sewage and refuse. Sometimes twelve, sometimes more, including perhaps a hundred and twenty residents, use in

common an ashpit with one or two closets placed in the centre or at the end of these courts. The state of these "conveniences," with all their filth exposed above the ground level, may be more decently imagined than described. That the gases arising from them pollute the atmosphere of the entire court is a not less disgustingly obtrusive fact; while the subsoil becomes saturated with the most offensive drainage, which, in not a few cases, percolates into the cellars, or beneath the uncellared floors of the houses. There was a time when thousands of the manufacturing population dwelt in underground cellars, but recent legislation has, to a great extent, remedied this evil. By the Manchester Police Act of 1843, 7 & 8 Vic. ch. 40, it is enacted that every new house shall have a separate privy and ashpit; and it must be said of the houses recently constructed for the working classes throughout the manufacturing districts, that they are generally warm, weather-proof, and well ventilated. To the great sanitary defect which still invariably characterises them I shall have to allude presently.

The importance of sufficient ventilation is exhibited by the comparative immunity from disease of populations living in close proximity to accumulations of foul matter in localities which permit a free current of air. During the hot summer of 1858,—when the Thames in its passage through London became putrid, when even the "faithful Commons" forsook their gorgeous palace, when the passage of a river bridge was an unpleasantly memorable incident in a day's walk,—inquiry proved that there was no excessive mortality among those who were actually engaged upon the river in steam-boats and barges. Men and women did not die in unusual numbers upon the river banks, and evidence of the same character may be gathered respecting the foul rivers of the North. It is scarcely possible for waters to be more impure than those of the Medlock and the Bridgewater Canal, in the neighbourhood of Manchester. Of the first it has been said that "the birds have been seen walking upon its scum," and of the latter that the gases arising from it would ignite upon its surface. In the dog-days, shrinking railway-passengers lift their carriage-windows as they approach the black waters of the canal; and there are other canals in the Yorkshire district said to be only less insalubrious. There can be no question that the gases arising from these waters are in every case deadly; but I believe that inquiry will show a better state of health among the residents upon their banks, than is to be found among the people living in courts such as I have before described.

With reference to the Thames during the season to which I have referred, Dr. McWilliams, the Inspector to the Board of Customs, made careful inquiry respecting the health of the waterside officers of Her Majesty's Customs, and reported, "as respects bowel affections, in which I include diarrhoea, choleraic diarrhoea, &c., the types of those forms of disease which in this country noxious exhalations are commonly supposed to originate, we find the additions during the four hot months of the past year, 1858, from this class of complaints to have been 26·3 below the average of the corresponding period of the three preceding years, and 73 less than those of 1857. * * * It is nowhere sustained by evidence that the stench from the river or docks was productive of disease."

By some persons these facts have been used as arguments, not precisely in favour of dirt and foul air, but at least as excuses for tolerating the existence of infamous nuisances. The truth being that the ventilation which the open channel of the river or canal affords mitigate to a very considerable extent the evils arising from their impurity.

Through the enactment of byelaws, and the establishment of local boards and other local authorities possessing sanitary powers, great improvement has taken place in the construction of houses. I have seen hundreds of houses the windows of which were made in one solid frame, incapable of being opened, a mode of construction which would not now be permitted in any district under such authority. But no power compels the improvement of such as were erected before these powers were conferred, although these faults of construction cost the State thousands of lives annually.

Damp is a fell enemy of human life, especially in such a climate as that of England. It was stated by an eminent engineer that the effect of the low-level drainage upon the southern district of the metropolis would be equivalent to a rise of twenty feet in the surface. Prior to the recent construction of the new system of sewers by the Metropolitan Board of Works, the drains in this district were frequently tide-locked and stagnant, making the whole neighbourhood unhealthy; and the prevalence of ague in the east and south-east of London is certainly attributable to the extensive marsh lands lying on either side of the river. The mortality among dwellers upon a hill-side is usually found to be excessive, if, as is often the case, their house is built into the rising ground, with the damp soil resting against the wall of their dwelling. I have heard it stated by my friend Mr. Rawlinson, in reference to his experience as Sanitary Com-

missioner with the Army in the Crimea, that the excessive mortality in regiments whose huts were thus placed was instantly checked by removing the soil from the rear of the huts, and permitting free drainage around them. So, too, in the manufacturing districts, I am confident, from very extensive observation, that the undrained condition of the soil beneath the houses of the working classes is a very common cause of disease. Anterior to the execution of street works under the provisions of Mr. Villiers's Public Works Act, there were, in every large town throughout the Lancashire manufacturing districts, a considerable number of unpaved, undrained streets, the surfaces of which were above the door sills of the houses, and constantly rising higher by the addition of filth of every description thrown out from the houses. These streets were literally impassable in wet weather, ploughed into deep ruts of soft noisome mud. The gases arising from their surfaces must have been very prejudicial to health, but not more so probably than the drainage from them into the lower soil beneath the houses. And, well and warmly built as these are, they have invariably a thin flag pavement on the ground-floor, laid upon a damp subsoil, which constitutes the only fault I can find with the interior of the better class of cottages in Lancashire.

Having regard to the health of the people, it is of the utmost importance that the soil covered by their houses should be dry. I have seen sewage matter oozing through the lower walls, and the wretched inhabitants idly choking the poison with straw; others who had built their houses "upon a rock," and lived all the wet season over a pool of stagnant water; such as these are far too common ills, and the number of persons who suffer sickness and death for want of drainage are to be counted by thousands.

Before referring to the removal of nuisances by sewers and drains, and the utilisation of their contents before putrefaction takes place, I ought to make mention of overcrowding as a very prominent cause of demoralisation and mortality among the poor. How, indeed, can it be otherwise! Let me attempt one or two sketches from the life. Here is the cottage of an agricultural labourer; its mouldy thatch and mildewed wall are really most picturesque in the charming landscape, but its two rooms are the home of a man and his wife, with their six children and two lodgers; the family, four of each sex, sleep in the upper apartment; no, it is not an apartment—it is a loft in the mouldy thatch, approached from below by a ladder, a condition of existence which has a striking resemblance to that of

the other family in the farmer's sty, only that the pigs are breathing a better atmosphere. Shift the scene to the midland districts. Everything about this house is black and coal; in one room a whole family is sleeping; in another there are perhaps six, perhaps a dozen, colliers, who are lodgers. In the grey morning, "the night-shift" come home to take the place of "the day-shift," who are rising from their filthy beds, and tired and grimy with their midnight toils proceed to take their rest in this fetid atmosphere. Here, at a great sea-port, are a man and his wife, three children, and two men-lodgers, crowded into one sleeping-room containing little more than 1000 cubic feet; here also in another room is an entire family. The presiding genius of the place is typhus, and stark in one corner lies a victim, the eldest son of his mother, who, within a few feet of his corpse, is suffering maternal agony in giving birth to her sixth child.

Yet it is all matter of fact, incurable by laws; for the greatest offenders are generally so poor as to be beyond the reach of penalties, and careless of imprisonment—the dregs of society. Sanitary inspection has greatly reduced their numbers, but the work of reform in this direction would seem hopeless if reformers were not content with progressive improvement. It needs only that they should not be fainthearted. Let them regard what has been accomplished for and by the working-classes in the manufacturing districts. Knowing these well, more extensively than many can know them,—knowing their self-control, their fortitude, temperance, and perseverance, the neatness and comfort of their houses,—I speak of the great majority,—I am at times amazed at the ignorance displayed by some prominent men in speaking of their social condition, men who would actually congratulate Dorsetshire labourers with eight shillings a week that they were not "mill-hands," which is about as reasonable as to felicitate a hungry man on having half a dinner instead of a full one.

In passing to the important question of the removal and utilisation of the animal and vegetable refuse from human habitations, I must once more allude to the internal atmosphere of houses. It is so common to hear members of the upper middle-class alluding to the unwholesome condition of the houses of the poor, without a suspicion of the fact that the state of their own houses is often more insalubrious. There are a very large number of good houses, especially in the smaller towns and rural districts, which, in regard to their internal atmosphere, are little better than retorts for receiving putrid gases arising from

the cesspool, which commonly can only be discharged into these houses. I do not hesitate to affirm that a large amount of fever among this class is due to this cause. Nor that the comparatively high death-rate of Paris is due to the storage of filth in impermeable cesspools having communication with the houses. Of all the barbarisms of civilisation, this is unquestionably the most ignorant. In England these poison-pits are usually nothing but holes dug in the soil, which to some extent acts as a disinfectant, though the percolations not unfrequently foul the neighbouring wells, the most infallible of all methods, be it observed, for the spread of infectious disorders. But in Paris nothing is allowed to escape: the poisonous gases are, as it were, carefully manufactured and bottled for their deadly work.

Next in order to this plan of indoor cesspools, in point of inefficiency, is that generally adopted in the manufacturing districts, and known as the midden system. It appears to me to be a very shocking statement,—but it is the truth,—that something like 75 per cent. of the houses in these districts look out upon a square brick pit, into which flows, or is cast, all the sewage and refuse of their tenants; that this disgusting accumulation stands above the level of their small back yards, only temporarily innoxious when the filth is choked with coal ashes. Assume that there are only 50,000 such in Manchester alone, and this assumption will give 450,000 superficial feet of dung-heap exposed to constant putrefaction within the limits of a single city! These middens are periodically emptied at an annual cost, it is said, to the corporation of this city of 20,000*l.*, of which only one-half is recovered by the sale of manure; but their condition for about a week after this process is so horribly offensive that, if I had not learned how decent men will bear with such nuisances more carelessly than with any other social evil, I should be astonished that the intelligence and energy of this community had not long since swept away so gigantic a disorder. But, bad as this state of things is at its best, that is, when each of these middens is drained, I can scarcely trust myself to describe what it was in many places which, until the operation of the Public Works Act, possessed no system of drainage. The overflow of these middens, its collection into stagnant ponds, with islands of the most disgusting composition, in close proximity to the houses, was a most horrible sight.

Now London, which is inferior to these northern towns in respect to paving and in the quality of its supplies of gas and water, affords the best example as regards the removal of

street refuse and sewage matter. Since the establishment of the General Board of Health, the metropolis has in this respect taken and kept the lead. *Salus populi* has been *suprema lex*. Subsequently to the year 1847, the abolition of cesspools and the drainage of houses into the sewers was made compulsory, and upwards of 30,000 cesspools were so abolished in the space of six years. As all these sewers flowed directly into the Thames, the result was, that in about ten years from the commencement of this reform the foulness of the river became unbearable, and measures were taken for the construction of a system of intercepting sewers, by means of which the sewage is conveyed to a more harmless distance. But before referring in any detail to this system, it should be mentioned that the position of London is peculiar, as situated upon what may be called the meeting-place of the river and tidal waters. Had the waters of the Thames at London been those of a flowing stream, it is scarcely probable that the intercepting sewers would yet have been constructed. However, the London sewage is now conveyed immediately from the houses, at a mean velocity of a mile and a half per hour, to a distance of twelve miles from the City, where it is discharged into the river at high-water, which is equivalent, so far as the City is affected by its reflux, to a low-water discharge at twenty-four miles distance. This work is performed by about 1400 miles of sewers, of which eighty-two miles are the main intercepting sewers. These are now complete, with the exception of the Northern Low Level, and will cost, with all necessary works, between four and five millions sterling.

But it is not likely that this tremendous waste of a valuable commodity will long continue, and already there is a company formed for the conveyance of the contents of the northern outfall to the sandy lands about the mouth of the river, which may be made available for cultivation by means of this manure. Nor can it be doubted that this example will be extensively followed. It is, indeed, surprising that the waste has been so long permitted. We bewail our national losses by the cattle plague, apparently heedless of the fact that this loss of food, great and grievous as it is, is incommensurable with the sacrifice of the food-producing material which is carried out to sea from every river's mouth.

Assuming, then, that the removal of sewage by suspension in water, through the medium of sewers, is the best mode of ensuring the public health, we are arrived at one of the difficulties which the Rivers Commission has been appointed to solve; that is, the prevention

of its outfall into the rivers, and its utilisation in the most economical manner.

It may be said that three methods have been adopted for the utilisation of sewage, to avoid the pollution of the rivers and of the atmosphere. First, the application of deodorants by which the solids are at once precipitated; secondly, arresting the flow of sewage, and allowing subsidence to take place; and thirdly, the irrigation of agricultural lands.

The first method has everywhere proved a failure in a commercial point of view. It has been tried upon a magnificent scale at Leicester, in works which cost upwards of 30,000*l*. The promoters of the company estimated the value of the manure at 45*s*. per ton; but after the labour and cost of separation and drying, it does not find a sale at 1*s*. per ton, and the works have been given up to the local board, as the saleable manure did not pay the working expenses. It appears that in the process of deodorisation, whether by admixture of cream of lime or any other chemical, the most valuable manurial elements are given off, or remain in the apparently purified water, and to this loss is added the cost of drying the manure by exposure or mechanical means.

More satisfactory results have been obtained from the second mode of treatment—that of allowing the solid sewage to settle in tanks, the water flowing off after this subsidence has taken place. But this cannot detain all the noxious elements of the sewage, nor can the effluent water be purified through so simple a process. Yet it avoids many of the evils of discharge into rivers and streams: it prevents the fouling of their banks by solid refuse, and the residuum is a valuable manure.

But in the third case,—the irrigation of land,—there can be no doubt whatever that the sewage is the right thing in the right place. All manipulation of such refuse in the neighbourhood of a town must be more or less unwholesome; the separation of the manure from the water in which it is suspended must be costly and wasteful, while this very water serves to convey it to the soil which must be its ultimate destiny.

Unlike the other schemes, wherever this plan has been adopted the result has been a commercial as well as a sanitary success. The famous meadows in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, which are irrigated with a portion of the sewage of that city, form the most notable example. The improved rental of this land, in extent about 400 acres, is 22*l*. per acre, which represents the value of the sewage. But deducting 30*s*. per acre for interest on capital and working expenses, and the net profit is 20*l*. 10*s*. per acre. The Local

Board of Croydon derives an income of 300*l.* a year from the same method of utilisation.

The labours of the Sewage Commission appear to have resulted in determining that the real value of liquid sewage varies from $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* to 1*d.* per ton; that its direct application to land is the most economical and innoxious mode of dealing with it, and that from three to six thousand tons per acre annually is the quantity which will produce the largest proportional return. Such a disposition of the sewage of towns, of course, involves the selection of suitable land, the construction of pumping stations where the irrigation cannot be effected by gravitation, and the preparation of the soil to ensure an even flow over its surface. For the reasons that they are generally level, and often of a sandy character, marsh lands situate at the estuaries of rivers are very well adapted for such treatment, and that they are usually far removed from towns is also an advantage.

Yet it is by no means probable that such an application of sewage will cause any local nuisance. Indeed, I do not conceive it possible, and I know no method of dealing with sewage so free from this objection. If the soil is of an open, porous character, or if it is thoroughly well drained, so as to render continued saturation impossible, the discharge of three or six thousand tons of liquid sewage upon its surface during the year will not taint the atmosphere. At some places too large a quantity per acre has been applied, and sewage has been allowed to stagnate in the trenches, by means of which it is spread over the soil. But in rightly estimating the advantages of this plan, it must be remembered that no decomposition whatever should be allowed to take place, that is, no such decomposition as would give rise to an escape of putrid gases.

The circumstances of every place must, however, determine for itself the best mode of utilisation. It is certain that in this question the sanitary condition of the country is, to a very important extent, involved, and that it includes a very valuable commodity, one which will prove a large increase of wealth. It is found by experience that such a stimulus to vegetable production does not, to any appreciable extent, diminish the fattening properties of the crops, nor render the produce unwholesome, and indeed it is quite possible that the agricultural production of this kingdom may in time be doubled, though the limits of these islands must remain the same.

On all sides the question of sanitary reform presses for public attention. Nor is it likely that its importance will longer lack apprecia-

tion. I have spoken of reform around and beneath us, and it only remains for me to add a few words respecting the purification of the higher atmosphere. Every one knows that coal-smoke involves a waste of fuel, and that the volumes which may be seen to issue from factory chimneys are for the most part due to the carelessness of stokers. If it were practicable to enforce penalties without the delay caused by notice and summons, there would soon be an improvement in the atmosphere of towns. Where there is a strict inspection, I have known manufacturers give their stokers a weekly allowance, to be paid so long as they incurred no penalties, with the almost invariable results of a smokeless chimney and a large saving of fuel. Among the members of town councils and local boards of health there is no lack of disposition towards improvement. But they will not enforce penalties while they regard the privilege of polluting the atmosphere with smoke as a "vested right." The bill proposed by Sir George Grey, now before Parliament, deals with this subject. But there are other and more pernicious gases which escape into the atmosphere, and among these none are more noxious than those evolved in the process of copper-smelting, or than the muriatic acid gas given off in the manufacture of alkali. Yet it is very satisfactory to state that experiments are being made in South Wales for the condensation of the copperas gas with every prospect of success; and since the passing of the Alkali Act in 1863, Dr. Angus Smith, the Government Inspector, has been instrumental in effecting a most important reduction in the quantity of muriatic acid gas allowed to escape into the atmosphere. The basis of this manufacture is the decomposition of common salt by sulphuric acid, a process which, judging from the extent of the alkali manufacture, would cause the escape of "about 13,000 tons per week of strong commercial muriatic acid in a liquid state. The whole amount would escape if there were no condensation. The effect of the condensation reduces it to 43 tons." This extract from Dr. Smith's last report discloses the issue of a great sanitary amendment, and is calculated to inspire with hope those who are determined to carry on the good work of reform.

I do not doubt the growing popularity of sanitary reform. Of all good works to which men can turn their hands it is the most satisfactory, the most certain to yield remunerative results; for there is none in which the evils to be attacked are more patent and tangible, and none in which the benefits to be gained are more more quickly secured and lastingly appreciated.

R. ARTHUR ARNOLD.



THE CURSE OF THE GUDMUNDS.

A LEGEND OF ICELAND.

A WHITE elf sits by the churchyard gate—
The hour is past, it is growing late;
In her arms she carries an elfin child,
And over it murmurs a song most wild.

The bells ring out for the Sunday prayer,
The elf can go no nearer there;
The crowd in its eagerness hurries by,
And gives no heed to her deep deep sigh.

The bells are dumb in the old church tower.
 "Andreas! where art thou? 'Tis past the hour!"
 The hours roll'd on, and no one came,
 Andreas Gudmund! art *thou* to blame?

The shadows deepen'd, and no one came:
 "Andreas Gudmund! art *thou* to blame?
 Have the blue eyes of thine elfin child
 No charms for thee with their beauty wild?

"I am *not* baptised. I will not come near,
 Thou knowest, my love, I should quake for fear;
 I have placed on the stone a golden cup,
 Let the angels carry mine offering up!

"I might have married an elf of light,
 With foxglove helmet, and armour white;
 By *thee*, Andreas, was I beguiled,—
 Now make thine infant a Christian child!

"Thou hast promised, Andreas, and I am here;
 Thy father will come for thee, child most dear.
 A blessing shall fall on thy forehead white
 Unknown to thy mother, the elf of light!"

She waited and moan'd, but no one came;
 His craven spirit must bear the blame;
 The bells ring out and the prayers are done,—
 She is all alone with the setting sun!

The babe in her arms, with its wild blue eyes,
 Looks up in her face in weird surprise;
 "Thy father, my child, is asham'd of thee;
 I will know how he'll welcome a curse from me!

"Curse on the coward who broke his vow,
 On the lying lips and the lying brow;
 May he bear for ever about the land
 A downcast eye and a leper's hand!"

She turn'd away with a laugh so wild,
 It frighted even her elfin child;
 The shadows of night are cold and gray,
 The white elves laugh and the Christians pray!

For ever, for ever on sea, on land,
 A Gudmund carries a leper's hand!
 His left hand beareth no mark of woe,
 But his right is always as white as snow!

[The traditionary northern Elves are of three sorts,—
 White, or the Elf of Light; the Brown Elf and the
 Black Elf, the latter being the most dangerous; but all
 of them to a certain degree are malicious. They are
 occasionally allied with the human race, and are then
 very ambitious of baptism for their children.]

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAX-
 WELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

DURING all the time occupied at Reach House by Mr. Sondes' illness, Lawrence Barbour's anxiety, and Percy Forbes' irresolution, the household in Distaff Yard were in a state of high fever concerning "Ada's young gentleman," such being the mode in which Mrs. Perkins was in the habit of referring to the favoured individual who had aspired suc-

cessfully to the honour of walking-out with her daughter.

Regarding lovers for a moment as fishes, it may be said they are often as difficult to land as they are easy to hook. Supposing the fish itself willing to be dragged to the shore matrimonial, there is generally a stern parent or cautious guardian holding it back, and striving to keep the innocent from the fate which threatens it.

From the earliest ages the love of two unsophisticated natures has always seemed displeasing in the eyes of some calculating looker-on. Now it is the maiden who might, to the thinking of some people, be improved upon; now it is the swain who scarcely reaches the regulation standard of desired merit.

"Since the time when that King of Rome's daughter could not get the man of her 'art, and went mad and took a fancy, poor dear, to an ass," thus Mrs. Perkins discoursed concerning the heroine of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." "Since then," proceeded the lady, "the course of true love never have run smooth, and it is not to be expected as our Ada would find her road strewed with roses and lilies, so to speak, and different from the ways of other people. I am sure when Mr. Perkins was a looking after me the language my mar used about him was dreadful, in a manner of speaking, all along of an elderly gentleman who lived private and had house-property at Plaistow, and would have hung me with diamonds, as the saying is, if I'd 'ave had kept company with him. So Mrs. Jackson, though Ada has got a good education and can play on the pianner, which I never could, and speaks French beautiful, and writes so fine that neither me nor her par can read a word of it, still she musn't set herself to be above the troubles others have had before her, and as I tells her, you've time enough yet to bring the burden of a family on you; and nothing can be more genteel and attentive than young Mr. Reeves, and if you'll just have patience, his papa and yours will settle matters to the mutual satisfaction of all parties, and you'll have a nice nest-egg when you begin house-keeping, and your husband will be on his own account instead of being at the beck and call of a certain gentleman as shall be nameless, which was the case with your poor par when him and me became acquainted."

"Lord, how you do run on, Mrs. Perkins," observed Mrs. Jackson. "Ain't it five hundred that they've fell out about?"

"If you like to call it falling out, Mrs. Jackson, when everything is as comfortable and agreeable as anybody could wish, you may;

only all I have got to say is, that the way Mr. Reeves comes and smokes his pipe in our parlour while the young folks are out feeding the chickens and walking about the yard is quite a picture, and better nor many that is sent to the Academy, at least, so Mr. Forbes told me the other day, for I don't know much about the exhibitions myself; says he—Mrs. Perkins, it is a thousand pities Mr. Reeves don't get hisself drawed, for he would make an artist's fortune."

"What kind of chickens may yours be that needs feeding in the dark?" asked Mrs. Jackson, harping back to the incautious statement made by her friend, and compelling her to give evidence thereupon.

"They're Spanish, ma'am," retorted Mrs. Perkins, with some indignation—"Spanish; which Mr. Reeves brought over a setting of in a basket one evening, and one large Grey Dorking has hatched nine out of the thirteen—which nine eat as much as a child would do. I suppose it is so long since you were a-court-ting that you cannot remember the time when you were glad to make an excuse even of a dumb animal to get a word with your young man; but it's different with me; I've got the feelins of a mother, and gives them the chance of an odd minute whenever I can."

"But you needn't wake the hens out of their first sleep to do that, need you?" asked Mrs. Jackson; at which stage of the conversation Ada making her appearance upon the scene, and being put by her mother in possession of the position, observed with a toss of her head, "that if some people who could afford better chose to content themselves with a single sitting-room, and a house where every sentence spoken in the attic can be heard in the cellar, other people must go where they were able to talk over their arrangements. And, indeed," proceeded Miss Ada, "I told him no later than last Sunday when we were walking past Reach House, in the afternoon—once church in the day being enough for me—that if him and his father did not make up their minds soon it would be too late, because I did not mean wasting my time for ever, waiting for an old stupid to give his consent. There are plenty more in the world just as good as him, and so I said."

"For shame, Ada," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, contemplating her first-born with maternal admiration, though she considered it proper to rebuke the maiden for jeopardising her chance of making a good settlement. "For shame, Ada! it is really unreasonable the way you do go on at that young man, as would marry you to-morrow and be glad to do it without a rag to your back, if only his papa would let him. And a nicer genteeler lover

I will say you could not desire, nor one as has a sweeter taste in neck handkerchiefs."

"I do not know about that," answered Ada, taking off her bonnet while she spoke, and giving her curls a shake, looking all the time, as Mrs. Jackson subsequently confided to her husband, "more upsetting than any girl I ever did see."

"His ties are all very well in their way, but we met Mr. Forbes just on this side the bridge, and he had on a scarf something worth talking about. I never saw anything so beautiful, except in an outfitter's window, before, and he had it fastened with a pin that would have made your eyes ache—I could not take mine off it—and I got a good look, too, for I stopped to ask him about Mr. Sondes and Olivine. He apologised for hurrying by saying he did not like to interrupt so agreeable a *tête-à-tête*, and 'Arry got quite red and confused, and could not or would not speak a word, so I answered that, 'if he thought me and Mr. Reeves had anything agreeable to talk about, he was very much mistaken.'"

Whereupon Mrs. Jackson declared Ada was the "sauciest girl she knew," and Mrs. Perkins asked her what Mr. Forbes said to that.

"He said, 'Then, Miss Perkins, rumour has as usual exaggerated facts. I had the pleasure of hearing long ago you were about making Mr. Reeves one of the happiest men alive,' and with that," proceeded Ada, "he lifted his hat to 'Arry, who first stood on one foot and then on the other, and nodded like an idiot, till I could have boxed his ears."

"You see what other people think of her," remarked Mrs. Perkins, in an exulting aside to Mrs. Jackson.

"It's such as Mr. Forbes as makes fools of girls," muttered Mrs. Jackson, indignantly, while Ada went on,

"That's the kind of man I admire, I says to 'Arry, when we got on the bridge; one that knows what to do, and what word to speak wherever he is, or whoever he meets.' 'If you have a taste for marrying your grandfather, and think you can get him,' 'Arry bursts out, 'don't let me stand in your way.'"

"As for that," I said, "my grandfather, as you call him, is only fourteen years older nor me."

"Oh!" he says; "you seem to know all about him, even to the colour I suppose of the dress he wore when he was short-coated." He was just mad with jealousy, so I brought him down a bit, telling him how Mrs. Gainswoode told me, 'Lor,' she said, 'I have known Percy Forbes since I was so high. There's just three years' difference between us in age. You can ask her, if you like,' I went on, 'when I take you to Hereford Street; she in-

vited me to bring you there the first time she was in town."

"Never?" exclaimed Mrs. Jackson, interrogatively. There were bounds to her credulity, and the notion of Mrs. Gainswoode requesting Miss Perkins to call, outstripped those bounds.

"Never!" repeated Ada. "I suppose you don't think," she added, with an impudent laugh, "we are grand enough for Mrs. Gainswoode; but if we ain't, some of our relations are."

"Ada!" said Mrs. Perkins, entreatingly.

"Well, I am sure, ma, you have said the same thing yourself a hundred times. Anybody with half an eye might see that. Do you think Mrs. Gainswoode would have asked herself to my wedding if it had not been for the chance of meeting Lawrence Barbour?"

"Then I hope and trust you won't have her, Mrs. Perkins!" exclaimed Mrs. Jackson; "and that dear young wife of his a going to bring an innocent child into the world and all. Don't for any sake, Mrs. Perkins, have her in your house at all; a baggage I always said she was, and a baggage she'll be to the end."

"Ain't Lawrence old enough and ugly enough to take care of himself," cried out Miss Ada; "and Olivine is no such simpleton as you imagine, either. 'Let me know when your marriage is to take place,' she said, the very last time I saw her, 'for I intend to come to it;' and she drew her lips quite tight, and she clasped her hands together till I could see she left the mark of her nails in them."

"God help her?" ejaculated Mrs. Jackson.

"Well, she was always a stuck-up piece, and I am certain that beautiful chapter the curate read us out the other Sunday, about pride going before a fall, was quite true. I thought at the time of Olivine, and the way she used to hold herself aloof from my children, and that, perhaps, her husband not caring for her might be a judgment for it all."

"Don't talk that way, Mrs. Perkins, you've girls of your own," remonstrated her friend.

"Yes, but I'm thankful to say my girls is very different from what Olivine ever was, and they've been differently brought up, I'll be bound. Now, she could not darn a stocking was it ever so."

"And I'll be bound I'll never darn a stocking when I'm married, let it be ever so," added Miss Ada; which remark drew a severe rebuke down upon her from head-quarters, and an observation to the effect that perhaps the day might come when she would be glad to have any stockings to mend.

"I'll go after that, I think," remarked Ada; "I'm not likely to hear better than that

to-day," and she rose to leave the room, knocking down a chair in her progress, and pursued by Mrs. Jackson with—

"Mind my advice, and don't torment Mr. Reeves too much, or you may lose him altogether."

"Let him go," retorted Ada; "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"Yes, but perhaps not for you to catch," returned Mrs. Jackson, who was wont in the bosom of her family to speak of that Ada Perkins as "perfectly odious."

"And whatever that there young Reeves, as really is a quiet respectable man, can see in her to make him take on as he does, puzzles me," added the soap-boiler's wife. "He is just inveterate about her," the meaning of which last sentence it is not for me even to attempt to explain.

"Perhaps it is her money, my dear," suggested Mr. Jackson. "A thousand pounds is a very snug thing for a wife to bring her husband. It is not every one as has that much."

"You needn't be giving any of your side wipes at me, Mr. J.," exclaimed his better half. "If I did not bring you much money, I brought you what was more to the purpose—a quiet managing wife, not taken up with fal-lals, nor wearing her hair in curls all round, that it would take half a day to comb out. It would not surprise me any minute to hear the match was broken off. I know if I was Mr. Reeves I would not stand her goings-on, that I would not."

But for all the tide of Mrs. Jackson's good opinions set so strongly against Ada Perkins, Mr. Henry Reeves remained constant to the lady of his choice—constant as the needle to the pole.

Nature understands such matters better than we do, it may be concluded; for certainly in some ranks husbands offer themselves in a manner which to ordinary understandings is incomprehensible for the acceptance of young ladies of the Ada Perkins stamp.

The hats, the hair, the sweeping feather, the immense crinoline, the short petticoats, the gilt earrings, the pert manner, the forward address, the flippant manner, the assured walk, the mixture of red and blue that such girls always affect in their dress, form to the minds of some men an ideal of perfect grace and beauty.

The very showiness of the creature fulfils their notion of absolute perfection. They like the *tout ensemble* of short jackets, looped-up skirts, striped petticoats, enormous hoops, light hair, scarlet or blue or mauve or green feather, small hat, clear complexion, and pink cheeks, which attract the attention of other men of their own standing in society; and

they go in to possess it, just as they might be tempted to enter a shop and purchase something which struck their fancy through the glass.

Have you never, walking through London, wondered to yourself who buys the bonnets, the dresses, the shawls, the flowers, the ribbons, the valentines, the jewellery, the huge necklaces, the tremendous Albert chains, the astonishing studs, the heavy rings and trashy brooches, set with worthless stones and coloured glass, that are exhibited at every step?

And yet these things are simply got up to supply a demand. They suit a certain popular taste much better than simplicity or pure art, or the most exquisite production of the craftsman and designer could do by any possibility.

A great coloured print, with lots of blue sea, and green cliffs, and a few children in scarlet petticoats scattered about, elicits admiration, where the finest engraving, the most perfect painting, might be exhibited in vain; and in like manner a girl of Ada Perkins's appearance was sure to attract admiration in her own rank as soon as she appeared a candidate for such attentions.

Plenty of young men came dangling after her. She was much gazed at in church, and many stricken swains were in the habit of loitering round the door of St. Anne's, on the chance of exchanging a word with her when she came forth from that church.

Mr. Reeves knew perfectly well there were others waiting to snatch his prize from him—others who envied him the privilege of walking out with Ada, daughter of Josiah Perkins; and the delay wherewith that young lady twitted him originated utterly at headquarters, and not in the slightest disinclination on the part of the bridegroom elect to run his head into the matrimonial noose.

To him Ada was the realisation of his ideal of a fine-looking girl. He considered her appearance "distinguished," her manners "superior." Offer a child a fourpenny-piece, or a penny, and it takes the largest, and to its comprehension, the most precious. Nature sends women of all sorts into the world to be admired and wooed and won, and thought perfection by men of all sorts. What would you? A smart housemaid could not fail in distracting attention from Venus, were Venus to go out and try her chance among the eligible young men who walk abroad on Sunday afternoons and evenings. Speaking of a very different subject, an American writer puts this same matter before men very neatly. "Is there not many a man," she asks, "whose pulses thrill to the notes of 'Yankee Doodle,'

who would yet sit calm and impassive under 'Casta Diva?'"

While the young people made love, the parents discoursed about money. While the maiden and her affianced talked concerning their future home, where they were to be all in all to one another, and where the furniture was to be "spick and span new," to quote Ada's expression, and covered in green, with yellow gimp and tassels to match, Mr. Perkins and Mr. Reeves were settling how that home was to be maintained and the furniture paid for.

The bride's tocher has been a point of disagreement for many a century among persons whose brides were possessed of any dowry whatsoever, and it was concerning the few hundreds which happened to be the cause of dispute between Messrs. Reeves and Perkins that Ada's mother made the remark anent the course of true love, duly chronicled in the commencement of this chapter.

During the period while this negotiation was pending, Mrs. Perkins's state of mind entitled her to the extremest compassion. Most earnestly she desired to see Ada "in a home of her own." She looked forward with pleasant anticipations to the time when she and the juvenile members of the Perkins house would all go over in the summer evenings to drink tea with Ada at Old Ford. She babbled about green fields, utterly innocent that Falstaff had done the same thing before her, she stimulated the imaginations of the younger children by placing before them visions of buttercups and daisy-chains that were to be gathered and manufactured in the fields lying round and about "sister Ada's beautiful house where she is to live when she is Mrs. 'Enery Reeves." She would have sacrificed much to make these dreams realities, but at the same time those odd hundreds seemed to be a very terrible price to pay for a few cups of tea, and the delight of sitting in an arbour. They had other children, she and Josiah, other daughters to be portioned, some to be educated and placed out at business. Why could not old Mr. Reeves, who had not another chick or child beside 'Arry, except a girl, who was quite a sight by reason of her nurse having let her fall when she was an infant, and broken her back—why could not the head of this absurdly small family content himself with Ada's thousand pounds, and not come haggling after more? That was what Mrs. Perkins wanted to know,—she hated such mean ways. "She had not a sixpence when Josiah married her, and you see," she remarked to Lawrence Barbour, "how we have done; but things is changed since that," she went on, "as Mr. Jackson says

our children only want to begin where we left off."

"And perfectly right they are too, if they can only manage it," answered Lawrence, replying to the spirit of the lady's sentence, rather than to its strictly grammatical sense.

"Ay, but it is not everybody as is as fortunate as you," retorted Mrs. Perkins; whereupon, Lawrence told her he had an appointment in the city at one o'clock—(this conversation took place in the Commercial Road)—and must wish her "good morning."

Another matter which disturbed the tranquillity of Mrs. Perkins' even temper, was that she did not know what to do about Ada's trousseau. The fashion of undergarments changeth very little, so that there really is no use attempting to convey Mrs. Perkins' meaning save in Mrs. Perkins' own words.

"Her body linen can be made up ready, because then it will do, no matter when or who she marries;" but dresses were a different matter altogether.

She thought one day crinolines would go out, and the next that tight sleeves would come in; that waists might go up again to under the arms, and gored skirts become "all the go."

She took the advice of friends; she studied the opinion of fashion-books lent her by the dressmaker, who worked for her by the day; she got distracted over the French phrases, and was always calling Ada to know what this meant and that; she even went down to Reach House to ask Olivine's advice on the subject, and returned thence, declaring she thought marriage and the impending cares of a family had made quite another thing of the girl, and that she did not know when she had held such a comforting conversation with any one.

"And, Ada, I insist you never say a word to anybody again about her husband liking Mrs. Gainswoode better nor her. If she was a stuck-up piece once, it is no reason why her poor 'art should be broken now."

"Yes, ma," answered Ada, going out of the room, with her face looking as though it had been suddenly plunged into turkey red.

For the moment even Ada felt important; she knew what her mother did not know, viz., that through her means the scandal had found its way to Olivine; that the poor wife comprehended at last not merely how fond Mrs. Gainswoode was of Lawrence, which seemed a light matter, but how fond the little world of Limehouse did not scruple to say her husband still was of that "bold, bad woman,"—so Olivine inwardly styled her—"with the snake's hair."

"I shall certainly be present at Ada's wedding, Mrs. Perkins," the young wife observed. "My uncle, as he cannot go himself, would, I know, wish me to do so, and we want our gift to her to be something she really can use; so I want you to tell what the other presents are, and then we shall better be able to judge of our own."

"I'll tell you what nobody has thought of," said Mrs. Perkins at once; "a China tea-service."

"Has any one given her a silver tea-service?" demanded Olivine, smiling in spite of herself.

"Silver! Lor, Olivine! Mrs. Barbour, I mean; who do you think would give my Ada silver?"

"I can't tell in the least," answered Olivine; "if you think no one else is likely to do so, we will."

After that Mrs. Perkins decided no ill ought to be spoken of Lawrence Barbour or his wife. Not even when in due time Mrs. Gainswoode's offering arrived in the shape of a really very beautiful brooch was she exalted over Olivine.

"I could get it myself for five or six pounds," sneered Mrs. Perkins, laying the trinket back in its case; "but those beauties," apostrophising thus the silver tea-service; "it is unknown the money they cost."

Indeed, at that particular moment Mrs. Perkins felt that she and hers were bound to be loud in their expressions of gratitude towards the whole of the Sondes' connection. After long years "Josiah" had at last reaped his reward; Mr. Sondes, in acknowledgment of the length of time they had spent in business together, increased his interest in the concern without any pecuniary consideration a fourth more, making him thus senior owner of the works.

"It is true enough, those grumpy people are the best to have to do with in the end; they are the justest," decided Mrs. Perkins, while her husband was fighting his last battle with Mr. Reeves concerning his daughter's fortune.

"Come now," exclaimed the old gentleman, taking his long pipe out of his mouth, "let's make the young people 'appy, and decide on something this evening. If you'll make it fifteen, I'll double it, and if that's not acting 'andsome, I'd like to know what is."

Mentally Mr. Perkins congratulated himself on having kept his own counsel, and said nothing concerning the improvement in his circumstances.

For the sake of appearances he sat and considered Mr. Reeves's proposition for a few minutes; then he said, "Very well, I'll make it the fifteen."

"You will!" exclaimed Mr. Reeves.

"I will," repeated Mr. Perkins.

"Shake hands on it, then," said 'Arry's father.

With which request Mr. Perkins gravely complied.

"Now let's drink wealth, 'ealth and 'appiness to the two A's," suggested Mr. Reeves, to which appeal Mr. Perkins, not without a pleasant sense of "having done" the "old screw," responded willingly.

After that Mrs. Perkins was called in, the young people were duly informed that a satisfactory arrangement had been arrived at; Miss Ada was requested to name the day, and Miss Ada's mother at once sent off Jane the fiftieth time for the dress-maker, and "tell her to bring the fashions," screamed Mrs. Perkins down the yard after her messenger.

Then was performed a deed of generosity which enshrined Mr. Sondes for ever in the inmost recesses of Mrs. Perkins' heart. He sent that lady a cheque for fifty pounds, and requested her to expend it on her daughter's wardrobe.

"I won't have Miss Trimins in to make one of them," was Mrs. Perkins' somewhat ungrateful conclusion. We'll go to Mrs. Barbour's own milliner, and see what she can do for you."

"But on this resolution Mrs. Perkins cooled before morning, and Miss Trimins had the work, and the house was in a litter for that day forth until Ada left it.

Curiously enough this wedding was a fact upon which, except in the slightest manner possible, Olivine and her husband had never touched to one another, save in the slightest manner possible. By the time it was finally settled upon, Mr. Sondes had so far recovered as to be moved back to Stepney Causeway, and it was consequently in her old home that Olivine had just completed arraying herself for the occasion, when Lawrence abruptly entered her room.

"You are not going to that row?" he said.

"To Ada's wedding?—certainly I am," she answered.

"I won't have you go, Olivine," he exclaimed, "the persons you will meet there are not fit persons for my wife to associate with. It is all very well to call on Mrs. Perkins occasionally, and to send the girl presents, but they are not a family I wish you to cultivate, it is not a house at which I wish you to visit much."

"It was there I first met you, at all events," answered Olivine. She stood facing the looking-glass, and resolutely keeping her back to him while she said this, nervously settling her bonnet-strings the while; but

Lawrence could see her face reflected in the glass, and noticed she was white as a corpse, that her very lips were utterly colourless.

"That is no reason why you should go to such a gathering as will be at St. Ann's to-day. If you had mentioned your intention to me before, I should have told you that on Ada Perkins' marriage I wished all intercourse with her to cease, I don't want to be mixed up myself, nor to have you mixed up with the whole trading population of the east of London. Olivine, you really must send a note to excuse your absence, I am not going myself, and——"

"It is much better you should not go, as Mrs. Gainswoode is to be there," broke in Olivine at this point. "Were my being present likely to cause scandal, I should not go either; as it is——"

She was stopped by the slam with which her husband's dressing-room door closed.

He had never answered her by a word, but she heard him now pulling out the slides in his wardrobe, and cursing audibly at locks that would not unfasten; at doors which in his hot haste he was unable to open.

Never a more hurried toilette was performed by man; almost before Olivine had arranged her bows to her satisfaction, and while she still stood before her table drawing on her gloves slowly and with her thoughts far away from dress and the vanities thereof, Lawrence rejoined her.

"I have changed my mind," he said, coldly, "we can go together;" and together accordingly they passed down the stairs, and crossed the hall, and entered the carriage which was waiting for them.

(To be continued.)

AN ASCENT OF "CIMA DI JAZZI." BY A NON-MEMBER OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

ON the very threshold of my page, I beg to state that this is not an heroic narrative. I cannot promise the reader those thrills of suspense which give zest to an account of ice-steps cut on a slope of ice at an angle of forty degrees more or less, or that fearful feat of scaling perpendicular rock surfaces glazed with a thin ice-sheeting. I can promise nothing more exciting than the contingency of a crevasse to break the monotony of a long upward tramp through snow a foot deep. Well, in the August of last year, I found myself located in one of the highest, and, I will venture to say, for its height the very best hotel in Europe, the Riffelhaus. Three thousand odd feet above Zermatt, and more than eight thousand feet above the sea, stands this hotel,—far above the land flowing with milk and honey which encompasses Zermatt, those

meadows of lushy green with purple surface of blue bells nourished by rills of mountain torrent,—far above the topmost pines, on the last slope of the Riffelberg amid its barren bronzy clothing of moss and lichen, noisy with the chatter of vehement and energetic grasshoppers. Two thirds of the horizon are girt with the grand mountains of the Monte Rosa range, the Breithorn, and fatal Mont Cervin to the right, and an unbroken chain of snow peaks, all of the grandest altitude, culminating towards the left in the magnificent snow pyramid of the Weisshorn, that *beau idéal* of mountain outline. I will not apologise for lingering some short time over my description of this hotel; in the conduct of war, a general devotes serious attention to his base of operations, and this Riffelhaus forms the basis of many of the grandest Alpine excursions. In the first place the commissariat department is exceedingly effective, considering that all species of food ungifted with powers of locomotion have to be carried upon the backs of men or mules; but as the locomotion of food is well-nigh restricted to beef and mutton, an enormous residue of provision in victualling an hotel of forty or fifty guests falls to the lot of the backs aforesaid. Then touching the bedding—for half the beauty of Alpine scenery lies in these mundane things of sleep and food—the bedding is most comfortable, and totally free from all those antagonistic obstacles called “Norfolk Howards;” and finally, concerning the ruling spirit of the establishment, we may draw an inference most honourable to woman with regard to her powers of organisation and management: the ruler of this most excellent hotel is a woman, Mademoiselle Marie, sister of good Madame Seiler, of the Hôtel Monte Rosa, at Zermatt—a lady in every sense of the word, laying special stress on a demeanour of quiet dignity and self-possession never for one moment ruffled by the turmoil and worry of a large establishment, and added to this, the most unobtrusive kindness, ready at any moment to afford consolation to all sufferers from the jagged incidents of travel.

I arrived at the Riffelhaus on the Saturday afternoon. I may remark parenthetically that there were two objects with the abundance of which I was greatly struck during my tour—grasshoppers and parsons; they, the grasshoppers, literally cropped up under your foot, and they, the parsons, pervaded the hotels to an enormous extent: Theology seemed to be *en vance*; and well for her that she should have so healthy a playground as the Alps and their eternal snows. I think there will be greatness and width in those men’s sermons when they get home. I am bound to say

that the large majority of them were men in whose society it was pleasant and profitable to be; theology was in abeyance, but the tone of their profession was visible amid all the excitement and interest of Alpine adventure. This abundance of clerical element provided church services for Sunday in the most unlikely localities. The Saturday morning had been wet and stormy, the Sunday morning dawned with all the promise of a fine day, and the fine days of this past August had been few and far between, and there was promise also, by a sheet of note-paper wafered outside the *salle-à-manger* entrance, of church service at eleven o’clock. Well, the snowy mountain tops glistened in the sun, and stood out bright against the deep blue of the cloudless sky; and that very Sunday afternoon even, or at least the coming Monday, might be dimmed with rain and mist. Now the Englishman for the most part is an animal of pious aptitudes, and conventional withal, greatly governed by customary times and seasons, and the minds of many folks who sat at breakfast that Sunday morning at the Riffel hotel were sorely perplexed by the antagonism between that promised church service at eleven o’clock, and those snowy summits. Sad indeed on that cloudless morning that the mountain tops should be clouded by doubts of conscience. One person, I fear of little reverence, boldly proposed at the breakfast table that Convocation should be invoked to prepare what he termed short “carpet-bag” services for the use of Alpine travellers with their loins girt up, Alpenstock in hand, and indeed for the use of all persons taking their pastime amid the grand works of creation, who were likely to suffer from stress of weather or stress of time. Now although the proposition of this bold person was hushed away, it bore some indirect fruit, and eventually a compromising offer was made by the clerical element of a service at a quarter to nine instead of eleven. This offer was gladly accepted, and about twenty persons met in the room occupied by one of the clergymen, where the church service was performed with due solemnity. There was no sermon preached. How could a man preach in that land eight thousand feet above the common earth? If he felt much, he must needs hold his peace, and if he felt little how small would be his words! The view from the Gorner Grat, whither all the party, clerical as well as lay, gradually ascended, was substitute enough for any discourse of man’s.

On the summit of the Gorner Grat the imperfect panorama of the Riffelhaus is made perfect, and the hidden portions, consisting of the mass of Monte Rosa, the Lyakam, and

Castor and Pollux, complete the wondrous chain of snowy mountains. The valley, at the spectator's feet, which lies between his standing-point and the immediate range of Monte Rosa, is paved with the vast mass of the Gorner Glacier—broken ridgy pavement, with glimpses of sea-green hue in the cracks, and scored too by long black sinuous streaks marring its whiteness. The Gorner Glacier is, in effect, a vast ice river formed by the glaciers which stretch down from the many mountain slopes, as streams in the lowland flow into rivers. The black streaks are the moraines, the glacial fringes of stones, mud, and boulders which accompany each individual glacier long after it has entered the main ice stream.

The component parts of this panorama may be pithily summed up into two objects, rock elevation and snow; it is a scene which sternly forbids our use of those descriptive words which convey the tender influences of nature to the understanding—a scene to admire, but not to love; no tokens of man's life are left to touch the heart, the green world of upland chalets lies far below out of sight, the very limits of the dark green pines are overstepped, rock ridge and peak, snow ridge, snow field, and snow summit—unbroken desolation, for ever grand and awful; awful, whether swept by the black storm-clouds, or standing forth radiant and clear in bright sunlight and cloudless sky,—no smile responsive to the sun's warmth, which, in poet's metaphor, marks the lowland landscape. It is allowable to break this monotonous tone of severity by the use of the word "beautiful" in relation to the snow effects. Words, indeed, are not subtle enough to paint those white outlines of cone and ridge which border in dazzling brightness the burning blue ether, and those dense white masses, lapped in mountain clefts and valleys, or upborne on rock summit and ridge, whose whiteness is unstained save with the manifold pencillings of purple shadow, and the rosy glazings of dawn and sunset.

The very heart of a vast mountain range has been reached at last, we are face to face with those summits which towered up so majestically on the horizon while we were yet miles away—the mountain base, as well as the mountain summit, is revealed to our closest scrutiny. It would seem, in common inference, to be a necessity that what was so vast at a distance, should be vaster now, but strange to relate, the sense of vastness and majesty is far less than when these mountains were viewed afar off. The guide-book tells us the height, but the senses do not feel it. Of course, a great deal of absolute height above the sea-level must be subtracted by the

height of our own point of view, and furthermore the eye is incapable, in gazing on the mountain contour, of distinguishing the bold fore-shortenings and rapidly retiring perspective lines; but be the explanation as it may, it is a fact that, in the view from the Gorner Grät, the great mountains opposite are shorn in part of their vastness and their majesty. We may remember that in the work of man there is a parallel for this apparent anomaly. The height of Strasburg Cathedral is only revealed at some two or three miles distance from the city, and the height of Salisbury spire is discovered on the down ridges of Salisbury Plain.

Enough now of all vain word daubings on the face of nature. I will forthwith set my pen steadily to trace my footsteps up that Cima di Jazzi, an apparently low, milk-white cone which rises from the gentle upward slope of the ice valley, and forms, at the height of 12,527 feet above the sea level, the *cul de sac* of the Gorner Glacier. Alpine travellers have lately been called upon to give a reason for their climbings; these reasons have often seemed weak, and even unintelligible, to the uninitiated in flat England; I trust that my reasons may be found more satisfactory. I wanted to see glacier and snow at close contact; I wanted to see down into Italy from a point of view with 4,000 feet of sheer descent below. I did not want to do the Cima di Jazzi for the mere sake of doing it. I well know that, to the initiated of Switzerland, these motives of mine will appear utterly feeble. "Excelsior" ought to mean nothing else than leg and chest work; the end of climbing should be climbing; the end of the Cima di Jazzi should be preparation and training for nobler mountains.

On that Sunday evening at the Riffelhaus the minds of all folks, clerical as well as lay, set with one accord towards an ascent of the Cima di Jazzi on the following morning. In fact, at the first blush of the idea everybody wanted to go; but a consciousness of inability to stand the work gradually winnowed away all the ladies to the residuum of one German woman, and with regard to the gentlemen, eight, including two Germans, held resolutely to their purpose.

It must be remembered that I am giving an account of first impressions; the fox thought nothing of the lion after the third or fourth interview. I thought a great deal of my first snow walk. I joined myself to a solid Englishman, short in stature, but evidently trustworthy both in limb and heart, and tried by previous mountain work; an Irishman, cheerful and evanescent, a novice like myself, whose alleged motive for ascending was to

test the anomalous fact of snow burning the face, constituted the third of our party. Our guides had been summoned from Zermatt; one was halved between the Englishman and Irishman, while I indulged in the luxury of a whole guide to myself. We were introduced to these persons after the late *table d'hôte* by Mademoiselle Marie, in the dimly-lighted passage outside the *salle-à-manger*; large, yellow-drab, fluffy bodies, with purple faces, the result of snow exposure: these faces were young and not unpleasant-looking. Ten francs for the *course*; it was not dear for the possession of one of these yellow-drab, fluffy bodies, in the capacity of a guardian angel; nevertheless, I confess I felt somewhat akin to Frankenstein, and a mixed feeling of dismay and laziness, combined with a vision of the Russian, lying buried in the churchyard at Zermatt, who had slipped down the crevasse, and could not be pulled out because the rope was a few feet too short, flitted for the moment through my mind; but there was no appeal, no turning back—the fluffy spirit had been invoked, and *must* be paid whether I went or not, and with that potent thought I conquered all craven fear.

Had they not got everything necessary? were the ropes strong? The Irishman, who I believe knew no more about ropes than I did, had examined them, and affirmed that they were strong. I had greater faith, however, in Mademoiselle Marie's opinion, which was favourable on the point.

It was indeed a troublesome evening for Mademoiselle Marie. She was the focus of a thousand conflicting questions—questions urged in infamous French, in broken English interlarded with French words, in unbroken English illustrated by dumb show. She had to guess at people's wants, and give them what they really wanted instead of what they vaguely asked; and she had to arrange the provisions of excursionists and guides for five or six separate parties, not to mention other cares. Through it all, she was calm, thoughtful, and self-possessed, forgetting nothing, not even the papers of salt wherewith to season the knapsack food.

I retired early to rest, with the terrible fact stamped into my mind that, in order to secure the best state of the snow, we *must* start by four o'clock next morning. The consequence of that fact was, that I was up and out of bed, gazing on the stars shining over the Weisshorn, three or four times during the short night. In truth, getting up at three o'clock in the morning is an epoch in the lives of all men who are not members of the Alpine Club. Once before in my life I had got up at three o'clock in the morning. It

was for the purpose of going to the Duke of Wellington's funeral; and the memory of that event has tintured all my subsequent risings by candlelight. It was on that occasion that I first learnt the uncomfortable feeling which results from doing violence to the kingdom of night—a feeling of nausea and disgust, partly physical and partly moral, arising from a depressing sense of the "unreadiness" which pervades the universe. The commencement of a day filched out of the quiet night, a struggle to force all things into premature activity,—boiling water, drowsy servants, breakfast and the appetite to eat it; in a word, a miserable effort to gallop ahead of time by the help of flaming candles.

We ascended to the summit of the Col of the Riffelberg, and then descended the precipitous and somewhat awkward path which skirts the face of the mountain, and leads down to the point for taking the ice of the Gorner Glacier. In this descent there was a queer bit of rock to be passed, and my companion, the solid Englishman, told me that, according to the way we had each overcome this first little difficulty, so had our guides gauged our capacities for mountain work. It must be remarked that the guides have a very delicate part to play. They must hit the nice point of giving just so much assistance as will not wound the *amour propre* of their employers. On *terra firma* human nature is often very touchy in the matter of being helped with a great coat. How much greater, then, the chance of touchiness in the matter of a crevasse? At any point of difficulty these guides seem to have the power of suddenly converting themselves into balustrades, hand-posts, and rails. With regard to the estimate our guides had formed of the respective powers of our party, I came to the following conclusion: the Irishman was pitied, I was despised, and the solid Englishman was somewhat snubbed.

When it came to walking on the ice, the Irishman was terribly vague in his footing, and he received the tenderest sympathy from his guide, akin to that loving feline care which attends young kittens during their early essays in locomotion. Thanks to some sharp nails in my boots, I held my legs firmly, and did the various feats well enough to dispense with help, but with a clumsiness which earned contempt; and with regard to the solid Englishman, *volens volens*, his own guide would give him help at certain difficult points, notwithstanding his perpetual protest that he was an old hand at the work, and did not require assistance. For my own part, I rather regretted doing as well as I did, and would fain have hidden my light under a bushel, for at certain times when I really should have liked a help-

ing hand, my guide quietly walked forward, and left me to follow him, as much as to say, "Confound the fellow, he'll blunder through it somehow; and if I venture to help him, he'll only be annoyed."

After threading our course among the crevasses for about an hour, we landed on the moraine, at the foot of the Stockhorn, and had a second breakfast under the rocks. At this point we fell in with the first section, who had left the hotel a little ahead of us—three clergymen and two guides. One of these gentlemen was an Alpine climber of great reputation, who evidently looked upon the Cima di Jazzi in the light of a mere morning's "constitutional," and appeared to be constantly making an inward apology to his reputation for having come out on so trumpery an expedition. The other two were public school masters. Into the soul of one had entered the full essence of Greek particles and birch rods, and this grim compound marked his demeanour even among the eternal snows. The other was made of finer elements, and the manifest sense of scholastic dignity was modified by the pleasant courtesy of the thorough man of the world.

Our repast being finished, we scrambled down the moraine on to the ice, which, from this point to the summit, was covered with snow. It was necessary, therefore, by way of precaution against hidden crevasses, to use the rope. We were roped at intervals of six or seven feet in the following order:—My guide leading, then myself, the solid Englishman, and finally the second guide with the Irishman tugged in the rear. Our blue spectacles were carefully adjusted, and the veils drawn closely over the face. I must mention that up to this period of about two hours' walk I had seen little or nothing. I had heard, indeed, that the sun was rising, and that some mountain-tops were tinged with pink; but it had appeared to me that the faculty of doing two things at the same time,—allowing the eyes to gaze on one object, while the legs pursued another, was not to be lightly indulged in during a glacier walk. I may honestly declare that for the next three hours I saw little else than the continuous snow at my feet and a pair of drab trousers tramping two yards ahead. A limited view, truly, and monotonous, and yet if I endeavoured to enlarge it, I did so at my great cost. The snow was more than a foot deep, and when I managed to hit into the footsteps of the drab trousers, my labour was greatly reduced; but the moment I turned my eyes away from the drab trousers, I began to flounder in the untrodden snow. I owe a deep debt of gratitude to those drab trousers. I fear I may even appear ridiculous

in the figure of comparison I am about to use, but I care not, so that in the end the reader may understand how precious were those articles of costume to me. I state deliberately, that as the polar star is to the mariner, so were those drab trousers to my eyes.

When we arrived within half-an-hour of the summit, it was evident that our view would be utterly destroyed by the mist, which was rising in great density, and the sleet and snow shower, which was beginning to fall. I had undertaken the ascent for the purpose of the view, why then waste my breath amid a cloud of mist? By this time, however, the true Alpine spirit had asserted its power, my mind was possessed by a nervous fidgetty fear lest I should break down before reaching the top, and so fail in *doing* the Cima di Jazzi. Up to this time I had enjoyed the great satisfaction of keeping the rope quite slack between myself and the guide, my pride even had been flattered by finding that I was pulling on my companion behind, but during this last half-hour the difficulty of the ascent was more than doubled. I could have died before asking my own party to stop for me, but tremendously glad was I when a halt did occur. Oh, anything for breath—and then to my relief one man of the clerical party did knock up, turn sick, and had to be unroped; it was the school-master of pleasant demeanour; of course we stopped—common decency compelled that, and this stoppage gave me the breath I lacked. A "*demi quart d'heure*," said the guide, and we should be at the top; but, alas! I had lost all faith in the truth of that limitation of time on the part of the genus guide, and looking up through the mist, the cone of snow we were climbing appeared to have no end. The drab trousers tramped away vigorously, I was forced to surrender my pride and let the rope pull me,—nothing ahead but hopeless snow; another moment, with a gasp I must have cried out for a halt, at that moment the drab trousers stood still, we had reached the summit.

I could not at first believe it, the mist and snow were so similar in hue that, left to myself, I should have struggled forward,—but only a yard from the halting-place of the drab trousers was the edge of the ice-cornice of the Cima di Jazzi, and the four thousand feet of perpendicular distance which separated us from Italy. My friend, the solid Englishman, consulted his watch after the manner of an old sportsman at the end of a long run.

"Five hours and ten minutes from the hotel," he exclaimed, in a tone of satisfaction; "Ball puts it at five hours at least, and the snow has been much against us."

We had *not* seen the view, but we had *done* the Cima di Jazzi in five hours and ten

minutes! we were bound therefore to feel the utmost satisfaction in the result of our labour. The solid Englishman, who, by the way, had regained his breath when I began to lose mine, burst into a lusty strain of "God save the Queen;" as in duty bound we joined in the chorus, singing for the most part huskily, as skeletons would probably sing if gifted with vocal power.

The schoolmaster we had left behind struggled up with his guide: he was evidently miserably ill, and one felt in this display of his resolution and pluck that he was at least a man fitted to make *men* of the boys under his charge.

As there was nothing to see, and as the wind was very cold, and the snow falling, it was clearly no use lingering on the summit, so the signal was given, and in less than ten minutes' scamper we arrived at the bottom of the snow slope it had given us such hard chest work to ascend.

A halt was called for luncheon—we picniced on the snow, just as people would picnic in summer time on the grass—those who had luck got hold of coils of rope or knapsacks in lieu of carriage rugs, cushions, &c., to keep off any damp that might arise.

After about a quarter of an hour's rest we resumed the descent. To my intense surprise everybody began to scamper down; we appeared to be in the condition of a routed army with the enemy at our heels—a perfect skedaddle. I hurried on with the rest; at length, beginning to lose my breath, I ventured to inquire why we were in such a hurry—was it on account of the snow?

"No," they answered, "it was not on account of the snow melting, for although the mist had at our then altitude cleared away, the sun was not shining."

"The truth is," said my companion, the solid Englishman, somewhat apologetically, "Alpine men always do hurry down; sometimes it's necessary to do so and sometimes it's not, but in any event it's their custom always to hurry home; they look upon it as training for future work."

"But when do they enjoy the view?" I inquired, innocently.

"Alpine men do not climb for the sake of the view, it's about the last thing they think of."

I looked rather surprised.

"Tell me," said my companion, "do fox-hunters hunt for the sake of the landscape?"

"No," said I, "for the sake of sport."

"Just the same motive, then, governs Alpine men; the method indeed may be widely different, yet, after all, what is sport but the pleasure which arises from a physical

triumph over difficulties and obstacles? The pleasure of fox-hunting is the *difficulty* of killing the fox, coupled with all those personal risks and chances attendant on the chase which evoke the pluck and endurance of the rider. We are all aware," pursued my companion, "that some apologists have alleged utility to science as a motive for Alpine climbing, but the mass of men who climb mountains care no more for the utility of the act than the fox-hunter cares for that of destroying foxes. No, no, the Quorn country for some men, the snow fields for others, and the chance here and there of a broken neck under both conditions—in a word, an escape-valve for superfluous energy, which Englishmen must have."

During the time we had been conversing, the grim schoolmaster of Greek particles, urged forward by his clerical friend of Alpine celebrity, had almost hurried out of sight. I was not moved by this example, nor by the words of my companion. I stated that I was not in training for future mountain work, my desire had been at least to combine scenery with leg-work. During the ascent I had seen little else than a pair of drab trousers, and I certainly wished during the descent to enjoy the mountain view. I accordingly reduced the speed of my guide to a respectable walk, and I took care to halt sufficiently often to enable me to contemplate the wonderful scene before us. It was a scene worth lingering over. For some period during our descent we were placed in a position which raked, as it were, the large mass of the Monte Rosa range, peak upon peak bordering the ice-stream of the Gorner Glacier, headlands of a frozen sea,—in some manner strangely recalling to my remembrance that range of headlands visible from Bossington Beacon, which stretches seaward from Porlock to Countessbury in North Devon, and at the same time perplexing my reason at the possibility of a resemblance between altitudes of a few hundred feet and altitudes of thousands of feet covered with perpetual snow. Indeed, as well on the Gorner Grät as on the glacier at its base, I experienced the same difficulty in reconciling my previous *conception* of mountain height with the testimony of my eyes.

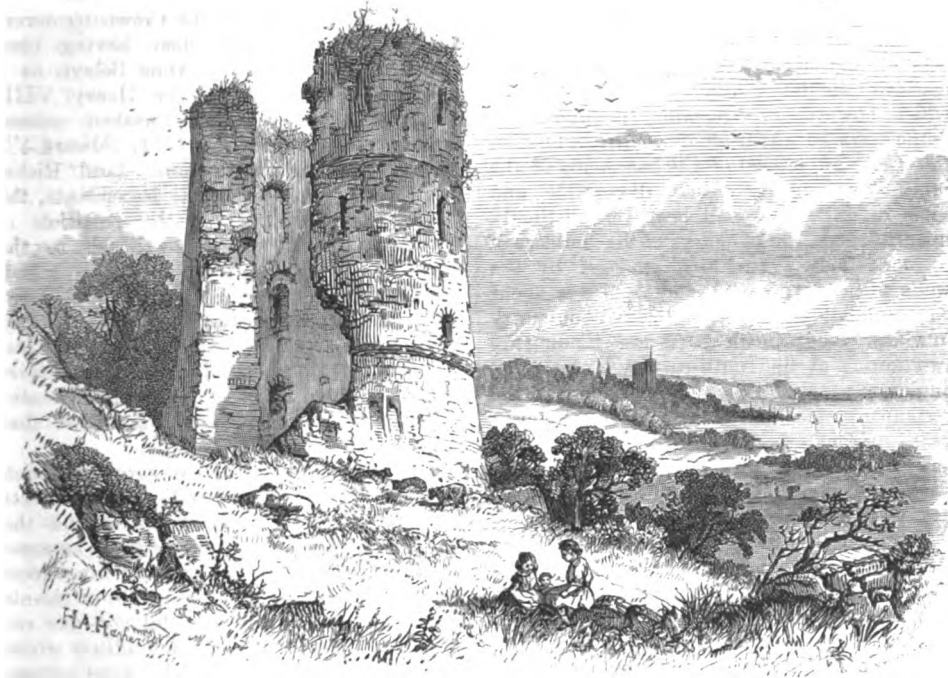
Notwithstanding the leisurely method of our return, we reached the Riffelhaus in less than nine hours and a half from our period of starting.

A VISIT TO HADLEIGH CASTLE.

Most travellers by water from London to Gravesend, have no doubt often compared the low and flat aspect of Essex, as it there presents itself, with the hills and valleys that abound

along the margin of Kent on the opposite shore; hence it is that Essex has generally become noted for the dull uniformity of its

scenery. The surface of the county is not, however, totally flat, many gentle hills and dales impart to it great relief, more particu-



larly towards the north-west, whence most of its rivers proceed. After passing Gravesend, the tourist will find that the Kentish shore also presents many miles of flat marsh-land; whilst on the Essex side of the Thames, an extensive tract of land, about five miles long by two miles broad, banked in all round, called Canvey Island, offers but few features of interest, and contrasts strikingly with the pleasing and diversified scenery that adorns the banks of the river higher up, in the neighbourhood of Henley, Cliefden, Maidenhead, and Windsor. Whatever the Thames may lack in interest by the marshy tract through which it flows at this point, is made up for in the grandeur of the scene that presents itself upon the vast expanse of waters in its union with the Medway at the Nore, and so on to its conflux with the German ocean:—

Till where its widening current glides
To mingle with the turbid tides;
Its spacious breast displays unfurl'd,
The ensigns of th' assembled world.

At the eastern extremity of Canvey Island

stands the little fishing-village of Leigh, the houses of which are ranged at the foot of an eminence, near the summit of which stands the church, a small building in the Perpendicular style of architecture, whose tower, partly mantled with ivy, forms a conspicuous landmark for mariners.

About a mile from Leigh on its western side, and overlooking Canvey Island—from which it is separated by a shallow creek, called Hadleigh Bay, across which there is a causeway leading from the island to the main land—is a succession of abrupt eminences, the summit of one of which is crowned by the crumbling remains of Hadleigh Castle.

These ruins can be reached from Leigh—which is the nearest station on the London and Southend Railway—by a pleasant walk through meadows and green pastures along the foot of the sloping hills, or by a drive to the village of Hadleigh, from which latter place the castle is only about half-a-mile distant.

Hadleigh Castle, or, as it is now sometimes called, the "Tower of Essex," was built by

Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, in the reign of Henry III. It was one of the four fortified buildings in the Eastern Counties, called "Royal Castles," having been built for national security, the other three being Colchester Castle, Langward Fort, and Tilbury Fort. Although Hadleigh Castle is now nothing more than a mass of ruins, overrun with shrubs and brushwood, enough remains to show its ancient grandeur. The entrance was at the north-west angle, between two massive circular towers, small portions of which, however, now remain. Its outer foundations can be traced almost entire, whilst in the enclosure several of the basements of the inner chambers are clearly discernible, and some of the stones still bear very distinctly upon them the chisel-marks of the builders of bygone times. The area enclosed by the walls is nearly an oval, and measures about one hundred paces in length, by about forty in width. The principal parts now standing are two towers at the south-east and north-east angles, the former of which is depicted in the accompanying illustration, whilst the latter bears evident traces of speedy dissolution, a yawning crevice several inches in width extending from the summit of the tower to its base. These towers, which are constructed of "Kentish rag" and rubble, with a good admixture of flint, appear to have been embattled, although but very few indications of it are now remaining; externally, the walls are in a fair state of preservation, but internally they present a mass of mouldering and decayed masonry, and exhibit a few blocks of chalk, with which the walls appear to have been faced; the cement or mortar used in its construction is almost as hard as the stone itself, and contains a large admixture of broken shells. Both the above towers are circular on the outside; whilst within, the walls are octangular. They originally contained five apartments each, and were lighted by circular-headed windows and narrow loopholes, the walls at the basement being about nine feet in thickness, and those of the upper chambers about six feet. In the south-east tower, over a deep recess which seems to have served as a fire-place, are some thin red bricks or tiles, curiously disposed in the herring-bone fashion. The walls on the north and east sides of the castle appear to have been supported by buttresses, and the former had a deep ditch running alongside of them.

Of the former owners and occupiers of Hadleigh little need be said. It is presumed to have been comprised within the manor of Rayleigh, which, at the time of the Domesday survey, was held by Suene; but during the Welsh wars, it was forfeited to the Crown by

Henry de Essex, Suene's grandson, in consequence of his cowardice. It was subsequently granted by Henry III. to Hubert de Burgh, who, as above stated, built the castle; but on his disgrace it again reverted to the Crown, and in 1268 the custody of the castle was committed to Richard de Thany. From the above period Hadleigh ad Castrum, as it was then called, was held of the Crown by divers families, till, in 1539, when, having been tenanted for a time by Anne Boleyn as a prisoner, it was granted by Henry VIII. to Anne of Cleves, his forsaken queen, for her maintenance. In 1551, Edward VI. granted Hadleigh to Richard, Lord Riche, from whom it passed to his descendants, the Earls of Warwick. On the partition of the Warwick estates, Hadleigh fell to the share of Henry, Viscount St. John; but, having been disposed of by his son, Lord Bolingbroke, it subsequently passed, through intermarriage, to the family of the Bernards, baronets, of Brampton, in Huntingdonshire. During the civil wars, Hadleigh Castle is said to have suffered considerably, and from that period its decay may be dated.

The pleasing and extensive prospect which is commanded from Hadleigh Castle, attracts numerous visitors from Southend and the surrounding neighbourhood during the summer months—the picturesque ruin offering great temptations for those who delight in pic-nic parties and such like healthful out-door recreation. The view from the hill on which the castle stands embraces the broad estuary formed by the junction of the Thames and Medway, enlivened by the numerous fishing craft and sailing-vessels that are continually plying in all directions. Looking eastward, the village of Leigh is observed nestling at the foot of a sloping hill; whilst beyond, on a clear day, the far-stretching pier of Southend may be faintly descried; the background to the southern side being formed by the Kentish hills.

The village of Hadleigh is small, and very pleasantly situated on the high road from London to Southend, from which latter place it is distant about four miles. The church, dedicated to St. James, is an ancient Gothic building, and remarkable for the peculiarity of the east end of the chancel being semi-circular, after the manner of a Roman basilica; the chancel is separated from the nave by a very heavy arch. The windows are small and lancet-shaped, those on the south side being ornamented with the arms of several families to whom the lordship of Hadleigh anciently belonged; among them, the achievements of the Strangmans, who held the manor *temp.* Edward III., are conspicuous. W.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE"

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "A PRODIGAL SON," "SIR FELIX FOY, BART," &c., &c.



(See page 171.)

CHAPTER I. AGED THIRTY-FIVE.

PARTICULAR individuals, as we all know, are now and then privileged to wake up on special mornings, and find themselves famous. The majority of us, however, as we all likewise know, are permitted to rise from our

couches day after day uncheered and unstartled by so grand a discovery. We should labour vainly if we sought to persuade ourselves that we were one whit more distinguished opening our eyes at daybreak, than when we closed them in slumber on the preceding evening.

Now a man may be contented and unambitious enough; but still I think it must occur at intervals, even to the most satisfied, to take stock, as it were, of himself and his progress; and rather with the view of detecting some deficiencies in those matters; to hold inquest concerning his lack of fame; to ask himself whether he is really so resigned to his state of obscurity as he has all along been believing, or seeming to believe, and persuading others to believe also. Just as one sometimes gazes in the glass with a little keener self-scrutiny than ordinary, and finds suddenly that one has grown to look considerably older than one was quite aware of or prepared for, so it may happen in a meditative quarter of an hour that we may recognise somewhat too distinctly the fact that our position in the world is in some measure more removed from public notice than is altogether satisfactory. We appreciate peace and quiet, of course; without doubt, many disadvantages are attendant upon fame; certainly we don't all want to be distinguished individuals. The thing would never do; for in fact no one could be celebrated if every one was celebrated. Still the thought occasionally strikes one that, if a little less obscurity than at present pertains to one; if just a small slice of the eminence enjoyed—quite deservedly, of course,—by other people, could be one's own portion, just for a short time, or at any rate upon trial, it would really, you know, be rather a pleasant thing than not. Wouldn't it now? And then, too, in the minds of so many people, somehow, fame seems to stand for and signify, *money*. The man whose reputation is in the world's mouth is generally, it is noteworthy, in possession of a respectable amount of property. And, of course, the idea of becoming famous is not the less agreeable to one on that account. Fame, with a golden trumpet at her lips, and gold in her pockets besides, is decidedly a desirable person to become acquainted with: the more intimately the better perhaps.

Some such reflections as these occurred to Mr. Francis Hobson, barrister-at-law, as he passed, one autumn morning, down the area-steps, and entered a set of chambers on the basement-floor of a house in New Square, Lincoln's Inn. The chambers were apparently occupied by a sort of firm or company (limited) of barristers; Mr. Hobson was tenant in common with some three or four others. There was almost a difficulty in finding sufficiently conspicuous places for all their names on the doorposts: MR. F. HOBSON, MR. BLACKSTONE JONES, MR. VERULAM TOMKISSON, &c. Not only to a fourth or fifth part of this basement-floor was Mr. F. Hobson entitled, but also to a fourth or fifth part or

share of and in a young man—(to be candid, there is some flattery in designating him a *man*, but it would perhaps not be agreeable to him or his employers to describe him as a *boy* simply)—who acted in the capacity of clerk to all the gentlemen on the basement floor, and was their joint and several assistant in that respect. Still, in spite of this multiplicity of masters, the young person—(you see, I evade the difficulty this time)—was not severely tasked or unremittingly occupied. For indeed, to speak plainly, Mr. F. Hobson and the other members of the firm or company, had not much business. And it was in relation to that fact, so far as his individual interests were affected by it, that Mr. F. Hobson, on the morning under mention, was induced to meditate upon the minimum of fame attaching to him; upon the small beneficial effect upon his reputation, arrived at either by his going to bed at night, or his getting up in the morning; upon the little notice the world was taking of him, and, as a consequence, his profession being considered, the inconsiderable amount of his annual income derived from his legal labours; and, generally, to trouble himself with the large brood of involved thoughts born of those simple circumstances.

Mr. F. Hobson had awoke that morning, and found himself by no means famous. He had, moreover, looked into the glass, with unwonted particularity, and discovered a grey hair in his left whisker. He had then discussed the subject with himself, and decided that he was "getting on,"—in one sense, but not in another. His advance in years had much exceeded his progress towards prosperity. Not that he was an old man. He was thirty-five only. He had arrived at middle-age; that "half-way house" sort of period which is regarded by the very young as being very old, and by the very old as being still very young. Now there is an old thirty-five; a bald, pursy, uncomely, dining-out, ball-shunning thirty-five: careless of dress, negligent of appearances, indifferent to ladies' society, bent upon money-making, and selfish gratification; and a young thirty-five: with its flowers of youth still in tolerable preservation, with the character of *gracilis puer* not wholly surrendered; still a good candle-light sort of Adonis; a thirty-five that dresses daintily, dances, flirts, can talk evening-party rapidity, without yawning in the middle of its own speeches; a pleasant, presentable, socially useful and ornamental thirty-five. It was to this last described and more admirable category that Mr. F. Hobson belonged.

(To those who are inclined to think that there is no such "old thirty-five" as above—

mentioned, and that I must, in an erroneous view of the case, be referring to a greater age, say forty-five or fifty, I have only to state my conviction that now, in our time, all ages are much older than they used to be; that children come into the world more advanced and wiser than formerly; that, as a consequence, boyhood and girlhood are now abolished; that years of discretion date from the period of weaning, while maturity sets in on emergence from the nursery; and that, of course, a result of this modern condition of things is to push on "thirty-five" considerably beyond its old boundaries. But, I believe it to be thoroughly understood that, having once arrived at "thirty-five," you are at liberty to remain there as long as you like. Indeed, I have, myself, seen some "thirty-fives" whom I have felt inclined to class as "fifties," or even as "sixties," supposing there to be such things. Of course, however, I kept my views upon the subject entirely to myself.)

Mr. Hobson did not feel the better for his reflections. He even permitted himself to be depressed by them. He was not, by nature, of a gloomy temperament; on the contrary, he was a lively pleasant gentleman enough as a general rule, and though not famous, as I have already stated, was certainly popular among a chosen band of friends and associates. He had not absolutely high spirits; which was quite as well for him, perhaps; for in these times of ours, I notice, "high spirits" are voted rather a nuisance; but he had an agreeable flow of cheerfulness, possessed a pleasant smile, was given to friendly speech with his fellows, was much "liked" by the world about him. Dejection was rather new to him; and for the moment he hardly knew what to make of it.

"I must be bilious, I suppose," he said, as he entered his chambers.

He found there a small, rotund gentleman, red in the face, and breathing very hard, the result of severe wrestling with the fastenings of a portmanteau.

"Hullo, Tommy! What, going away?" said Mr. Hobson. The person he addressed was Mr. Verulam Tomkisson, who, only in private and among intimates, it should be stated, condescended to answer to the name of "Tommy."

"Yes, Franky, my lad," answered Mr. Tomkisson, briskly. "I really cannot stop in town all the vacation. I thought I could; but I find I can't. The way men bully you and cross-examine you about your going out of town is really quite awful! If it wasn't for that, I really would have stayed in town. I really would."

"I certainly understood you were going to stay in town all the autumn."

"Did you, though?"

"Well, you know, you said so, Tommy."

"Did I, though? Well, perhaps I did. But you see, Franky, the more I've thought over the matter, and the more I've looked into the matter, the more I'm driven to the conclusion that—in short—the thing can't be done. And so I've packed up. Would you mind standing on the portmanteau, and letting me try once more to get it locked? I've had Cuffy on the lid" (Cuffy was the young person who acted as clerk) "but he's such a light weight, there was no doing anything with him. Thank you. A pressure of twelve stone to the half inch was about the weight required. You're about twelve stone, I should say, Franky?"

"I thought you said you'd no money, Tommy?" Hobson was not to be led away by digressions about weight.

"Well, you know 'the Carpathian Mountains and back for Five Pounds'—it really amounts to no money at all. And I don't intend to spend a farthing more—I don't, indeed."

"And how long shall you be away?"

"Oh, under a month; or certainly not more than a month."

"Now, upon my word," said Mr. Hobson, rather bitterly; "you're a pretty set of fellows, you are! You were all solemnly pledged to stay in town during the vacation. We all agreed that we would stand by each other; that going abroad was humbug: especially when one had no money to go with. We were to stop here and play whist, and so get through 'the long' very pleasantly. And yet you one by one sneak off, and leave me in the lurch. It's really too bad."

"There's Green——"

"He's gone. Started last night for Hombourg. There never was any dependance to be placed on Green."

"Ah, but we mustn't be hard upon Green, poor fellow," urged Mr. Tomkisson. "You see he's had bad luck with his time-bargains. He's rather given to time-bargains, is Green. And he's gone over to try and make up his losses at the tables at Hombourg. Certainly, there's every excuse to be made for Green. But there's Topwood, Franky. Topwood will be in town, won't he?"

Thereupon Mr. Hobson said unpleasant things of Topwood. Who was Topwood? What was the good of Topwood? Who wanted Topwood? What was the use of Topwood's staying in town? and so on. Other names were then mentioned. But it always seemed that the men who were wanted to stay had

all gone away; while the men who might have gone away without a shadow of regret at their departure dwelling upon the bosom of Mr. Hobson, had all persisted in staying in town.

"It's most unfortunate," said Mr. Tomkisson with simulated sadness. "Really if I hadn't made all my arrangements, I wouldn't leave you, Franky. I wouldn't, indeed." And thereupon Mr. Tomkisson pulled his whiskers and tried to look sympathetic.

"Yes, you would, Tommy."

"But you know you'll go somewhere yourself, after all. Men are always saying they don't intend to go anywhere; but they always do go somewhere."

"No, I shan't. In fact, I can't afford it."

"I don't know that that signifies much," said Mr. Tomkisson with an air of reflection. "I can't afford it. Still I'm going. 'Carpathian Mountains and back for Five Pounds.' You know that's awfully tempting to a fellow. And you see, I never really thought that my going away would make so much difference to you, Franky."

"Oh, as to that," said Mr. Hobson—he did not complete the sentence. But his looks seemed to imply that Mr. Tomkisson need not exaggerate the importance of his going away, or its effects upon Mr. Hobson's comfort.

"I'd have stayed, I really would," Mr. Tomkisson went on, blind to all hints of aspersions upon his sincerity or the value of his society; "if I thought you'd have made such a point of it, you know."

"Don't talk bosh, Tommy," exclaimed Mr. Hobson, impatiently.

"Why you must be ill, old man!" Mr. Tomkisson was struck by the unusual severity of his friend's manner.

"I'm well enough," said Frank Hobson.

"You're not looking well; indeed you're not." Mr. Tomkisson seemed desirous to avail himself of this change of topic. "I've been noticing for some time past that you haven't been looking quite the thing—not yourself, you know. The fact is, Franky," and Mr. Tomkisson spoke as one thoroughly convinced of the truth of his statement, "the fact is, Franky, you overwork yourself."

This was simply so absurd that Frank Hobson could do nothing but laugh out loudly at it. Overwork himself? Why, he'd never had the chance! But Mr. Tomkisson wouldn't see anything ridiculous in the idea.

"At any rate," he went on gravely, but somewhat illogically, "I've no doubt you'll find a great deal of work to do if you decide to stay in town during the whole of 'the long.' There's always something going on in Chancery matters. A lot of little odd jobs come in the way of the man who stops in

town, and make it well worth his while to do without a holiday for one year. As the seniors are away, to a man, what work there is to be done *must* come to the juniors, you know."

"And the little ones picked his bones, O! his bones, O!" Frank Hobson began to sing. Tomkisson's grave plausibility had always struck him as rather ludicrous. Tomkisson would not permit himself to be disturbed by this interruption, however.

"And of course you'll have all *my* business while I'm away," he said with a lofty air; "and Green's, and Jones's, and the other men's. It's really a judicious move of yours, Franky, this stopping in town. I shouldn't wonder if you were to make quite a pot of money by it."

"You old humbug!" Hobson interjected, laughing.

"It's the best thing you could do, if you won't come with me to the Carpathian Mountains." Seeing that his friend was restored to good humour, Mr. Tomkisson thought he might venture to allude again to his own proceedings. "'The Carpathian Mountains and back for Five Pounds!' Think of that! Send and get your passport *viséd*, and come with me. We'll have no end of fun for our money, and write a book about our travels afterwards."

"No, as I said before, I really can't afford it, Tommy."

"Ah! but a man doesn't know what he can afford, till he tries."

"I shall stop in town. Though I may run down to Beachville for a day or two, perhaps."

"Beachville?"

"An aunt of mine lives there—a maiden lady, who's given me an invitation to run down there whenever I like, and stay from Saturday till Monday."

"Go. It will do you good."

"It will be frightfully slow."

"Always cultivate maiden aunts, old fellow. Make it a rule of your life. I do; or rather I should do so, if I had any maiden aunts to cultivate. But I haven't. Fate has not been kind to me in that respect."

"Cultivation will be thrown away in this case."

"You don't mean to say that she hasn't got any money?" cried Tomkisson. "A maiden aunt without money! Why it sounds quite sinful. It's almost a case for which a Court of Equity would supply a remedy."

"Well, she's got *some* money, for that matter."

"I knew she had!"

"But she chooses to think that I'm provided for—that all barristers are immensely rich, and are certain eventually to reach the

woolsack, and die Lord Chancellors—and then she holds that money is much more necessary to women than to men."

"A preposterous fallacy."

"And so she's determined to leave all she possesses to a niece of hers—my Cousin Matilda—who, by the way, doesn't in the least want it, for she happens to have a sufficient fortune of her own."

"Marry your cousin Matilda, then. Ah! you scoundrel! That's your plan, is it? You've arranged the thing already. That's the meaning of your stopping in town! That's why you won't go with me to the Carpathian Mountains!"

"Confound the Carpathian Mountains. By the bye, Tommy, where are the Carpathian Mountains?"

"Oh—well—they're somewhere in Murray, or in the Foreign Bradshaw. You start from Ludgate Hill and show your ticket at every station, and you get there at last; that's all I know; and when there, of course you enjoy yourself immensely, and then you make haste to get back to Ludgate Hill again. It seems to me quite the perfection of a foreign tour."

"It strikes me, Tommy, that your Carpathian Mountains are somewhere in the neighbourhood of Margate!"

Mr. Tomkisson laughed; but he declined to continue the discussion concerning his intended tour and his geographical information.

It was all very well to laugh at and with Mr. Tomkisson; but removed from the presence of that eminent advocate, Frank Hobson laughed no more. His feeling of depression returned to him. He pondered again over his want of fame, and consequent lack of money. The thing quite haunted him; he could no way get quit of it. For days and days he found himself engaged in ceaseless contemplation of his unfortunate condition. And he had abundance of time now for this melancholy sort of occupation. The vacation had set in; his friends had one by one taken their departure; he seemed to be almost alone in London; and he had never before felt loneliness to be so utterly miserable. Certainly his despondency about his career had come upon him most inopportunistically. At any other time in the cheerful society of his fellows he might have shaken himself free of his gloom. Now it obtained absolute possession of him.

"I do think," he said one day, "that there is nothing so sad in this world as the position of a poor gentleman; it is, without exception, the most wretched and barren sham going. Why should I, for instance, affect to be a 'swell' without adequate means to keep up the delusion? Really the world's very kind not to laugh

outright in one's face for attempting so shallow an imposture. I'm poor, and every one knows it, for all the airs I give myself. The man I buy cigars of; the tailor who tries on my coat; the bootmaker who measures me for boots; the hair-dresser who cuts my hair; nay, I do believe, the crossing-sweeper to whom I sometimes give a half-penny, all of them are better off than I am. They could buy me up over and over again, not a doubt of it, for all I order them about as though I were a lord. I wonder they don't pluck up spirit and insult me, thrash me, some day when I'm particularly grand with them. Upon my word they must be very good Christian kind of men not to have it out with me now and then. Certainly they'd have right on their side. I wish I could change places with them; it must be a thousand times better to be a rich cad than a poor gentleman. Why wasn't I made a tradesman of? I should have been a rich man by this time. What was the good of my going to the University, and keeping my terms, and getting called to the bar, if this sort of thing was to be the end of it? Genteel pauperism, that's about what it comes to; or rather worse: pauperism that the state won't assist, and the world shuts its eyes to and pretends not to see. I'd better have gone behind a counter when I was a lad; it can't be worse drudgery than this make believe of getting one's living at the bar. I'd better have been a tinker, or a tailor, or a candlestick-maker. I'm sure I should be very happy and comfortable as a tradesman. And after the day's work was done, how jolly to take off one's apron—by Jove though, I don't think I should much like the apron—and go in for intellectual pursuits, if one cared for that kind of thing: perhaps a pipe and a glass of grog would be more desirable and appropriate under the circumstances. But as it is, I seem to grow poorer and poorer every year; of course I do: for my income doesn't increase and my debts do. And really I don't see much prospect of any change for the better. No wonder I've got the blue-devils. It's enough to give a fellow the blue-devils for life."

And then he began to regret that he hadn't thrown care and prudence to the winds, and gone away with Verulam Tomkisson "to the Carpathian Mountains and back for Five Pounds." Of course the state of his purse did not justify even that small outlay; a nominal sum, by the bye, as he was well aware, that stood to represent a much larger amount; for Tomkisson was by no means a thrifty traveller, and once bent upon enjoying himself seldom paused to count the cost. And, of course, Mr. Hobson was also well aware that

had he gone on the journey in question, he would only have come back poorer; to face his debts with smaller ability to discharge them. But then, as he argued: "One would be in first-rate condition, freshened up, with one's liver all right, and bilious attacks things of the past; one's troubles would seem ever so much the more easy to bear. I'm not sure that Tomkisson's isn't the truer philosophy, though upon a *primâ facie* view, it doesn't look so much like honesty." Perhaps, in the excess of his dejection, Mr. Hobson was somewhat inclined to exaggerate his ill-fortune. Rightly considered, his position was not so very lamentable; only, as we have seen, he was not at all in a hopeful mood, was disposed to unpleasant views, fancying them the more truthful, as men *will* fancy in cynical and malcontent humours. And then it was quite true he was obscure, was thirty-five, and had discovered a grey hair in his whiskers. These might be legitimate reasons for, at least, seriousness. Otherwise fate had not been so wholly unkind to him. He was possessed of fair ability; had spoken in court on the few occasions when he had been blessed with a brief, fluently and lucidly—much more is not wanted in equity tribunals, where the "orator" is rather looked upon as an imbecile, and eloquence a sort of outrage upon common sense; he was not without professional learning; if only a larger connection among the solicitor class had enabled him to make more available his acquirements in that respect. He was a well-looking gentleman enough; with whiskers remarkable for their luxuriance even in those sort of flower-shows of luxuriant whiskers, the Chancery Courts; broad-shouldered and high of his hands; a corporal in the Inns of Court Rifle Corps, wearing an eye-glass in his right eye, as is *de rigueur* with the Inns of Court volunteers. He had unfortunately lost both parents, of whom he was the only son; he had been much indulged by the old people, perhaps over indulged when it is considered that their decease left him in possession of only a small annuity of one hundred and thirty pounds or so; whereas their fondness had accustomed him to habits of ease quite beyond the reach of his means: any excess in his expenditure having now to be supplied by his own exertions, and at present these had not been highly remunerated. Still, altogether, it will be seen that extreme despondency on Mr. Hobson's part was hardly justifiable. Surely he ought to have recollected the number of rising juniors at the bar, numbering sixty years or so, and refrained from regret that he was not a distinguished leader at thirty-five.

This last consideration may have occurred

to him at length, as he said again, by way of accounting for his unreasonable gloominess: "I must be bilious, I suppose;" and presently he added, "I really think I *will* go down to Beachville from Saturday to Monday, and see how old Aunt Fanny's getting on. It's a long time since I've seen anything of her. And perhaps,"—he stopped, and although thirty-five and a barrister, he blushed, resuming,—"well, if Matilda *should* happen to be there, of course I can't help it. And if *she* should happen to take a fancy to me,—well, of course I cannot help that either." The simple signification of which remark probably amounted very nearly to admission of the charge Mr. Tomkisson had brought against him: that he was going to stop in town for the purpose of wooing and wedding his rich cousin, Miss Matilda Milner.

He blushed because he felt some shame about the business. It seemed to him that even if he carried out this design, it would be rather a shabby proceeding at the best. Because he had never yet taken up the position of a lover with regard to Miss Milner; he had never been at any pains to secure her favour. In truth, he had never greatly cared about her at all; and even now, with this matrimonial project half formed in his head, he could not persuade himself that his feelings towards the lady were of a very ardent kind. He liked her, as any man might like a nice-looking, accomplished girl, without further views upon the subject. But he had never looked upon her with a lover's eyes; he had never thought about her with a lover's thoughts. Veritably she was nothing more to him than were thousands of other nice-looking and accomplished girls. And now he designed that she should be, or should seem to be something very different indeed; now he would be called upon to say to her things he had never before dreamt of saying to her, which, a little time ago, it would have seemed to him quite impossible that he should ever say to her. He was to play the lover in a social comedy, and he didn't like the part; he wasn't suited to it; it was too elaborate for him; made far too great demands upon his histrionic powers, which were decidedly limited. He was required, or thought he was required, to affect rapture and fervour and passion he was far from feeling; and he avowed himself by no means equal to the task, self-imposed as it undoubtedly was. This hesitation was creditable to him, perhaps, if it wasn't more than anything else a part of his general despondency and self-distrust. And, of course, there were moments when he took very different views of the case; threw away his diffidence, and assumed rather a swag-

gering bravado air. "After all," he would say in such moods, "suppose that I carry this thing out, it would be no more than heaps of other fellows would be only too glad to do. Doesn't all the world applaud a man who secures to himself a rich wife? Where's the harm in it, or the shame of it? It's hard to see any. Of course I'm not over head and ears in love with Matilda. There's no reason why I should be. Is that an objection? I'm no longer a boy. The time has rather gone by for my falling over head and ears in love with any and everybody. I must assume a certain devotion of manner, perhaps, a sort of quiet tenderness. A woman has no doubt a right to expect that homage from the man who proposes to become her husband. But any melodramatic ecstasy would be out of the question. Matilda can hardly be looking out for that sort of thing. She's not a child. I should think she must be quite six-and-twenty, and I'm by no means sure that she isn't eight-and-twenty. I wonder she never married before; only, to be sure, it's only quite recently that she's come in for her money. I'm sure I should make her a very good husband. I don't see at all why we shouldn't get on very comfortably together as man and wife. I don't see that she could do much better. She will at least have married a gentleman. And, by George! *that's* something in these times, with the sort of men that are going about in society and getting married. Of course I know I'm not a good match in a pecuniary sense—I don't pretend to be that. But the girl had a thousand times better marry a poor professional gentleman than a rich mercantile snob."

Having arrived at this conviction, he looked in the glass over his mantel-shelf, and might have contemplated, one would have thought with some satisfaction, the reflection there to be seen of his intelligent, well-featured, though rather long and pale face; but whether intimate acquaintance with it had resulted in too precise a knowledge of its weak points, or that his eye suddenly detected some incipient wrinkles in his forehead, or a suspicious thinning of his hair about the temples, or fell upon that thread of grey in the waves of his whiskers, he turned away precipitately, and with an air of weary disgust, flung himself into an easy chair and abandoned himself again to melancholy thought.

"It will be a horrid nuisance. If I tell her I love her—and of course I must do that, I shall do it in such an idiotic, bungling way, that she'll know by the very sound of my voice that I'm telling her a most wretched lie. If she had any humour—only I don't think she has any—at least I know she never used

to have any—she'd laugh and ask me if it wasn't her banker's account I was in love with more than herself. And, by George! she'd be about right. For it *is* her banker's account and her money in the funds that I'm in love with, and that's the truth. It's deuced hard to make love to a woman who's got money; and women now-a-days seem to be so precious keen about the value of their money. If it wasn't for her fortune I could ask Matilda to marry me easily enough; only in that case I shouldn't want to marry her at all, very likely. However, in any case I may as well go down to Beachville. After all, Matilda may not be there: she may be visiting about among her friends. Of course, she's plenty of friends—very dear friends too—now she's come in for her money. I'm sure I hope the poor girl mayn't fall a victim to some rascally fortune-hunter." And then he coloured a little, and laughed rather grimly, because he thought that indirectly he was passing a sort of condemnation upon himself. For was he not something of a fortune-hunter? It is true he further purposed to make his cousin a "good husband." But most men in marrying so purpose towards their wives, I think; unfortunately they now and then fail dismally in carrying out their intentions.

He journeyed to Beachville to stay from Saturday to Monday, therefore. But, as he had not previously written to his aunt, Miss Hobson, to apprise her of his coming, he thought it prudent, instead of proceeding directly to her residence, to secure a room in the first instance at the Royal Hotel. Miss Hobson was a maiden lady of rather precise habits, and she would probably regard an unexpected visit unfavourably; as a very informal proceeding indeed, if not positively disrespectful. "I fancy I can hear her severe tones," Frank Hobson said to himself: "'It was just as easy to have written, Frank. We have three posts a day at Beachville, besides the telegraph. I'm too old-fashioned for these off-hand ways.' Certainly I'd better put up at the Royal—they've a decent smoking-room there. At Aunt Fanny's I must put my pipe out, I suppose. I half hope she won't be able to give me a bed. It won't be so economical; but it will be ever so much more comfortable at the Royal."

I suppose, in time, the demand for English watering-places being so on the increase, we shall have one long Marine Parade, of smooth asphaltum, stretching all the way from Dover Castle to the Land's End, and our southern coast will be fringed by marine cities, united in one unbroken line. At present, the parade is somewhat intermittent, and there are mis-

sing links in the chain of neat white houses running parallel to it. Beachville, as every one knows, is a very substantial present link. In respectability, and even in "gentility," it yields to none of its sister sea-side places. If not so large as some of the better known, it is more select. If not so courted by excursionists and holiday trains, Beachville flatters itself that an air of more aristocratic distinction pervades it than is permitted to rival towns. Royalty has whilom visited Beachville. Ex-royalty (foreign) has made Beachville its residence for a considerable period even of late years. And the soles of members of the "upper ten" are perpetually pressing the yielding asphaltum of its breezy parade.

Why describe an English watering-place? One is like to another—as pea to pea—and they are all well known to all. It pleases some people each recurring autumn to affect difficulties as to choice, and to ask their friends absurdly, "Where shall we go? Please, do advise us. It's really, you know, so hard to decide." Surely not so, good but inane people. There is, in truth, no choice. One British watering-place is the fac-simile of every other British watering-place. The one sole charm that draws us to them, with a potency impossible to resist, all possess equally. Of course I mean the sea. What matter all the other attractions?

"How jolly the sea looks!" cried Mr. Hobson. "Upon my word, the very sight of it makes a fellow feel better."

He had come down to Beachville by an early train. He was now No. 63 at the Royal Hotel. A little attic bed-room that looked on to the roofs of the stables, one of the innumerable apartments dedicated to generation after generation of single gentlemen visiting the Royal, had been apportioned to him; and the ringleted young lady, who kept the books in the bar, was now entering to the debit of No. 63 a charge in respect to that luncheon of cold beef and pale ale, with which he was refreshing himself after his journey from town; his breakfast, by reason of the earliness of his departure, having been a somewhat unsatisfactory meal. He was only known to the Royal at present as No. 63. But, of course, the Royal, in some mysterious way, would soon ascertain his real name, and the "Beachville Gazette, and Sandyland, Shrimpton and Prawnford Courier and Visitor's List," in its next edition would contain some such paragraphs as:—

"ROYAL HOTEL.—*Arrivals*: The Earl and Countess of Hardcastle, Sir F. Muffler, Hon. Brabazon Blink, Mr. Higg, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and family, Mr. Jobson, Mr.

Dobson, Mr. Hobson, &c. *Departure*: Mr. Jones."

"Very jolly the sea looks," said Mr. Hobson, "dancing and smirking, courtseying and smiling, the deceitful old creature, as though it were quite glad to see one. Very jolly. And what I like about the sea is its size. I love its bigness."

(To be continued.)

OLD RALPH.*

ALAS! alas! How hard to die so young,
Cut off when life was in its rainbow dress
Radiant with beauty and bright-tinted hope!

A reaper's sickle and a bunch of flowers
Upon the stone were carved, and underneath
Writ were these words, "Man's day is but as grass."

I laid me down beneath a spreading yew
And mused upon the fate of him who found
Ere he had noontide reached, dark silent night—
And then I spelled the quaint rude epitaphs
Upon the head-stones near. Some told of grief,
And some of hope, of patience, or of trust,
In motley speech that might provoke a smile
But that their honest pathos won respect,
And through the mystic influence of truth
Waked a responsive echo in my heart.

O Death! O Death! thou stern, relentless power
That rulest like a despot on the earth,
Unsparring since the days when Eve first learned
Thy name, and gazed upon her murdered son,
Upon the pallid brow, the fair white limbs
That scarlet-stained lay stark and motionless,
On the unseeing eyes upturned to heaven
And rigid lips whence the warm breath of life
Had vanished; and the mother stricken, awed,
Shrinking from that cold form she fain would clasp
Within her arms, knew that the curse had come.

And as the world goes on Death comes to us
No lighter than it came to her of old.
We count Death as our bitterest enemy,
Who opens the door we shudder to pass through,
And leave all joy and happiness behind.
Is it not so? We hold not Death our friend;
And yet we listen whilst our preachers say
There is a fairer world than this we leave—
A city in the heav'ns, not made with hands.

I gazed upon the church so old and grey,
And pondered how for ages it had stood
Clothed in its living robe of shining green,
Unmoved, whilst generations passed away.
And then I sighed and muttered "Man lies down
And is forgotten; but his works still live."

The sinking sun, the clustering ivy leaves
Had melted into masses of pure gold
That brightly gleamed against the shadows dark,
Breaking athwart them as the budding trees

* These lines are suggested by a paragraph in the Obituary of the "Gentleman's Magazine" for April, 1866, p. 593. "Died, January 27, at Calodonia, Wisconsin, U. S., aged 141, Joseph Crele, the oldest man in the world." Of late years a haunting sense of loneliness overwhelmed and seemed to sadden him. The only weakness of mind which he ever betrayed was in the last year or two of his existence, when he frequently remarked, with a startling air of sadness, that he feared that perhaps 'Death had forgotten him'; but he would always add, with more cheerfulness, that he felt sure that 'God had not.'

Waved intervening branches. Slow the rooks,
Returning homeward, cawed a hoarse farewell;
And schoolboys, hastening to their evening meal,
Whistled full joyful that their tasks were o'er.
The whirr of threshing in the distant barn
Sounded like strange wild music, as it came
Mingled with tinkling sheep-bell and the splash
Of the mill-wheel that had not ceased its toil.

Another sound smote sadly on my ear,
The passing-bell began to toll. "Ay Death!
Ay Death!" said I, "thou'rt ever near to life."
My words were echoed by a feeble voice,
"Nay, would he were: I've waited for him long,
Until I think he hath forgotten me."

Against a tombstone leaned an aged man.
I knew him well: he had been old when I
Was but a boy; and old men said that he
Was old, quite old, when they, too had been young.
For more than seven score springs had decked the
earth

In blue-bell mantle edged with bosses gay
Of yellow cowslips, since old Ralph was born.
His hair was white as fine spun silver threads;
And his blue eyes had lost the glowing fire
Of manhood and the dimness of old age,
And had regained the wandering, wistful look
That children have in seeking something lost.
His trembling limbs were shrunk, his slender hands
Nervously clasped the staff he leaned upon.
Like to a child's shrill treble was his voice;
He seemed as one who scarce belonged to earth,
But was some denizen of other worlds.
He pointed to a little grassy mound
Now bordered with a fair and odorous band
Of violets white and purple. In its midst
The lily of the valley half uncured
Its broad smooth leaves of palest green that wooed
The laughing sun to peep within their folds,
And coax each blossom from its hiding place.
And when the lily-flowers should wave their bells
Of purest white above that lowly grave,
His little maid would have been dead a year.
"I planted here the flowers she loved so well,
I brought them from the woods where she and I
Spent many a summer day in sweet content;
For none so mated with the worn out-man
As that fair child with tender childish ways,
And none so understood that little one
As I, who had outlived youth, manhood, age,
And came at last to be a child again.
And when she died she had a fancy strange
That all the lily bells in wood and field
Rang out her passing knell from earth to heaven.

They said she was too young and fair to die,
And wept and mourned for her; but ah! I knew
My angel-child was with the angels then,
The Lord of Paradise had called her home.
And as she died I begged that she would pray
Of Death, as in his arms he bore her through
The shadowed valley, to return for me.
I know she gave the message; but alas!
Death hath forgotten; so I linger here."

"And are there none of kin to you?" quoth I.
"None in this place," he said. "There may be some
In distant lands who ne'er have heard my name;
Or having heard, would think me long since dead.
These graves are now the only friends I have
To speak of bygone days, and on the stones
I spell the clumsy letters o'er and o'er,
And read anew a chapter of the past.

The last, the youngest of my kith and kin;
Scarce half a score of years had swept their storms,
Or shed their glorious sunshine o'er her brow,
When she was called away."

He paused, and I,
Half fearing lest my speech unwittingly
Might rouse some jarring chord to agony,
Asked, "Is it sad to wake these memories?"
A quiver passed across the old man's face.
"Ay, ay!" he answered, "do you wish to hear
Some story of a hundred years ago
By an eye-witness told? They make of me
A village almanac or chronicle,
And come to me for facts that might be found
Within the parish register. Or ask
Of this one or of that, old chums of mine—
And so I tell them tales of men long dead,
Whereat they laugh with eyes all brimming o'er
With laughter's tears; and yet for more they ask,
And ever rudely stir some tender string
That thrilling breathes the one sad word 'alone!'
And then some stranger comes to see the man
Over whose head so many years have rolled,
And looks upon me as a being rare,
That lived so long ago he scarce belongs
To man's race now."

He ceased awhile, and then
A wintry smile upon his features played.
"You are not one of these," he said; "my thoughts
Shall therefore shape them into words for you.
Oh! wish not thou for life beyond the span
Allotted man below. For he who lives
To an unnatural age outlives himself,
His joys, his cares, his family, his friends,
And moves a stranger in the world. He stalks
Like some sad ghost through haunts beloved of yore,
Familiar spots, where those so dear once lived;
But now all teeming with a new fresh life
Wherein he hath no part. He shrinks from men,
And men from him. There is no sympathy—
Pity, perhaps; but pity without love
Is the most cold, unsatisfying boon
That man upon his fellow can bestow.
I look upon the busy whirl of life
As something that can ne'er return to me;
And in the lives of others trace my own,
All faded, all worn out, all over now!
More than a hundred years since I was young,
And on a lovely breezy morn in June
I knelt before the altar with my bride.
All Nature had waked up to wish us joy;
The hedgerows blossomed forth with roses wild,
Tangled midst straggling sprays of blackberry,
And the sweet honeysuckle reared her head,
Wound round with slender fragrant coronal.
The blackbird sang so gaily, and the lark
That morning higher, nearer rose to heaven,
That he might carry up a prayer for us.

My wife! my wife! Oh would that I could write
Her epitaph, that so the world might read
The true perfections of a faithful wife.
She was so gentle, in her heart the law
Of love was written with a golden pen,
And truth had set its seal upon her brow.
Well! well! Through fifty years of weal and woe
We lived, and saw our children settled round;
And then we felt our evening-time set in,
And peacefully we listened for the voice
Of the death-angel and the midnight cry,
'Behold the bridegroom comes! Up, trim your
tapers!'

At length she heard the voice. The oil within
Her lamp burned bright and clear; and she went
forth
To meet her Lord.

And in the funeral train
I tottered to the grave, and home returned
Bowed down with grief. O God! so desolate!
Day after day I bore that solitude;
Year after year, year after year again,
Until I almost thought I never had
A wife; but that some tale was told to me
So rife with beauty that I coveted
And made it mine.

Then age crept o'er my sons:
They who had climbed upon my knees and lisped
The name of father with their baby-lips,
Were now grey-headed men, whose quavering voice
And feeble gait told that their end was near.
I saw their coffins lowered, yet I lived on
To see another generation pass.
And then the children of my grandsons died,
Hale, hearty men, and thrifty, cheerful wives
And rosy babes—all but my little maid:
She was the last. I thought she had been spared
To light the old man's path unto the grave.
A remnant of past feeling in my breast,
A lingering spark that had lain smouldering there
Was lighted up; but now it has gone out,
For she who fed the flame is cold and dead,
And I am in the world alone! alone!
And fear that Death hath quite forgotten me!"

The Spring had vanished, Summer's golden flush
Was changing into Autumn's varied hues,
When through the churchyard gate a funeral passed,
Followed by half the village.

"Whose?" I asked,
And one made answer, "It is poor old Ralph's."

No kinsman followed to his humble grave,
No children shed for him a kindly tear;
But strangers bore him to his resting-place,
To where his heart was buried long ago.
I followed, and the tears stood in my eyes,
Tears not of sorrow but of thankfulness.
Death had at last remembered poor old Ralph.

JULIA GODDARD.

THE FIRST CLERK'S STORY.

"WHAT I'm now going to tell you, boys, must be kept under the seal of secrecy," said our first clerk, as he squeezed a lemon into his tumbler.

We—that is to say, I, Ned Bolton, the present writer, Herbert Engledue, and young Harry Chester, all junior clerks in the bank of Baskerville, Troutman, and Co.—solemnly promised that the seal that was to lock up the communication we were about to receive should never be broken.

"And yet," said Mr. Minton, with the kettle in his hand, "I hardly think I'll let it out to you youngsters; it's all against myself."

Harry Chester's eyes looked eager appeals, and Herbert said:

"Oh now, come I say, Mr. Minton, you shouldn't have said so much, you know: and

then to talk about not letting it out, you know it's so jolly mysterious."

"Well," said our cheery chief, "as Ned here has treated us so well to-night, I'll make some return by trying to amuse you boys with the account of an incident which happened to me some years ago."

We were delighted,—I especially so, being the host for the night, and anxious, as such, that things should go off well. We drew up to the fire, glasses were filled, and the relics of the contents of the hamper, which the dear people at home had sent me, were removed. The November wind howled dismally over the London roofs, and rattled at the window as if anxious to join so pleasant a party. Mr. Minton took an approving sip of his hot grog, drew his fingers through his iron-grey hair, and began:—

"In the year forty-six, I had been some seven years a clerk in the bank. Our Mr. Baskerville's father was the principal then, and a very shrewd, cute old fellow he was, I can tell you. Mr. Troutman was then a clerk, and junior to me, but everyone knew that he would be a partner some day, as he had married Miss Baskerville. Young Baskerville, who looks grave enough now, was a boy at Harrow, and used, in holiday time, to run in and out of the bank, and stare at the piles of sovereigns, just as he liked.

"I had had some troubles then, and was looked upon as a grave, sedate young man; and, as Mr. Baskerville told my poor mother, 'as steady as the funds.' In consequence of this gravity of manner and character for steadiness, I had been several times employed in little matters of a confidential nature, and my conduct in these had been approved of. One afternoon in the latter part of August, in the year I speak of, I was sitting at my desk with not very much to do. I had been thinking a good deal about my own affairs, and gone back over ground rather painful for me to tread, and was therefore rather sad that sunny August afternoon. While I was meditating and idly drawing figures on my blotting-pad, the bank messenger came to me, and said that Mr. Baskerville wished to speak to me. I went into his private room and found him seated at his desk, and, in an arm-chair beside him sat a middle-aged, invalid-looking man, whose handsome face wore a peevish expression that seemed to be permanent. Mr. Baskerville said:

"This, my lord, is the gentleman whom I should have the greatest confidence in employing in the matter." The stranger looked at me languidly, and slightly inclined his head as I bowed.

" 'Rather young for such work, is he not, Baskerville?'

" 'No, my lord, I don't think so. Mr. Minton is grave and steady beyond his years, and the firm has very great confidence in him.'

" 'Well, I will trust to you, and I think you fully understand all that is wanted. I would rather not give myself the fatigue of entering into explanations with this young man, if you think you thoroughly understand what I want.'

" 'If you will leave it to me, my lord, I will undertake that Mr. Minton shall receive full instructions. Just see if Lord Valdane's carriage is at the door, will you, Mr. Minton?'

" 'I returned with the requisite information; and his lordship, after being carefully wrapped up, took the arm of one of his men, and went to his carriage.'

" 'Mr. Baskerville then asked me to shut the door and sit down beside him, and proceeded to give me full and complete directions as to how I was to act.'

" 'It appeared that Lord Valdane had three daughters, besides several sons. The youngest of his daughters, when just sixteen, had caused great trouble and distress to her family by falling in love with a violinist, who had come constantly to the house to give one of her brothers lessons on his instrument. This had been discovered about a year before, and had given rise to great recriminations, and the young lady had shown an amount of obstinacy and temper which had quite alarmed her friends, so foreign was it, apparently, to her nature. She had utterly declined to give up her lover, and had openly declared her intention of holding any communication with him that opportunities might offer. Under these circumstances, and in consideration of her youth, her father determined to send her to a school kept by an English lady in a village about fifteen miles from Brussels, and hoped that a year or two of entire change and absence from home would make her get over and forget an affection begun at so early an age. She was accordingly sent to Mrs. Slater's school, but that lady had just written to Lord Valdane, at the end of the first year, to say that she could no longer undertake the education of Miss Valdane, as her conduct was of such a kind as utterly to destroy those relations which should exist between mistress and pupil. Lord Valdane had therefore determined to bring her back to England, and he the more readily consented to this arrangement, as he had had information that Mr. Arne had left this country for America. Having no servant to whom he could trust

the duty of escorting his daughter home, Lord Valdane had come to Mr. Baskerville, with whom he banked, to ask that some confidential clerk might be sent to Antwerp to meet Miss Valdane, and bring her home to her father's house in Eaton Square. A servant would be sent with her as far as Antwerp, where she would be met by the person chosen to escort her.

" 'I asked Mr. Baskerville if it was thought that the young lady would return home willingly.'

" 'They imagine that she will do so,' said he; 'she has complained in her letters, which have been very few, of her "transportation," as she called it. It is most probable that her youthful passion will have died out. This fellow, Arne, is described to me as an effeminate-looking, though elegant man, but wanting in many of those manly attributes which are to most women the chief attraction in a man's character.'

" 'Mr. Baskerville told me to come to him again for a paper of instructions that he would give me, as well as a letter from Lord Valdane to his daughter, directing her to place herself under my charge. He also told me that she would be accompanied by her maid, a young girl, and too inexperienced to be trusted with the duty of an escort.'

" 'I returned to my seat and thought over all that I had heard, and all I was to do. I confess that I did not like the work; it was not of a kind that I had bargained for on entering a bank, and seemed to me to be more the duty of a superior servant than of a gentleman. I knew, however, how much depended upon my making myself useful to the firm, and so I determined to put my pride into my pocket.'

" 'Before I left the office I got my paper of instructions, and returned home to read them, having first obtained from the cashier, by Mr. Baskerville's orders, a sum sufficient to defray all possible expenses, those of the young lady and her maid included. I found that I was to start for Dover by that night's mail, and go by the first boat to Ostend, and thence to Antwerp. I was instructed to be very firm with Miss Valdane, and was advised to avoid any attempts at intimacy on her part. I was simply to be her escort, and as far as possible to relieve her of all trouble. She would expect me, as a letter had been written to Mrs. Slater desiring her to send the young lady to Antwerp, under charge of a servant.'

" 'By Jove, though!' said Herbert Engle-due, 'wouldn't I just like a little thing of that sort to do!'

" 'Wait until you hear the end of my story, and you will think differently,' said Mr. Min-

ton; "no one likes to be fooled, and that was what happened to me.

"I started, according to my instructions, by the night mail for Dover, and at one o'clock the next day found myself at the door of the Hotel St. Antoine at Antwerp. I inquired if Miss Valdane had arrived, and was asked to step up to a drawing-room on the second floor. No one was in the room when I entered, but in a few minutes a respectable-looking middle-aged woman came in, with an expression of anxiety on her countenance.

"Are you the gentleman from London, sir?" she said.

"I am," said I. "When will it be convenient for Miss Valdane to set out on her journey?"

"Oh, sir," said she, "Miss Valdane is very unwell, and has been obliged to go to bed. This has upset all the plans that had been arranged, and I don't know what to do."

"When did this illness come on?" I asked.

"Why, sir, Miss Valdane seemed very well when we left, but as we got near Antwerp she complained of headache, and was obliged to go to bed directly we got to the hotel. The worst of it is," said she, after a pause, "that I must return by this evening's train."

"The young lady has her maid, I understand," said I.

"Oh, yes, sir, she is with her, certainly; but she is young and flighty, and I haven't much confidence in her."

"Has Miss Valdane seen any medical man?" said I.

"Oh no, sir, she wouldn't hear of one being sent for."

"Well," said I, "it cannot be helped; you must return to your mistress, and I must wait here until Miss Valdane is able to travel."

"In the course of the afternoon, and after Mrs. Slater's servant had left, I sent up my compliments to Miss Valdane, and requested to know how she was.

"Miss Valdane's compliments, she was so much better that she hoped to be downstairs in the course of an hour."

"This was good news, and I immediately set about inquiries as to trains and boat. I found that by leaving Ostend at half-past three the next morning, the young lady could be at her father's house in time for lunch the same day. I accordingly made the requisite arrangements, and awaited Miss Valdane's appearance.

"Her maid shortly afterwards came down with a message to know if it would be convenient to me to have an interview with her mistress. I, of course, assented, and directly afterwards a young lady came into the room.

"I bowed, and looked at my charge with

some curiosity. Her appearance surprised me. She was dark and had large tender-looking eyes, but in other respects was by no means good-looking, and seemed to want the ease and *savoir faire* that I should have imagined a girl in her rank of life would have possessed. She was well and handsomely dressed, but was decidedly not elegant, and there was a want of freshness and youthfulness about her that made her anything but an attractive-looking girl. She addressed me in a constrained and rather unmusical voice.

"You are the per—the gentleman that has been sent over to fetch me?"

"I am, Miss Valdane; when will it be convenient to you to set out on your journey?"

"I don't know," she said, pettishly; "I wanted to see the pictures and the cathedral, but I suppose I shall have to do as I'm told."

"I was instructed," said I, "to escort you home without any delay."

"Oh! by the way," said she, "there's a schoolfellow of mine and a great friend going with us. She wanted to go home, so we agreed to travel together."

"How strange, thought I, that the servant should have made no mention of this other pupil. But I suppose she was so much engrossed with Miss Valdane's illness that she could think of nothing else."

"I was not aware," said I, "that you would have a companion; but I shall be very happy to be of use to her."

"I'll call her down," she said, and going to the door she called, or rather shouted, "Amy, come down."

"She forgets, I thought, that she is in a crowded hotel, and not at home. I heard a light tripping step on the stairs, and after some little giggling outside the door, Miss Valdane came in with a very pretty, mischievous-looking blonde, who could not present the semblance of gravity when she was introduced to me.

"What on earth are you laughing at, Amy?" said my charge.

"You mustn't mind me, Mr. Minton?" said Miss Manvers; "I'm rather silly, I'm afraid."

"Rather silly!" said Miss Valdane; "he thinks you a little tom-fool, and he's perfectly right in thinking so," and before I had time to put in a disclaimer to this opinion, she added, "I don't know what you people are going to do, but I'm going to dine."

"Shall we dine at once, Miss Valdane?" said I, "and then we can leave Antwerp at half-past seven, catch the night mail at Ostend, and be in London by mid-day to-morrow."

"Just as you like," said she.

"I ordered dinner for three, and that

finished, the young ladies went to their rooms to prepare for the journey.

"I could hear Miss Valdane whistling as she packed, and I must say that the young lady's collection of tunes was very varied, if it was not very select.

"I could not help wishing myself back again at the bank and my hands clean washed of my eccentric charge. Miss Valdane embarrassed me very much as we were leaving the hotel by interfering with the various directions that I gave, and when we got to the station she had an altercation with a porter, which exhausted all my rather scanty stock of French to set right. Miss Manvers remonstrated with her friend, but always as if more amused by her vagaries than annoyed.

"It is needless for me to detail all the worrying events of the journey to Ostend and the voyage to Dover. During the latter, the sea certainly did subdue the young lady's spirits, and she lay on a bench on deck with a stiffish glass of brandy and water beside her, and held her tongue. Miss Manvers was a riddle to me as well as her friend. In a great deal that she said and did, and in her manners and address, she showed the education and refinement of a lady, and yet she encouraged rather than subdued her friend's eccentricities by her evident amusement.

"Upon our arrival at Dover, I found that the next train to London did not leave for a couple of hours, so, after giving directions for the examination of our luggage, I went with the two girls to the Lord Warden, and ordered breakfast. Here Miss Manvers announced her intention of leaving us. She had friends living at Dover, with whom she was going to stay, and she would go to them after we had left, as she wished to see as much of her dear Constantia as possible.

"After we had had breakfast, Constantia asked me to walk out and see the place, as she wished to have some private conversation with her friend. I accordingly dawdled away a half-hour on the pier, and then returned and found that we must start at once if we wished to catch the train. The two girls parted in the most affectionate manner, Miss Manvers seeming more amused than ever at the extraordinary expressions of affection indulged in by Miss Valdane, whose conduct would have 'brought down the house' in a melodrama.

"We went to the station together, Miss Valdane having left her maid to look after her friend and come on by the next train, another thing which would have astonished me, if I had had any capacity for that feeling left. Upon my asking her what luggage she had, she said,—

"Just a portmanteau."

"Nothing more?" said I.

"Not a thing."

"Accordingly I found a not very large portmanteau, which Miss Valdane said was hers.

"Just see and have it put into our compartment," said she; "and, I say, tell the guard to let us have the carriage to ourselves; you're not afraid of me, and I'm sure I'm not afraid of you."

"I was going to disregard this last order, as I had no wish whatever for a *tête-à-tête*, but Constantia came up and gave it herself, together with half-a-crown, which had the effect which she desired.

"We found the portmanteau under the seat, and taking our places, the train started. Not long after she said,—

"Object to smoking?"

"No, thanks, Miss Valdane; it's very good of you, but I don't smoke."

"Mind it?"

"Well, no," I said; "not much."

"I stared blankly at her while she took a cigar-case out of her pocket, and selecting one, lighted it, and settled herself comfortably in her seat.

"I sat as far as I could from her, and looking out of window, tried to forget her.

"You're a very pleasant companion, I must say," said she, after a time. "Come, say something, man, and don't leave me languishing here. Here, we might have a very pretty little bit of flirting, if you would only say tit to my tat."

"Excuse me, Miss Valdane," I said; "but it was business, and not pleasure, that gave me the task of escorting you home; and I shall make no apology for saying that I have had no pleasure whatever in the matter. You will, therefore, permit me to finish my business in the way I think best, which is to hand you over to the care of Lord Valdane with as much despatch and as little talking as possible."

"If you won't talk you must work," said she. "You surely won't object to oblige a lady so far as to take that portmanteau from under the seat, and unstrap it."

"I complied, to save further words. She threw her keys at me, and said,—

"Unlock, and throw open the fatal chest."

"I did so, and saw the usual contents of a gentleman's portmanteau. There were the neatly-folded shirts, the brushes and shaving-tackle fitted in here and there, visions of very gentlemanly-looking garments below, boots guiltless of the feminine foot, and, in fact, nothing whatever that ought to belong to a lady's wardrobe. I was really rather pleased than otherwise, and said,—

" 'You've managed to bring some one else's portmanteau.'

" 'No, I haven't, you clever man; I'm rather given to foreign customs, and affect, what you, you mass of propriety, would consider eccentricities in my costume. However, before I make the requisite changes to fit me for meeting dear papa, let me tell you a little story, as you seem in want of amusement.

" 'Your clever people in London, backed by the wishes of Lord Valdane, sent you over to Antwerp to bring home that nobleman's refractory daughter, who, it was hoped, had forgotten her disgraceful engagement.—Give me those balmorals, will you? Thanks.—You, accordingly, being a very clever young man and an admirable accountant, were of course eminently fitted for the work, and were therefore chosen to do it.—Just see if you can find a blue-striped flannel shirt among those. Thanks. Hang it over the arm of the seat to air.—Well, your noble client wrote to the schoolmistress what would have been a most pleasant letter, if it had not been quite so dictatorial; and he also wrote to his affectionate daughter, congratulating her on having recovered from her little attack of love, and saying something disparaging of the poor lover, who was in America.—If you will take that coat and trou— Well, those things under it, and hang them to the roof, the creases will come out. You won't?—that's rude, and not proper conduct to an unprotected woman. But, to continue my story, as I see you are getting restless:—By a wonderful chance this forlorn damsel saw her unfortunate lover, shortly after she got papa's note. She shouldn't have done it, but she did. They put their heads together—they'd done that before, but they did it in a different manner now, and they made up a little plan. The young lady went down to Antwerp under charge, and she got so poorly as they neared the station, and her head was so bad, and she had, oh! such a pain here, and ah! such a twitch there, that to bed she must go as soon as she reached the hotel. The elegant and polite escort arrived, and was met by a domestic whose face showed longitude, if her instructions did not admit much latitude.—By the way, where do you get boot-laces? Look at this thing, broken off in the middle.—Well, the maid told her story, and the youth listened, and then home goes the maid, leaving the youth in sole charge. Shortly afterwards down comes Miss Valdane, recovered and charming, introduces Miss Manvers—more charming still. They dine, this delightful trio, and away they go.—The advantage of this apparatus is, that you hang up the glass like this, and then you can shave at leisure. See what a good lather this

makes.—Well, our three Graces arrive at Dover, and then dear Miss Manvers makes her bow, and the other pair of turtle-doves go off together, only—and now, please attend, for I come to the point of the story—only Miss Valdane, for whom Mr. Minton was sent, and over whom he was to exercise the tenderness of a parent with the authority of a guardian, does not accompany that gentleman to London.'

" 'Then, who are you?' I almost shrieked.

" 'Felix Arne; and now, my good fellow, the farce is played out, and I'll take off this trumpery.'

" 'I fell back in my seat, and watched, with dizzy brain, the shedding of the feminine and assumption of the masculine attire.

" 'You infernal rascal!' at last I said.

" 'Now I'm not going to mind anything you say, for I dare say you are rather hurt. The thing was well arranged, and has answered capitally. You can tell your employer that it's no sort of use making any further fuss about me. I was married to his daughter some months ago, but did not intend it to be known yet, only his precipitancy altered matters. Some day we'll tell him how we managed it. We determined to have some fun out of the gentleman sent to fetch Mrs. Arne home, and, as he had been so good as to pay both our fares back to England, we could not do less than provide him with company to town. Will you play a game of billiards with me while I wait for the next train to Dover? Don't say no, if you'd rather not. Tickets? That gentleman has mine, guard. Ta-ta! Sorry you've no time for a game; best love to papa-in-law.' And taking his portmanteau, he sauntered down the station.

" 'How I got my story told at head-quarters I don't know. Mr. Baskerville first frowned, then smiled, and finally roared. I entreated him to keep my failure from the other clerks, and you three lads are the first who know it.'

" 'Did you ever hear anything more about them?' said I.

" 'Yes; it was not such a very bad affair, after all. He was a gentleman by birth, and some uncle of his, delighted at having an Honourable for a niece, left them some money, and I believe he settled down as a country gentleman. Lord Valdane has, however, I understand, never forgiven them; and now, boys, 'Home, sweet home.'

" 'I thanked our good-natured chief for his story; and, when we met the same morning at a later hour, we youngsters could scarcely believe that the grave and sedate gentleman, who looked as if "money articles" were his only literature, was the same who had been the hero of the story of which he himself was also the relater.

W. E. WILCOX.



THE LEARNED WIFE.

ONLY a man like you, my Willy,
Noble, tender, and leal,
Ever would wonder, puzzle, and ponder
What one like myself must feel.

Strong is Willy, and merry and wise !
All his heart in his dear brown eyes !
Could he read his spell with the wit of a woman,
He never would wonder where it lies !

Let me see—(and this reason's true)
You're six feet one and I'm five feet two !
And then, and then, and then,—and then,—
O Willy ! my Willy ! you're man of all men !

Sir, you may laugh at these foolish tears,
Yet through them I look back just three years,
To the day when you came up the lane,
Twirling the end of your supple cane,

And stopped and looked at our parsonage gate;
 Stopped and looked like many before you,
 Asking your way because it was late!
 John was bringing a watering pot,
 Trudging along on his lame old feet,
 To me as I stood on the garden plot,
 For my flowers were hanging their heads with heat,
 And my father, sitting among his books,
 Heard the voice so young and free,
 Fancied the courteous, kindly looks,
 And invited the wanderer in to tea.
 Alas! dear father, too early left,—
 All in one terrible hour bereft
 Of the innocent joy of a peaceful life,
 Cousin and playmate, mistress and wife,—
 Taught his baby Latin and Greek,
 And problems almost before I could speak,
 Yet his days passed all too lonely.
 You staid to tea and you staid to supper,
 And then you slept at the village inn;
 What new dreams in your heart were upper,
 When did your liking first begin—
 Willy may know, but I do not!
 I slept so sound in my little white cot,
 I slept so sound and I dreamt of Willy,
 And how he had carried my watering pot!
 You came to breakfast, you came to dinner,
 And looked at me with your dear brown eyes;
 And oh! how learned you were, you sinner!
 Willy it was knew how to be wise!

So it began, among the flowers,
 Here it has ended, in Hyde Park Square:
 Boy can reckon the business hours,
 And manage to pull papa's arm-chair;
 And put the Turkish slippers to air,
 Although he is barely two years old,
 Saying, "Papa's poor toes are cold!"
 Boy will learn no Latin and Greek,
 Nor problems either before he can speak;
 Boy and I have so much to do,
 Counting the clock and watching for you.
 And oh! my Willy! I often think,
 When you look at me with your dear brown eyes,
 Of the cup you brought for my lips to drink,
 Of the first bright hope, of the great surprise,
 To me so timid and shy with you,
 From the fear which I had of being too blue.

You told me your love at the parsonage gate,
 And urged for an answer because it was late!
 So it began among the flowers,
 Here it has ended in Hyde Park Square!
 We are quite tired with counting the hours,—
 Mannikin, bring out the slippers to air;
 Pull away, boy, at papa's arm chair! B.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAX-
 WELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAP. XLIII. AT THE WEDDING.

IN utter silence husband and wife drove along the Commercial Road and down Three Colt Street to St. Anne's Church: Olivine, leaning back in one corner of the carriage, kept her eyes resolutely fixed on the coachman, while Lawrence as persistently looked out of the window beside which he sat at the

passing conveyances, at the carts on the tramway, at the teams of heavy horses that drew great sugar hogsheads from the docks to the various refineries round about the City end of Whitechapel, and the neighbourhood of Good-man's Fields.

Both their hearts were as full of bitterness as they could hold; and when the heart is full the lips remain closed. The wife had done an intense foolish thing. After keeping silence about her grievance, after refraining from complaint or remonstrance, after nursing her fancied wrong in the solitudes of her soul, after remaining mute so long that Lawrence could not possibly dream of the violence of the storm which was brewing, she allowed all the jealous anger she had been nursing to break out in one sharp sentence spoken suddenly and bitterly. Whether a woman says much or little on such occasions, she is always certain to say the wrong thing; inevitably she irritates a man either by violence or by some stinging expression. The very knowledge of her weakness makes a woman careless where she strikes. She is feeble, and for that reason instinctively she selects the point most open to attack.

The majority of men, even in their angriest moods, never express quite all they feel; whilst, as a rule, women say more. Let the utterance of resentment have been long deferred as it will—let the fire blaze up in a moment or break out after smouldering for months—the result in one sense proves the same—hastily the woman speaks, for no conceivable object, apparently, save that in the after-time she may repent at her leisure.

That a certain cause will produce a certain effect is one of those facts which the weaker sex never appear able to grasp. That bitter words can ever bring about disastrous results they will not understand. Without calculating consequences in the least, they throw their tiny bits of lighted paper into shavings and gunpowder, and then they marvel at the abomination of desolation which eventually ensues.

Leaning back in her corner, Olivine was already trembling over what she had done, and wishing her sentence unspoken; but she was still irritated and excited, and even had she not been, Lawrence certainly looked in no temper to receive any professions of penitence graciously.

Truth is, had his wife exhausted her ingenuity to find the best means of annoying him, she could not have selected a form of words more likely to achieve that end than the one she had chosen.

To tell him in a half-completed sentence that she set his wishes and his authority at defiance; that she was jealous; that she had

learned, not vaguely or uncertainly, but positively, the secret of his unconquered affection for another woman; that there was scandal afloat; that his miserable infatuation was the talk of gossips; that she intended to go wherever he and Mrs. Gainswoode were likely to meet; that she considered herself wronged; that she had listened to stories concerning him; that she had taken her stand in the matter, and meant to maintain it; that she had been brooding over the matter in silence;—surely the man might be excused for thinking there was method in her madness; that a few words implying so much never could have been uttered at random.

Looking out at the passing carts, at the broad road, at the cabs, and the pedestrians, Lawrence was inwardly swearing at his fate, digging down into every deep well in his heart, and drawing out thence springs of bitterness, waters of Marah. He had married a wife, and this was the result; better to have waited, as he once said he would, till he was forty, and then wedded an old woman for her money, than to have bound himself to endure this.

"If God had only put it in my way to marry a woman and not a child," he thought, "some one who could understand what I have suffered and what I have resisted!" and then all the restrained passion of the man's nature rose up in arms against what he considered his wife's coldness and want of comprehension.

It was as though in the agony of physical suffering there had been wrung a cry from the depths of some suffering creature's heart—a cry of despairing anguish, of unreasoning indignation against those who could not feel his pain as he felt it, who could not appreciate the torment of his malady, the torture which the lightest touch occasioned.

He had fought with his infatuation; he had avoided meeting the only woman he could ever love passionately; he had sworn to himself he would be true to Olivine; he had kept his foot from any place where he was likely to meet Etta; he refrained from answering her many letters, save in the shortest manner consistent with ordinary politeness. Having done Olivine the wrong of marrying her at all; having resolutely shut his eyes to the fact, that, to compass the happiness of a nature like hers, it was necessary for her to be loved wholly, rather than in the first instance to love much herself; having failed in these two points, he yet had set himself determinedly to make her what reparation lay in his power; and this was the result.

This!—a jealousy which might go on through long years increasing till life became

a burden to both of them; a want of appreciativeness that as he imagined would prevent Olivine thoroughly comprehending him while the sun shone by day, or the moon by night.

She was very sweet; she was very pure; she was very innocent; she was what a man might desire the mother of his children to be in every thought and word and deed; but she never could be to him what many a worse woman can prove to one she loves in the hour of his blackest despair, of his deepest need.

"O Lord, if she were only able to understand!" he mentally finished, without ever an idea entering his mind that, in the future, she would understand him fully, and he understand her, too late.

Who, walking erect through smooth places, along secure paths, can sympathise entirely with the poor wretch that has fallen among stones and rocks, and stumbled along dangerous roads, getting soiled and stained and sullied as he went? who that has never seen a battle can compare notes with him who has been through the mad charge, and the awful repulse, and the blinding smoke, and the fierce hand-to-hand encounter? and, in precisely like manner, what woman who is half a saint, who has been kept pure as the angels, who has never even brushed skirts with sin, can, at first in her indignation, remember mercy, and know how rough the ways of virtue prove occasionally to those who, with heart and soul and strength, are striving to forsake the thing which is evil, and cleave to that which is right?

Olivine could not, at all events, and yet she felt in a vague, terrified sort of way, that she had made some terrible mistake; that she had put division between herself and her husband; that she had blindly struck at the foundation of her own happiness, and brought the edifice down about her ears. If she had dared, she would have asked her husband to allow her to return home; and, as it was, miserable at the idea of passing some time unreconciled to him, she could not refrain, as they drew close to the church, from laying her hand on his and saying, pleadingly, "Lawrence!"

He did not take his hand away, neither did he clasp hers in return. "Well," he answered, slightly turning his head from the window while he spoke.

"Are you angry?" she inquired; the carriage had stopped by this time.

"No," he replied, handing her out; "I am not angry; you have misjudged me, that is all."

"Oh! Lawrence," she began, but he stopped her.

"For Heaven's sake, Olivine, do not make a scene; to please yourself you have chosen

to come here; to please me, command your feelings now you are here."

She knew what he meant in a moment; more quickly than any one might have imagined her capable of taking such a hint, she comprehended his desire that she should be civil to Mrs. Gainswoode; and as she crossed the step and entered the church, there arose in her mind the determination to silence scandal, and to do what she could to clear her husband's name from the cobwebs of gossip busy men and idle women had woven across it.

Heaven knows what put such a thought into her heart; but it came to her suddenly that, let him have wronged her as far as he would, there was no necessity for all the world to know the fact, and that if she were to appear on friendly terms with Mrs. Gainswoode, it would do more to contradict the libel than any form of words she could use.

By right of knowledge an older woman would have understood all this, and been able to reason the matter out, but it was simply an affair of instinct with Olivine.

Without any previous reflection she jumped to the conclusion that she would not afford Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Perkins food for further gossip.

"Whatever I may think about her, I will not show it," she decided; and though her hand trembled a little when she silently greeted Mrs. Gainswoode in the aisle, though she felt she was pale and white as they stood side by side a little behind the bridal party, though she could see Mrs. Perkins whispering to Mrs. Jackson, who immediately directed her eyes first to Etta and then towards Lawrence, still she held her ground resolutely, and kept close to her enemy through the service.

"Anything like Ada as a bride," Mrs. Gainswoode subsequently declared was never beheld, excepting in Limehouse Church that day; anything so confident as her replies, so bouncing as her manner, so triumphant and offensive as her general demeanour, the imagination of man could scarcely conceive.

She could not have been Mrs. Perkins' daughter, of course, had she not torn her glove in getting that article off her left hand; neither, most assuredly, would she have been Ada Perkins, had she not made an effort to assist the bridegroom in slipping the ring on her not reluctant finger. Whereas Mr. Henry Reeves suffered much tribulation of mind and made many mistakes during the ceremony, Ada had all her wits about her, and surveyed with considerable complacency the spectators who thronged the church.

"Ain't there a lot, 'Arry?" she whispered to her husband as they passed down the aisle

together, "linked," observed Mrs. Perkins, which was her way of stating that the pair walked arm-in-arm. "Ain't there a lot come to see us?" Whereupon Mr. Henry Reeves, red as a peony and looking sheepish and abashed to an extent, muttered something unbefitting a church, and caused the bride to titter audibly.

The clergyman, unused to such merriment on melancholy occasions, looked at the "young woman" with rebuking gravity, when she again giggled at having to sign her name; to which look Ada replied by tossing her head, glancing round the company, and remarking to Percy Forbes, "she thought some one might have had the civility to offer her a chair."

"Considering the importance of the document to be signed, I think so too," he replied, hastening to comply with her request; fortified by which piece of gallantry Ada stared defiantly at the curate, who, she considered, had greatly neglected his duty in not finishing up the service by kissing the bride.

"He had black hair, with a natural curl in it," she wrote subsequently to a school friend, "and such beautiful brown eyes and white hands;" for all of which reasons, perhaps, Ada considered his omission unpardonable, and thought he had scarcely gone through the "Solemnization of Matrimony" according to the Rubric.

But if the bride's behaviour were wonderful in church, it was more remarkable still at the wedding breakfast. In honour of being married she had at length done away with her curls, and wore her hair "rolled," enormous frizettes appearing in various places through it.

The moment she entered the house she tossed off her bonnet and commenced settling her light locks to her satisfaction. She had a pert word for everybody. In her mother's opinion she kept "the room going." She laughed at her husband's mistakes; she prompted him when he returned thanks; she managed to get Mr. Forbes beside her, and quizzed him about one of the bridesmaids unmercifully. When Mr. Henry Reeves finally suggested they should miss the train if "she did not look sharp," she first observed "he need not talk about being sharp, he was none so much so himself;" and then remarked to all whom it might concern, "She was sorry she could not stay with them always," a regret which Mrs. Gainswoode assured her was felt by the company generally.

But for all that, the company endured her absence with astonishing equanimity. Mrs. Perkins at first, indeed, considered it necessary to retire to the sofa with one of her

younger children and a pocket-handkerchief; but soon recollecting that no crying would bring her back again, and that moreover, the match being a very good one, it would be extremely undesirable to bring her back even if she could, she returned to table and was induced to "sip a drop of wine" in honour of Mr. Hills' toast, which wished "to the young people as was just started in life a fair wind and a prosperous voyage."

"Have they gone abroad?" asked Mrs. Gainswoode, after the glasses had been duly emptied. "I had no idea they intended leaving England."

"It was to the voyage of life, ma'am, I was alluding," explained Mr. Hills, who sat beside Etta; "which often proves stormy, ma'am, even when newly married folks has a good cargo at starting."

"Oh, I understand," said Etta; "you mean there are so many things required on board the matrimonial ship—ballast among the number."

At which remark Mr. Hills, who in his heart had no great affection either for Ada or Mr. Henry Reeves, laughed till his merriment attracted the attention of the company.

"It is only a joke between this lady and me," he declared, in answer to various entreaties not to keep all the fun to himself, "only between you and me, ma'am, ain't it?"

"Strictly private and confidential," replied Etta; whereupon Mrs. Hills looked daggers at the fashionable intruder, "with her airs and graces" and at once commenced mentally composing a lecture with which, in due course of time, Mr. Hills' morals were benefited exceedingly.

"I am sure I wonder that quiet Mrs. Barbour can abear her," marvelled Mrs. Hills to Dr. Reddy; "and to see the way they were talking together you would have thought they were sisters, but justice is justice all the world over, and I must say, doctor, as I don't think Mr. Barbour cares a brass farden about her now. He never once laid his eyes on her, unless she spoke to him,—never once."

"I always said, Mrs. Hills, if you remember, that it was nothing but idle gossip," answered the doctor, who had his own private opinion notwithstanding, and did not think Lawrence's reserve incompatible with a considerable amount of affection.

"It was Mrs. Perkins first started it," remarked Mrs. Hills.

"You know there were people ill-natured enough to say Mrs. Perkins herself would once have liked him for a son-in-law," added the doctor, blandly; "it just shows what people will imagine; there is really no believing anything excepting what one sees."

All this time Lawrence was on thorns to get out of the house and back to business; and after Mr. Reeves being asked for a sentiment had proposed somewhat thickly, "May this be the unappiest moment of our lives," Olivine whispered to Mrs. Gainswoode that they were going, and inquired whether she would accompany them to Stepney Causeway.

"If you will allow me," answered Etta, blithely, and she squeezed her way out of the small room, remarking to Mrs. Perkins while she tenderly pressed her hand, "we shall meet again this evening, I hope."

"You are going to Mrs. Rolte's, of course," she said to Olivine as they drove along the Commercial Road. Mrs. Rolte was Ada's godmother, who had decided on giving a party in honour of Mrs. Henry Reeves' settlement in life.

"No," Olivine answered, "I have had quite enough of Limehouse society for one day."

"Men and women are never prophets in their own country," remarked Mrs. Gainswoode. "It requires a person from the north or west to enjoy such a party as that to-day. Percy was delighted with it, I am sure."

"It grieves me to join issue with your highness," answered Percy, who sat opposite to her; "but I believe I have had rather too much of the East-End prophets to care for their conversation. The intellectual food in this part of the town is too strong to agree for long with infants."

"What a singular being you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Gainswoode. "And you?" she added, turning to Lawrence.

"I! Oh! I cannot go," he replied. "I went this morning because my wife wished to do so; but I really have neither time nor inclination to attend all the social gatherings that may be convened in honour of Ada Perkins' wedding."

"Well, I call it detestable of you," exclaimed Mrs. Gainswoode. "I must either go alone, or not go at all, and I had set my heart on seeing the East-Enders *au naturel* for once."

"Do you mean in their attire?" asked Percy Forbes.

"No, I do not mean in their attire altogether," she replied; "though that I dare say will be primitive enough; but I want to see them at home—at home, as people never are except in the evenings, under the gaslight. My dear child," she proceeded, addressing Olivine, "if you lived as much among stuck-up conventional people out of whom there is not an atom of fun to be got from year's end to year's end as I do, you would, perhaps, be glad of a little variety too."

"I will go with you if you like," said Olivine, to Lawrence's intense astonishment.

"You had better not," he suggested; but Etta broke in with,—

"Now, Mr. Barbour, do let your wife have an opinion of her own for once. I think it charming of her to give up her personal pleasure to gratify my whim. And so we will go alone and independent. What say you, Percy?" and Mrs. Gainswoode glanced at him sharply as she spoke.

"I say that I think we ought to follow the example of such gallant leaders," he observed. "Will you be one of the party, Barbour?"

"No," Lawrence answered. "I will do your work if you like to be present, though for what earthly reason any of you can desire to see more of such people is a mystery to me."

"Which only shows that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy," remarked Mrs. Gainswoode, opening the brougham door and springing out before anyone could assist her in alighting. "And so that is settled," she went on, speaking to Olivine as they ascended the staircase, "and we go together, and remember tea is to be at seven o'clock, and I intend to eat shrimps and bread and butter in quantity, if those are the edibles provided. And I mean to dance till I cannot see, and sing till my voice cracks, if I am asked to do so."

Thus the lady rattled on, and the talk was pleasant and lively enough during the afternoon, and no one would have thought there had been any storm in the morning, so calm was the light resting on the faces of the speakers sitting round the fire, which seemed cosy and cheerful, for the season was still early spring and cold, though violets and primroses were being hawked about the streets.

Then, at last, Olivine rose, saying she would change her dress; and shortly after she went up-stairs. Lawrence followed her. For hours they had never been able to exchange a word, and now, when at last they were alone again, Olivine, ready as such natures always are to blame herself and make the first advance towards reconciliation, said to him, with her arm flung round his neck and her cheek pressed close to his,

"Are you angry with me still? I am sorry for the folly I talked this morning, and I have done my best all day; I have, indeed."

"My darling, you are too good for me," he answered.

"No! oh, no!" she whispered, and he felt her tears on his cheek.

"But I say yes," he persisted, and in his words there was a second meaning. She was too good for him; too good to comprehend,

to sympathise; too gentle to keep him, of her own strength, from the evil to come.

"Who told you anything about me, Olivine?" he went on; "was it Percy Forbes?"

"Percy Forbes!" she repeated in amazement. "No, certainly—Ada Perkins."

Whereupon Lawrence, not without a certain sense of relief, anathematised Ada Perkins and the whole Perkins connection, the head of the house only excepted, and kissed his wife again so heartily, that the poor little soul, still clinging to him, murmured, "I do believe you love me best, after all." To which he answered, "Best! ay, five hundred times best, my child!" and she had never the sense to remember he had not added, "and most, too."

After that he left her to finish her dressing, and went down to the drawing-room again, where Mrs. Gainswoode stood alone, Percy Forbes having been summoned to Mr. Sondes' apartment.

"Why have you kept away from me?" she asked; "why have you never come latterly to Hereford Street? Are you so happy yourself, you have not a thought to spare for one of the most miserable women on earth?"

"Is it not safer," he inquired. He had come straight from his wife's room, and the touch of her hand seemed still on his arm, the traces of her tears were yet on his cheek; but, for all that he could not help the tone of Etta's voice stealing through every secret winding of his heart. "Is it not safer?"

"Safer," she repeated, scoffingly; "safer! and these are the creatures we love!"

"And whose fault is it," he demanded, "that I am now obliged to say we are safer apart? I would have married you, God and yourself alone knew how willingly, and you would not; you preferred wealth to love, a position to me; you chose, and you cannot have both."

"I know that," she answered, sadly; "but you know, Lawrence, why I chose; you know I was not my own mistress; you know it would have been ruin for all of us had I married you, though you never can know—never—how wretched I have been since; how utterly miserable a thing it is for a woman to sell herself beyond recall."

He never answered her. He stood aloof from the spot she occupied, almost praying that something would occur to interrupt the conversation.

"I am going away," she went on after a pause. "We are to reside abroad for a couple of years. Who knows what may happen before we meet again, or whether we shall ever meet again? You will come to see me before we leave?"

"To what purpose?" he asked.

"To what purpose!" she echoed; "that I may bid you good-bye; that I may see you once more; that I may talk with you, the only friend I have on earth. It cannot do harm to any human being. Will you come, if only for half an hour?"

But Lawrence only shook his head.

"Are you so fond of your wife as all that comes to?" she demanded.

"I have a wife," he answered; "and though she is too good for me, I mean to be as worthy of her as I can."

"A sinner never can be worthy of a saint," she replied, with a slight sneer.

"Perhaps not; but even a sinner may love virtue," was the retort.

"In the abstract," she persisted, "but never as an actual presence; Lawrence;" and before he knew what she was about to do, her head was resting on his shoulder, and her face upturned to his. "Lawrence, you have either lied to me, or you are lying to yourself; if you ever loved me, you cannot love Olivine; if you love her, you can never have loved me."

She was sobbing passionately; she was kissing him as a woman never can kiss but one man on earth; she drew his lips down to hers, and pressed her own to them over and over again.

While Lawrence—he had never professed to be more than mortal, and this was the only woman he had ever loved!—God help him, he took her to his heart, and forgot everything, his ties and hers, in the happiness of holding her in that lingering embrace once more.

And then, then at that very moment Olivine, who was gentle in her every movement, turned the handle of the door, and saw them standing in the firelight thus; saw them, he bending over her, she clinging to him, lip meeting lip, hair mingling with hair, hand clasped in hand.

That was enough; she closed the door, and turned blindly into the darkness of the outer apartment; the light staid with them, the darkness with her; and involuntarily she put out her hand to grope her way into the passage.

"It is not his fault, Mrs. Barbour," whispered Percy Forbes, who having followed her into the ante-chamber, had seen what she beheld, and now caught her arm and led her down-stairs; "I know her well, and I am certain all this is her doing, not his—before God, not his—"

They were in the room where Percy and she had stood that first night after her return from France; but now she sat with her

elbows resting on the table, and her head supported by her hands.

"Don't tell him—he must never know," were the only words Percy could catch for a minute or two; then "will you get me some water?" she added; and the hand with which she took the glass from him was steadier than his.

"I will go up-stairs again now," she observed, after a pause; "ring the bell, please, and tell Mary to take lights into the drawing-room first."

"You are a miracle," Percy Forbes remarked; and I think he was right.

It is easy enough for a woman to forgive a man when she knows how sorely he has been tempted; but it is a fearful struggle for her to command her temper when she only knows how much she has been wronged.

"How white you look, child," Mrs. Gainswoode observed, more than once, during the course of the evening.

"I am tired," at last answered the poor wife, truthfully enough.

"Then, let us get home at once," exclaimed Etta, with a smothered yawn; and home accordingly they all proceeded, having severally, if their own account were to be trusted, enjoyed Mrs. Rolte's party intensely.

(To be continued.)

THE QUADRILATERAL.

ISSUING from the fastnesses of the South Tyrol three rivers run towards the Po in directions roughly parallel. These, named from west to east, are the Chiese, the Mincio, and the Adige. The first, rising near the snowy peak of the Adamello, flows southward through the small lake of Idro, till it empties itself into the Oglio, a little before its junction with the Po. The second, after a short but tortuous course among the mountain ranges to the east of Trient, widens out into the Lago di Garda whence it passes through a marshy plain until it also joins the Po. The Adige, however, bearing in its channel the drainage of almost the whole of the South Tyrol, deigns not to mingle its waters with any other stream; but after following a long valley, parallel and unusually near to that occupied by the Lago di Garda, sweeps gradually round to the east, and enters the Adriatic a little to the north of "Eridanus, king of rivers."

Be the sun never so hot on the Italian plains, these waters will not desert their stony beds, for his rays do but melt the faster the snows and glaciers by which they are nourished; hence there is here a natural bulwark for Austria against all foes advancing from the west; and this advantage she has strengthened

by four fortresses which, lying at the angles of a somewhat irregular rhomboid, have obtained for the district between the Mincio and the Adige the name of the Quadrilateral. These are, on the former river, Peschiera, at the point where it issues from the Lago di Gardo; Mantua among the marshes near to its junction with the Po; Verona and Legnano on the latter, at convenient positions to the east of the first two towns. In the area between these four points an army can manœuvre at ease; its right covered by Garda and the Alps, whose last spurs sink down into the plain near Verona; its left protected by the Po, with the rich plain of Venetia behind it, and free communication with Austria by more than one Alpine pass and by the sea. As may, therefore, be supposed, either within this quadrilateral, or within the smaller one between the Chiese and the Mincio, most of the conflicts for the possession of Eastern Lombardy and Venetia have been waged. The title Quadrilateral, however, in its present sense scarcely applies to a period earlier than the peace of 1815; for before that time Mantua was the only place capable of long sustaining a regular siege.

Of these four towns, unquestionably the most important strategically, as it is the most interesting historically, is Verona. It stands on both sides of the Adige, which here is bent into an S. On the left bank of the stream the last spurs of the Alps sink down in low hills of a crumbling tertiary limestone, and are occupied by the Castel San Pietro and San Felice, together with a number of outlying forts. The greater part of the town is on the right bank, occupying the promontory on the left hand side of the S, and stretching along by the waterside up to the top of the latter; the promontory on the right hand side is a marshy tract of garden ground, which appears to be one of the natural defences of the town. Few places in northern Italy are more interesting to the traveller than "Verona la degna;" if surpassed by the unique situation of sea-born Venice, it yields in little besides; for if it cannot show any one building to vie with the oriental magnificence of S. Mark, there is nothing else in Venice to compare with the churches of S. Zenone and S. Anastasia, with the tombs of the Scaligers, and the graceful campanile of the Piazza del Erbe. Founded by the Euganei, it became a Roman colony under the name *Veronensis Augusta*; and an amphitheatre and gate remain to attest its ancient splendour. The former, built towards the end of the first century A.D. of the rich brick-red Verona marble, still rises in solemn grandeur above the town. Less perfect in some respects than those of Arles

and Nîmes—for its outer circle is destroyed, with the exception of four arches—it has its internal arrangements in far better preservation, and the injuries which it has suffered are due quite as much to time and the earthquake as to the hand of man. The seats have been from time to time restored, so that it is still used for exhibitions of various kinds. It is larger than the two named above, but contained eight arches less in its outer circle than the Coliseum. The Roman Porta dei Borsari, attributed to Gallienus the Emperor, is double arched like that at Trèves, but is much less striking. There are also fragments of a Roman theatre, and portions of the town walls are of this epoch. Of these walls other parts are attributed to Theodoric, from whom the town in the middle ages bore the name of Dietrich's Bern; others to Charlemagne; there are, besides, the walls of the Scaligers, with their picturesquely forked battlements; and finally, the defences of San Micheli, among the earliest examples of modern fortifications. We must not linger over its churches, though the lover of architecture may spend days among them, in examining the antiquities of the Duomo, the tombs of the Scaligers, gems of monumental art, almost hidden in a narrow churchyard in the corner of a back street, S. Anastasia, with a host of others, and, last but not least, San Zenone, with its two-storied cloister, and its bronze doors wrought in panels, on which Scripture scenes are portrayed with all the quaint cunning of the twelfth century. Nor must we forget the griffin at the porch selected by Ruskin as a type of the vigour of mediæval imagination for comparison with the productions of an effete classicalism. Verona, too, stands associated with more than one great name in history; and though few may couple it with the memory of Catullus, all will remember Romeo and Juliet, and "the fearful passage of their death-marked love;" nay, those who are untainted with the scepticism of the age may moralise over the marble washing-trough which now does duty as "the Capulet's monument."

Before 1815 Verona was not a fortress of any great strength, but since then its defences have been greatly enlarged, and it would now be a most formidable place to attack; for before the besiegers could approach the town itself, an elaborate system of detached forts and field-works would have to be reduced. Hence the large amount of protected ground outside its walls renders it most valuable as a place on which to concentrate an army before an attack, or rally it after a defeat.

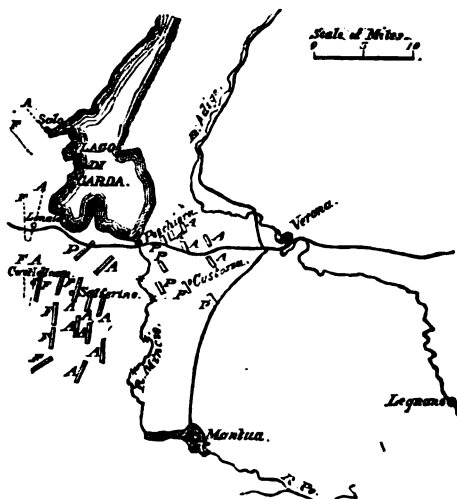
In the Italian campaign of the first Napoleon, Mantua appears as the fortress of primary importance. It stands in the middle of a

marshy district upon the Mincio, which here widens out, and is held up by dams, so as to form three lakes. Called La Gloriosa, from its gay and brilliant court in the days of its dukes, it is now a gloomy town, with a forsaken and ague-stricken look about it, but still possesses several fine buildings as marks of its former splendour. Among these are the extensive ducal palaces, which contain many curious works of art, the Duomo, and the Basilica di Santa Andrea. It is, however, far less interesting to the traveller than Verona, and is now of less strategic importance, because its natural defences—the lakes and marshes—prevent it from ever being more than a fortress, and that, too, an unhealthy one.

The two remaining points of the Quadrilateral do not call for much notice. Peschiera is a village, standing partly upon an island on the southern shore of the Lago di Garda—the Benacus of Catullus—where the reed-fringed Mincio issues from its blue waters. Its defences have been greatly augmented during the last eighteen years. Legnago is a town on the Adige, of about 6000 inhabitants. The fortifications were first designed by San Micheli; but they, too, have been greatly strengthened of late years.

We must not quit the Quadrilateral without a brief sketch of the chief military events of which it has been the scene in modern times. In June, 1796, Massena forced the Austrian troops from the line of the Mincio, and succeeded in establishing himself in Peschiera, Verona, and Legnago, while Mantua was blockaded by Serrurier. Upon this, Marshal Wurmser was sent in all haste by the Aulic Council with reinforcements, which raised the army in the Italian Tyrol to 60,000 men. To him Napoleon had only 55,000 to oppose, of whom not more than 30,000 could be brought into the field. Wurmser divided his forces, sending 20,000 under Quasdanovich down the right bank of the Lago di Garda, while he with the rest descended the valley of the Adige; thus hoping effectually to crush the French. In this imminent peril Napoleon abandoned Legnago, raised the siege of Mantua, and concentrated the greater part of his forces at the lower extremity of the lake. Wurmser succeeded in forcing his way down the valley of the Adige into Mantua. In the meantime Napoleon had checked the forces of Quasdanovich, who had already taken possession of Brescia and Salò, on the west shore of the Lago di Garda. On hearing of this, Wurmser advanced across the Mincio to Castiglione and Lonato. Napoleon then changed the front of his army, and advanced upon Lonato, while Augereau with another division assaulted Castiglione. The Austrians, at first successful

at Lonato, weakened their centre by extending themselves to the right, with a view of crushing the French by effecting a junction



A. Austrians; F. French; P. Italians; x. Where the Italian forces crossed the Mincio; Battle of Castiglione; —. Railroads.

with Quasdanovich. Napoleon broke it and took Lonato, and after a desperate struggle Augereau forced the enemy out of Castiglione. The next day Napoleon drove Quasdanovich northward, and then fought the Austrian troops, reinforced by Wurmser from Mantua, on nearly the same ground as before, and by the aid of Serrurier's division, which came up from the south in the Austrian rear, completely defeated them. After several other combats along the banks of the Adige, with varying success, during which, at one time, the affairs of the French seemed almost desperate, the battles of Arcola and Rivoli deprived Wurmser, who was blockaded in Mantua, of all hope of relief, and he was compelled to capitulate early in 1797. By the peace signed Oct. 18, 1797, which destroyed the Venetian Republic, Mantua was retained by France, Peschiera, Legnago, and Verona were ceded to Austria. The importance of these fortresses was fully proved by the successful campaign of 1799, in which the Austrians drove the French out of Lombardy and Venetia. They, however, in December, 1800, after desperate fighting along the whole line of the Mincio from Peschiera to Mantua, again forced their way into the Quadrilateral, and blockaded the fortresses. These, by the Peace of Luneville, were ceded to the French. They held them against Austria in 1805; but in the last struggle of 1814 Verona was taken, and the Peace of Paris deprived France of all her Italian possessions.

In 1848 Peschiera was captured by the

Sardinian army under Carlo Alberto, after a siege of eight weeks. In the war of 1859, the Austrians crossed the Mincio and encountered the united armies of France and Sardinia, between the Chiese and the Mincio. The battle of Solferino was fought a little to the east of Castiglione, the Imperial Guard being posted at that village; Victor-Emmanuel was drawn up on the left, near the Lake, in a line with the promontory of Sermione; the French holding the centre and right. The united forces extended over some fifteen miles. The Austrians, though gaining the advantage on their right, had weakened their centre, as formerly at Castiglione, by too great an extension of their line, and so lost the key of their position—the village of Solferino.

The intention of the Italians in the late battle of Custoza was obviously to sever Verona from Mantua and Peschiera, by seizing the roads and railways which diverge from it to them. A glance at the map shows the difficulty of the undertaking, and how favourable the position was to the Austrians. Had it succeeded, doubtless Cialdini, by an advance on Padua, would have severed Verona from the sea, and perhaps would have pushed forward far enough to cut it off from Legnago. The fleet could then have occupied the attention of Venice, and Garibaldi would have endeavoured to sever the connection between the Quadrilateral and the north. The check at Custoza has obliged the Italians to make the moves in a different order.

THE SALMON.

MUCH has yet to be learnt respecting the natural history of the salmon; such as its migratory instincts, its food—its returning to the same river in which it was hatched, and other particulars. It is a curious fact that there is only one authentic instance recorded of salmon being caught far out at sea in nets, and therefore, as it is probable that there are as many hills and valleys in the sea as there are on land, it may fairly be presumed that these hills and valleys harbour salmon when they make their escape from our freshwater rivers, and where they probably procure an abundance of food. This circumstance may account for their rapid growth. But it is evident that if the salmon remained in these secure retreats, covered, as they probably are with strong plants and sea-weeds, where no nets could reach them, they would be useless to man as articles of food and nourishment. Let us see, then, the benevolent arrangement of Providence to drive them from their retreats, and thus render them serviceable to us. This arrangement cannot be sufficiently

admired. When these fish are in high condition, they are infested with insects, which annoy them so much that they rush almost simultaneously towards the freshwater rivers, on entering which the insects, it is now well ascertained, drop from them. Many of the salmon are then caught in nets and by other devices, while others make their way to small streams, swamps, &c., where they deposit their spawn, and would probably remain in the rivers, did not a sort of leech infest their gills, which annoys them so much that the fish rush to the sea, and on entering the salt-water, the leeches immediately drop off, when the salmon probably resort to their former haunts. It is impossible to contemplate this arrangement of Divine Providence without gratitude and wonder. Without it, how useless would these fine fish be to us!

With respect to the food of the salmon, I may mention that my lamented friend, Mr. Walter Campbell ofIslay, wrote to me some years ago, that in hauling in a net in an estuary of Islay, which was full of salmon, these fish were distinctly seen to disgorge numerous sand-eels from their stomachs. This, as is well known, is the case with several animals and birds, when in a state of fear, or of danger to their lives, such as foxes, gulls, pike, &c.

In further proof of sand-eels forming a large portion of the food of salmon, I may mention that I received a letter from the first Lord Ellesmere some few years ago, in which he informed me of several interesting facts in Natural History which came under his observation while on a sporting tour in Sutherlandshire, and amongst them was the following:—

“A companion of mine told me that one of the large sea-trout he had caught was full of the sand-eel, and the habits of the salmon are so similar to it, that I have no doubt whatever, though I cannot affirm the fact, that the salmon also feeds on them.”

Lord Ellesmere also mentions the fact of salmon and sea-trout taking the fly freely in salt water, and records it in his letter to me in the following words:—

“Within about a mile of the mouth of a creek, the main channel of the tide and the river approach the south shore, and from the point which commands this channel, the fly may be used with murderous effect at half ebb-tide. Having a yacht and boats at my disposal, I anchored the latter two days since in the channel, and I never saw men so astonished as some of my Harwich sailors were with the spectacle which presented itself, as they had never seen a salmon except on a fishmonger's stall. The air rather than the water was alive with salmon and sea-trout of

all sizes, jumping as high as if they had to scale a cataract close to the boat. One which had jumped too far was caught on the rocks by two of my boys, whom I had left on the beach. As to the result, I began by losing two flies, taken at the same moment by two fish. After many rises, I hooked one, which, though only a grilse of five pounds, and though my tackle was strong, took a long time to kill in the deep water. In fact, by the time I had him in the boat, the tide had turned, and the spell was nearly broken, for I only got a rise or two afterwards. For about an hour, I should say, that the spot in question was the finest angling quarters I ever saw. The weather was perfect, alternately bright and cloudy, and a breeze from the south-west. The weather yesterday was apparently equally favourable, and I found it so in the fresh water; but visiting the same place, I saw few fish jump, and not one came near my fly. Sea-trout, however, have been caught with the fly this season at the same place. They are of a very fine class, spotted like leopards, and run from three to five pounds, and are much stronger on the line than the salmon, but I think more shy risers."

I have given this extract from Lord Ellesmere's letter to me, as anything coming from that quarter is well worthy of notice, and I shall therefore be excused for mentioning a curious fact that his Lordship relates in the same letter, as follows:—

"There is a favourite river of mine in this neighbourhood, where salmon are in abundance, but the sea-trout are quite unknown in it. In fact, of the numerous lakes and rivers which the country contains, I believe there is not one which has not its species of the trout or salmon tribe perfectly distinct. I am also satisfied that neither the salmon nor the herring migrates into any distant region, but that the herring has its particular district which it entails on its own generation, equally with the salmon. With reference to the migration of these fish, I may mention, that the Helmsdale herring-fishers took one in the Murray frith, sixteen miles from land, and this was considered as a singular, if not an unprecedented occurrence."

Lord Ellesmere further remarks, with regard to what he has said respecting the varieties of trout in the lakes, that he wishes to be considered as speaking rather as an angler than in a scientific and accurate sense, and of differences of colour, weight, strength and variety, which of course attract an angler's attention, rather than of any decided anatomical and structural distinction. Indeed, it has been observed by that eminent and amiable naturalist, the late Mr. Yarrell, that "the

physical properties of fish depended on localities, and as an instance of it he has mentioned that the Sewen, as so called in Wales, is in fact the Bull trout of the northern rivers, their organic structure being perfectly the same, and only differing in colour externally and internally."

We cannot conclude this notice of salmon without referring to the great obligations the public generally are under to those gentlemen who have taken such pains to restock our rivers with those valuable fish. That they were in former years much more abundant than they are at present, cannot be doubted, and the following circumstance may tend to prove it. When boys were apprenticed in olden times to persons residing near salmon rivers, it was no unusual thing to have a clause inserted in their indentures that they should not be obliged to eat salmon for their dinner more than two or three times in each week, thus showing how cheap and numerous these fish were.

I have also seen in the porch of the church of Ribbesford, near Bewdley, in Worcestershire, a very old black oak carving, representing a man shooting as he stands on a hill an arrow through a stag, which falls dead, and then the arrow is seen impaling a salmon in the river Severn, some little distance below the hill, which is at this day called "Stagberry Hill." If salmon in those days were so common, it is a great encouragement to our fish cultivators to continue their laudable endeavours to procure a greater supply of them in the river Severn, as well as elsewhere.

Salmon sometimes select odd places in which to deposit their spawn. I recollect that some years ago, while shooting in the neighbourhood of Midhurst, stepping over a narrow ditch, when the keeper, who accompanied me, said that a short time before he had caught a salmon which was in the act of depositing its spawn in the ditch at the place I had crossed. Salmon at that time were seldom to be found in the river at Midhurst, but it might no doubt be made a very productive one for those fish.

EDWARD JESSE.

AT THE CASTLE OF EU.

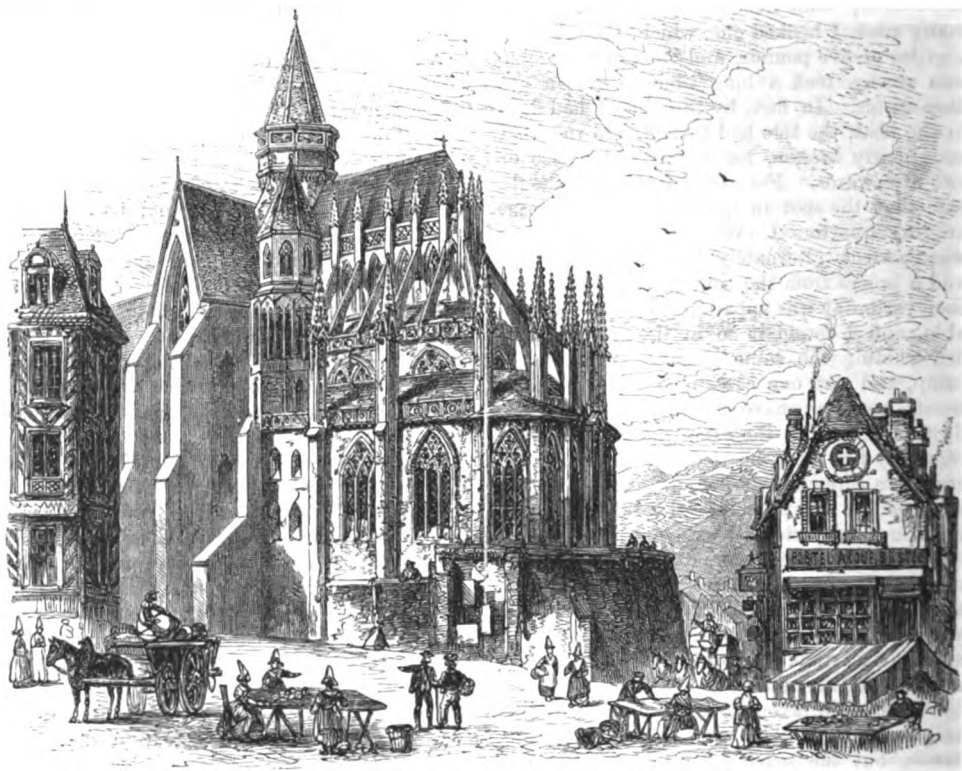
"ONE is scarcely installed at Tréport* when one hastens to visit the town and castle of Eu." Such are the words of the "Guide Book;" but, if I may speak for myself, I remained at the pleasant Norman watering-place nearly a fortnight before I became uneasy because I had not visited the famous town and castle.

Then, one evening, having dined very com-

* See Vol. I., New Series, p. 225.

fortably at that little restaurant whose merits I extolled in my previous paper, I set out with a friend for a walk along the high-road

that leaves inland from Tréport to Eu. But what we saw of the place that night was very little indeed: we had merely a starlight view



Grand Place and Church, Eu.

of the *Grande Place* with the church on one side, and rows of old houses on the other sides of it. The church, with its picturesque outline, abundant carving, rich tracery, and dark, deep shadows, looked promising enough to induce us to come to it again; even had it not been necessary that we should pay another visit to Eu for the sake of the castle and the park.

For the castle is worth seeing for the sake of Louis Philippe, whose favourite summer residence it was; and for the sake of that long line of Counts of Eu, whose history M. Estancelin has written. And the park is worth seeing for a better reason—for its own sake.

So we came back, a day or two after our night visit, back along the dusty high-road, under the broiling August sun, to where the shadows from tall houses were flung across the streets of Eu.

On one side of the little town—the side

nearest the sea—is situated the thickly wooded park. There are splendid slopes of fresh green grass; masses of wood, with forest-trees, and little undergrowth; and broad avenue-paths that the tree-boughs overhang. From the end of the principal avenue there is a lovely view over the gently sloping land between Eu and the sea; a view of the distant cliffs of Mers, of the long reaches of sand, and of the bright green water that glistens in the sunlight beyond. I am bound to say that so long as one turns one's back upon the castle, there is nothing in the prospect that might not be seen in England. The same trees, the same green fields, and in the distance a sea such as often bounds an English landscape. In the middle of a summer day, too, there is nothing of that harmony and softness of outline which frequently constitute the chief charm of a landscape in France. That charm is never apparent in a strong light. You must wait for it until the day begins to wane.

Then, only, in lands like Normandy, is it perceived that the atmosphere is different from the English, that "a common greyness silvers everything," and that what was strong, harsh, abrupt, or flaring in the daylight, is soft, harmonious, undefined, in the gathering mists of the evening. Some people will never admire the scenery of France, because it is not what they call "striking;" they find nothing impressive unless it causes them a strong and a new sensation; they can know nothing of the poetry of familiar things. These people call French landscapes flat and uninteresting, and utterly unprofitable. They could say no worse if they were speaking of Holland. But people of quieter tastes find in the chastened light of a French landscape in the early evening a charm of repose which they can scarcely unfold, a spell which they would with difficulty explain.

So much for the park and for the view. Let us condescend to facts, pass on to the castle, and read a little of its history.

The time of the foundation of the castle is uncertain; no historical testimony proves its existence before the year 925. In that year it figures first in history, for a reason which Frodoard in his "Chronicles" explains in detail, but which it would be purposeless to dwell upon here. The extent of the county of Eu was not very considerable; but the extreme fertility of the soil, and above all its position, gave to the possessors of it an influence greater than they would otherwise have possessed. Many of them were allied to the then Royal house of France; and some even belonged to it by blood. The first of the race was William, Count of Hiesme, a natural son of Richard I., Duke of Normandy. It was in his favour that Richard II. (his brother) created in 996, the counties of Eu and of Brionne. Robert succeeded William; and he continued the building works undertaken by his father. It was in the castle of Eu in 1052 that William the Conqueror—our king, fourteen years afterwards—was married to Matilda. Matilda was the daughter of the Count of Flanders: it is to her that they attribute the wonderful tapestry of Bayeux. Two years after the marriage Robert assisted Duke William, when Henry I. of France invaded Normandy. One of the counts of Eu fought at Agincourt, and was made prisoner after the battle. The marriage of Catherine of Cleves with the Duc de Guise caused the lands of Eu in the year 1570 to pass into the possession of the house of Lorraine. "It was during the eighteen years of the wedded life of that princess, and during the forty-five years of her long widowhood that the present castle was built." These words are M. Es-

tancelin's; and M. Estancelin is, as I have said before, the laborious historian of the counts of Eu. The castle passed, in 1662,



Château d'Eu.

into the hands of Mademoiselle de Montpensier—*la grande Mademoiselle*. She paid for it a sum of money that in our day would be equal to about 200,000*l*. The Duc de Maine possessed it, after Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and some time after his death it became the property of the Duc de Ponthièvre, who lived in it till 1789. At his death it was declared the property of the nation. In 1818 it was given to the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of Louis Philippe.

After his mother's death the king revisited the castle that he had not seen since he was a boy, and he determined that it should be put into complete order. Under his instructions, they placed there portraits of the princes of the house of Bourbon and of the house of Lorraine. To these were added the collection which Mademoiselle de Montpensier had made: so that the richest decoration of the castle was its gallery of pictures. But the glory of Eu has departed. The greater part of the domain has got back again into the hands of the State: M. Estancelin, who lives close by, has bought what was considered the private property of the king. The collection of portraits and the fine furniture, which in days still recent were the castle's pride, have been delivered up to the children of Louis Philippe. The rooms are empty, and the place wears an air of desolation.

But the castle of Eu presented a very different appearance scarcely more than twenty years ago, when the Queen of England—then



Pavilion of Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

a young wife—came with “the father of our kings to be” to visit Louis Philippe at his country home. Then, indeed, every room was occupied—the sixty principal apartments, the 250 smaller chambers. And well filled too were the stables, arranged for 130 horses, the coach-houses for sixty carriages. A remaining line or two may well be given to some brief account of the visit of Queen Victoria to Eu.

At ten o'clock in the morning of the fourth of November the queen came in sight of the harbour of Tréport: the roads were filled with French and English steamers. At the moment that the queen's yacht came in sight, the king Louis Philippe, warned of her near approach by the signal guns, left the castle of Eu with his family. They drove hastily into Tréport, and the king went on board the queen's yacht, and gave her a welcome to France. Then they landed, and Victoria was introduced to the Queen of the French; after which the Mayor of Tréport had the honour of being presented to the English sovereign. And then the host and his guests drove off to the castle, where Victoria spent four days. The same ceremonies were observed when she left as when she came; and that Tréport was quite sensible of the distinction it had received is apparent from the fact that the authorities resolved to have some monument in com-

memoration of the event. But the resolution which they made has never been carried out. It has been added to the long lists of broken vows.

T. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE MADMAN OF CORINTH.

THERE was a man in Corinth, as mad as mad could be,
He beat his wife, and struck his child; and his ruthless
savagery
Did not abate till he came and sat on a hill above the
sea.

A calm fell on his fever'd brain, and he grew patient
then,
As he sat and watch'd the haven, afar from other men,
And the gulf spread blue, and sapphire clear before his
steadier ken.

Forgot the oboli all spent, the purple robes all sold,
As he saw the triremes sailing forth, shaking out fold by
fold
Their canvass to the north-west wind, that blew keen,
fresh, and cold.

There day by day he sat and watch'd, until he dream'd
they went
For him, those stately argosies with spreading white
sails bent,
For gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, and nard and
spikenard sent.

Whene'er he saw the parting ships, he clapp'd his
wither'd hands,
And waved his ragged robe and staff, and scream'd his
royal commands,
And ordered forth “more sail, more sail” to eastern,
western lands.

At sunset, too, when ocean red seem'd growing all on
fire,
He shouted from the grassy cliffs, and mounting higher,
higher,
Bless'd all the ships returning, from Sicily or Tyre.

For him the balsam-laden barks came down the gulf in
fleets;
For him the bustle and the din of Corinth's crowded
streets,
For him each wave upon the stones of quay and har-
bour beats.

Too zealous friends from Galen came across the Tyr-
rene deep:
They purged his brains with hellebore, and woke him
from that sleep,
And drove away those wild fierce thoughts that through
a frenzy creep.

Until he, pining, 'sat forlorn all day upon the hill,
Crying, “Alas! my honest friends, I know you meant
no ill;
But still, instead of saving me, you only came to kill.”

Illusions are like colour'd clouds that move and veer
o'erhead,
With iris changes gay and swift, transient and fancy-
fed,
Without them, earth is but a grave, and life the dross
of lead.

WALTER THORNBURY.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "A PRODIGAL SON," "SIR FELIX FOY, BART.," &c., &c.



CHAPTER II. DOWN AT BEACHVILLE.

CERTAINLY it was a pleasant change from New Square, Lincoln's Inn, and the limited view from its area windows, to the pebbly shore of Beachville, and the expanse of "the green one," with, just visible on its far-dis-

tant horizon, a little white-sailed brigantine, rocking gently, making her way down channel. And there were agreeable objects closer at hand, were there not, Mr. Hobson? For instance, this mermaid in lavender muslin, drying her sheen brown tresses in the sun

while she dips no longer in the sea, but into one of three volumes she has borrowed from the library; let us hope she finds it not much drier than the waves from which she has not long emerged. Is she not worthy of your admiring gaze also?

"What a pretty little girl," quoth Mr. Hobson, in reply, as it were, to this inquiry; "what a pert little nose! what arch brown eyes!" The lady had lifted them from her book for a moment to note Mr. Hobson—the latest arrival at Beachville. A main amusement of the visitors at Beachville—and at a good many other places—consists in looking at each other; a harmless pastime enough—quite as intellectual and as exhilarating upon the whole as croquet or lawn billiards. Time out of mind it has been the privilege of oldest inhabitants to gaze curiously at new-comers: and it was evident that Mr. Hobson was a new-comer. His pallor proclaimed the fact. He was like a joint newly put down to the fire. At present he was not in the least embrowned; whereas here were others who had been down a long time and were thoroughly roasted a good deep colour—some of them even decidedly scorched and over-done.

Mr. Hobson looked at the mermaid, and the mermaid looked at Mr. Hobson. Then the mermaid looked at her book again, and Mr. Hobson passed quietly on his way down the parade.

"Decidedly a pretty little girl," he repeated; adding, "I don't know how it is, but women seem to look prettier at the sea-side than anywhere else. I wonder how Matilda Milner's looking."

Miss Hobson lived in one of a row of neat white houses, called Belle Vue Lawn, running at a right-angle with the sea, and fronted by a small arid grassplot.

"Why, Frank, who would have thought of seeing you—wherever have you sprung from?" So the lady greeted her nephew. Not an old lady, be it understood, though Mr. Hobson out of her hearing thought fit to describe her as "old Aunt Fanny;" but a handsome portly spinster—numbering some fifty-five summers it may be, with scarcely a tinge of grey in her dark glossy braids; bearing herself very upright, her manner dignified—solemn even, and nothing very cordial about her tones; her features handsome, the lower part of the face a little too full, perhaps, and the whole countenance distinguished by an excess of length which was rather a facial characteristic of the Hobson family. She shook hands with Mr. Hobson, or rather gave him her hand, unresisting and motionless, at the end of an outstretched stiff arm, to shake if he would, and let go when he had

quite done with it. It was not a very effusive greeting between the aunt and the nephew.

"You didn't write to say you were coming down," said Miss Hobson, half by way of accusation, half inquiringly.

"I didn't know I could get away," explained the nephew, fibbing, it is to be feared, "until last night—too late for the post."

"I am very glad to see you, I'm sure, Frank," Miss Hobson went on, more pleasantly; "only it's most unfortunate your coming just now—I haven't a room to offer you."

"Oh! you're very kind, aunt. It doesn't really matter. I couldn't expect it, you know, taking you by surprise in this way. I shall do very well at the Royal. They make one very comfortable there. I'm only down from Saturday to Monday."

"Still I would of course have given you a room if I possibly could. But just now, I've visitors with me—your cousin Matilda—she's out on the beach somewhere at present, I believe—she's come down to stay with me for a few weeks."

"Oh, indeed! I didn't know—Matilda Milner—she's here, is she?" said Mr. Hobson. (The impostor!)

"Yes, and I've another young person here—a sort of distant connection, I suppose she must be called—a member of the family into which my poor sister—your aunt Mary Ann—married. The girl had not been well, and it was a charity to offer her a change of air. So you see, both my spare rooms are occupied. I might certainly put the two girls together, and so make room for you. But you see as Matilda is at present circumstanced I am bound to consider her comfort, and I don't quite think she would like it. Of course, her wishes must be considered now."

"Of course," assented Mr. Hobson. And he made a mental note to the effect that Miss Milner, since she had become possessed of her fortune, was evidently a person of far greater consequence than formerly in his aunt's estimation.

"You'll dine here to-day, Frank? At six o'clock—quite a family dinner. You haven't of course brought your dress things with you; and, indeed, there would be no occasion for them. We shall be by ourselves—with except, perhaps, Mr. Barlow."

"Barlow?"

"Yes, a very charming young man—curate at the new Gothic church near the station. You perhaps noticed it as you passed in the train. I've a high opinion of Mr. Barlow. I won't keep you, Frank. You'll be glad, no doubt, to make the most of your time. The band plays at four on the pier. Only don't

forget dinner at six o'clock. If you like to go and look for Matilda, I've no doubt you'll find her on the beach. At low-water she sometimes goes out quite far on the wet sand in search of objects for her aquarium. It's quite a hobby of hers; but I don't laugh at it, for there's no harm in it, and I daresay it's really interesting. Besides, Frank, we mustn't forget now," and Miss Hobson looked severe, and spoke in solemn accents, "*that Matilda has money.*"

Mr. Hobson quitted Belle Vue Lawn, repeating, as though it were the burthen of a song, "*Matilda has money—Matilda has money!*" And then he stopped to muse: "I wonder whether Aunt Fanny meant anything particular by telling me that?"

Of most maiden ladies of long standing, one hears it reported that there is a story of some sadness to be told in explanation of their celibacy. Generally, death has deprived them of their lovers on the eve of their nuptials, or some equally cruel misfortune has come between them and matrimony—matrimony, from a woman's point of view, being understood to mean happiness. Of course the world is never so rude as to cast any doubt upon these stories. That a woman has never been wed is to be deplored perhaps; but to believe that the fact arises from her never having been wooed, is to impeach her charms and to underrate the sensibility of mankind. It is more desirable to attribute her singleness to youthful caprice and perverseness: her own doing, in fact. So, failing the melancholy explanation above referred to, we hear it constantly said of some advanced spinster, "Oh, Miss M. N. might have been married over and over again, but she never knew her own mind, and threw away all her chances." It being understood that it is more agreeable to Miss M. N. to be charged with want of discretion of this kind, than to be regarded as unmarried by reason of the utter neglect of her by the male sex; just as among men we find sometimes a preference for the condition of a bankrupt who has failed for many thousands, to the status of a poor man who has never had the chance of failing for such an amount. It is something to have possessed a pearl richer than all our tribe, even though we may make no better use of it than the base Indian referred to by Othello.

Of Miss Hobson's single life there was, of course, an explanatory narrative; but it will not be necessary to discuss this particularly. She had been the victim of a disappointment, which, her friends went on to say, she had taken very deeply to heart. They even alleged that she had never been seen to smile since.

But then it must be said for her that she had at no time been a very smiling sort of woman; so that total abstinence in that respect was, after all, but a small sacrifice on her part. Certainly, at one period of her life she had, herself, spoken somewhat romantically about her gradually sinking of a broken heart. It was perhaps rather contradictory of that statement, that her appearance should be found the while to be healthy quite to robustness, the contour of her figure beginning to assume a portly character that was as unlike fading away as could well be conceived. So Miss Hobson, having regard for consistency, soon gave up talking about the state of her heart, and thenceforward limited her complaints to the condition of her digestion. She proclaimed herself a "martyr to dyspepsia," and took to pills and draughts, as other maiden ladies take to parrots. To be a "patient" became the pastime of her life. She gloried at being perpetually "in the hands" of her medical man. She was fond of running through the list of things which Dr. This or Mr. That "would not allow her to do" on any account whatever; of enumerating the forbidden fruit she dared not touch at peril of her life. It was with hygienic views she had first arrived at Beachville, when, charmed with the place, which she avowed agreed with her better than any other place in England, and, captivated by a bland but acute general practitioner in gold spectacles, she determined upon residing there thenceforth; and with that object purchased the freehold of her house in Belle Vue Lawn. Although not absolutely rich, she was understood to be, in popular parlance, "comfortably off;" living an easy life from year's end to year's end, retaining in her service a sober middle-aged man-servant, a sober middle-aged maid-servant, and a cook with a "thorough understanding of her business," as the advertisements have it; for Miss Hobson, in spite of her dyspepsia, possessed an appetite, and though she might be coy about owning it, thoroughly enjoyed a nice and skilfully prepared meal. In the spring she generally spent some six weeks in London, availing herself of the opportunity to consult her favourite metropolitan physician; and occasionally in the autumn she let her house at Beachville, furnished, (carefully locking up the choice china, the cut-glass, and the best plate,) and went for a little tour on the Continent. Altogether, Miss Hobson's might be considered but a dreary kind of life: tiresome and monotonous. Yet, in her way, she enjoyed herself. She did not read; she did not sew; she did not play the piano; she did not draw; indeed she was entirely without what are generally known as "pursuits;" and, after

the manner of permanent residents at watering-places, she hardly ever availed herself of Beachville's advantages. She seldom paced its pier, or promenaded upon its parade; never dipped in its sea; and cared not at all for "the common objects of the shore," which were a source of attraction to Miss Milner. Now and then, pursuant to medical counsel, she took a gentle drive inland: hiring an easy-going barouche and a steady coachman from the livery-stable; but for whole days together she never stirred out of the house. She was not a great talker, and did not go much into such society as was obtainable among the residents at Beachville. She received visits from a clergyman or two, (for she was a regular churchwoman, as it behoves an English maiden lady to be,) and from her faithful general practitioner; but, content with these, she seemed by no means desirous of extending her acquaintance. Now and then she had a guest staying with her, as in the present instance we find her entertaining Miss Milner and another young lady; but the greater part of the year she passed in solitude, and, so far from complaining of it, had been heard to describe the departure of a visitor as "quite a relief," although it relegated her to utter loneliness once more.

And how did she pass her time? Well, she liked, as she expressed it, "to see things nice about her." And this liking brought with it in some sort, occupation: incessant inquests touching the fading of the curtains, the soiling of the blinds, the wearing out of the carpets, the state of the ceilings and the paint, the polish of the furniture, and the dusting of the chimney-piece. Yet she was not one of those fidgety housewives who are for ever running up and down stairs, eager about their domestic duties, to the wearing out and wearying of themselves and of everybody about them. Miss Hobson took things very quietly; she moved to and fro in a calm, dignified way, casting grave investigatory glances hither and thither. She never scolded her servants, far less wrangled with them; but she gave her orders with a firm, serene, impassive way that was infinitely more formidable; and she was invariably obeyed. In other respects she was considerate of her servants, who, for once in a way, knowing when they were well off, gave no thought about "bettering themselves," but were well content with their situations in Miss Hobson's household. And this "liking to see things nice about her" of course comprised care for her own toilet. She was indeed very particular about her dress: spending much money upon it; and her taste was really very good. A better-dressed woman than Miss Hobson was seldom to be seen; and she had a due regard

for her years in the selection of her attire. She never appeared in colours, or patterns, or materials, that the most censorious could charge with being "too young for her." These cares, capable of much amplification, with the addition of a nice attention to what she ate and drank, and vigorous punctuality in swallowing her pills and draughts, filled up Miss Hobson's time very sufficiently.

To her nephew Frank, Miss Hobson had been kind after her own rather tepid fashion. She had stood godmother at his christening, on which occasion she had duly presented him with a silver knife, spoon, and fork; while at the same time she expressed her regret that the child had not been born a girl instead of a boy, as she infinitely preferred girls to boys; the expression of which preference resulted in a life-long quarrel with the child's mother; the late Mrs. Hobson never forgetting or forgiving what in her anger at the slighting of her son she designated "the wickedness" of Miss Hobson. As the boy grew, his aunt made him various presents: money when he went to school, a watch when he left school, and a sum of one hundred pounds when he quitted the university—a contribution, for many reasons, singularly useful to Mr. Hobson at the time. After this, Miss Hobson had not greatly troubled herself concerning her nephew. She possibly reverted to her old wish that he had been born of a different sex; certainly she bestowed greater attention upon her niece, Miss Matilda Milner. Frank Hobson called to the bar, and, as it were, launched in a profession, his aunt chose to think his success in life was now quite secured to him, and further consideration of him on her part altogether supererogatory. They met now and then on those occasions when families are usually brought together—weddings, funerals, and Christmas dinners; and sometimes, but not very often, Frank had gone down to Beachville to pay brief visits. Perhaps he had not "cultivated" his aunt as Mr. Verulam Tomkisson understood that process. But then Miss Hobson was not so very easy a person to cultivate. She might at intervals put forth sprouts of affection or bud with generosity; but then these would be entirely of spontaneous growth, and not at all the result of any extraneous tending or watchfulness; and it was by no means clear that any course of action adopted by Mr. Hobson would have promoted in any remarkable degree his advance in his aunt's favour. Her bearing towards him was one rather of toleration than any warmer sort of regard. She admitted his legitimate claims upon her in right of his being a member of the same family—her deceased brother's child, in fact—but any excessive claims on that account she had declined to

acknowledge. And she had thought it right to intimate to him that he was not to indulge in unreasonable expectations as to the disposition of her property. From what had then been said to him he had understood that Miss Hobson's money would be left to the daughter of her favourite sister—to Miss Matilda Milner.

It had occurred to Frank Hobson that this was a little unjust, perhaps, seeing that Matilda Milner was already handsomely provided for; but to do him justice he had not given much thought to the matter. In the first place he had hardly, until the morning of his introduction to the reader, bestowed any attention upon his pecuniary prospects; and in the second place, his aunt's health appeared to be in so excellent a condition that any distribution of money which was to occur only upon her demise seemed to be postponed so indefinitely that it was hardly worth while taking it into consideration at all. Now that he had become more careful about the future—more mercenary, if you will have it so—his aim was rather turned towards the obtaining of Miss Milner's hand in marriage, and of course with her hand her fortune, than to effecting any change in his relation towards his aunt, and securing in such wise a distribution of her property more favourable to his own interests. At the same time his views in regard to his cousin were not very distinct; he declined to admit to himself that he had come down to carry her by assault as it were; he preferred to think that at present he did not know his own mind upon the matter, and that he had journeyed to Beachville for a change; because he couldn't afford to go abroad; to see his aunt; well, yes, and to glance at Matilda; and generally and vaguely to look about him and see which way the wind was blowing. Nothing much more definite than that.

At the head of Beachville pier the Beachville German band, in blue military frock-coats, with braid upon their breasts, and with broad gold-lace upon their forage caps, played the overture to "Zampa." The visitors circled round the band, or promenaded up and down the neat little iron pier. Beachville was given to smart raiment in the afternoon, although the rigour of London fashions was not absolutely insisted on: you might, as it were, infuse a dash of salt-water into your toilet. The bonnet was not indispensable to the lady visitors, nor the chimney-pot hat of civilisation to the gentlemen; fancy and taste were allowed play in these matters. Still it was understood that you would not, after mid-day, condescend to the *dégaré* nature of your dress in the early morning as you lounged on the beach, or loitered on the sands. Afternoon

Beachville did not want to be exacting; still it required to be recognised; and to have some degree of attention paid to it.

Mr. Hobson had not sought his cousin on the sands and amid the sea-weed and surf and "common objects" at low tide. "I'm not up to that sort of thing," he freely admitted. "Besides, I hate to see a woman with her feet wet and her petticoats dragged." So he had waited for the band playing on the pier; and then, with his glass in his eye, might have been seen scrutinising various groups of ladies and gentlemen, in search of Matilda Milner. The band had finished the overture to "Zampa," and the conductor was just glancing round at his comrades to see if all were ready to start off with the valse from "Faust," when Mr. Hobson felt himself gently touched on the shoulder.

"How do you do, Frank?" asked a feminine voice.

"Ah, Matilda, how do you do?"

"I'm very glad to see you. Aunt told me you'd come down. I thought we should find you on the pier. What a lovely breeze, is there not? Do you like Beachville? I think it's charming; and so healthy. What train did you come by? and how long do you stay? What, only till Monday! Dear me, that is a short stay. But I ought to have introduced you: Miss Brown, Mr. Barlow,—my cousin, Mr. Hobson."

Mr. Hobson found himself lifting his hat and bowing, yes, to the mermaid he had seen drying her hair and dipping into a novel on the parade before he had called upon his aunt. Miss Brown, for so it seemed the mermaid was called,—doubtless, also, as Mr. Hobson judged, the young person spoken of with rather contemptuous pity by Miss Hobson, as a distant sort of connection—a member of the family into which her poor sister Mary Ann had married,—Miss Brown, I say, smiled recognition of Mr. Hobson as the new arrival she had noticed on the parade; and then demurely lowered long lashes as a veil over her arch brown eyes. Mr. Barlow was a Roman-nosed, thin-faced clergyman, who showed a splendid array of teeth when he smiled; and he smiled a good deal. Customary greetings over, Mr. Hobson continued his promenade by the side of his cousin; the mermaid falling to the lot of the curate.

"Barlow, who's Barlow I wonder?" Mr. Hobson muttered. "I've seen Barlow before somewhere, I think. How deuced well Matilda looks; and she's uncommonly 'affable.' She never used to talk so much. I suppose her money's given her confidence."

Miss Matilda Milner was certainly handsome. A placid blonde on rather a large and

substantial scale, with well-defined regular features that might have been cut on a cameo, their outline was so classically perfect; viewed directly in front, perhaps the face was a little too massive; the profile, however, was really grand; and her head was splendidly placed upon her shoulders. Her eyes were cold blue, large, but not brilliant; the irids not very mobile. Her complexion was a sort of pallid fairness, rather waxen-looking by day, but very brilliant at night; not very sensitive to the action of the sun: deepening in general hue a little, but not submitting to be scorched perceptibly, or to be freckled. Her smile was very winning; it was dignified, yet so gracious; it seemed a sort of condescension in so grand a person to smile at all; and the looker-on felt proportionately grateful.

"Uncommonly well she looks to be sure," Mr. Hobson said to himself. "I'd no notion she was so handsome. She's wonderfully improved: filled up somehow. I remember I used to think her rather scraggy. She's really a very fine woman; and ever so much more pleasant than she used to be."

And then he began to think that, after all, it would be no such very difficult thing to make love to, even to fall in love with, Miss Matilda Milner. His only doubt now was as to whether the lady was not by far too gorgeous a creature to consent to become the wife of a poor barrister of New Square, Lincoln's Inn. "Why, she might marry a nobleman," thought Mr. Hobson. "And she walks along with quite the air of a duchess."

"What a long time it is since we've met, Frank. I declare it must be nearly two years; for you know you wouldn't—you said you *couldn't*—go down to Uncle George's last Christmas. Well, it *was* rather dull, I must say. Of course, I was in wretched spirits; poor papa's loss was then so very recent. But I think one's bound to keep up family connections as much as possible; and it's really right for relations to do all they can to meet together at Christmas, at any rate. No doubt your professional duties make great demands upon your time. I gather from what Aunt Fanny says that you are getting on *wonderfully* at the bar."

"Not so very wonderfully," admits Mr. Hobson. "Success at the bar is never very rapid."

"Still you've been called—don't you call it?—some years now, and of course that gives you an advantage over younger men, doesn't it?"

"Well, yes, in a measure, perhaps," Mr. Hobson says, not very fervently.

"Oh, I haven't a doubt of your ultimate success."

It was gratifying of course to Mr. Hobson to find his cousin without doubts on such a subject. At least, it was something to set against his own uneasy suspicions.

"And you're to dine with us to-day? I'm so glad."

Mr. Hobson began to think he was getting on very nicely with his cousin; that he must on some former occasion have made a highly favourable impression upon her; her manner to him now was so unexpectedly kindly and cordial.

"Really, I haven't done her justice," he said to himself. "I used to think her as cold as a stone. I remember once calling her 'the marble maiden'; but she can make herself uncommonly pleasant when she likes."

"It's *very* charming meeting in this way," observed Miss Milner.

"Very much so, indeed," Mr. Hobson agreed.

"I *quite* enjoy it. (How pretty that 'Faust' *valse* is!) One really wonders why one doesn't meet oftener. But relations, I think, seem always rather bent upon avoiding each other. I don't know, *I'm sure*, why they should."

Mr. Hobson owned that he also did not know why they should.

"At any rate, I *hope* we shall meet oftener for the future, Frank."

Mr. Hobson could not but hope so too. And he congratulated himself upon finding such favour in Miss Milner's eyes. Her manner was not enthusiastic exactly; she was too calm and composed and conscious for absolute enthusiasm. She was not given to warmth of tone or accent. Her voice was always very calm, and clear, and steady; apparently she was perfectly well aware of what she was saying. But she had a way of supplying any want of fervour, by the deliberate use of emphasis upon particular words. Thus weighted, her sentences acquired almost the effect of enthusiasm. And another characteristic of her conversation consisted in her habit of rapidly changing and, as it were, interweaving her topics. This might be by way of precaution: lest any of her speeches might seem too emphatically ardent, she followed it up by a remark of a totally different character. Thus she would say, "I *do* think there is no pleasure like talking to an *old* friend, as I feel *you* to be, Frank;" and then she would quickly add, "How charming that distant headland looks with the sun upon it!"

"Charming, indeed. That's Puffin Head, is it not?"

"Yes. Prawnford's on the other side; but I don't think it's *nearly* such a nice place as Beachville. I *do* hope, Frank, you will be

able to come down *very* often while I—while the fine weather lasts. (They're playing the gipsy music from the 'Trovatore' now, I think.) It will do you so *much* good. And *can't* you contrive to make a *little* longer holiday? Beachville is so interesting. Perhaps we had better secure these seats while we can."

And accordingly the party sat down and listened to the gipsy music from the "Trovatore."

"Are you learned about *Anthozoa*, Frank?" asked Miss Milner.

Mr. Hobson had to admit that he was not learned about *Anthozoa*. And then he said to himself, rather idiomatically, "Now we shall get on to the 'common objects,' and I shall be put into a hole."

The mention of *Anthozoa* seemed to be the cue for the Reverend Mr. Barlow to strike into the conversation.

"Beachville is not perhaps so good a place for finding the rarer kinds of *Anthozoa* as some other parts of the coast. But of the commoner classes we have plenty; the *Actinia mesembryanthemum* abounds here."

"Yes, and the *Bunodes crassicornis*. I found some *lovely* specimens this morning."

"Then we have the *Caryophyllia Smithii* in great abundance."

"And the *Acyonium digitatum*. You must tell me if I'm wrong in my quantities, Frank."

"Our *Alga* are remarkably fine too; though the variety is not great."

"Still, the Beachville *Melanosperms* are charming."

The curate began to discuss at some length the *Polysiphonia urceolata*. Mr. Hobson sighed. He addressed himself to Miss Brown.

"Do you collect the 'common objects,' Miss Brown?" he inquired.

"I hate them," said the mermaid. "I think they're horrid."

Mr. Hobson was inclined to agree with the mermaid.

"And Matilda keeps some of them till they smell really quite dreadful. She dries them on the window-sills, and this warm weather it really isn't good for one, you know."

Mr. Hobson quite acquiesced; but for especial reasons he didn't want to be talking treason against Miss Milner: even with the mermaid.

The curate had proceeded to the *Chlorosperms*. Mr. Hobson yawned.

"I fear this is *very* tiresome to you, Frank. But if you once begin the study you'll find it so engrossing," said Miss Milner.

"Now the *Furcellaria fastigiata*——" began the curate.

"Perhaps we had better take another turn

now," Miss Milner interposed. "How pretty this music from 'Linda' is! I'm so fond of the air they're playing now." Then she whispered, "Poor Mr. Barlow! He's full of information; but he doesn't quite know when to stop."

Mr. Hobson smiled. To himself he said, "Things are going on very nicely. She's actually snubbed the curate. Now when a woman snubs a curate something tremendous must be going to happen."

"You take Matilda, Frank," said Miss Hobson. Mr. Barlow meanwhile made an acute angle of his arm: his hostess rested a plump white hand upon his coat-sleeve. "I'm sorry there is not another gentleman for you, Sophy, my dear," said Miss Hobson to the mermaid. The mermaid—Sophy Brown, it appeared, was her proper name—smiled meekly, by way of signifying indifference as to being left to follow alone. Frank Hobson looked back, as though desirous to offer his disengaged arm to Miss Brown; but Miss Milner apparently did not perceive his intention, and made steadily for the staircase, drawing him with her. So they descended from the drawing to the dining-room.

"She's such a *sweet* girl, Sophy Brown," said Miss Milner, in a low voice to her cousin. "I'm so fond of her. Quite a *charming* little creature, I call her."

It was rather patronisingly spoken. And Miss Milner, it must be said, during dinner did not go out of her way to demonstrate her fondness for Miss Brown. She seldom addressed her, and often seemed, indeed, to have lost sight altogether of the fact of her existence.

"Hush! Mr. Barlow, will you—?"

The curate understood the inchoate appeal of his hostess, and said a brief grace. He sat on Miss Hobson's right hand, with Miss Brown beside him. Frank Hobson faced his aunt. Miss Milner had the remaining side of the table to herself. It was deemed desirable that a young lady of her property should not be inconvenienced by want of room.

"I've only a plain family-dinner to offer you, Frank," said Miss Hobson, with a grave but dignified air of apology.

Frank bowed to signify his absolute contentment with the food provided by his aunt. And certainly it needed no apology. Miss Hobson's dinners were always excellent of their kind.

"The fish is not quite what I should like it to be," said Miss Hobson. "But it's difficult to obtain good fish at Beachville. The best is sent up to London. Mogford, the sherry."

Mogford was the sober middle-aged serving-man. He went round the table distributing sherry rather as though the guests were objects of charity, and he was Miss Hobson's grand almoner charged with regard for their welfare. He was a solemn person. I think, if he hadn't been Miss Hobson's serving-man, he would have been a churchwarden or a chairman of a board of guardians somewhere.

Miss Hobson did not speak much during dinner. She did not view the meal as a thing to be trifled, much less hurried over. She deemed it rather the chief event of the day—to be considered with seriousness, almost with awe, indeed. Besides, any tampering with its integrity might have dire results, in the form of her old foe—dyspepsia. She carved herself—declining Mr. Barlow's proffered aid—and carved well, sitting very upright, her brows somewhat knit, and her lips tightened: with outstretching, firm, commanding arms. Her severity relaxed a little when she perceived with what adroitness she had dismembered her boiled fowls.

"Very nice," said Frank Hobson to himself; "only I could suggest an amendment in the sherry. Not that it would be any use. The old lady sticks to this brown stuff. Not that it's bad for brown sherry. But then brown sherry is exploded now, and one oughtn't to be doomed to drink it. And I've no doubt she's got some good pale and dry in her cellar."

Ungrateful Mr. Hobson! Had you stayed in town, sir, would you not have been perforce content with your chop and chop to follow, and your pint of stout at a Fleet Street hostelry?

After dinner Miss Hobson made her way slowly but steadily through her three glasses of port. Miss Matilda was content with one and a half. "No, *really*, Frank, I mean it; only a half glass." Miss Brown took none at all. It perhaps not being in the nature of mermaids to drink port-wine. Miss Brown announced herself to be a water-drinker.

"It's the only thing that Sophy and I don't agree about," said Miss Hobson, rather severely. "I'm quite sure that a glass or two of port-wine would do her all the good in the world. Indeed, my doctor tells me as much. But she's obstinate; so I say no more about it."

Miss Brown blushed at this exposure of her obstinacy. She murmured something about "not being accustomed to wine, and it making her head ache."

Miss Milner smiled with a sort of gracious pity for Miss Brown's weak head.

(To be continued.)

ANA.

THE BELLS OF KING'S COLLEGE.—King's College, Cambridge, has the honour of having possessed the first ringing peal of five bells in the kingdom. According to one tradition they were a present from Pope Calixtus III. to the College; and, according to another, they were taken by King Henry V. from some church in France, after the battle of Agincourt, and by him presented to the College. Possibly the archives of the College may be able to clear up the matter; at any rate, they were only chimed like other bells in that generation, though it is highly probable that they were the first peal on which the art of change ringing was tried. They were heavy bells, the tenor being as much as 57 cwt.; whereas the tenor of the present famous peal of the University Church, in that town, is only 39 cwt. These bells were hung in a wooden tower westward of the present chapel, and allusion is made to them by Mr. Major, the historian, who, writing about the year 1518, states that while he was at Christ's College he frequently lay in bed to hear the melody of these bells, which were rung early in the morning on festivals, and that as they were near the river their sound was heightened by the reverberation of the water. On the taking down of the bell-tower, the bells were suffered for many years to remain unused in the ante-chapel, but were sold about the year 1750, to Phelps, the bell-founder of White-chapel, who melted them down. It is strongly suspected that their sale had something to do with the erection of some new buildings in the College which ought to have been paid for from other sources.

THE EARLDOM OF LEICESTER.—This title, invested as it is with historic interest by having once been held by Simon de Montfort, the Cromwell of the thirteenth century, and who had once so nearly torn the sceptre from the feeble hands of Henry III., has been within our own day an object of violent competition between two noble houses, and curiously enough both largely connected with Norfolk. The Cokes of Holkham enjoyed the title for many years after its extinction in the family of the Sydneys; but it became extinct on the failure of the male line of the Cokes about a century ago, though her Majesty, immediately on her accession, was pleased to revive it in favour of the last earl's maternal great-nephew, the late Mr. Coke of Holkham, whose father had taken the name of Coke in lieu of Roberts. It is well-known, as is asserted by Sir Nathaniel W. Wraxall, in his "Posthumous Memoirs," that it was Fox's intention to have conferred the earldom on his friend and adherent, Mr. Coke, had the "Coalition" remained in office. But Pitt stole a march upon him. The story runs as follows:—Lord Ferrars de Chartley, the eldest son of Viscount Townshend, a man "of highly refined mind, agreeable manners, and entertaining conversation, but of licentious life," had set his heart upon the honour, as a descendant of Simon de Montfort in the female line. No individual of his day was known to possess so much heraldic information and genealogical lore. Descended on both sides from a long line of noble ancestors, he had inherited, in right of his mother, no less than five baronies, all of ancient date, and going back to the close of the 13th century. His father, who was a staunch supporter of Pitt and the Tory party, and something of a wit besides, did not at first like the idea of sitting in the House of Lords as a viscount on a lower bench than his son, and for a time he was unwilling to second

his son's request for promotion. At last, being asked by the Minister whether he had any objection to his son's request being granted, he replied, with characteristic humour, "I have no objection to my son's taking any title he pleases except one, namely, that of Viscount Townshend, which I have no wish to give up at present." The patent accordingly was made out, Lord Ferrars was gazetted to his earldom, and for three years took precedence of his father. At the end of that time Pitt raised the father from his viscounty to the dignity of a marquis, which he held for many years: and, as the earldom of Leicester did not become extinct in the Townshends until the end of 1855, for nearly twenty years there were two rival Earls of Leicester, both holding the same title by grant of the Crown. There has been at the same time a Marquis of Stafford and also a Baron Stafford, a Marquis of Hastings and a Baron Hastings, a Duke of Devonshire and an Earl of Devon; but two earldoms taken from the same town existing at the same time may be styled an anomaly, to say the least, in the British Peerage. E. W.

A DIBGE FROM A LONG VACATION READING PARTY.

DEAR old boy! To that dreary bourne
From which, I am told, no people return,
I must certainly go, after writing this letter,
Unless things decidedly change for the better.
You know where I am: I won't mention the name,
Or an action might lie for intent to defame,
As I certainly mean to go in for abusing
—You're aware that the district was none of my
choosing.

Dismal and dreary flats all around,
Flats are the people that cumber the ground,
Rustical truly, stolid and dense,
E'en for the franchise lacking sense.
As for the village, where I'm in the lurch,
Of course it consists of a beershop and church,
With casual cottages on each hand,
Where slatternly women gossiping stand;
While the children sprawl in the muddy lanes
And make dirt pies with infinite pains,
Or look askance with a squinting eye,
And suck their thumbs as the drag goes by.
Such is the spot which a tutor's mind
Thinks of all others the most inclined
To induce a dull undergraduate squad
To sap at their books and sturdily plod,
With a ghost of a hope that a stroke of luck
May somehow or other save their "pluck"!

Better it were with you to be
Where the sunlight plays o'er the sounding sea,
Where faces fair as a poet's dream
With merry smiles and laughter beam;
Where Monkey* waggles a jestful tail
As his master quaffs the nut-brown ale;
Where half through the night the dances twirl,
And the gray dawn sees the smoke-wreaths curl,
And all is jollity, mirth, and bliss.
Look on that picture and on this:—

Work is the word from morn till night,
Work through the hours of golden light,
Work while o'er hill and forest and dell
Summer has woven her loveliest spell;
Work with never a smile to cheer one,

Never a soul one cares for near one.
Hearing dons with sour'd faces,
Blundering endless common-places,
Laughing with laughs that are half a sigh
At jokes 't were better to leave to die;
Pointless wit and aimless jest,
Such is our merriment at the best.
Learning to-day with toil and pain
What on the morrow's forgotten again,
Such as—what were the tenets of Judas Iscariot?
How many Romans could ride in a chariot?
What are best means of preserving morality?
Are the French theories good of égalité?
What are the errors in John Stuart Mill?
What account could you give, were you asked, of the
will?

What do you think would have been Rome's position
Had Hannibal used rather more expedition?
Was Herodotus right in his views of the Scythians?
Are his legends correct, or in general myth-y onces?
How many Greek slaves rowed in a galley?
Who first played at Old Aunt Sally?

Such is our delicious employment;
Say, do not you wish us all enjoyment?
I must really now stop, for I feel growing worse;
I've just sent a servant to order the hearse.
Remember me kindly to every relation,
And say, "Died of 'the blues' in the Long
Vacation." F. M. H.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.

IN the time of peace we are told to prepare for war; but, unfortunately, we can never know what the exigencies of war may be, and we can only find out on the battlefield what preparations we ought to have made to meet them. It is only in actual service that military schemes and tools can be really and effectively put to the test of fitness for the purposes they are destined to fulfil. The weapon that is judged by the result of a *dilettante* trial to be the most effective, may turn out upon the severe test of actual work a worthless, or, to say the least, an impracticable instrument; and, similarly, the weapon that, perhaps from some slight defect that only fastidious judges can discover, is declared unserviceable, may prove in the heat and indiscriminating bustle of a battle, an invaluable agent. It has been somewhat thus with the needle-gun. Not by any means a novel thing, but tested by our own authorities, as well as by other governments, it betrayed symptoms of inefficacy, and it was accordingly discarded, and lapsed into obscurity, so far as we in England were concerned. Now, after an interval of nearly a quarter of a century, upon being put to practical trial, it has made the ears of Europe ring with its astounding effects, and the little drawbacks that too critical judges discovered are forgotten in the excitement its achievements have caused.

It is an idea pretty generally received that

* Monkey—a dog of surpassing sagacity.

the great success of the needle-gun, in the recent Hanoverian and Bohemian campaign, was due rather to the fact of its being a breech-loader than to any virtue dependent upon that feature of its construction from which it derives its name. And it is asserted that any other breech-loader would have told with equal effect against the inferior weapon—the muzzle-loader—with which the army opposing it was equipped. Be this as it may; Columbus' egg has been stood on end by Columbus' hand; the needle-gun has done the work, and to the needle-gun belongs the credit and the fame. And as notoriety generates curiosity as to the history and nature of the object rendered notorious, we will endeavour to familiarise the reader with a few interesting, and we hope not already hackneyed particulars concerning the famous *zündnadelgewehr*.

First then, as to its history. Without going so far into antiquity as to trace the history of the shoulder-arm from its birth as the hand-cannon fired by a lighted match, through the various stages of its development, marked by the arquebus, the wheel-lock, the snaphaunce, the flint-lock, &c., it will be sufficient to commence with the epoch of the great, the first Napoleon, as marking the germination of the needle-gun. In the year 1809 the sagacious General, anxious to furnish his infantry with a useful gun, and jealous of every superfluous pound a soldier had to add to his weight, conferred with a celebrated locksmith of Paris, M. Pauly, placing a large sum of money at his disposal, and holding forth further rewards, for the construction of a gun of light weight and simple construction, to be easily handled, but not requiring great accuracy of aim, capable of being rapidly loaded and fired in all positions, and allowing a large amount of cartridge being carried with it. Of course such conditions implied loading from the breech. Within two years a gun was completed and submitted to a committee of military officers, but it did not meet with their approval. Then came Moscow and Leipsic; the fortune of war turned against the conqueror; his star was upon the wane, and the breech-loading gun was forgotten.

Amongst Pauly's workmen was an intelligent Prussian, by name John Nicholas Dreyse, the son of a locksmith in Sömmerda, near Erfurt, and, moreover, a pupil of the eminent Italian chemist Berthollet. Berthollet, it will be remembered, was well versed in the chemistry of war; he had succeeded in supplying the patriotic armies of France with the materials of war, when her supplies were cut off by the enemies that surrounded her, pointing out the means of obtaining saltpetre from the soil,

and of forming artificial nitre-beds; and under him Dreyse diligently studied the preparation of explosive compounds. In the construction of Pauly's experimental gun Dreyse took a deep interest, which he doubtless turned to profitable account in after-years. In 1821 he left Paris, and established himself in his native town as an engineer and iron-founder; and in 1824 set up a manufactory for percussion caps, which caps he improved by the invention of the copper interior lining which supplanted the old coating of varnish, and for which he obtained a patent and special privileges. This business brought Dreyse into official connection with the Prussian Ministry of War, and, taking advantage of the occasion, he was not long in suggesting plans for the improvement of his country's armaments; but the public mind, nauseated with bloody wars, was then indifferent to all matters connected with fire-arms. By perseverance, however, he secured attention, and even received encouragement; and in 1827 submitted to the military authorities the first needle-gun—a muzzle-loader, fitted with a needle, driven by an ordinary hammer through the breech-pin, and firing a fulminating compound that, with the bullet, comprised the cartridge, for the charge contained no gunpowder. This gun was in appearance very like the small-bore fancy rifles for rook-shooting, &c., still to be found in gunsmiths' shops. The gun was not adopted because it required a caution in its use that a soldier might neglect in the heat of an engagement, and which, neglected, might have caused injury to the person who happened to load it.

Undaunted by the rejection of his first gun, Dreyse in the next year, 1828, submitted another: this, too, was a muzzle-loader, but it embodied the principle of the now famous ignition cartridge, which in this gun was held in the chamber by a small spring, and fired by a needle propelled by a spiral spring. It was while this second weapon was under trial that Dreyse had the good fortune to become personally known to the then Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards King Frederick William IV., who took the warmest interest in the progress already made, and secured for the inventor the co-operation of skilful officers and engineers.

The interval between 1829 and 1836 was occupied with the profound study of the principle and constructive details of the gun and its cartridge. Liberal sums of money were voted in each annual budget, and the mechanical genius of the country was brought to bear upon the perfection of the weapon. But a constant difficulty had occurred from the

use of iron barrels, which would, and will, always wear loose at the breech: this was overcome, in 1836, by the introduction of a barrel formed of cast steel, and then was produced the gun whose fame is now echoing through Europe, and of which 60,000 copies were immediately ordered. These were in 1841 served out to the army; one hundred men of every battalion of the line being equipped with them. The royal decree—which, it must be remembered, came from a king who had served a good apprenticeship to military art, and who from his education and training was well able to judge the merits of a weapon—justified this adoption of the needle-gun in the following remarkable words:—

The rifled needle-gun is, according to our present conviction, the perfection of military arms; and its practical introduction will no doubt lead to its adoption in all branches of the service. The result of numerous experiments made us appreciate this invention as an especial dispensation of Providence for the strengthening of our national resources; and we cherish the hope that the system may be kept secret, until the great part which it is destined to play in history may couple it with the glory of Prussian arms and the extension of empire.

With what a prophetic import has the history of the past few weeks endowed these words!

The use of the needle-gun by the Prussian infantry became general about 1848: slight modifications in its construction were introduced in 1854, 1860, and 1862; while in 1857 the cavalry regiments were provided with a breech-loading carbine. From the factories at Sömmerda, Spandau, Erfurt, and Danzig, 105,000 needle-guns can be produced annually, while the actual number of these arms possessed by Prussia last year amounted to 660,000. We believe that Herr von Dreyse, who was born in 1788, has lived to see the fearfully successful result of his labours. A few months ago he was in the enjoyment of full health—and abundant wealth; and as it is hardly likely his death could have occurred recently without creating attention, we may reasonably conclude that he is still alive.*

Of course, when the needle-gun became notorious, numerous claims were put forth for priority of its invention. One tale is that two Englishmen patented the gun in 1841, and offered it to their Government, but, meeting with no encouragement in that quarter, sent the missile to Prussia and received from thence a small order; and that from the patterns so supplied, the Prussian gun was made.

* For the foregoing particulars the writer is indebted to Mr. T. A. Rochussen, who placed at his disposal the manuscript of a lecture which he (Mr. R.) lately delivered at the Crystal Palace, and also furnished him with other items of information embodied in this article.

Another tells that a Mr. Moser, of Kensington, originated the gun—as a muzzle-loader—in 1831, and that Herr Dreyse improved upon it. France, too, puts in a claim; and lastly, as we are told, a native of our sister isle “claims for his country the honour of the invention.”

Without a doubt numerous guns upon the needle principle have been from time to time patented in this country, but it is obviously unreasonable to claim for each and every one of these the credit of giving the idea to Prussia. If the principle so forcibly struck so many Englishmen, is it not at least probable that it also occurred to a Prussian? The history we have above given of the needle-gun's origin is so consistent in itself, and is supported by such collateral evidence—to say nothing of the disinterested authority from whence we derive it—that, while fully recognising the merits of the numerous co-inventors, we cannot help according to Herr von Dreyse and his official *collaborateurs* the full credit of inventing and perfecting the *Prussian* needle-gun.

So much for the *zündnadelgewehr's* history: we now come to its construction. The fundamental principle of the needle-gun lies in this: that a cartridge is employed which contains within itself the fulminating compound that is to ignite the powder; and since this fulminate lies buried between the powder and the bullet, it can only be reached and struck, and hence ignited, by a needle piercing the cartridge.

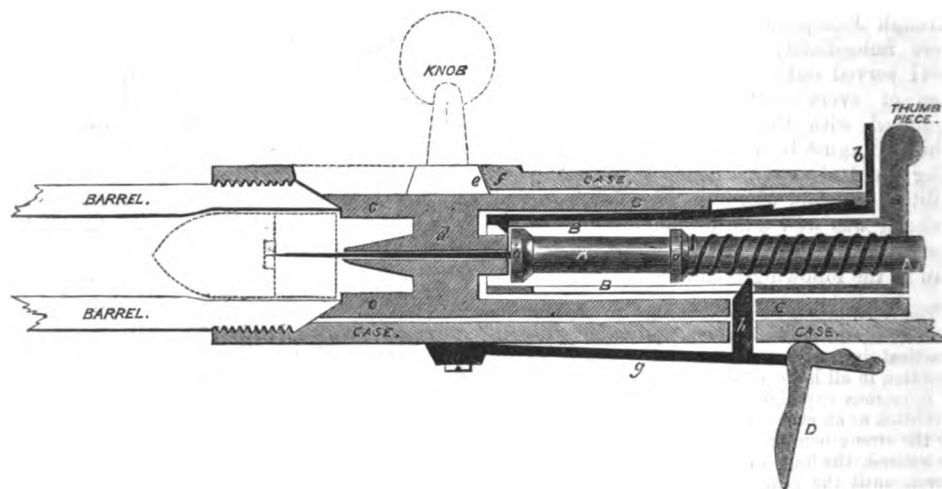
The principal features of the mechanism are as follows. First (beginning with the feature most notorious) *the needle*, fixed in a holder, or bolt, encircled by a spiral spring, the recoil of which is to dart the needle into the explosive charge: second, *the lock*, or appliance for drawing the needle back to put it into connection with the trigger: third, *the chamber*, which forms the breech-piece, and which carries a little tube or guide through which the needle passes to the cartridge. The whole of this mechanism is carried in a cylindrical case which is fixed to the stock by bands, and into which the barrel is screwed—so that the case forms, as it were, a prolongation of the barrel: lastly, there is *the trigger*, which, when pulled, discharges the needle from its detaining catch. How these various parts are disposed, and what is their action, will, we hope, be made clear by the accompanying diagram, and the following description.

We will remark that our illustration shows the position of the parts at the moment of firing, and that the drawing is not made to scale, being somewhat shortened in the longi-

tudinal direction; it may, however, be relied on as sufficiently accurate for our purpose.

A is the needle-bolt, carrying the needle,

and furnished with two shoulders or projections *a* and *d*; the hinder part passing through the spiral spring.



BB is the lock for drawing the needle-bolt back; it is in the form of a little tube with a projecting thumb-piece at one end, and a little tooth or catch (catching the projection *d* of the needle-bolt) at the other; it is, moreover, held in its place by the locking spring *b*, but can be drawn back when *b* is pressed down.

CC is the chamber, also tubular, in which is fixed the needle-guide *d*. This chamber slides backwards and forwards in the outer case by an action precisely similar to a street-door bolt, and it is furnished on the outside with a knob or handle by which to move it, bolt-fashion; a slot (not shown in the sectional drawing) being cut lengthwise in it to allow it to pass the catch *h*. Its bevelled or conical end exactly fits the corresponding bevelled or conical end of the barrel, and it is forced into close contact with the latter by a side-wise motion of the knob (bolt-fashion again) which motion, by thrusting the base of the knob *e* against the slightly inclined edge *f* of a slot in the outer case, jams the two bevelled surfaces together, and thus tightly closes the breech.

D is the trigger acting upon the spring *g*, and thus upon the catch *h*. It will be seen that the upper surface of the trigger's horizontal arm takes its purchase against the under side of the case, and that it is furnished with three knuckles or points of pressure; and it will easily be understood that, according as either of these are pressed against the case (by pull upon the trigger), so will the catch *h* be drawn down to a greater distance. The

first one is in bearing when the gun is out of use: when the second or middle one is brought to bear, the catch *h* is drawn down sufficiently to allow the needle-bolt shoulder *a* to pass over it; when the third is brought to bear, *h* is so far withdrawn that the whole of the lock-tube *BB* will pass over it, so that a soldier can, if necessary, disable his gun in a moment; if he has to retreat, leaving his gun behind him, he merely pulls the trigger very hard, and draws *BB* out by the thumb-piece, and he leaves behind him an empty, useless barrel.

These various parts are thus manipulated in the process of loading and firing:—

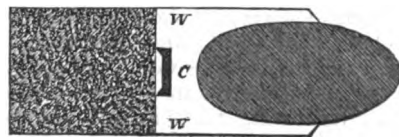
First, the thumb is pressed upon the spring *b*, and by means of the thumb-piece the small lock-tube is drawn back, pulling with it—by means of the little tooth at the opposite end—the needle-bolt, till the shoulder *a* is caught behind the trigger-catch *h*. Then, by pulling the knob a little on one side, and at the same time pushing it towards the butt-end of the stock, the chamber *CC*, with the needle-guide, is slid back, and a clear space is left in that part of the case which is in our drawing occupied by the needle-guide. Through the opening thus made, the cartridge (to be presently described) is inserted into the end of the barrel, as shown by the dotted lines in our illustration. The chamber is then bolted up again, and the thumb-piece, and so the lock, is pushed forward to its original position. The position of things is then just as shown in our cut, with the exception that the needle-bolt, and

with it the needle, is held back by the shoulder *a* catching against the trigger-detent *h*; the spiral spring being of course compressed, or in tension. The gun is then ready for firing; the trigger is pulled, *h* is drawn down, and the spring, released, darts the needle through the guide into the cartridge, the blunt end of the needle sharply striking the fulminate, and thus igniting the charge. All this is done in far less time than we have occupied in describing it; the whole process being easily repeated from eight to ten times in a minute.

We now come to the cartridge, which is an all important feature of the weapon, and in the design of which great ingenuity has been displayed. It consists mainly of four parts, which are held together by a paper cover, and not, as is generally the case, with a metal one. The parts are the powder, the fulminating cap, the carrier wad, and the bullet. These are arranged in the manner shown in the accompanying sketch, which is drawn of about the actual size. The bullet requires no particular mention, save that it is acorn-shaped, and weighs just about one ounce: nor does the powder; so we will simply say that it is of ordinary character and that there are seventy-six grains of it.

The important parts are the carrier-wad, marked *W* in the cut, and the cap containing the fulminate, marked *C*. The carrier-wad is made of strips of paper moulded into proper form by heavy pressure, and its functions are fourfold. It holds the cap *C*, containing the fulminating compound, and protects it from chemical influence or mechanical injury; it economises the effect of the powder by receiving the first impulse of the explosion and transmitting it to the bullet; it compresses itself into the grooves of the rifling of the barrel, and imparts rotatory motion to the bullet, which hence does not touch the barrel, so that the rifle grooves can never get clogged with lead; lastly, it effectually cleanses the barrel by sweeping it through at every discharge of the gun. The wad, too, accompanies the bullet through about sixty yards of its flight, and about twenty yards from the gun it strikes a target about three or four inches from the bullet-mark; and at this distance will pierce a three-quarter inch deal board; so that, at short range, the gun may be said to carry two fatal projectiles. Concerning the contents of the fulminating cap there is much conflicting evidence; one authority asserting that it is kept a secret by the Prussian government, another maintaining that it is no secret at all, but that it merely consists of an ordinary fulminate: doubtless it may have been a secret once, but it is now generally known to consist of a mixture of

chlorate of potash, antimony and sulphur, in the proportions of five to three to two of the respective chemicals. The cartridge, we have said, is enveloped in a paper case; this case



is almost, if not entirely, consumed by the combustion of the powder; and to facilitate its consumption a certain amount of air is provided for by the air-chamber or cavity surrounding the fore part of the needle-guide, so that there is no empty cartridge-case to take out of the barrel before re-loading. Another important feature is that, inasmuch as the powder is ignited from the front, it is all consumed and rendered effective, and none is blown away to no purpose.

The barrel of the gun, which we have not had previous opportunity of specifying, is, in the latest pattern, thirty-two inches long and six-tenths of an inch bore; the breech end being widened out to admit the cartridge easily; and it is rifled with four grooves three-hundredths of an inch deep, the rifling taking one turn in twenty-eight and a half inches. The total weight of the gun without the sword bayonet is ten and three quarter pounds.

The advantages claimed for the needle-gun by its advocates are chiefly these:—That the bullet is propelled through rifled grooves without violent forcing into the barrel—indeed without coming into contact with it; that the loading is simple and rapid, the ball, powder, and cap being contained in the cartridge; that the loading is from the breech; that the combustion of the powder and cartridge case is more complete than in any other guns; that the escaping gas carries but little smoke with it; that the gun is instantly disabled, if necessary. Some of these advantages are, of course, common to most breech-loaders; but there is one especial merit in the needle-gun that is not so common to other constructions, and that is the ease with which the mechanism can be made and put together: supposing the barrel and stock provided, any workmen skilled in light metal work—whitesmiths, locksmiths, gasfitters, engineers, or any other such tradesmen, could, upon emergency, turn out needle-guns without the assistance of gun-makers. Concerning the durability of the gun, it is sufficient to say that many of the battalions of Prussian fusiliers are using now the very guns served out in 1843.

It may be asked, if the gun has so many merits, why has it not gained adoption by our own and other governments? Not for want of familiarity with it; for so far back as 1849, the then superintendent of the Enfield Small Arms Factory, Mr. Lovell, visited Berlin to learn all about it; and upon his return a number of needle-guns were constructed, if not exactly according to the Prussian pattern, at least embodying the Prussian principle: many experiments were made, and a voluminous blue-book was compiled upon the subject; but the select committee appointed to consider the matter declined to adopt the gun, notwithstanding Mr. Lovell's urgency, and his asserted confidence that ultimately a breech-loader would have to be adopted. The committee objected to the gun on the grounds that the gas escaping from the breech-joint was injurious;* but the grand objection was the antipathy to the use of cartridges containing their own means of ignition, on account of the danger likely to occur in storing them, and the possible injury to the soldier carrying them; and the apprehension of this danger was strengthened by an experiment made by firing a bullet into a heap of the cartridges, when they exploded. Our authorities maintained this antipathy to within the past two years; now, however, they have overcome it, for the sanctioned conversion of the Enfield rifle into a breech-loader, upon the Snider principle, involves the use of an ignition cartridge.

This difficulty—which weighed against all breech-loaders—being removed, we may expect before long to see our army equipped with a serviceable breech-loading gun. It will not, however, do to be too precipitate in adopting any one construction, even though it come to us with such credentials as the needle-gun; for we must bear in mind that such an unequal match as that between Austrian muzzle-loader and Prussian needle-gun is not likely to occur again. In any future war (Heaven keep such always in the future!) the trial will doubtless be of one breech-loader against another, and the best of the class, which may or may not be the needle-gun, will then be the victorious. But it is far beyond our purpose to enter upon the relative merits of the many schemes now, either silently or ostentatiously, competing for adoption: our end was merely to give our readers some idea of the nature and history of the famous *zündnadelgewehr*, and we hope we have succeeded in doing this to their satisfaction.

J. CARPENTER.

* It is stated, but we know not on what authority, that when the gun was fired for trial by an officer at Woolwich, the escaping gas, after a few shots, tarnished the gold lace on the peak of his cap: this was an unpardonable demerit.

A DEAD MAN'S MESSAGE.

(PARAPHRASED FROM ARABIC VERSES QUOTED BY MOGREETH, AT BAHREIN.—See *Pulgrave's Arabia*.)

HE who died at Azan sends
This, to comfort faithful friends.

I.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and cold and still as snow;
And you say, "*Abdullah's dead!*"
Weeping at its feet and head:
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this,
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your wail and let it lie,
It was mine. It is not I!"

II.

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For its last bed in the grave,
Was a hut which I am quitting,
Was a garment, no more fitting;
Was a cage, wherefrom, at last
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid
stars.

III.

Loving friends! be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye!
What you lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear;
'Tis a simple sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell was nothing—leave it there—
The pearl—the soul—was all—is here!
'Tis an earthen pot, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury—
A mind that loved Him: let it be!
Let the shards be earth's once more
Since the gold goes to his store!

IV.

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood!
Now the long long wonder ends,
Yet you weep, my foolish friends;
While the man you say "is dead"
In unspoken bliss instead
Lives and loves you:—lost, 'tis true,
For any light that shines with you;
But in the light you do not see
Raised to full felicity;
In a perfect paradise,
And a life which never dies.

V.

And this blessed life I see
Is not dream nor phantasy.
We have meat and we have drink
Far more truly than you think;
Drain from dazzling goblets wine,
Feast upon a food divine;



But food and wine together pour,
—One mystery, of many more—
From the same source, for both are pressed
Pure Heaven-milk—from a maiden breast.
If you hear me, can you take
My meaning's shadow? for the sake
I speak—of two, or may be, one—
The rest will also learn anon.

VI.

Farewell, friends! yet not farewell,
Where you are, I too shall dwell:
I am gone beyond your face
A moment's march, a single pace.
When you come where I have stepped,
You will wonder why you wept;
You will see by true life taught
That *here* is all, and *there* is naught.
Weep a while, if you are fain,
Sunshine still must follow rain,
Only, *not at death*;—for death,
Now I see, is that long breath

Which our souls draw, when they enter
Life that is of all life centre.

VII.

Be ye certain—all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's seat above;
Be ye stout of hope, and come
Bravely onward to your home;
From its happy gate—my ken
Sees you—struggling souls, not "men."
All for nameless joys decreed,
Which your wills may stay or speed;
But not one,—at last—to fail,
Since at last Love must prevail.
"*La Allah illa Allah*,"* yea!
Thou Love Divine! thou Lord alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This—to those who made his grave.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

* "There is no God but God."

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XLIV. TWO LEASES RUN OUT.

FROM the time when, after long hesitation, Percy Forbes agreed to leave Reach House and try his fortune in Goodman's Fields, Lawrence Barbour proved as good as his word, and tried by every means in his power to meet his partner's views and to carry on the business peaceably and profitably for both.

Never a man existed, perhaps, with whom it was easier to keep on good terms than Percy Forbes. The same sweet careless temper which had enabled him to bear so many crosses patiently, rendered it no difficult matter for him to fall in with the views of any person whose views were even ordinarily reasonable; and accordingly, spite of his fears that he should not find the path of commerce quite so smooth to traverse among vats and refining pans as he had done amidst the timber and masts at the Isle of Dogs, he soon discovered that the new life was as pleasant as the old—pleasanter, indeed, perhaps—for the pace was swifter, the profits by the way greater.

Mr. Forbes lived on the premises, greatly to the astonishment of every one who became in due time acquainted with the fact. Never before, never, had one of the partners in such a concern as that been found humble enough, or proud enough, or indifferent enough, or what you will, to pitch his tent in so miserable a neighbourhood, in such a dingy, cheerless house. "Fit only for a foreman," people were kind enough to tell him in a disparaging sort of tone. But Mr. Forbes cared very little for what any one told him; and intimated, in his light, indifferent way, that he and Mr. Barbour knew what they were about, that they understood their own business best, and that there were deep mysteries connected with sugar refineries in general, and their sugar refinery in particular, with the length and depth and height whereof it was not for the ignorant and uninitiated to meddle.

As for Lawrence Barbour, every other scheme with which he had been connected, every other speculation in which he had been engaged, was abandoned when once Percy Forbes agreed to sail in the same boat with him; not merely to the letter but in the spirit he fulfilled his promise. On the fair land of limited liability he turned his back, not without a sigh; from every enterprise he withdrew, spite of Mr. Alwyn's entreaties and remon-

strances, and advice from men whose opinion he valued still more.

Unfortunately, perhaps, for him, he found that money stuck to his fingers in every transaction. He got people to take his shares, he found others willing to step in and fill his place, but still he had promised, and though tempted sorely he kept his promise, and from the City El Dorado fled back to that prosaic region where fortunes are made by hard work, instead of by sleight of hand.

He had his hopes, no doubt, of conciliating Mr. Sondes; of making a rapid fortune out of sugars, of being able to sit down better contented with his lot when he had defied Satan and cast the golden nuggets and the dark-haired enchantress behind him, but if this were the case his hopes were doomed to disappointment.

Mr. Sondes resolutely withdrew the twenty thousand pounds, and utterly, senselessly, as Lawrence considered, invested it in the purchase of the property he had been so long hankering after at Grays; while for the rest, fortunes are not made in a twelvemonth out of a concern burdened and swamped with debt; neither in the case of a woman like Etta Gainswoode does out of sight always mean out of mind, more especially when the unloved wife at home has her time fully occupied in looking after an invalid, and cooing over her first child.

This child was a girl and not a boy, greatly to the chagrin, not merely of Mr. Sondes, but also of Lawrence. The former, indeed, had set his heart upon the new-comer belonging to the worthier sex with a persistency which proved a source of much discomfort to Olivine; but after a time both father and grand-uncle became reconciled to the little daughter, who crowed and laughed and grew apace, after a fashion calculated to delight the hearts of all who had the happiness of living in the house with her.

"Call her Olivine," entreated the sick man, but the mother demurred, averring it would cause a confusion of names, and lead to complications innumerable. Nevertheless, at length that objection was overruled, and the infant introduced to Christian society as Olivine Maude.

"Perhaps you would like her christened 'Ada,'" suggested Olivine to her husband, a little mischievously, in answer to which he kissed her, and remarked he was glad to see her old spirits were coming back again.

"For somehow, my dearest," he remarked, "you have been sadly down-hearted lately;" whereupon the poor creature took his hand in hers, and bent her head over it to hide the tears she could not keep from springing. She

had never told him a sentence of what her eyes beheld *that* night—more was the pity.

What he said she felt to be perfectly true. She had been down-hearted and dispirited; a dull companion, perhaps; an uncheerful wife. She could not avoid thinking about her husband's attachment for another woman; she could not help knowing that, let his affection be as sinless as it would, it was still so much love taken from her, so much slight put upon her—then her uncle's illness, and her own delicate health! yes, she had been dull, and stupid, and mopeish, but now a child was born to her she would be different, she resolved she would.

But somehow, let her be as different as she would, she never could fill up that void in her husband's heart which had once been occupied by Etta Gainswoode; and after a few months had passed over, she felt in her heart that her worst fears were being realised; that Lawrence did not love her as she loved him; that marriage had not brought her the happiness she expected; that there was yet an inner chamber in the nature of the man to whom she was bound for better for worse, which she could never hope to enter.

Well, whether the day be rainy or sunshiny, we have all to get through the hours as best we can; whether the biting east wind chills us to the bones, or the fresh balmy west fans our temples lovingly, the toil appointed for us, the labour set for us, the allotted task, the wearying work, has to be performed; and in like manner let a woman's life be bright with happiness, or dull and dim with misery, it has to be lived—the years have to be got through somehow.

It is a philosophy most people learn as they walk onwards towards the end, that if the burden of the years must be borne, it is well to carry the load patiently and in silence; but there are few so young as Olivine was, in the days of which I am now writing, who could have accepted the inevitable as meekly as she did.

"I am better than she is at any rate," the rebellious little heart thought at times, adding to itself next minute, "but, then, if he does not believe it, what is the use—what is the use?"

She knew he did not see anything of Mrs. Gainswoode, but Olivine gave her husband little credit for this, remembering Etta was abroad, and thinking Lawrence could not visit the siren if he would.

It never occurred to the child to consider that, if her husband wished to play truant, France was not quite at the ends of the earth, but rather easily accessible from England than otherwise.

Many a time he had felt tempted to make a business journey the excuse for looking in Etta's face once more, but his wife did not know anything either of the temptation or the resistance, and judged or misjudged him accordingly.

So, likewise, did Percy Forbes, who, seeing foreign letters directed in Etta's well-remembered hand-writing coming to the office for Lawrence, drew his own conclusions concerning the position of affairs; but, whatever he thought or surmised, he kept to himself. From the night of Ada Perkins' wedding, Mrs. Gainswoode's name was never mentioned between him and Olivine.

By mutual consent, as it seemed, they refrained from venturing on this dangerous ground, and so time went by till, at last, the lease of the old house in Stepney Causeway lapsed, and the owner intimated his intention of building over the pleasant garden, and of running up a street where fruit-trees had been trained, and flowers had bloomed and withered.

Where should they go? at once became an important question. Grays was not to be thought of for more than three months in the year; not, at least, if Lawrence were to come to business daily; another house in Stepney he vowed he never would consent to live in; some one suggested one of the stuccoed dwellings in the Commercial Road, or a genteel semi-detached villa out at Bow, or round by Victoria Park, the very mention of which localities drove Lawrence almost to frenzy.

"Why do you not tell me to look for a second floor in Ratcliffe Highway? I would just as soon live in one part of the East-end as another."

After this retort, the troubler of his peace, who had himself, he declared, as sweet a place as the heart of man need desire over near Hackney Wick, desisted from his efforts, and merely ventured to wonder, "Why, if he did not like the east, he had not thought of going west."

"Because it is such a confounded way off my business," answered Lawrence; "because it is too far to walk; because I hate omnibuses; because I am scarcely rich enough to afford to keep a carriage."

"Has it never crossed your mind that if you lived up or down the river, you could get to London Bridge by the twopenny boat?"

"No," replied Lawrence; "but I will not forget the fact now," which he said in order to get rid of his persecutor, after whom he hurled an imprecation that made Percy Forbes laugh outright, and remark that he did not believe there ever was a man who got so much good advice as his partner, nor one who hated it so cordially.

"And you know," answered Lawrence, who could not avoid laughing himself at his ebullition of temper, "the beauty of it is, Mr. Sondes has not the remotest intention of leaving Stepney Causeway. He talks about the desirability of looking at other houses, and sympathises with Olivine's distress concerning there not being a place in which to give Miss Maude an airing, but sure am I, nevertheless, that the old gentleman intends to end his days in Stepney Causeway if he can."

"I think you are right there," returned Percy; "and I think also that he will accomplish his wish, for I do not fancy there is any present intention of pulling down the old house. Has Mrs. Barbour any idea of how ill he really is? It has often occurred to me lately she has not the remotest notion of how near the grave he stands."

"She had Sherfield down the other day to see him," answered Lawrence.

"And did he tell her?" inquired the other.

"Of course he did not," retorted Lawrence a little scornfully; "doctors might speak the truth to me, or to you, or to a patient, but they never do to a woman who cries, and Olivine I know was in a terrible state of fright and despair that day. No; Doctor Sherfield said it was only one of the old attacks, and bade her not to be uneasy, and praised the baby, and observed it was like its mother, after which kind and polite remarks he drove away, leaving my wife comforted. Now she thinks the danger is past for a while; and upon my word, Forbes, I do not think there is any immediate cause for fear. I do not see why he should not go on living for years yet. Do you?"

Percy shook his head. "Mr. Sondes will never live through the winter," he remarked.

"Do you really believe it?" asked Lawrence.

"I am sure of it," was the reply; and Percy watched his partner while he walked slowly out of the counting-house, hands plunged deep in his pockets, and eyes bent down to the ground, while he considered what change in his position this death would bring.

"Mr. Sondes shot woefully near the mark," thought Percy, as he turned to his work again. "Thank God I am not looking for a legacy from any one. After all, there is an awful vein of badness in the best specimens of our humanity, and I would not answer for the disinterestedness of anybody now, not even for my own. I wonder if, when I am old and feeble, some one will long to pull the shoes off my feet, and be thinking I have worn them too long. It is for that end most probably I am now rising up so early and so late taking rest; it is for that I am making haste to be rich, and running the risk of dyspepsia

by working immediately after dinner; it is for that, and not for home, or wife, or child! I will leave all I have to found a model work-house, or alms-houses like Bancroft's. No I won't," the man added, almost with a shudder, for at the thought of Bancroft there came before him a vision of that ghastly tomb in Great St. Helen's, where lies the extortioner, with glass over his face, crumbling to dust.

"I will garner in wealth, and then I will travel and seek me a wife," he finished; but all the time he was sketching a profile on his paper like unto the profile of Lawrence Barbour's wife.

A week passed by, and still Mr. Sondes was no better; another week, and Dr. Sherfield assured Lawrence he must grow worse, that there was no help for it, that already the patient had lingered far beyond the time he thought it possible for him to survive when he saw him at Reach House.

After the doctor departed, Olivine came, praying Lawrence to tell her what the great man said. "Will he soon be better?" she asked. "How long will it be before the effect of that last attack passes off?"

"He does not know," her husband answered, vaguely.

"Does not know?" she repeated. "How stupid he must be!"

"My dear child, doctors cannot perform miracles."

"Do you mean that it will be a work of time, and nursing, and nourishment more than of medicine? or that——" she clasped her hands together, and stopped suddenly. Something in the expression of Lawrence's face told her the truth.

"My love," he began, but she could not hear a word he said, her sobs came so thick and fast.

"Oh! Lawrence, oh! Lawrence," and she laid her head on his breast, and cried there, as though her heart were breaking, just as she had cried in his arms that night when she was still a child, and he a mere youth, when he had no thought of either marrying her or loving Etta Alwyn!

From that hour Olivine scarcely ever left her uncle's side. Husband and child seemed for the time almost forgotten in her despairing devotion to the dying man. Happily, perhaps, for her he was for long before his death almost unconscious. He had been so long on the journey that ere he reached the grave the man seemed literally dead. In his case there could be no pathetic leave-takings, no lingering good-byes, no passionate farewells, no encouragement to mutual sorrow, no fierce struggle for life, no mournful reminiscence, no sadly sweet whisperings in the mournful

twilight, no talks through the darkness of the night concerning the far-off land, and that city which hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it, no half-spoken words of comfort and thankfulness, of fear and hope, of mortal agony and immortal joy.

Watching and dying; these two occupations went on hour after hour, day after day; his life ebbed out like the sea, slowly but surely—so slowly that Olivine could not see how each moment the waves were leaving the sands of time barer and drier, yet so surely that, although she was unable to tell how the tide of his existence receded to mingle its waters with the depths of the great ocean, she could still perceive from morning till evening, and from evening to midnight, that he was worse, that the dreaded end was drawing very nigh.

Nevertheless, when that end did come she failed to recognise it. Worn out with watching, she had fallen into a troubled sleep, from which she was aroused by hearing her own name spoken twice, softly and yet distinctly.

"Olivine!" and her heart gave a great leap. For a moment she thought in her folly that the tide might turn even then. "Olivine!" the sick man repeated.

"I am here," she answered, passing round to the other side of the bed, on which he was lying with his face turned towards the window and his wasted arms stretched forth as if attempting to grasp something beyond his reach.

"I am here," she repeated, with a great terror coming over her, for he never took any notice of her words, nor glanced towards her, nor changed his posture in the least.

"Olivine!" and the voice grew fainter.

"I am here, uncle; what is it?" and she put her arms round his neck and kissed his lips, which were cold as ice. "Don't you know me, uncle?" she whispered; "I am Olivine," and she waited, and held her breath, and listened, all in vain. No sound broke the solemn stillness that ensued. The man was dead, and, kneeling beside him, Olivine at length knew it was not on her he had called, but rather on another Olivine, whom it may be in that supreme moment, he, standing on the very verge of earth, beheld waiting for him on the eternal shores.

(To be continued.)

A BOYS' HOME.

"ONE-HALF the world knows not how the other half lives," once observed a Rochefoucauld, if not the Rochefoucauld. We will extend or contract, whichever it may be, the paradox, and say that "one-half the world

does not know how *itself* lives." Take a large portion of the dwellers in London, that necessitous portion which lives from hand to mouth, and ask any member of it how he has contrived to live, and he would be puzzled for an answer. It is somewhat of a marvel to him, if he reflect at all, that he has managed to subsist; and a still greater marvel will it be to tell how he is to subsist. With him the days come and go, the sun rises and sets, with eternal regularity; but not so come the day's labour and the daily bread. Pinched with hunger, if not starved, he sees many a scanty week glide by, till he becomes familiar with want, and almost callous to it. When he has work, it comes by fits and starts, and with no saving remuneration, so that thriftlessness and penury dog his steps from the cradle to the grave.

So much for the adult population—what of the infantile? Probably the police could give a truer account of them than they could of themselves. The little Bedouins of our streets, the wild Arabs that pester our thoroughfares, who are no respecters of persons, and would as soon run between your Reverence's legs and knock you over, as look you in the face—perhaps sooner, indeed—are little acquainted with the old Greek dogma, "know thyself." They know neither themselves nor their "belongings." They have for the most part been left to ramble in the streets since they were able to toddle, and to feed themselves by begging, or stealing, or picking up the garbage from the refuse-heaps or the gutter. At begging they are not so much experts as they are incorrigible and irrepresable. Like the nigger, they cannot be put down; they turn up at every corner,—as fusc-vendors, or very small acrobats, performing catherine-wheels, or throwing wild somersaults on the supine body of a friend, or standing on their heads against a wall; any or all of these little arts they practise by way of exorcising a few pence from the pockets of a passer-by. Of stealing we may acquit them in general terms; they are not professional at the work, though we would not guarantee, considering the curious training they have received, that if an opportunity occurred they would always recollect the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. They have received no education, and in their ignorance, and with no other fear before their eyes than the awe of the policeman, we ought not to be surprised if they succumb to a temptation to which thousands of their betters in life daily and gracefully yield. It would, indeed, make the heart bleed were we to put them through the catechism, not of their faith,—that, poor children, they have not,—but of their past career, and hear the history of their life.

Kicked and cuffed, with the hand of every man against them, half-starved and ragged, exposed to the fury of every season, suspected, and driven to and fro, blamed for being poor and idle when they have never been taught or trained to be industrious, savages in the midst of the highest civilisation, they wander up and down the pavements, Ishmaelites indeed. Try to turn their memories back upon the days of their infancy, and you will find a dreary blank. They have never known the tender cares, the exquisite solitudes of a home. Before they could walk, probably, they have been turned adrift by their mother under the charge of a child-sister not much older than themselves, and when they became strong enough to walk, it was only to learn the heartless cruelties of a playmate world, to become heartless themselves, and to live as best they could. Such is the condition of hundreds of thousands of the juvenile population of London, and it requires little reflection or imagination to picture to us what must be the future career of this unpromising rising generation, these wild tribes of the streets.

The pathos of the picture would be heightened were we to take out of the streets one of these wild Arabs, wash him, clothe him, educate him, and subject him to all the sweet and regenerating influences of home, to see him, as it were, "clothed and in his right mind." And such a contrast may be seen. We have only to go to the Regent's Park Road, between Primrose Hill and the Chalk Farm Railway Station, and inquire for the "Boys' Home," and there we may study several specimens of this once "wild animal," these rough colts, obedient, active, industrious, well-tutored, pursuing some useful handicraft, and preparing themselves steadily for an honourable and by no means humble future in the world.

The Boys' Home was originally established about eight years ago in the Euston Road, and is, in fact, an Industrial School for the training and maintenance, by their own labour, of destitute boys *not convicted* of crime. Owing, however, to the directors of the Midland Railway requiring the site of the Home for their London Terminus, the lads were removed last Christmas to the commodious premises which we have mentioned, near the Regent's Park, and here the work of reforming, we hope, will be carried on upon a far larger scale, and the good already achieved be multiplied a hundred and a thousand fold. Ragged-schools have done great things for this destitute class, but to the Boys' Home we look for really and permanently raising a lad out of the slough of depravity, and landing him safely and firmly on the rock of honest industry.

It is called a "Home," and in every sense of the word it is a home. "I call a home," once said Mr. "Tom" Hughes when pleading for this very institution,—of which, by-the-by, he is one of the managing committee,—"a place in which you will find sympathy. It must be a place in which the great bond of love which binds all the world together comes out and is recognised. This is the very first condition. . . . The second condition which I understand as essential to a home is that you shall have there order and discipline. . . . The third law of the world into which we have all come—God's world—is that it is a world of work; 'he that will not work, neither shall he eat.' . . . There is one other condition, as I understand the matter, without which there can be no true and righteous home, and that condition is economy. In God's natural world there is no waste whatever, and it is his world in which we are. We are under his laws, and ought to study his methods of administering them." Whoever visits the Boys' Home will find, we think, these conditions realised in their fullest spirit. The principle on which the establishment is conducted is, as we have said, essentially that of a home. There is the master and the matron, a married couple, who superintend the whole arrangements of the place, and stand literally towards the poor boys admitted *in loco parentis*. They are kind and gentle in the administration of their office, and have learnt to enforce order and discipline with a tender consideration for the unhappy position of the children committed to their charge. Nor is it out of place here to remark how notably, without perhaps an exception, this excellent feeling enters into the hearts of those who have the immediate management of our charitable institutions. The matrons regard the inmates with a spirit of kindly compassion, and evince by their manner the possession of true sympathy. Without this sympathy and compassion these institutions could not, it is true, be made "homes"; nevertheless, it is honourable to the class that they enter so fully heart and soul into the objects of the munificent philanthropist.

Shall we enter this Christian Home, this laudable School of Industry? The children are of all ages, ranging from six or seven up to fourteen or fifteen, though, by the way, it should be mentioned that there is a branch at East Barnet for training still younger children. You see them engaged in various kinds of labour. Some are learning tailoring, some shoemaking, others carpentering, and others again cabinet work and brush-making. Look down into the yard, and you there see a whole bevy of them busily engaged in cutting up pieces of timber into the proper length and size for fire-

wood, and tying them up into bundles. An ant's-nest could not display more activity and life; and one great fact is, that all this work is done cheerfully, and with a hearty good will. You would scarcely believe that these youths, cleanly and healthy-looking, were, only a few months back, running about the streets, vile and filthy, in dirty rags, sickly, unwashed, uncombed, the worst ragamuffins, perhaps, that could be found in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials or Clerkenwell. Yet such is the result. At first the restraint, gentle as it is, is frequently irksome to the little urchin, and he plots to run away, and succeeds. But he soon returns or is brought back, and after a very short interval, becomes reconciled to the steady happiness of the Home. Before many weeks have elapsed, he acquires a real affection for the place, and no inducement could tempt him to leave it. In fact, he becomes proud of it, proud of being associated with it, proud of his work, proud of his learning, proud of the self-respect which the very character of the Home inspires.

And how is this self-respect engendered? By kindness. All are kind to him, and so, instead of being abased by mischievous companions or the angry words of elders, he feels himself raised at once in the social scale. There is a school, too, to which he goes, and an excellent schoolmaster to guide his thoughts in the right direction. In all his labours he is taught patience, and soon understands that, if his progress be slow at first, it will eventually become more rapid. Scriptural or moral mottoes are placed in every room, so that his eye hourly feeds his heart with sound counsel. To avoid monotony and tediousness, his tasks are frequently diversified, and he is taught either a musical instrument or singing. Indeed, the band of this juvenile institution acquits itself very creditably. In the school-room is a harmonium, usually presided over by the teacher, whose performances naturally excite the delight of these civilised British Bedouins.

Between the February of 1858 and the Christmas of 1865, two hundred and twenty-four boys were admitted. Of these ten have emigrated to one or other of the British colonies; fourteen have been received into other institutions; eight have enlisted into the army; seven have entered the royal navy; seven have preferred the merchant service; fifty have been placed with tradesmen or gone into domestic service; thirty-five have been restored to their friends, and most of them are known to be now doing well; two have died. There is a black list, unfortunately, of twenty-six names who have absconded or been dismissed.

To show the class of boys rescued, we will cite three or four cases, without, however, mentioning names.

J. P., aged fourteen, was a message-boy at the barracks, Liverpool. Believing him to be an orphan, the soldiers persuaded him to conceal himself on board a ship bound with troops to Gibraltar, from which place, by similar means, he contrived to find his way to China. When at Hong Kong he was allowed to ship as second-class boy on board H.M. line-of-battle ship "Calcutta," in which, a few days after, he met with so severe an accident by scalding, that he was removed to the hospital-ship stationed at Hong Kong. His life was despaired of, and for nearly a year he suffered from the effects of this disaster. Recovering in some degree from this accident, he was shipped in a man-of-war for England, and landed at Portsmouth, discharged from the navy only half-cured and destitute. He was indebted to the active benevolence of a chaplain of the navy for his admission into the Boys' Home, where, by the assistance of good living, a comfortable and cheerful home, and good medical help, he soon became a healthy boy again. He recently revisited the Home as an able-bodied seaman, with a good character.

N. S., aged eleven, was admitted into the Home on the 7th of April, 1862. He was a wan and sickly child. His parents had been respectable working people. They died within ten days of each other, leaving six children wholly unprovided for, five of them very young. A pressing application was made to the committee of management to admit the boy, as he was nearly starving.

G. L., aged ten years, but looking much younger, was received on the 22nd of August, 1862. This poor boy was described in the paper sent to the Home from the Office of the Reformatory and Refuge Union, as "awfully filthy and neglected," and was stated to have been in the casual-ward of several workhouses for single nights. He was in a sad state when he entered the Home—shoeless, dirty and tattered, footsore and hungry. The boy's father was a clown in some itinerant show, and had deserted his mother. The mother, who was of anything but good character, wandered to London, where the child was found destitute in the streets. The case coming strictly within the operation of the "Industrial Schools' Act," the boy was sent to the Home by the presiding magistrate of the Thames Police Court.

H. B. entered the Home in March, 1858. He was eleven years old; his mother was dead; his father, an old man, sunk in poverty and ignorance, with a large family, and living

in a low neighbourhood, had left the boy to struggle on for himself any way he chose. Rather than join a band of pickpockets, the boy contented himself with the scanty subsistence to be got by hanging about Covent Garden Market, receiving alms or payment for odd jobs from the market-women, and often thankful to get at night the loan of a large basket to sleep in. He was recommended to the Boys' Home Committee, as likely to go astray, if not rescued from the bad example of an elder brother. At the time of his admission he was very diminutive; yet he could not be said to have looked younger than his years, for the expression of his countenance was that of one old in the cares of the world. For many weeks he continued downcast and suspicious, but by degrees he acquired confidence in his master and mistress, and began to show, by his grateful conduct, his appreciation of their disinterested kindness. He was found to be endowed with an unusually strong sense of right and wrong, and when he became fully convinced of his duty, he made rapid progress in all good things. He worked for two years steadily at the Home, brush-making, but subsequently became engaged in domestic service. He bears an excellent character, and proves a bright example to boys now in the Home.

These instances, we think, are sufficient to show the useful work which this excellent institution is accomplishing. It is gratifying to know that the good it achieves is, as a rule, permanent; that the boys carry away with them an affectionate remembrance of the kind treatment they have experienced, and that they frequently return to thank their master and mistress, for leading them into the path of industry and respectability. When too far away to visit the Home, their sense of gratitude induces them to write. Take, for example, the following letter, one out of many:—

"On board *H.M.S. Orestes*,

"*Seychelles*, Sept. 17, 1863.

"DEAR SIR,—I hope you do not think I have forgotten the Home; I meant to write to you before this. I kept saying I will write next mail, and the time seems to pass away so quick, I suppose from change of scene. It hardly seems a year ago since I was at the Home. I wrote to Mr. Rayment and to Mrs. G. in April last, but I shall not be able to have the answers until November, when we go to the Mauritius. We hardly ever get any letters when we are on the coast. Sometimes we fall in with a vessel from the Cape with a mail for us, but it is very rare. We have been to almost every place on the south-east coast, which is our station; some

of them are very tidy-looking places, and some are very wild-looking places.

"Last year we took Dr. Livingstone from the island of Johanna to the Ravouma River, and we brought Dr. Steere and Dr. Livingstone's brother, and a bishop and missionaries, from the Cape last April to join the expedition. They were about a month on board. The bishop was a very nice man; he confirmed a great many of our men. He done nearly all our chaplain's duties while he was aboard. We have a great many curiosities from Dr. Livingstone to send home the first opportunity; there are a great many boxes full of specimens of natural history; some are directed to the Surrey Gardens. Dr. Livingstone had to go to Mozambique, for he had a great many men sick. We were at Mozambique in July; we brought four invalids from his party. We sent them home in a merchant ship from Zanzibar; they seemed quite broken down. Dr. Livingstone looks well and hearty enough. He must have a very strong constitution to bear up where so many break down.

"We have taken a prize lately, and have come to Mahee, Seychelles, to land the negroes. Seychelles is a group of islands in the Indian Ocean; Mahee is one of them. I do not think they are on the map, they are so small.

"We have been in commission now above a year. I suppose we shall be home in about another year. I like my captain and the officers.

"I dare say there is a great many alterations in the Home, and a great many new faces. Please to give my love to Kemp and Wheeler, and Beckingham, and all the boys. Please to give my love to Mrs. G. and Mr. and Mrs. Rayment, and Miss Martha and George, and Louisa and Arthur. I do not know the name of the baby. Please to remember me to Mr. Snow and Mr. Townsend, if they are still at the Home. When you write, direct to the Cape, or elsewhere. I must now conclude, with my best respects.

"Yours respectfully, E. ASTON,

"Seaman on board *H.M.S. Orestes*,
"Mahee, Seychelles Island."

This is the fairest tribute to the excellent working of the Boys' Home that could be given. Shall we add a word, and say to our philanthropic readers, "Go, and certify yourselves of the excellence of this Institution." It is not intended that the Boys' Home should be dependent upon alms; the object of the promoters is to make it self-supporting. But, whilst the grass is growing, we all know the steed may starve. Yet such need not be the

case in the present instance. If the public would but extend their patronage to the Boys' Home, and purchase the products of the boys' hands; if the Queen's lieges would but go to the "show-rooms" of the establishment and buy the things displayed there,—and there are things which would astonish them, brushes, combs, easy-chairs, book-stands, work-tables, &c.,—the establishment would thrive without having an eleemosynary penny bestowed upon it. As it is, the committee have an up-hill game to play, and must look outside for charitable assistance.

It is not unfrequently the case for a benevolent lady to bring a destitute lad to the Home, and ask for his admission, offering to give a guinea towards his maintenance. The good lady does not reflect how many guineas it takes to provide even for one child throughout the year. And we fear that the public is in much the same predicament. It does not reflect that these useful institutions, which it so much applauds, require a great deal to keep them afloat. In the Boys' Home they will find much to admire, and which should be supported. It not only rescues forlorn children from the streets, but restores them to society, honest, industrious, and creditable citizens; and this alone, it should be remembered, is a vast saving to the country, for crime is a very expensive luxury to a nation.

The great and pressing need of the Home, so far as we could hear and see, is a chapel. When the Home was in the Euston Road, the boys had a church close by which they could attend; but in the neighbourhood of Chalk Farm there is not a church which can accommodate them on Sundays. We rejoice to hear that steps are being taken to remedy this defect, under the sanction of the Committee of the Home, and of the Bishop of London, its President.

HAROLD KING.

THE ROYAL TOUCH.

DOCTOR JOHNSON is said to have been one of the last patients who tested the efficacy of the old superstitious process of healing by royal touch. When asked if he could remember Queen Anne, he used to state that he had "a confused but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood." As Johnson was born in 1709, and Anne died so soon after as 1714, it was hardly to be expected that more particular details of the ceremony could be retained in the memory of the child-sufferer. The precise date when Johnson was touched by the Queen is not stated, but by the newspapers of the period it has been shown that on the 30th of March, 1712, 200 persons were

brought before Anne to be healed. Johnson, at that date, was only two years and a half old. His mother brought him from Lichfield to London to be touched by the Queen on the advice of Sir John Floyer, a physician of fame in Lichfield: a proof of the high estimation in which the royal healing was generally held early in the last century. It is perhaps needless to state that the royal touch was without effect in Johnson's case. His countenance remained to the last disfigured by a constitutional malady; and one of his eyes was so affected as to be almost useless. "The dog was never good for much," he used himself to say of it. Boswell ventured to banter him upon the inefficacy of the Queen's healing, saying, in allusion to the Jacobite principles in which Johnson had been educated, and of which he ever retained some odour, that "his mother had not carried him far enough. She should have taken him to ROME," i.e., to the Pretender.

Faith in the royal power of healing gradually weakened and expired. The Jacobites held that the gift departed with the Stuarts. Yet the partisans of the House of Hanover were probably for some time unwilling to concede that their sovereigns were less endowed than their predecessors in this or in any other respect. It has been ascertained that four several Oxford editions of the Book of Common Prayer were printed after the accession of the House of Hanover, all containing, as an integral part of the Service, "The office for the Healing."* Carte's "History of England," published between 1747 and 1755 (concerning which Warton said, "You may read Hume for his eloquence, but Carte is the historian for facts"), fell into disrepute because he had vindicated the efficacy of the royal healing as inherent in the Pretender. The Corporation of London withdrew their subscription, the author's credit was destroyed, and his work left unfinished; but this was not owing to the extent of his faith in the royal touch, but because his faith was limited to the curative powers of the Stuarts, to the prejudice of the Hanoverian monarchs. It does not appear, however, that any sovereign after Anne attempted to heal by touching. The ritual for the office, though with many variations, is to be found in all or most of the editions of the Prayer Book printed in her reign; also in Bishop Sparrow's "Collection of Articles, Injunctions, Canons, Orders, Ordinances, and Constitutions Ecclesiastical," first published in 1661.

Sir John Hawkins, upon the authority of

* The Editor has in his possession a copy of the last edition which contained this service; it is curious as being adorned with the portrait of King George I., who, soon after his accession, ordered the form to be omitted.

several old writers, states that the gift of healing was derived by our princes from Edward the Confessor. But it has been shown that the kings of France claimed the same privilege, which they exercised, however, under a less presumptuous formula: "*Le Roi te touche; Dieu te guérise.*" Shakespeare, to please James I., it has been alleged, in the fourth act of his "*Macbeth*," makes mention of the miraculous power:—

Malcolm. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doctor. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls That stay his cure: their malady convinces The great assay of art; but, at his touch, Such sanctity bath Heaven given his hand, They presently amend.

Macduff. What's the disease he means?

Malcolm. 'Tis call'd the evil;
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.

The "golden stamp" was a coin called an angel, of the value of ten shillings, impressed on one side with the figure of St. Michael the Archangel, and on the other with a ship in full sail. In the Duke of Buckingham's play, "*The Rehearsal*," when *Prince Prettyman* talks of going to the wars, *Tom Thimble* observes, "I shall see you come home like an angel for the king's evil, with a hole bored through you."

Mr. Pepys in his diary, under date the 23rd June, 1660, records, "To my lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy came to me, and there staid to see the King touch people for the King's Evil. But he did not come at all, it rained so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterwards he touched them in the Banquetting House." On the 13th April, 1661, there is another entry on the subject: "Met my lord with the duke, and after a little talk with him I went to the Banquet-house and there saw the King heale, the first time that ever I saw him do it; which he did with great gravity, and it seemed to me to be an ugly office and a simple one." The King, according to the prescribed form, crossed the sore of the sick persons brought to him with a golden angel, while the last clause of the Gospel of the office was repeated. This done, the surgeon was to lead away the sick, and the chaplain was to finish the service. The patient was to have the angel bored, and a ribbon

drawn through it, hanged about his neck, and to wear it "until he should be full whole."

Bishop Bull in a sermon published in 1703 says, "That divers persons desperately labouring under the King's Evil have been cured by the mere touch of the royal hand, assisted with the prayers of the priests of our church, is unquestionable." To many people the act of touching was synonymous with healing; "My lord of Anglesey had a daughter cured of the King's Evil with those others on Tuesday," says a letter to Lady Bacon in 1629.

In Burn's "*History of Parish Registers*" it is stated that between 1660 and 1682, no less than 92,107 persons received the royal touch. Every one coming to the Court for that purpose was required to bring a certificate signed by the minister and churchwardens of his parish that he had not on any previous occasion been touched by his Majesty. The registers of Camberwell and other parishes contain the names of those to whom the certificates had been given. It is clear that at the time of Charles II. the superstition was at its height, and began to languish after the Revolution. Even of late years, however, a somewhat analogous delusion to the effect that the bishop's laying on of hands in the service of confirmation is a certain specific against ring-worm, &c., has been known to prevail in many parts of England. DUTTON COOK.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"GRANNY, do you believe in ghosts?"

"What has put that into your head, child?"

"Because to-day is the third of May, and Esther Lovell says she would not for worlds go near the old Hall to-night, for strange sights are to be seen there after nightfall."

"Esther Lovell's a goose," replied the old woman, somewhat testily. "The worst that could be seen would be a sweet lady weeping and wringing her hands; and what harm would that do any one, I should like to know?"

"Then you do believe in ghosts?" said the child, timidly, drawing nearer to her grandmother, and throwing her arm round her neck. "I ran so fast by the Hall, and never once looked round; and I'm so glad I'm going to sleep here, for I never should have dared to go home again, if it were dusk."

"You're a silly child, Meg; it's only wicked people that need fear ghosts, if there are such things. Mind you, I'll not say whether there are or not, for it's not for such as me to judge. One hears strange stories sometimes; but all you've got to do, Meg, is to be a good girl, and then you'll have no cause to fear ghosts or goblins, or anything else."

"But I'm not always good, granny," re-

turned Meg, despondingly, "and I've been particularly naughty the last day or two; so it's a comfort I'm going to stay here all night. But I did so hope, granny, that you would not believe in ghosts."

"I've never said I did, child, and I've never said I didn't; it's just one of those things that I've no belief about either one way or another; and I take that to be the best way of settling a doubtful point."

Meg looked as though she did not quite understand the force of her grandmother's logic, or at any rate as though no consolation were to be derived therefrom; but the subject being too deep for her childish meditations, her thoughts reverted to what had been the primary cause of her question.

"Why is the third of May a worse day for ghosts than any other day, granny?"

"It isn't that I know of," returned the old woman.

"Then, why should Esther Lovell be more afraid of passing the Hall to-night than any other night in the year?"

"That's because of the old story. I should not mind telling it to you. Dear, dear, what a many years it is since, and it seems just to have come to me as fresh as when it all happened. Sit down to your tea, child, and after tea we'll settle down cosily, and have it all over. It'll be like calling up an old friend that's been dead and buried many a long year, to have a chat with one."

Meg did not by any means consider this a "consummation devoutly to be wished;" the idea was not a pleasant one, and she would rather her grandmother had not mentioned it, for there were three chairs in the neat little kitchen, and who knew who or what the occupier of the third might be. Meg gave a little shudder.

"You're not cold, child, surely?" said her grandmother, pouring out another cup of tea.

"No, granny," answered Meg, her hand trembling, as she stretched it out for the cup.

"Then, you're frightened?" said the old woman, looking at her. "I wish Esther Lovell and her nonsense were far away. I shan't be able to tell you my story, child. It's not well to fill young heads with fears."

"Nay, granny, you *must* tell it me, now. I shan't sleep if you don't; besides, I shall think it is more horrible than it really is, and I shall go fancying all sorts of things."

"There's something in that," said the old woman, brightening up, for she had felt a little disappointed at the thought of not being able to indulge in old reminiscences, "and that would be a pity. So, make haste and finish your tea, and then we'll clear away the tea-things and have a cosy evening together."

The tea-things were cleared away quickly enough, and Meg took a little stool and sat down close by her grandmother. She would not look at either of the chairs, for she could not divest herself of a queer nervous feeling with regard to them. So she gazed into the fire that blazed brightly in the grate, for it was a chill evening, though it was May.

"I've noticed," began the old woman, "that there's never been a third of May without some part of the day feeling chill. However warm it may have been beforehand, or may be the day after, there's never been a third of May for the last sixty years that I've not been all the better for a bit of fire."

"It's the anniversary of a day that sends a chill to all those who remember it, or were in any way connected with it, and it comes to me among the rest. I suppose I'm getting to be one of the last that it will come to, for I'm wearing on towards eighty, Meg, and what I am going to tell you happened when I was a girl of sixteen or seventeen."

"One of the earliest things I can recollect is the old Hall being put into complete repair; for seventy or eighty years ago it was much in the same condition that it is now, and no one would take it, for there was an ill story hanging to it, and it was said that none who held it in possession ever came to any good."

"Well, as I said, it was put into repair. There were carpenters and bricklayers and masons at work, and in a short time you would scarce have known the house. The fine old gardens, too, with their terrace-walks and stone steps, and fountains, were all set in order, and a grand place it looked altogether, though, perhaps, there was still a gloomy air about it; but that only made it the grander."

"The master of it was not the man to be daunted by anything, and when he was told of the evil stories and the ghosts, as in duty bound, he curled his lip contemptuously, and made some mocking remark that no one at the time cared to repeat."

"He was a tall, dark man, nigh fifty, I should say, with a bronzed complexion, and a proud, stern look on his face, and his hair was black as a raven. He wore a pointed beard and a short moustache, but the rest of his face was close shaven."

"He came from foreign parts, and he brought a mint of money with him; there seemed to be no end of it, judging by the company he kept, and the horses and the hounds, and everything belonging to him."

"My aunt was housekeeper at the Hall, and now and then I used to go up to see her; and sometimes, if it was very early in the morning, she would let me look through the

stately rooms, when the housemaids were dusting and sweeping them. Very splendid they were, and at first I could see nothing distinctly; there seemed to be such a confusion of silk and satin, and gilded furniture and pictures, and vases, and statues, and mirrors, and flowers, and tapestry, and I cannot tell you what; but, by degrees, I came to separate them, and to know each room and what it contained, for you see, Meg, it's as easy to get accustomed to fine things when one sees them constantly, as to poor ones, and so it was with me.

"The room I liked best of all was my lady's boudoir, as they called it. It was at the end of one of the corridors, and had windows opening into a wide balcony, that was always filled with the choicest plants. The walls were hung with blue silk, and the silken curtains were bordered with gold fringe. It was just such a room as one might expect to see in a fairy palace, and I was never tired of looking at the beautiful things heaped together there.

"One day I had obtained permission to go into this room with my lady's maid, and was so much absorbed in gazing at a picture that had just been hung up, that I did not perceive that she had gone away, imagining that I was following her; and so I was left alone.

"It was a picture of a child, a beautiful boy, with blue eyes, that had no look of the proud, stern master of the house in them—the Squire, as we country folks used to call him.

"I was still gazing at it, when I heard a voice say,—

"'Who are you, my little girl?'

"I had never heard such a voice before: the words were not spoken as we English people would speak them, and the tone was so sweet that I scarcely thought a human being had spoken to me.

"I turned, and there stood a lady in a loose white dress, that seemed to float round her. She was very pale and fragile-looking, and her hair was like pale gold.

"For a moment I thought she might be an angel, and then it suddenly flashed upon me that it must be my lady herself. So I dropped a low curtsy, and said,—

"'I am Mrs. Bridget's niece, my lady.'

"'So you are admiring my room,' said my lady; 'tell me what in it pleases you best?'

"My eyes involuntarily sought the picture, and I pointed to it.

"A flush of pain passed over my lady's countenance.

"'Yes,' she said; 'you are right, little girl—there is nothing to compare with it. My child! my sweet, sweet child!' and she put her hands over her eyes.

"At that moment who should come along the corridor but the Squire. My lady seemed all trembling-like, but she could not go any whiter than she was. The moment he caught sight of the picture, he went into a passion, and began to swear at my lady.

"'How long has that been up here?' he asked.

"'Only since yesterday,' said my lady; 'Geronimo has just finished it for me.'

"At that moment a youth, who bore a wonderful likeness to my lady, advanced.

"'Is this the way you repay my favours?' demanded the Squire, fiercely. 'I thought that we were rid of that child when we laid him deep under the sod at Padua, and now he's risen again to be ever before me. As if I could help whether he lived or died.'

"The youth looked in amazement at the speaker, and then some new thought seemed to strike him, for he started back as if he had seen some dreadful sight, and then he gazed steadily at the Squire. And the Squire gazed at him in return, but I thought I saw a slight quiver on his under-lip.

"'What do you mean?' said he.

"The youth was hesitating whether to reply, when my lady, who had been intently watching the two, stepped forward and signed to the youth to go. Then I too crept away and went down to Mrs. Bridget; I had been too frightened to stir before.

"When I got back to Mrs. Bridget, she first gave me a good scolding for being found in my lady's boudoir, and then made me give her an exact account of what had taken place, and then, my lady's maid coming in, she had to be told, and the two women put their heads together, and I could see they thought deeper of it than I could understand. For there were beginning to be strange stories afloat respecting the Squire.

"I must tell you that my lady was an Italian, and Geronimo, the youth I had seen, was her brother. He and my lady were living together in Italy in very slender circumstances, when the Squire was struck with her beauty as she sat playing with her child; for she had been married very young, and had been left a widow with one child, the beautiful boy whose likeness I had been looking at.

"The Squire fell in love with her at once, and at length she consented to marry him, on condition that Geronimo might not be parted from her until he grew to man's estate, and could make his way alone in the world.

"So the Squire gave his promise, and they were married, and all went well for a time; but soon he became jealous of the love of the mother for her child, and could scarcely bear it in his sight. You see he was very fond of

his wife, and wished to be first with her ; but he was not.

"Well, after a while, the boy suddenly

sickened, he lingered for many weeks, and then he died.

"But my lady was no nearer the Squire for



all that. Indeed, a shadow seemed to spring up out of the child's death ; and at last the Squire thought if he could get away from Italy and come back to England, and live a country life, keeping open house, that the gay company would drive sad thoughts from my lady's heart. But ah ! what company ever did that, child ? There she was, dressed in her brocades that stood of themselves, and her pearls, and her diamonds, looking more

like a beautiful spirit than anything earthly. And the Squire was proud enough of her, as well he might be, and yet he was stern and harsh, and was half mad if she ever spoke of her dead child.

"And so things went on until the day that I was in my lady's boudoir.

"After then my lady began to droop more than ever. She had not the heart to don any of her fine dresses or to appear amongst the

guests. She seldom left her own room, and she clung more closely to Geronimo than she had ever done before. Yet, strange to say, she was ever urging him to return to Italy; for she said she knew that she was dying, and what would he do in a strange land without her? But he would not listen.

"One day, it was early in May,—and the weather had been unusually warm,—Geronimo went down to the river to bathe.

"He did not return; and some one passing by, and seeing his clothes lying on the bank and him nowhere about, raised an alarm, and after a long search, his body was found. When the poor corpse was brought to the Hall, my lady, who had been in a state of frantic grief, came to meet it.

"Everyone was surprised to see how calm she went all of a sudden. She drew back the sheet they had flung over him, and kissed his cold lips: then she bade them get ready the state-bedroom, and there he was laid out, and my lady sat by the bedside and watched until the day of the funeral, but she never spoke.

"When the day came she took a last look at him before the coffin-lid was fastened down; then she told her maid she was going to have a long sleep, and she went to her own room, where she took to her bed and gradually faded and faded.

"The days went by slowly enough now, for it was very still and quiet in the old Hall. The Squire sat moodily in the great dining-room, and scarce a soul dared to say anything to him. Now and then he went to look at his wife, but she never so much as opened her eyes when he came into the room: whether it was that she was too far gone to speak, or whether from some other cause, none knew. But she spoke to no one now, and the doctor said the end was not far off.

"It was just one o'clock on the morning of the third of May,—it wanted a few minutes to high-water, and then the tide would turn, and we all know that at tide-turning many a soul that has been waiting is called away.

"Well, as I said, it was just one o'clock, and all the household were a-bed excepting the Squire, who was still sitting over his sack-posset, and the old nurse who watched at my lady's bedside.

"Suddenly a low cry was heard, and it pierced through the house and woke many of the sleepers; but only one or two had courage to rise up and see what it was, and amongst these was my aunt Bridget.

"As she opened the door that led on to the grand gallery, she saw a white figure gliding down the great staircase, with its eyes staring in wild horror, wringing its hands, and moan-

ing piteously. If it had not been that she was lying on her death-bed, my aunt would have said that it was my lady herself; but she had heard of the spirits of departing people visiting those they desired to see at the last moment, and so great was her fear at the sight that she fainted away, as did the maid who had accompanied her; but a little foot-page, who had more courage and more curiosity, followed the figure, and saw it enter the dining-room. The Squire, he said, started up; and the figure, slowly raising its hand and pointing one finger at him, said, 'Murderer!' And the Squire fell back in his chair, and hid his face in his hands. The little foot-page saw no more, for, overcome with fright, he fled to his room and buried himself beneath the bed-clothes.

"When my aunt came to herself, being a woman of some nerve, despite the sudden terror that came over her, she determined to go to my lady's room, and there she found my lady, as she expected, stretched on the bed, quite dead. The nurse was asleep, so of course did not know how long she had been dead; but my aunt knew that she must have died just as the tide turned, and that would be just at the time the white figure glided down the staircase."

"Do you think it was my lady's ghost, granny?" said Meg.

"How should I know. I only tell the tale as it was told to me, and it's not for the like of me to settle about such things. I don't either believe or disbelieve in ghosts, and that's the best way of doing. I've never seen a ghost, and I hope never to see one; but still I'll not say but what others have."

"I'm sure I hope I shan't," said Meg, "I should die with fright."

"My aunt didn't," replied the old woman, "and I see no cause that you should. Not that I think you'll ever see one."

"And what became of the Squire?" asked Meg.

"After my lady's death he never felt comfortable at the Hall, so all the fine things were sold, and the house was shut up, and he went abroad, and I heard he wandered from place to place until he died. It seemed as if he could find no rest."

"Do you think, granny," said Meg, lowering her voice, "that he had anything to do with the child's death or with Geronimo's?"

"Many thought so," returned the old woman; "still nothing could be made of it. But one thing has always been clear to my mind: my lady thought so, and that was the cause of the piteous moaning of the figure that my aunt saw glide down the old staircase."

JULIA GODDARD.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE"

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "A PRODIGAL SON," "SIR FELIX FOY, BART.," &c., &c.



CHAPTER III. THE REVEREND MR. BARLOW.

PRESENTLY the ladies withdrew—Frank Hobson springing up with alacrity, swinging his dinner-napkin, to open the door for them, rewarded by a grave bow from his aunt, a gracious smile from his cousin, and a demure

glance of thanksgiving from the mermaid. Generally—it's a shameful confession—there is an irrepressible feeling of relief among the gentlemen when the ladies withdraw from their society after dinner. They draw together, with a sense of breathing more freely,

fill their glasses, and prepare for a half-hour of quiet unrestrained pleasure.

There was little of this feeling on the present occasion. Frank did not promise himself much enjoyment from the prospect of a *tête-à-tête* with the Reverend Mr. Barlow. He moved up, however, in pursuance of convention, from his seat at the end of the table, and assumed the place his aunt had vacated.

"I've got my work cut out for me," he said to himself. "I've got to talk to Barlow. What on earth am I to say to him? I hope he won't begin again about the 'common objects.' One thing, there's plenty of port. Mogford has had the decency to put on another bottle; and it is not bad port." (Your barrister always affects knowingness about wines.) "A little heady, perhaps. Ladies, I notice, always go in for heady port."

"Lovely weather," began Mr. Barlow.

"Lovely, indeed."

"The farmers have been very fortunate this year in getting in their crops," continued the clergyman.

("Barlow will be one too many for me, if he's going on like this," muttered Frank Hobson.) He gazed at his companion more closely as he passed the decanter, and said suddenly, "May I ask, are you not Barlow of St. Benedict's Hall?"

"To be sure I am."

"You took your degree in 185—?"

"Yes, I did. But——"

"You don't remember me, I dare say. Hobson, of St. Mungo's."

"Well, really——"

"No, I dare say not; but I've a recollection of meeting you in some man's rooms. Men were fond of talking about you at one time."

"I'm afraid," said the clergyman, uneasily, "one's early follies at the University are too well remembered. Youth is so very heedless," he went on, sententiously. "If one could only live one's college life over again!"

"If I recollect right, you used to be known as 'betting Barlow,'" said Frank Hobson, laughing.

"I should be extremely obliged if you would try and forget that such was the case, supposing that such was the case," said Mr. Barlow earnestly, blushing, and emptying his glass, perhaps to conceal his confusion.

"O, but it's quite true. You must surely remember it."

"I admit it, I admit it. But I *do* beg, in regard for my present position——"

"Not another word about it," said Frank Hobson, heartily. "Let us have a glass of wine together. It's very curious our meeting here in this way."

"Very curious indeed. I have had the

pleasure of knowing Miss Hobson some time now. I had no conception of her being the relation of—of a college friend." Mr. Barlow seemed rather to hesitate as to whether he might or not claim friendship of Mr. Hobson.

"Hobson's a common name enough. Of course it never occurred to you; and you could hardly have recollected me, for our meetings were not very frequent. I didn't know you at first, though I felt sure I had seen your face somewhere before. And you haven't altered much." And then he said, with a change of topic, "Men always said that you lost very heavily—what year was it?—when Pentapolis won the Leger. You put your money on the mare—what was her name?—Polly Peachum."

"Hush," said Mr. Barlow, lowering his voice, looking round nervously, and talking with a sort of timid interest in the subject of discussion. "Yes, I lost more than I could afford, I admit it. I backed the mare for a place; there were some iniquitous proceedings; I feel sure she was tampered with."

Mr. Hobson suggested the usual sporting expressions: "Got at; nobbled."

"Got at; nobbled," Mr. Barlow assented.

"It was a shameful fraud, and I was——"

"You were regularly let in."

"Yes, let in." The curate reluctantly availed himself of the phrase suggested by his companion; then he hastened to add: "But that's all past and gone now. And it cured me. I needn't say that I have long ceased to be interested in such matters. I have of course now ample duties to fulfil; my life is wholly changed; my pursuits are simple——"

"Common objects of the sea-shore," suggested Mr. Hobson, with a grin.

"Yes, those among others," said Mr. Barlow, declining to see any reason for mirth in the suggestion. He pushed back his chair. "Perhaps we had better join the ladies."

"Oh, come, we must finish this bottle."

"Well, really, I have already rather exceeded;" and indeed Mr. Barlow, what with the heady port and the interest of the reminiscences that had been forced upon him, looked a little flushed.

"My aunt will quite expect us to finish this."

"Miss Hobson is always most hospitable;" and Mr. Barlow refilled his glass.

The two men then found that they had plenty to say to each other. Mr. Barlow became most cordially talkative. What had become of all the men? he asked. He knew but few of them. Yes, he knew Dobbs; Dobbs had got a capital living in Lincolnshire; but Todd now, what was Todd doing? and Dodd, what had become of Dodd? And

that curious fellow Bigg? and Figg? and Higg? Snigg he *had* heard of; only heard of. Yes, he was afraid it was a very sad business about poor Snigg. But, if all was true, it was not too much to say that Snigg had only got his deserts.

At last Mogford's announcement that tea was quite ready became urgent, and the two gentlemen, genial with wine and talk, ascended to the drawing-room.

Miss Hobson was a lady of old-fashioned notions; she did not object to the gentlemen lingering a little over their wine after dinner; and regarded their subsequent appearance in the drawing-room with a suffusion of port on their faces as a fact decidedly creditable to her hospitality. She liked her guests to do justice to the meals she set before them, and to finish the wine she placed upon the table. In her young days, men who did not empty their glasses were accounted milksops, and she was still inclined to join in that estimation of them; occasional inebriety had in her time been considered as quite consistent with perfect gentlemanliness. And then it must be said for her that, without any conventional spinster prudery, she had not a high opinion of men generally; regarding them as a distinct species, a sort of outer barbarians, whom it was expedient to humour to the top of their bent, indulging to the full their follies and overlooking their failings, of which a little intemperance was, perhaps, the most harmless and venial. They must be soothed and conciliated, and kept in good temper even at the price of a little toleration of their vices; as though they were savage creatures capable, upon contradiction or provocation, of breaking out into the very wildest excesses. Miss Hobson, seated before a tall brown urn, making tea, bowed and smiled to her male guests as they entered the drawing-room.

"Well, Frank, you and Mr. Barlow must have found a great deal to say to each other," said Miss Milner, with a sort of stately archness.

"We found upon examination that we were already acquaintances of some standing," explained Frank.

"You take milk, Frank, and sugar?" enquired his aunt. "But I ought not to have asked; all the Hobsons are fond of sugar in their tea."

"Mr. Barlow is an *exceedingly* charming person," said Miss Milner, in a low voice to her cousin; "he is *quite* a favourite in Beachville. They say he will be rich some day. He is nephew to Lord Stoneacre," Miss Milner went on in a still lower tone. "How do you think poor aunt is looking? Now *candidly*, Frank."

"Well, I think she's looking very well," replied Mr. Hobson, simply.

"Ah," and Miss Milner shook her head reproachfully, "you have not got sufficient confidence in me to say what you really think."

"Is she not very well?" asked Mr. Hobson, in some surprise.

"Poor thing, no," replied Matilda, "and I fear it's really serious. To my eyes it really seems as though she were breaking fast."

"Surely not; it seems to me she's looking uncommonly well for her time of life." And Frank glanced at the portly form of his aunt as she sat placidly at the tea-table.

"Men are not quick at seeing these kind of things, I notice;" and Miss Milner sighed. "Poor aunt! the doctor comes to her *regularly* three times a week. Sometimes I think her symptoms are *quite* alarming."

"Odd," thought Mr. Hobson; "I can't make Matilda out. When one woman makes believe to be ill, do all the rest of the sex band themselves together to live and die in upholding the sham? Or, for the better deceiving of us, do they begin by deceiving themselves? Can Matilda have persuaded herself that old Aunt Fanny is really ill?"

Mr. Barlow handed about tea-cups and thin bread-and-butter and muffins with great industry. Alacrity at tea-tables is a sort of parish duty with curates. Then he sat himself down beside the mermaid.

"It will be quite low water at ten on Monday morning, Miss Brown," he remarked, smilingly, as though some joke lay hidden in the fact.

Miss Brown said simply that she was sorry for it; it was so much nicer to bathe at high water.

"Ah, but we hope to secure some perfect specimens of the *Bryopsis plumosa*; such a pretty delicate little plant, bright green in colour, and of a feathery, fan-like form. It is generally to be found adhering to the rocky walls of the pools left by the retiring tide. I am quite sure you would be interested in searching for it, Miss Brown; only, you know, you mustn't mind getting your feet a little wet. Cork soles are the things; I am a great advocate for cork soles; you're sure not to take cold if you wear cork soles."

More, perhaps, in favour of cork soles Mr. Barlow might have added, but Miss Milner approached; she took Miss Brown by the hand.

"Don't you think, dear, we might try over that duet from 'Semiramide'?"

The mermaid was carried away to the piano. Mr. Barlow was left to his solitary reflections upon his favourite cork soles, the

state of the tide on Monday, the *Bryopsis plumosa*, and other "common objects."

Miss Hobson quitted the tea-table, and made room on the sofa for her nephew to sit beside her.

"Do you find Matilda improved, Frank?" she inquired. Apparently her three glasses of port and three cups of tea had thawed and warmed her; she was quite smiling and genial.

"I find her very much improved," replied Frank Hobson.

"I thought you would," said his aunt. She nodded her head significantly, as she whispered, "You know you might do worse, Frank."

Frank Hobson was quite aware that he might do worse. He was not sure though that he needed his aunt's prompting—he was sufficiently prompted by his own self-interest—to marry Matilda Milner; presuming that she would have him.

"You know *she has money*," Miss Hobson repeated.

"Yes, *she has money*," Frank echoed, mechanically.

"And you're getting on, Frank?"

"Yes. Certainly I'm getting on."

"And she's very good-looking; and she sings capitally."

Frank wearied a little of this laudation of his cousin. Even if he *did* entertain a design to marry her, it was decidedly objectionable that such design should be advertised prematurely and perpetually.

"Miss Brown sings very well, too, I think," he said. It didn't seem to him quite fair that Matilda Milner should have all the credit of the duet.

"Oh! poor Sophy. Yes. Very prettily, indeed; a nice little voice, poor child!"

Frank Hobson felt this to be rather faint praise; it was evident that justice was not being done to the mermaid. Sophy Brown was a skilful musician, and her mezzo-soprano voice—(it did duty on this occasion as a contralto)—if it did not possess any great power, was charming in quality, while her intonation was perfect. Whereas Matilda Milner frequently sang sharp, in spite of the efforts of Miss Brown, who played the accompaniment, to give her the right note and keep her in tune. She possessed a brilliant, loud, slightly harsh, and wholly unsympathetic soprano; had been well taught, and sang with supreme confidence and self-possession.

"I'm glad you think Sophy sings well," Miss Hobson said, presently. "It's really important to her. For I hardly know what's to become of the poor child. We must try and find her a situation as governess, I suppose.

Your aunt Mary Ann has interested herself about the girl. Of course her claim upon me is small enough. She's Mary Ann's husband's sister's child. The poor thing's lost both father and mother. Brown—the father—was a medical man; in the New North Road, I think it was. Some dreadful part of London, I know. She'd been ailing; and so, to oblige Mary Ann, I asked the girl down here. She's a nice quiet little thing; gives no trouble; and fortunately Matilda seems to fancy her."

"And I think Mr. Barlow seems to fancy her," said Frank Hobson. The clergyman was rendering profuse thanks for the duet. In the midst of these Miss Milner had wandered off to the window. So that Miss Brown seemed for the moment to have Mr. Barlow's gratitude all to herself.

"Well, if Mr. Barlow *did* take a fancy to her," said Miss Hobson, apathetically, as though the matter wasn't really worth discussing, "I'm sure it would be a very good thing for her. The poor child hasn't much to look forward to, except marriage. And in these times I fear her chance of marriage is not a very good one."

Frank Hobson seemed to ponder over his aunt's words. Somehow, Miss Brown's situation a good deal resembled his own. Except marriage—marriage with a young lady possessed of property, like Matilda Milner—had he much to look forward to? And what, after all, were *his* chances of marriage?

"It was really exquisite. I'm sure we owe you a thousand thanks;" the curate was reiterating his gratitude to Miss Brown.

"O, Frank! Mr. Barlow!" Matilda Milner cried from the balcony; "pray do come and look at the moon. It's so lovely."

Of course, Frank Hobson thereupon quitted his aunt, and Mr. Barlow the mermaid, to view the moon from the balcony, and to agree with Miss Milner that it was lovely indeed.

"I quite *adore* the moon!" cried Miss Milner, with placid enthusiasm. "Don't you, Frank?"

Mr. Hobson conceded that he thought the moon was—yes, really—very jolly.

"Won't you come and look at the moon, too, Miss Brown?" he asked.

"Go, Sophy dear, and look at the moon," said Miss Hobson to the mermaid. For the moon was a cheap sort of exhibition, to the contemplation of which Miss Brown might be admitted, without, as Miss Hobson opined, any danger of its unfitting her for the duties of her future life as a governess.

Miss Brown stepped into the balcony, her brown eyes beaming gratitude.

"It's very beautiful," she said, simply.

"Some day, Mr. Barlow," observed Miss

Milner, "we must get you to tell us *all about* the moon. It's so improving to know all about things."

Frank Hobson hoped, silently, that he might not be present when Mr. Barlow told all about the moon. He was just then contemplating the effect of the bright rays falling upon the mermaid's waving tresses. Certainly the effect was very pretty; and the mermaid was a nice, quiet, graceful little creature. Yes; and Matilda's profile looked very grand, and classical, and marble-hewn in the moonlight.

Just then a trio of glee-singers, such as haunt Beachville and other sea-side places during the season, commenced a part-song, with a tinkling guitar accompaniment. What with the moonlight, and the view from the balcony, the fresh evening air, and the distant caressing of the sea and the shingle, the music sounded very pleasantly. The party at Miss Hobson's ceased talking the better to listen to it.

It pleased Miss Brown especially, as it appeared. She was the first to throw out money to the performers.

"What did you give them, Sophy?" asked Miss Milner, with superfluous earnestness.

"Sixpence. I'm sure they well deserve it."

"My dear, how extravagant!" said Miss Milner, with some severity. "A halfpenny would have been quite sufficient."

"I'm afraid Matilda is a screw," Mr. Hobson said to himself.

Presently the party broke up. "Good-nights" were being interchanged.

"We attend service at St. Jude's, Frank," said Miss Hobson, to her nephew, "at eleven o'clock to-morrow. If you like to come with us, I'll take care the pew-opener finds you a seat. Of course you'll dine with us to-morrow, at half-past five. We dine earlier on Sunday to allow of the servants going to church. I'm seldom equal to it myself in the evening. Good-night. Very glad to have seen you, Frank. Good-night, Mr. Barlow."

What a white, rather large, well-shaped, cool, plump hand had Matilda Milner, thought Frank Hobson, as he pressed it, bidding her adieu. "Good-night!" she said, in her calm emphatic way, with her gracious self-possessed smile. Yet it seemed to him there was more fervour in her manner of parting with him than she demonstrated with regard to the clergyman.

"I think if it comes to be a question between us, I shall get the pull of Barlow," thought Frank Hobson; and then he bade adieu to the mermaid, pressing her warmer, smaller, suppler fingers. "Poor Miss Brown; she's a nice little creature," he said to himself.

"Why doesn't Barlow go in like a man and marry her? Of all 'common objects' of the shore, I'm sure mermaids are out-and-out the nicest."

They were out on the parade by this time.

"Have a cigar, Barlow?" asked Mr. Hobson.

"No, thank you. I'm much obliged. But I never smoke now; that is, hardly ever. A lovely night, is it not?"

"I wonder whether Barlow has any views?" thought Frank Hobson, as he walked with the clergyman along the parade towards the Royal Hotel. And then he said aloud, "Handsome-looking girl, my cousin Matilda, isn't she?"

"Oh yes. I should say decidedly handsome," assented Mr. Barlow.

"That Miss Brown's a nice-looking little girl, too, isn't she?"

"Oh yes; undoubtedly very nice-looking," Mr. Barlow further assented.

"Well, which do you admire the most?" asked Frank Hobson desperately. But the clergyman shrank from pronouncing a distinct preference. "You see their styles of beauty are so different," he pleaded.

"You'd be puzzled which to choose?"

"Well—yes—perhaps so."

And Frank Hobson began to think that he had not elicited much from Mr. Barlow concerning his "views," if he entertained any. The "views" in question, of course, having relation to the hand of Miss Matilda Milner.

"If he were the 'betting Barlow' of old," Frank Hobson said to himself, "I'd offer to back myself at five to three to win Matilda in a month, and he'd take me; that is to say, he would have taken me in the old times. Perhaps it would be rather too strong to make such a proposal now. I'm not fond of clergymen, but I don't care about affronting them. I'd sooner keep out of their way. Only of course they ought to keep out of my way, too. I really think I have a stronger claim to Matilda Milner than he has."

"I think I'll say good-night now. I turn off here; my lodgings are up the hill near the church. We shall meet again, I dare say, before you leave Beachville."

"Come into the Royal and have something. It's really quite early."

"Not anything, thank you."

"Not a little soda and something?"

"No, thank you." And they parted.

The coffee-room at the Royal was deserted, except by one or two old gentlemen who sat and sipped brandy-and-water while they read the evening paper. It was rather hot and close from the gaslights and the fumes of recent dinners. Mr. Hobson consumed a "soda and

something," and then went for another stroll along the parade in front of the hotel.

"The night's too fine, and it's too early to go to bed," he said; though he owned that the fresh sea-breeze and the events of the day had fatigued him a little. He sauntered to and fro—meditating.

"I wish I knew my own mind. Do I care enough about Matilda Milner to marry her? I think I do. Does she care about me? I think she does—a little. I'm not sure that she's the sort of girl to care very much about anybody. I can't really see that there would be anything so very shabby about the business. My aunt evidently wishes it. She almost recommended me to go in for it. And really it doesn't seem to be so very difficult. I could but try it on. If I was to be rejected, I don't suppose I should break my heart. It would be unlucky, that's all; but I should get over it. The difficulty is to make up one's mind to begin. Matilda's such a curious kind of girl. One feels rather awed by her tremendous self-possession. I was never so much struck by it before. It's easy to make an offer to a woman who's nervous, and shy, and blushing: too confused herself to appreciate the absurdities of one's own confusion; but when a cool matter-of-fact woman like Matilda's in the case, it becomes rather a different matter; she'd weigh one's every word—detect all the defects in grammar, all the incoherences of one's speech—wait patiently till one had got into a hopeless mesh of sentences—look at one with her large cold blue eyes—and then—what would she say? Heaven only knows what she would say!"

He yawned—"I suppose I may as well go in and go to bed," he said; "I seem to be getting sleepy. I wonder what old Tommy's doing now, and how near he's got to the Carpathian Mountains. I almost wish I was with him, for I don't see my way quite clearly to winning Matilda Milner. Still Beachville is certainly pleasant. And what a lovely night it is!"

He mounted to his bachelor bed-room on the topmost floor of the Royal, looking on to the roofs of the stables. But he did not get to sleep for some time. He felt feverish and restless: perhaps by reason of his aunt's heady port, or the unaccustomed softness of his couch. "They *will* make one sleep on these suffocating billowy beds at all hotels," he said. "When will they learn to know people's real wants and likings, and give up the absurd traditions and conventions which make life at an inn so very intolerable?" He mused a good deal over hotel grievances, and in a drowsy sort of way composed the first half of a letter to The Times on the subject. Then

he found himself drifting back to the Matilda Milner business again, asking himself the same questions with most determined iteration. Did she care for him? Did he care for her? Would she have him if he asked her? Should he ask her to have him? Had "betting Barlow" any views? Was he making up to Matilda? or to Sophy Brown? And then the soft brown eyes of the mermaid seemed to gleam through the darkness of the night, and he thought what a quiet, comely, graceful little body she was. Too good for Barlow, he decided. For he didn't like Barlow—he decided *that* also: Barlow was a humbug—there was something sly about Barlow—all wasn't open and above board with Barlow; and he took a malignant pleasure in picturing to himself the effect of a public announcement that, for all Barlow's present decorous demeanour, he was known as "betting Barlow" at the University. He proceeded, however, to decide that, after all, Sophy Brown was nothing to him, Frank Hobson—she had no money, poor girl. If he liked her ever so much—and of course he only admired her just a very little, as any man might admire any girl he had met once or twice, and was little likely to meet again—but if he liked her ever so much, it would still be an utterly preposterous business. For of course he could not marry a girl without a penny. It would be simply ruin to both of them. No, he must marry Matilda Milner—and none other—and in that case, he supposed, Barlow must marry Sophy Brown, if he was so determined. There was no help for it. Though still Mr. Hobson was of opinion that Barlow had done nothing to deserve the happiness of possessing so charming a little wife as Sophy Brown; and that she was in every way a great deal too good for him, and would, indeed, be utterly thrown away upon such a husband.

Then he began to think about what his own future life would be, supposing him safely married to Matilda Milner. Well, of course, in the first place there would be his debts to be paid. But they were not considerable. It would be a little awkward, perhaps, revealing the fact of their existence to his bride. Still he thought the disclosure might be made in a tender little scene; and it seemed to him he could so manage matters as to make this rather interesting and pleasing than otherwise. "After all," he said, "women like to come forward sometimes in a guardian-angel sort of way, and help a fellow when he's down, and set him on his legs again. It invests them with a sort of superiority—gives them a *sense* of power—and they like power. I don't think they object to a little bit of the *spendthrift* about a fellow. It enables them to ~~see~~ *their*

influence for his good. Women have a great notion of exerting their influence for a man's good. They like to think that they've had the bringing-round—been the saving of a fellow. Well, Matilda shall have the credit, if she likes, of reforming and redeeming me—not that I'm much of a spendthrift after all. I think we'll live at South Kensington somewhere. Of course I shall keep up the notion of practising at the bar, and retain my chambers. I suppose I must give Tommy and those fellows a dinner before I get married. Not that I intend to lose sight—as some fellows do when they marry—of all my bachelor friends. No, I don't care what Matilda may say—she must learn to like the people I do. I'm not going to hedge myself round with a lot of dull priggish family friends. No; fellows shall find good wine and a good dinner—as often as they like to come for it—at Frank Hobson's table. I don't quite know how Matilda's money is invested. If it is in those old Three per Cents. I'll soon have it out, and put it into Indian railway stock, or something that pays better interest. And we must help poor Sophy Brown; of course we shan't want a governess for the children immediately. I suppose Tommy would rather object to be a godfather because of the silver mug business; but Aunt Fanny I should think would come down with something handsome." Here he got incoherent, more and more drowsy, and finally he fell asleep.

He rose in good time on the following morning, and refreshed himself with a swim before breakfast. He returned to the hotel ruddy, invigorated, with dank hair, and saline bubbles in his whiskers. He began to think that Beachville was doing him good, and that there really were some pleasant things in life: sea-bathing being one of them. The sun was warm and bright, and was already beginning to tint with a healthful brown Mr. Hobson's cheeks. He felt no ill effects from the "heady port," and his cares seemed to sit more lightly upon him than on the previous evening. His depression had vanished; he felt elated and confident; and as he stood upon the beach in his slippers, filling his lungs with the glorious sea-breeze, emptying them, as it were, of the London smoke and the close atmosphere of the basement floor in New Square, and taking in clean honest air instead, it seemed to him that if Matilda Milner was close at hand he was man enough then and there to propose to her and to persuade her to be his. Then a prodigious hunger seized him, and he ran back to the Royal to complete his toilet and commence breakfast operations.

He devoted ample time to the meal, enjoying it and doing it justice. "Upon my word,"

he said, "they give one a very good breakfast at the Royal. They seem to understand it." And it occurred to him that possibly he had been a little too severe upon the Royal arrangements overnight, and when he could not get to sleep, and had contemplated writing a stinging letter to *The Times* about hotel grievances. After all, he now thought the Royal was a creditably managed establishment. The waiters were very attentive, and things were very nicely served. And after breakfast, it must be owned, he glanced over a sporting paper handed him by a waiter who seemed to have taken him especially into favour and under protection.

"I wonder whether old Barlow reads his 'Bell' as diligently as he used to do," he said. "In his betting days, I remember, it used to be one of the necessities of his life. I wonder whether he takes any interest in the 'odds' now." And he derived some amusement from "Bell," considered in relation with the early proceedings of Mr. Barlow.

He found time for a quiet pipe after breakfast, and, before the arrival of the hour for church-going, "The sea-breeze will carry off the smell of the smoke," he said.

Beachville is a little dull on Sundays. The visitors who entertain notions about propriety have decided that, although when dusk arrives you may slightly unbend, you must be guarded even to primness in your demeanour during the greater portion of the day. You must conduct yourself with quite London staidness and rigour. No sauntering upon the beach; that is handed over to the excursionists; no promenading upon the pier; the pier on Sundays is placed at the disposal of the Beachville tradespeople. A little walk up and down the parade is permissible between morning and afternoon service; but it is rather preferred that you should sit quietly in your balcony, in your best clothes, gazing placidly at the ocean: not through a telescope, mind you—telescopes are voted rather wicked on Sundays—adult toys, to be locked up with the children's dolls, spades, and buckets. Investigations into "common objects" must be wholly suspended on Sundays. You must do nothing, for fear anything you might do should be improper. Better suspended animation, holds Beachville, than indecorous activity. And you must not be comfortable. There are Sabbath-breaking tendencies about billicocks or wideawakes, canvas shoes, and light-hued lounging-jackets. Your chimney-pot hat, please; your tightest gloves, your black frock-coat, and shiny black boots. Never mind about black attracting the sun, and entailing upon you exceeding feverishness. Consider your reputation in the eyes of Beachville!

Do you want to be accounted an excursionist? In the cool of the evening a little relaxation is allowed; the holiday train has then departed. There is less chance of a misconception concerning you, or the misconception will be of less consequence. But during the heat of the day, Beachville expects of you that you be Sabbatarian and uncomfortable.

Mr. Hobson, with some little difficulty and a shilling, obtained a seat in the crowded aisle of St. Jude's Church, a distant view of the officiating minister and of Matilda Milner's white lace bonnet with blue strings. The incumbent preached. Mr. Barlow, the curate, read prayers. "Barlow looks rather grand in his surplice," thought Mr. Hobson. He was able to enjoy a good look at him, for it was during the Litany, and the congregation had sunk down low in their pews, uttering their responses in stifled drowsy tones from among their hassocks. "Barlow really looks very grand in his surplice." Of course at such a time he ought not to have been thinking of such a thing; but people's thoughts, it is well known, do occasionally wander during the Litany. "No doubt the surplice has a wonderful effect upon women. I wonder what Matilda thinks of it. I'm afraid my wig and gown would not have a chance by the side of it. I'd bring my wig and gown down to Beachville, if I thought it would produce any good effect upon Matilda."

Mr. Blenkinsop, the incumbent, preached. His sermon lasted five-and-thirty minutes. It was hardly perhaps proportionately edifying. Condensation would doubtless have improved it. But then condensation is generally held to be somehow unclerical.

"How do you do, Frank? A charming discourse from dear Mr. Blenkinsop," said Miss Hobson.

Frank Hobson met his aunt and cousin and Miss Brown at the church-porch.

"Charming, indeed," he agreed, though his tone was not very fervent. But his sincerity was not questioned, though he fancied he perceived a little incredulous smile run along the lips of Miss Brown.

"It was very warm in church. Didn't you find it so, Frank? I thought at one time I should have been obliged to go out," continued Miss Hobson.

"Well, I thought once of going out," observed Frank Hobson. He did not add that his going out would have been due to other causes than the warmth of the church.

"Did you like Mr. Barlow's reading?"

"Yes; he reads very well, I think," said Mr. Hobson.

"I think he reads *admirably*," interjected Matilda Milner.

"Just a trifle too much through his nose, though, I fancy."

Miss Matilda Milner did not perceive that Mr. Barlow read *at all* through his nose. Mr. Hobson appealed to Miss Brown. Miss Brown was of opinion—timidly—that Mr. Barlow's reading *was* a little nasal.

"How can you say so, Sophy?" demanded Miss Milner. Then she turned to Frank: "But *men* are so fond of disparaging clergymen!"

"Women rather overdo it the other way, don't they?" said Frank. Miss Milner made no reply. Frank Hobson began to think that his position as a suitor was not improving. Had he offended his cousin? Did she really care for Barlow as a man, and apart from his being a clergyman? Or did she simply, as a matter of principle, object to all criticisms upon curates: especially on Sundays?

"What are you going to do with yourself until dinner-time, Frank?" asked Miss Hobson. "There's no afternoon service at St. Jude's; but there *is* at St. Michael's."

"Thank you," said Frank, "I was thinking of taking a walk along the cliffs; perhaps I may get as far as Puffin Head. Will you come, Matilda?"

Did he think to find an opportunity for putting an important question to his cousin during the walk to Puffin Head?

"I never walk on Sundays," said Matilda, rather severely.

"It would never do for Matilda to be walking to Puffin Head on a Sunday," observed Miss Hobson; "people would think it so odd. We are obliged to be rather particular at Beachville as to what we do on Sundays. Of course, it doesn't matter for *you*, Frank; and if Sophy likes to go, there would not be the same objection in her case."

This was perhaps not altogether complimentary to Miss Brown: for it seemed to imply that she was somehow of inferior nature; a person of no consequence; about whom, for good or evil, Beachville would not trouble itself to make remarks; that she pertained in a measure to those classes with whom Sabbath-breaking is innate, and from whom nothing very different is to be expected. Frank felt that this view of the case was not very kind to Miss Brown,—was indeed distinctly unjust towards her.

"Will you walk to Puffin Head, Miss Brown?" he inquired.

"I shall be very pleased to go," Miss Brown replied, quite simply.

"I fear you'll find the walk too much for you, Sophy," said Matilda Milner; "the sun is very scorching along the cliff; it will really do you more harm than good."

But Miss Brown was firm. Frank Hobson supported her with the assurance that they should find a lovely breeze on the top of Puffin Head.

"But to go there on Sunday of all days!" Miss Milner said, somewhat scornfully. She appeared to be of opinion that Puffin Head on Sunday was a scene of vulgar riot and desperate iniquity, which it was contamination to approach. Frank Hobson, however, reminded her that Sunday was his only day; his stay in Beachville was from Saturday to Monday only; which reminder brought the discussion to a close. And Mr. Hobson and Miss Brown set forth upon their afternoon walk to Puffin Head.

A brave, tall, chalky, turf-crowned promontory is Puffin Head, the highest point of the coast about Beachville. There is a coast-guard station on the top, with a flag-staff, signals, and a wooden house. Sailors ("of the 'Black-eyed Susan' type," Mr. Hobson remarked) in blue jackets with gilt buttons, white ducks very loose about the ankles, pumps, and straw hats, patrol the height, and, armed with long telescopes, protect the British shore from the evil designs of the smuggler and the invader. It was hot and hard-breathing work mounting the headland; but to rest on the summit was delightful, the air was so keenly exhilarating; while, of course, you gained that excuse and reward of all climbing, a high horizon. A tall, vast blue wall of sea rose up in front of you, puckered with numberless wavelets, freckled with incessant patches of foam; now glittering like a crumpled mirror in the sun; now pleasantly dappled with the shadows of the clouds high above it; and shot with various tints as the waters coursed over yellow sand, or brown shingle, or purple seaweed, or black rock, or as the depths below varied in their deepness. Then what toys were the big ships steadily ploughing along their way; what pale ghosts of toys were those more distant ships, shadowy and vague, far off on the dim line where land and sea joined each other! And oh, what a mere mite, what a speck, was that man—a man was it? could it be? nearer the shore; yes, wading slowly along, shrimping! What a height above him we are on the crest of Puffin Head!

"Now I call this very stunning!" exclaimed Mr. Hobson. Nature might perhaps have had tribute paid to her charms in choicer form, yet the tribute could hardly have been more heartily rendered. Miss Brown looked round her without speaking, smiling a little, sighing gently, with perhaps rather a tearful tendency about her eyes. It was a way she had when she was moved or greatly pleased; so

she proffered her homage to nature on this occasion.

"Very, very stunning," Mr. Hobson repeated; "is it not, Miss Brown?"

"Beautiful, indeed." And presently she added, "I have so longed to be up here; but I never could persuade Matilda to undertake the walk."

"She prefers the beach," said Mr. Hobson; "Puffin Head is not sufficiently a 'common object' for Matilda." And then he felt, especially when he saw Miss Brown's smile, that he had been guilty of the indiscretion of sneering at Matilda Milner. Might not Miss Brown be her confidant, and reveal to her his slight of her? Where then would be his chance of a prosperous marriage?

"But of course people's tastes differ," he said, hoping the platitude might be accepted by the Fates in the way of amends.

"Oh, of course," assented Miss Brown.

He then quickly changed the subject.

"How very pretty that bark looks out there, with all her sails set; not that one, Miss Brown, that's only a brig; but here, to the right, just beyond that screw steamer. One wants a telescope up here sadly. I must bring my telescope with me—I've got a very decent Dollond—next time I come down to Beachville. A telescope is indispensable on Puffin Head."

Then, of course, the trim coastguard, call him Black-eyed Susan's William, or Ben Brace, or Ratlin the Reefer, or Long Tom Coffin; call him which you will, he could have stepped on any stage in either of those characters and won a round of applause, so doing, from any audience,—of course, I say, he advanced to Mr. Hobson and proffered the loan of his glass: not being too proud to accept the compliment of a shilling by way of acknowledgment of the accommodation. And then Mr. Hobson, who rather prided himself on his general information, fell into conversation with the coastguard concerning ship-matters, and talked about tonnage, and rigs, and staysails, and stun-sails, and double top-sails, and spanker-booms, as though he knew as much about it all as the coast-guard; which wasn't the case, though perhaps Miss Brown might be excused for thinking it was. And then the telescope had to be adjusted for Miss Brown to look through, and Miss Brown found herself in difficulties customary with her sex in relation to telescopes. She couldn't get the focus right, or, the focus being adjusted, could not find the object she desired to look at, or indeed any object, save the sea and the sky, the ground at her feet, and the straw hat of the coast-guard,—things that scarcely needed to be

examined through a telescope. Then it would "wabble" about so much, in spite of all the assistance rendered by Mr. Hobson and the coastguard.

"I'm afraid you'll think me very stupid," said Miss Brown, confused.

"Not at all," avowed Mr. Hobson. The coastguard smiled a gallant deprecation of any such notion, and looked as though he longed to say something about his lee-scuppers, or to start off with a naval hornpipe, and only stayed himself with difficulty from entering on those proceedings.

"Oh, now I see. Oh, everything so distinct! It's wonderful." Miss Brown had accomplished the feat of looking through a telescope.

Indeed Mr. Hobson did not think Miss Brown at all stupid, but quite the contrary; for, as they descended Puffin Head she plucked up heart, and discoursed very pleasantly; a simple, gentle, intelligent kind of prattle. She owned at last to being a little tired, and accepted the help of Mr. Hobson's often-offered arm.

"She's a very nice little creature," said Frank Hobson to himself, as they reached his aunt's door, ten minutes before dinner-time; "she's a quiet sort of way with her that's really very taking. There's a sort of brave helplessness about her that I like; I hope some really good fellow will take a fancy to her and marry her. No, I don't mean Barlow; she's too good for Barlow. In fact I don't know any fellow who's good enough for her, except myself; one always excepts one's self. And of course I'm out of the question. I'm booked; I marry Matilda, whom I love—to distraction." Thereupon he grimaced.

After a while he assumed a moralising tone: "Poor little Sophy Brown, what a contrast she is to Matilda! Upon my word," he said, "the influence of woman's weakness is a good deal more effective than the influence of woman's strength. And Miss Brown is certainly pretty; not so pretty as Matilda, perhaps; and yet I don't know whether she wouldn't be as pretty as Matilda if she happened to possess Matilda's banker's account!"

(To be continued.)

HOW OUR MILLIONS CIRCULATE.

Nor many years ago the Londoner looked upon the crowded condition of our great city thoroughfares with a certain pride; it was the outward and visible sign of that vast commercial activity which, without doubt, places it in the foremost rank in the world as a centre of trade. But our pride in this particular is becoming rather expensive; the

traffic toiling along the great channels of communication throughout many hours of the day is brought to a stand-still, and we scarcely dare estimate the cost at which we gorge the leading lines of streets with that procession of railway vans, waggons, cabs and omnibuses, which we bid the visitor note with so much pride.

Never was the old saying, that "we may have too much of a good thing" verified more completely than by this matter of City traffic, or vehicular congestion, if we may invent a phrase for the nonce. The great emporium of trade has been making blood too fast, and now its heart has become so overburthened, that it can scarcely perform its function. We are no longer proud of this plethora; indeed, we should only be too glad if we could get rid of it; but this is a matter which is just now puzzling the heads of those in authority, and we fear will continue to do so for many years to come. Assuming that upwards of three-quarters of a million of people enter and return from the City proper, the area of which is only six hundred acres;—an army moving about on foot and on wheels, larger than ever followed the leading of any conqueror within the limits of a moderate-sized farm;—can it be wondered at that every five minutes in the day the crowd of vehicles in Cheapside and the Poultry stand as motionless in the streets as though seen in a photograph, whilst the tide of human life is running on the footways like the water in a mill-race? Could we back the line of houses in our great streets as we back a line of infantry, the traffic would run fast enough; but, alas! land in the City is bought only for its weight in gold.

Whilst the only remedy for the evil is so costly, and so tardy of accomplishment, the evil is growing day by day. Twenty-five thousand vehicles pass through the narrow gorge at Temple Bar; twenty-nine thousand along Holborn; and these two streams, besides innumerable rivulets from side-streets, mainly find their way along the Poultry, not more than thirty feet wide in its narrowest part! Can we wonder that Parliamentary committees have long puzzled their brains to find a remedy for this terrible state of things, or that the remedy seems as far from arriving as ever? The report of the last select committee which attempted to digest this tough problem is now printed, and it just hangs the question up as it was before. The City people were desirous to bring in a bill to regulate their portion of the metropolitan traffic only, but this will clearly meet only a part of the evil, inasmuch as the City is completely embedded in the area of London at large, which stands over

fifty square miles; it is the kernel to a very large nut; all its main streets are but the termini of roads, which radiate in every direction through the surrounding metropolitan area. To give it a special system of regulation as regards traffic, appeared therefore to the committee to be an error, and the last attempt to make the City streets run, comparatively speaking, free, is hung up for another year at least. The report gives us one suggestion, however, which is worthy of consideration. Mr. Peake Knight, the traffic superintendent of the South-Eastern Railway, has viewed the problem to be solved from a new point of view. The main cause of the stoppages in the City thoroughfares is caused, as he very justly says, by the intersection of the main thoroughfares. Let us instance the bottom of Ludgate Hill, where Farringdon Street and New Bridge Street cross Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill at right-angles; Cheapside again, where it is cut by King Street and Queen Street, and more significantly still Lombard Street and Fenchurch Street, where it is intersected by Gracechurch Street, and a perfect congestion of the traffic is thereby produced. Mr. Knight would treat these streets as he would treat those portions of a line of rails, crossed by ordinary roads, on the level, and thereby prevent, not only the collision between two streams of vehicles moving at right angles to each other, but also the very great difficulty at present experienced by pedestrians in crossing from one side of the street to the other. Bridges and tunnels under the road have, we know, been suggested to obviate the latter difficulty; but in order to make them practically useful, the approaches to them would require to be long—so long, in fact, as to make their construction almost impossible. Appointed crossings on the level is, therefore, suggested by Mr. Knight to be worked by semaphore signals.

"The semaphore signals in question should be worked similarly to the mode in which they are worked upon railroads, viz., the arms by day, and lights by night, to show at 'caution' towards the vehicle traffic in each direction, thereby denoting that such traffic must pass over the crossing at a cautious or careful speed—say, walking pace. In order to afford the public an opportunity of crossing over the street at stated intervals, the signals could be raised to stop or danger position, against the vehicle traffic. The signals may be worked at stop as I have before explained, say for thirty seconds in every five minutes, which would give an allowance to the crossing, say of six minutes, distributed at regular intervals through every hour, or any other interval that may be agreed upon.

The semaphore signals could be worked by the policeman in charge of the crossing, who (as on railways) could work the signal-post opposite him by a wire laid under the street pavement." These semaphores he would, for economy of space, combine with the street lamps. With a machinery of this kind Mr. Knight is of opinion that the places of refuge so abundantly instituted of late could be dispensed with, as they take up a great deal of valuable room. But these arrangements after all, are only palliatives, and in no manner do battle with the great difficulty—the overcrowding of the great City thoroughfares—for it is here the evil has become so glaring. Sir R. Mayne, it is true, thinks that the cross-traffic at Piccadilly Circus, and the cross-traffic at Charing Cross, and at Albert Gate, and Hyde Park, are equal to anything to be found at the junction at Farringdon Street and Bridge Street, or at Fenchurch Street and Bishopsgate Street; but this surely is a strange miscalculation. Palliatives, as we have said, may come in to supplement some radical measure for the multiplication of the means of passing the vehicular traffic through the limited area of the City. Within this six hundred odd acres upwards of three-quarters of a million circulate, mainly within the hours of nine in the morning and six in the evening, and the vast majority of these people are non-resident.

The inhabitants of the City proper are year by year decreasing. In 1851, for instance, there were 129,128 inhabitants residing within its boundaries; but this number had declined in 1861 to 113,387, and probably in 1871 the population of the most renowned commercial city in the world will not exceed 100,000, or less than the number of people living in Kensington. The army of people, principally male, that moves on the City every morning, is perhaps unparalleled in number by any human tide that has ever moved diurnally in any city in any age of the world. The difficulty of dealing with such a vast influx, pedestrian and vehicular, is increased in consequence of the narrowness of the streets within its area. These, it is true, constitute about 23 per cent. of its entire area, 913 public ways traversing it in every direction; but of these only 194 have sufficient width for one line of vehicles only, and 174 in addition are without thoroughfares. Thus, it will be seen, that upwards of two-thirds of the City streets are incapable of carrying any considerable stream of vehicular traffic at all. There are only 86 which admit of two lines of vehicles, and 68 which admit of three or more. But, practically, the main stream of people coming into the City in the morning find their way along two lines, Fleet Street and Newgate Street, the two thorough-

fares mingling at Cheapside, and coming to a dead lock throughout the greater part of the day at the Poultry. The obstruction which here takes place should and would have been removed long ago, but for the almost price-less value of land in this locality.

Hitherto the introduction of railways has aggravated rather than relieved the circulation, vehicular and pedestrian, within the City proper. Pedestrians, for instance, have to be taken to the different termini in cabs, and the heavy traffic has to be passed from station to station in vans, which greatly impede the light traffic. Much of the railway circulation stops, in fact, on the outskirts of the City, and until through-routes between the different lines, north and south, and east and west are completed, the congestion will continue, or even increase, to judge from the fact that numbers of vehicles entering the City by the eight principal entrances, between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. rose from 48,922 in 1850 to 76,564 in 1865, more than 56 per cent. in fifteen years. Thus City men have seen the crush of vehicles more than doubled within a few years, whilst no means whatever have been taken to widen the capacity of the streets or to form new ones. Here and there, it is true, we find a house thrown back a few feet in some great thoroughfare; but it is quite clear the traffic is increasing at a pace far faster than can be met by such a tardy process of enlargement. The pedestrian element is more manageable; but year by year it is increasing, and the streets which form the main entrances to the City can scarcely carry more than they do at present.

In May, 1860, within twenty-four hours, 289,148 persons entered the City on foot by eight inlets. A table of these streets will give the reader at a glance a measure of their values as traffic carriers. They are as follows:—Aldgate High Street, 42,574; Aldersgate Street, 21,060; Bishopsgate Street Without, 34,160; Blackfriars Bridge, 31,642; Finsbury Pavement, 27,024; Fleet Street, by Temple Bar, 36,950; Holborn, 41,610; and London Bridge, 54,128.

This is the number for twenty-four hours; but during the twelve hours from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. the numbers were 210,418; thus, far more than two-thirds of the pedestrian traffic took place within the day, and the greater proportion even of this traffic passed along in the morning and evening. At certain seasons of the year the West-end of the metropolis is almost as crowded as the city; but the average width of the streets in the fashionable quarter and the seat of the legislature is nearly double that of the City streets, and stoppages of more than a few minutes are of rare occurrence; indeed,

during half the year the West-end seems only half-populated, and without a carriage-traffic in any degree commensurate to its miles of splendid houses and acres of fine squares.

But the great question is, how shall we correct the congested condition of our thoroughfares, especially the City streets? Mr. Hayward, the City Surveyor, advocates the construction of an entirely new street running between the west end and the east, for here the traffic is greatest and the means of carrying it is the most deficient.

He says: "I propose a new street, seventy feet in width, starting from the east end of the Holborn Valley Viaduct, by St. Sepulchre's Church, and terminating by a junction with Whitechapel High Street, close to Commercial Street. It would start from the west end of Newgate Street, and would be carried eastward across King Edward Street and St. Martin's-le-Grand, north of the General Post Office. It would then proceed, bisecting Noble Street, Wood Street, Aldermanbury, Basinghall Street (north of Guildhall), and Coleman Street to Moorgate Street, at which spot it will be 250 yards north of the Bank. Thence across Little Bell Alley and Drapers' Buildings to London Wall and Wormwood Street (the northern side of which streets would become part of the northern side of the new street), up to Bishopsgate Street Within. Thence, still proceeding eastward, it will cross Houndsditch and Petticoat Lane and proceed to its junction with Whitechapel High Street near to Commercial Street. Immediately opposite to this termination will commence the new street, projected by the Metropolitan Board of Works from Whitechapel to the Commercial Road, and the two streets would be a continuation of each other in a straight line." Liverpool Street, close at hand, is to be the new terminus of the Great Eastern; and we are told that no less than four railway termini will be concentrated at a spot about 110 yards distant within a few years. This new line of road, of an ample width, would certainly relieve all the traffic proceeding north-west and south-east, without going through any valuable property, or interfering with any crowded thoroughfares, and it would turn the flank of the streets now most crowded—such as Newgate Street and Cheapside. The crowded north and south traffic, in the opinion of the City Surveyor, is only to be met by the building of a new bridge lower down the river than London Bridge, east or west of the Tower.

It must be remembered that there are already in progress two easements to London Bridge—the conversion of the Thames Tunnel into a railroad, and the projected pneumatic

railway between Billingsgate and the opposite side of the river. These lines, together with a new bridge, would meet the requirements of a north and south traffic across the river for another quarter of a century. We question, however, if even two main thoroughfares running north and south will meet the requirements of the City traffic. Business has so settled down in certain routes that it cannot well be diverted from them. It was imagined that the construction of Cannon Street would relieve Cheapside of half the traffic going over London Bridge, and all the omnibuses taking the latter route were ordered to make the short cut; but the omnibus proprietors very truly argued, that passengers wanted to be set down in business thoroughfares, and not to make short cuts; consequently in answer to the police regulations, the omnibuses were stopped at the Exchange, rather than be sent down Cannon Street. This arrangement for omnibuses was in fact one of the police regulations of the City police. There were two other City police regulations which were rendered equally ineffectual by the stupidity of those who framed them. One of these was that no person should drive any "cart, waggon, dray, or other vehicle for the conveyance of goods, wares, and merchandise, through the streets between the hours of nine in the morning and six in the evening, laden to a greater height than sixteen feet, or laden to a greater width than seven feet," but this by-law was rendered totally inoperative by the proviso that all carriages of this description in existence before the 28th day of July, 1863, should be exempt! As regards the passenger traffic, it is clear that since the present thoroughfares cannot carry it, we must supplement it with a second story of street-railways, running under ground. We have seen the enormous number of passengers that are now being carried by the Metropolitan Railway, notwithstanding its round-about course. Last Whit-Monday, for instance, it carried upwards of a hundred thousand persons. Yet this number is nothing to what a line may be expected to carry that has stations opening into the main thoroughfares. Who would as a rule ride by omnibus when pressed for time if a line of rails ran under the Baywater Road and Oxford Street? Imagine Fleet Street and Cheapside supplemented by an underground road, and then what would become of their present crowded condition. It may be urged that the existing impediments are not to pedestrians, but to vehicular traffic. This is true to a certain extent, but we see no reason why our underground lines should not be utilised for goods as well as passengers. A greater part of the obstruction in the streets of the

City arises from the unloading of carts by the side of the curb, and the passage of railway vans loaded with goods proceeding from one terminus to the other. May not much of this heavy traffic be conveyed in the night, and removed to the warehouse early in the morning? The underground rail is now silent after twelve o'clock; this is surely a great waste of a very valuable thoroughfare, such as we do not find in any other line in the kingdom. We were promised, indeed, that vans would disappear from our streets when this subterranean road came into operation, but we now know how badly that promise has been kept. The dead block which takes place in the streets of the City is in some measure due to another piece of mismanagement which is capable of instant correction. Why should there be special railway cabs at all? and why should it be made compulsory on them to stand only on their particular railway stand? At present a cabman belonging to the Paddington Terminus cannot, after setting a fare down at the Euston Square terminus, wait upon the cab-stand in that building,—he must return empty to Paddington; and of course as he does so he lingers on the road, to the impediment of the traffic, in order to catch a new fare. "He crawls," as the police term it, filling our streets with "slow coaches," which utterly disorganises the legitimate traffic. There should be no cabs hampered by special regulations. If railway termini are good "waiting-ground" for passengers, there cabs, if allowed fair play, would be sure to be found.

In many cases traffic in the City is congested in consequence of an old condition of things continuing, which is no longer applicable to present circumstances. It is only a few months ago that Farringdon Street at certain times in the day was rendered impassable by the passage of herds of cattle and sheep. Under the pressure of the cattle plague, it is now found that we need not even kill our meat in town, and Newgate Market, which receives its supplies from the country, is so arranged that its business is all over by nine in the morning. At Billingsgate, on the contrary, all is confusion for many hours in the day, simply because a water-side market is made the centre of the traffic, notwithstanding that fish has ceased to come by water in large quantities for many a year. The warehouses of the fish salesmen, it is true, are still located in the streets leading to it; but this is simply owing to the fact that it is still the only wholesale fish market in London. If any line of railway having a fish traffic were to be supplemented by a market near its terminus, it would be much more convenient to the public, and the van traffic which now

impedes the streets would be very materially diminished.

Colonel Frazer, the City Commissioner of Police, thinks that if all the wholesale meat traffic of the metropolis can be got over by nine o'clock in the morning, as it now is at Newgate Market, the same regulations may be extended to other markets; and doubtless with one or two exceptions, such as the fish market, which depends upon the arrival of trains, this may be done. But we suspect the difficulty the City Commissioner has to contend with is the fact that many of the members of the Corporation are interested in preventing some of the regulations from coming into operation. For instance, it is idle to complain of waggons making an obstruction, and fining them for so doing, whilst Mr. Bennet is allowed to gather a crowd four times every hour in the narrowest part of Cheapside in order to see Gog and Magog strike the hours and quarters; but Mr. Bennet belongs to the Corporation, and may do a thing forty-eight times a day that a poor orangewoman would be mulcted of her whole worldly goods for doing only once.

There can be little doubt that one of the main causes of the stoppages of the streets in the City arises from the unloading of carts at the side of the City warehouses. Cannon Street, for instance, although a fine thoroughfare, is rendered a comparatively narrow one by the constant standing of these carts by the roadside. Colonel Frazer thinks that the warehousemen may be called upon to work at early hours, as the meat salesmen are, and that if this were done, these carts may be got rid of altogether, which would be equivalent to widening the street. But a regulation of this kind must come from some authority wholly independent of the City; for one of the difficulties at present existing with respect to meeting temporary emergencies in the City, is that nothing can be done until the Court of Common Council have assembled, and have agreed as to its orders. In the metropolitan district, on the contrary, Sir R. Mayne acts immediately under the direction of the Home Secretary, and in many cases on his own responsibility alone. The wisdom of the select committee in deciding that it would be unadvisable to pass any bill that did not treat the metropolitan traffic as a whole cannot be doubted. As Sir R. Mayne justly says, there is nothing in the City traffic which renders it exceptional to the rest of the metropolis, unless it be its more congested condition, and even in this respect it is almost rivalled by some of the leading West-end streets in the season, or perhaps on some other particular occasions. For instance, Regent Street, about

four o'clock in June, is blocked with vehicles as hopelessly as Cheapside; but then the cross traffic is far better arranged. In the West, all leading streets at right-angles are built with a circus, which gives ample room for the crossing of vehicles. Possibly the traffic at the junction of Oxford Street with Regent Street is as dense as that which is always coming to such a dead lock at the bottom of Fleet Street; but we scarcely ever remember the cross roads at the former interrupted for a single minute by the conflicting lines of traffic.

The formation of a circus at these crowded crossings appears to us to be by far the most effectual remedy; for the present obstructions thrown in the way of both vehicular and pedestrian traffic. The general idea is that the greater number of accidents which happen to pedestrians at the crossings occur in the crowded parts of the City where bridges and tunnels have been proposed to be made, but the fact is far otherwise. The vehicular traffic in the City is so dense that few people are run over, compared with the less frequented parts of London. Where cabs and carriages are so thick that they must move slowly, it is easy to pass between them; where, however, the traffic is moving at different rates, as in the West-end, a person crossing between two vehicles is likely to be cut off by a third passing at a different rate. In the City proper there is but little furious driving, and from this cause but few persons are run over. For instance, during the fourteen months from January, 1865, to February, 1866, we find that, within the City district there were only 17 fatal cases arising from this cause, and only 237 instances of bodily injury; whilst in the metropolitan district, within the same period, 163 persons were run over and killed, and 1,938 were maimed and injured from the same cause. It is quite clear that furious driving can only take place where there is a clear road; hence it is only possible in the suburban districts. Thus we find that from the 1st of January, 1865, to the 30th of November, 1865, whilst only five drivers were apprehended on this charge in the Westminster police district, 59 were so charged in the Stepney district, and 52 in the Islington district. Holborn, again, had only six cases, whilst Highgate had 26—thus it will be seen that the danger from furious driving increases the farther we get towards the metropolitan outskirts, and that it diminishes to the vanishing point in the very heart of the City, where three-quarters of a million of people are attracted day after day by its wealth, and withdrawn as diurnally by the attractions of home in the quiet suburbs of this immense Babel.

A. W.



LADY JULIA.

LADY Julia sits in a gay boudoir,
 All lacker and buhl, and ormolu,
 And taps with her foot on the "tufted floor,"
 As dainty maidens are apt to do.

As dainty maidens are wont to do
 When the last dear pet has untimely died,
 Or the last new novel has had too few
 "Sensation" scenes, and been laid aside.

But the Lady Julia has laid aside
 No novel, forsooth; for no thought has she,
 Except that to-morrow she'll be a bride,
 Though she loves not the husband that is to be.

She loves not her husband that is to be,
 For he's ugly and old, but rich withal;
 And his wealth is the saving clause, you see,
 The velvet cushion to break her fall.

But the velvet cushion that breaks her fall
 May smother her yet, in the course of time,
 When the love he bears her grows weak and small,
 Some few months after the wedding-chime.

Some few months after their wedding-chime,
 When she has swallowed the gilded pill,
 And supped the bitterness of her crime,
 She'll think of one who is weak and ill.

She'll think of one who is weak and ill,
 Who's dying, perhaps, for her sickle sake;
 But who, though she's false and frivolous, still
 Will bless her, aye, till his heart doth break.

Will bless her, aye, till his heart doth break;
 For a man may die of a broken heart,
 Who life and liberty—all, can stake
 On a woman who playeth the traitor's part.
 W. T. M.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAX-
 WELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XLV. THE PACE INCREASES.

UNDER the shadow of her own figurative vine and fig-tree—eastern luxuries which were represented at Old Ford by a hop-plant and a mulberry—Ada Reeves (*née* Perkins) had resided in peace for four years, from the time when, with the consent of all parties interested, she bestowed herself and her fortune on Henry, the beloved of her heart; and at the period when I take up the thread of my story again she was fast developing into a fat and somewhat untidy matron, who remembered events by the ages of her children,—who occupied herself greatly in yearly alterations of the census,—who prided herself on having an infinitely better house filled with more costly furniture than had ever been aspired to by her maternal parent,—who drove out on Sundays, Good Fridays, Whit-Mondays, and Saturday afternoons, in "the chaise" with Henry and her baby,—who went often to see her mother and criticise the appointments of Distaff Yard,—who was very good-natured towards her brothers and sisters, and had always one or more of them staying with her for change of air,—who still affected enormous crinolines and wonderful frizettes,—who wore large ear-rings and was fond of plaids,—who bought bonnets ornamented with much scarlet for winter wear, and pink silk bonnets for summer "outings," and who was, in one word, a perfectly fair type of a class which is to be met with in all parts of London, but the manners and habits and modes of thought whereof are as unintelligible to the superior classes, as the writing over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the King's palace proved to

Belshazzar in that hour when he made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand.

Occasionally she was kind enough to pay a visit to Olivine—indeed, she seemed to think that whenever a new baby was old enough to be taken a drive, Mrs. Barbour ought to see it first: a courtesy which Olivine received as intended, greatly to Mrs. Reeves' contentment and elation of spirit.

By reason of these visits to "an old friend who lived up at the West-End," Ada held a certain exalted station among her husband's relations and her own new acquaintances at Old Ford. Not to every one is it given to have "anybody intimate" who has an 'ouse up nigh the Marble Arch; neither, as a rule, if East-Enders have that intimate, does such a fashionable lady usually request her unfashionable visitor to have afternoon tea, and desire her maid to see that the nurse is made comfortable.

Yet in all these matters Olivine gratified the desires of Mrs. Henry Reeves' heart. She talked to the babies; she praised them to their mother; she listened to Ada's ecstasies; she inquired concerning Mrs. Perkins; she was interested in Mr. Reeves' business prospects; she liked to know about the young brothers and sisters who were getting on so well at school; and then, perhaps, when it was all over—when Mrs. Henry Reeves, having made her adieux, had descended to her cab, and departed to report at Old Ford the wonders she had seen in Gloucester Street—Olivine liked best of all going into her own nursery, and taking her children to her breast and thinking how much nicer they were than anybody else's children, as is the way of mothers—God bless their loving, partial hearts.

Her children were all the comfort she had in those weary days of which I am now writing; over the record of which I would fain hurry; for Mr. Sondes' death put division between her husband and her. From the hour his will was read, Lawrence became a changed man.

The will was this: Gerrard's Hall—that property previously mentioned as situated near Grays—a place Lawrence cordially detested, because it was out of the way, and somewhat lonely, and decidedly unprofitable—to Percy Forbes, sugar refiner, and Gabriel King, lawyer, in trust, for the sole and separate use of his beloved niece Olivine Barbour, during the term of her natural life. After which said property was to pass to the eldest son of his said niece, or failing such son, to the eldest daughter surviving at the time of the said Olivine's decease. And further, Mr.

Sondes devised all the money, and houses, and lands, of which at the time of his death he should be seised, to his said beloved niece, Olivine Barbour, under restrictions and subject to the following conditions, namely—These conditions being utterly to deprive Lawrence of all hope or chance of ever being a penny the better for his wife's property.

He was "cut out" in fact, as he put it to Mr. Perkins. Whereupon his kinsman remarked,—

"I suppose you did not marry her for her money?"

"No," answered Lawrence in his rage; but by —, if I had thought it would have been this way, I would have asked the first beggar I met in the street to marry me sooner than Mr. Sondes' niece."

And he said hard things to Olivine herself, who ran off straightway to Percy Forbes, asking him whether she could not give Lawrence the whole of her fortune.

"You cannot, Mrs. Barbour," he answered; "that was the reason of your uncle's will—"

"Poor uncle!" she exclaimed, and then fell to sobbing, till Percy wished there was no such thing as money in the world—at least, not for women to have to do with, he corrected himself.

"I certainly think you ought to have had a portion of that money," he said to Lawrence on one occasion.

"Among you, you have taken deuced good care I should not be much the better for marrying an heiress," retorted Lawrence, who could be vehement enough now the drag on his temper was removed by Mr. Sondes' death; and this idea was nourished by Etta Gainswoode, who, on the very day of the funeral, wrote entreating her old lover to come to her "immediately."

"For my father has had a paralytic stroke," explained the distracted fair; "and my husband is dangerously ill. Come at once, if you can come at all." To which request Lawrence, nothing loth, acceded; and found, when he arrived at Mallingsford, that Etta desired he should attend to numberless matters of business for her.

"With all these companies, you see," she said, "my father is connected: you must keep matters right for him till he is a little better. Will you, for the sake of old times?" she added, with the same bewitching smile, with the same irresistible manner, which had lured him on to destruction in days gone by.

What passed at Mallingsford between them, Olivine drove herself almost wild by conjecturing; and yet it was all harmless enough.

A few words of hopeless attachment; a few sighs over the inevitable; a few words of sym-

pathy; of anger at Mr. Sondes' injustice; of wonder at Olivine for not having insisted on things being different; a few kisses; a tender leave-taking: these were all; and yet, though all, these were sufficient for much harm to come out of them afterwards.

A narrow hall may lead into a spacious house; through a very small crack a great stream can force its way; and so, perhaps, on the whole, Olivine had cause for her sleepless nights and anxious days.

Even when a wife is loved, there is oftentimes food for jealousy; and here the wife had never been loved. Alas! for the young creature who was now, for the second time, a mother.

"And he has never seen you yet, darling," she sobbed over the child, another girl, who was born while Lawrence still lingered on at Mallingsford.

"I wish it had been a boy, for your sake," she remarked, deprecatingly, when at length he returned to Stepney Causeway.

"What can it matter?" was the reply. "Son or daughter, your uncle has taken care they shall not go through life penniless."

"And is it not a comfort to know they are amply provided for?" Olivine inquired, timidly.

"Not to me," he answered; "it is never pleasant to a man to feel wife and children are entirely independent of him."

And so the breach went on widening, from day to day and from month to month.

Lawrence would have nothing to do with the place at Grays; but, declaring he would rather live in his "own house," moved his wife and family to Gloucester Street, Portman Square, and only suffered Olivine to visit her property at rare and uncertain intervals.

"I cannot think what has come to him," Mrs. Barbour remarked, over and over again, to Percy Forbes, who of necessity saw much of her in those days; "he seems so strange and so altered; and I scarcely ever can get speaking to him, Mr. Forbes, he is so much occupied at your detestable refinery."

"Pray do not call our gold mine ugly names," Percy entreated, and so turned the conversation aside. Well he knew it was not business—at least, not any legitimate business—which kept Lawrence away from home, but rather in the mornings Mr. Alwyn's affairs, and in the evenings Etta Gainswoode, who returned to Hereford Street six months after Mr. Sondes' death, a wealthy, handsome widow.

Those were the days in which Mr. Forbes found it no easy matter to agree with his partner Barbour, in which every new invention the mind of man devised was tried on the

sugars in Goodman's Fields, and declared to have failed simply because Percy was ignorant, or prejudiced, or old-fashioned, or a simpleton.

"If I could have cleared off those mortgages," Lawrence exclaimed, one day, "you should have seen what pushing a business along really is."

"I am quite satisfied with the trade we are doing, if you would but let well alone," answered his partner.

"Because you are content to drone on all your life, making just enough to buy butter for your bread. As for me, I must make some change. I cannot go on feeling my wife is richer than myself—feeling this cursed concern will never give me the chance of growing wealthy like other men. Look at Mr. Alwyn; why he has coined, literally coined, the last five years; and if I had the value of my share here I could do as well. I wish I was clear of this concern."

"You can be clear in a week," answered Percy Forbes. "Lately it has not been either any great pleasure or any great help having you for a partner. Excepting to interfere, and cause some disagreement, you have never for months past entered the place. I told you how it would be before I ever left Reach Works; but you refused to listen to any objection. Now that I am here, however—now that I have put every sixpence I possess in the world into the concern, and given my time and labour to extending our connection, I have no intention of giving up the place to you. If you are not satisfied with the amount of profits we divide—if you think you can do better with your money elsewhere, take your money and go. Only, if you decide to stay, I tell you I will not have the method of manufacture changed every week. You are a very clever man, I know, but upon my soul, it has seemed to me lately that you are a clever man gone mad."

"Do you mean to say that you could pay me out?" asked Lawrence, ignoring the latter part of Mr. Forbes' sentence.

"Yes, within a week."

"Out of my wife's money, I suppose," conjectured Lawrence, with a bitter oath. "You did a fine thing for yourself when you dictated the terms of that will, and got the entire control of Mrs. Barbour's fortune."

Very deliberately Percy Forbes rose from his desk, and seized his partner by the throat.

"Will you apologise?" he said; and he shook Lawrence as a dog might shake a rat.

"No," Lawrence gasped, and he struck Percy a blow across the face with all his might.

"Take the consequences, then," answered

the other, and he dragged him across the counting-house and down the steps leading into the yard, and along the yard towards the great gates.

"Open them," said Mr. Forbes, addressing one of the workmen, and pointing to the gates.

"Do at your peril!" shouted Lawrence, struggling to release himself from Percy's grasp.

By this time nearly every person employed on the premises had rushed down into the yard to see what was the matter, and a dozen people now sprang forward to do Percy's bidding.

"Are you all cowards?" cried Lawrence; "don't you see the fool is killing me?" and he made another desperate effort, whilst a few of the men came forward to his assistance.

"Stand back!" cried Percy, at this juncture. "Stand back, I am not hurting him; and if I were he would only be getting his deserts;" and as he spoke he dragged him on over the stones towards the gates, which were now unlocked.

"Go for the police!" ordered Lawrence.

"Go for them yourself," retorted Percy, "and remember it is only for your wife's sake I have refrained from kicking you off the premises;" and with that he pushed his partner into the street, and closed the gates upon him.

"Give me the keys," he said. "Now, where is Flynton?"

With a pale, scared face, the foreman stepped forward.

"Stop all work as soon as possible," went on Mr. Forbes, "and let the men go home. The Refinery is closed till some arrangement about its future management can be come to between Mr. Barbour and me."

Never in Goodman's Fields had any occurrence—not even a murder—taken place which caused so much excitement as this quarrel at the Eagle Refinery. At least a hundred versions of it were circulated; and many men, honourable and of good standing in the City, came to remonstrate with Percy Forbes on the scandal he had occasioned, and offering to try to arrange matters (as they put it) between him and his partner.

To these friendly offers, however, Percy returned but one answer: he was sorry for his violence, but yet, under similar provocation, he could not say that he should not again act in a similar manner. If Mr. Barbour were willing to retract his words, he, Mr. Forbes, would apologise for the force he had employed; but fellow-workers they could never be more.

He was perfectly willing to submit the whole case to arbitration, and either leave the concern

altogether, or else pay Mr. Barbour whatever sum the gentlemen they might respectively name should consider fair.

He felt it was a bad business, but he considered what had occurred unavoidable. He had never wished to go into partnership with Mr. Barbour, but the thing was forced on him. He had no objection to shake hands with his late partner, but he thought his late partner would greatly object to shake hands with him.

In this last supposition, however, Percy found he was mistaken. Influenced probably by the advice of friends, and by the intense desire he felt to stand well in the opinion of City circles, Lawrence, after some time, agreed to go through the ceremony of reconciliation. He withdrew the accusation which had irritated Mr. Forbes; and Mr. Forbes, on his part, expressed his regret for having given way to temper. Then Sir Thomas Jonson, Knight and Wharfinger, in whose office these little amenities took place, entreated his dear young friends to shake hands, which they did, very much after the fashion of two children who have been threatened with condign punishment if they refuse to kiss and be good.

How far this reconciliation was to be relied on may nevertheless be guessed from two or three words that passed between the pair while they walked together through the outer office.

"You have beaten me so far, I suppose you think," Lawrence said, in a low angry whisper; "but I have got my head now, thank heaven! and we shall see which of us will reach the winning-post first."

"Is it a challenge?" asked Percy, fiercely.

"If you like to take it so," was the reply.

"And the bet?" demanded the other.

He never could tell what made the words pass his lips, but they did for all that.

"My life against a thousand pounds," retorted Lawrence.

"What may you estimate the value of your life at?" demanded Percy.

"Not much; but just at this much—I will either die or win."

"I wish you would die," thought Percy Forbes, after they parted; "and as for the winning post, you have got my prize already."

From that moment, however, the two men worked as they had never worked before. The Eagle Refinery was almost forced to return higher profits than had hitherto been the case. The Distaff Yard concern was driven along the road to wealth—fresh blood being infused into it by increased capital, by ceaseless supervision. Even Mr. Perkins began in those days to dream dreams; and taking up his parable, prophesied about his

dying a great man yet. And not in Distaff Yard only did Lawrence make himself busy. He had got his head, as he said, and as a spirited horse released from control gallops madly on over every obstacle, so in those days Lawrence ran a course of speculation through which nothing but his own clear intellect, his indomitable perseverance, and his amazing good fortune could have carried him safely.

When other riders would have been afraid to leap, he still came down sound and prosperous on the other side. His house in Gloucester Street was the resort of men who had schemes to float, of capitalists who desired to make their hundreds of thousands more. It was a mad life, but one just suited to Lawrence's nature for all that. He could see the growth of his wealth, could tell the extent of his gains from day to day, almost from hour to hour. Never but once did he get a check. There came a sudden call for money, and every hundred he had was looked up fast.

"I think Olivine could get the amount I need for me, if she liked," he thought; and accordingly he jumped into a hansom cab and drove off to the Fenchurch Street Station, whence he took train for Grays—anathematising the slow rate at which the engine steamed along as it lingered among the marshes and stopped at every little village by the way.

Gerrard's Hall lay back in the country some miles from Grays, and after he left the train, Lawrence had to wait for a fly being got ready, and then to endure that tranquil, lame mode of progression which old country horses delight in—till, his patience being at length exhausted, he stopped the conveyance, and saying he could walk quicker, alighted and pursued the remainder of the distance on foot.

Although Lawrence had never liked Gerrard's Hall, it was really a very lovely residence, with long avenues of trees stretching away over the park, with sunny gardens, with sloping lawns, with great vistas of wilderness and pasture, where cattle grazed in a state of perfect happiness and peace; and something of all this struck him, perhaps, as he entered the domain, and contrasted the silence and repose around with the din and turmoil of the great city he had just left.

In one of the grassy avenues he beheld Olivine and the children, who at sight of their father broke out into tumultuous screams of delight, and rushed towards him at the top of their speed. They were both such tiny creatures that Olivine could have kept up with them easily, had she chosen to do so, but the days were gone in which she had hastened to meet her husband. There had come that between them which was breaking

her heart. Knowledge on her part of his utter want of affection for her—of his devoted attachment to another woman.

He had said hard things to her—he had been cruel and unkind; he had told her how little it signified to him where she lived, since by her senseless jealousy she had banished the only friends he had in the world from his house. She had wept her tears, she had made her protest; when he did at intervals come to Gerrard's Hall, there was no companionship nor confidence between them.

"It will all come right, some day," Percy Forbes assured her, but she had almost ceased hoping that Lawrence would ever be kind and tender to her again.

And yet as she drew nearer to the place where he stood caressing his children, a sudden ray of sunshine fell across her heart. He came forward with such a pleasant smile, his manner was so almost loving; he looked around the lawn with so changed and altered an expression, that the young thing's heart beat faster, thinking Percy's words were going to come true at last—that Lawrence was getting tired of strange homes and strange faces, and had come back to her to rest.

"Lawrence, I am so glad to see you," she ventured; "I have been so lonely. It is three whole weeks since you were down before—three whole weeks, my darling," and she slipped her hand into his, and looked up in his face with tears in her eyes, and nestled close to him in a manner half-confiding, half-fearful; while he answered,

"Well, it shall not be three weeks again, Olivine." At which assurance she smiled hopefully, and carrying his hand to her lips, kissed it, spite of his remonstrances and complimentary assurances that for her to touch his hand with her lips was but wasting their sweetness. And the sunshine lay in great patches on the grass, and the trees waved their branches over the pair, and the children toddled on together hand in hand towards the house, and Olivine's soul was so full of happiness she scarce knew how to contain herself.

"Will you send the children away, Olivine?" he said, as they entered the pleasant drawing-room, with its wonderful ceiling, and gilt and painted coats of arms which had struck Mr. Sondes' fancy more than anything else about the house—"I want to speak to you particularly."

"What is the matter—is anything wrong?" she asked, moving towards the bell-ropes; there came a sudden cloud across the sky at the moment, the sun went in, and it seemed to Olivine at the same time that the gladness faded out of her heart. "Is anything wrong?"

"No," he answered; "only I want you to do me a favour."

"Is it money, then?" she said; and she bade the children run away to meet their nurse, while she herself recrossed the room, and, taking a chair near her husband, waited to hear what he needed.

"A mere trifle," he told her. "She could get Forbes to sell out for a short time. She should have the whole amount back in three months at latest, and it would be the greatest comfort to him possible—prevent his having to make any sacrifice to raise the required sum." And so he ran on, rapidly and kindly enough, while she listened like one in a dream, with one thought beating into her brain, till she felt almost mad: "He would not have come had he not needed this money. He would not have come." And when he ended—when he paused for her to answer, out of her very disappointment there came the cry, "Oh! I wish I had never had a penny in the world, then I might have been married for myself, and not for my fortune."

"And who dare say I married you for your fortune?" demanded Lawrence.

"I do," she returned; "I say you never loved me. I say you like the very ground another woman walks on. I say you have been repenting your marriage to me every day since she was left a widow, and that I would rather you went and lived with her altogether than only come to me when you want something—than only speak kind words to me when you have an object to serve."

"Have I not warned you, Olivine, that I do not choose Mrs. Gainswoode's name to be mentioned between us?" he asked, sternly.

"Yes, but I shall mention it if I choose, and I shall say what I please concerning her. She has taken you from me; whatever poor measure of love you once gave me she has stolen away. If she had let you alone I think you might have loved me—I think you might."

"You are a reasonable woman," remarked her husband; "and you evince at times a charming temper. This storm is apparently about nothing except the few thousands of which I stand in need—a trumpery sum that, if I were to go and ask Mrs. Gainswoode to advance me, she would sell her jewels rather than refuse."

"Then you had better go and ask her," retorted Olivine; "for you know it is not in my power to give or to withhold. If you think Mrs. Gainswoode so much more liberal than your own wife, why do you come to me at all? why do you not stay with her entirely?"

"Do you know what you are saying, Olivine?" he inquired; "do you not know that,

let our married life have been as miserable as it may, I have at any rate remained faithful to you."

"Then you might as well not have been faithful," Olivine answered.

"That is what I have often thought myself," he replied, and he left the room and the house, and went straight back to London.

It was some time before Olivine could realise to herself that he was actually gone; but when she had searched the house and the grounds, and heard moreover from one of the men that he had met Mr. Barbour half-way on his road to Grays, a terrible repentance came over her, and she sent a special messenger off to town with two notes, one for Percy Forbes, praying him to come to her—another to Lawrence, saying she was sorry, and begging him to return.

When the messenger returned, he said both Mr. Forbes and Mr. Barbour were out, but that he had left the notes.

Next day Mr. Forbes appeared at Gerrard's Hall, listened to all Olivine had to say, and then remarked he was willing to do what he could, but that he thought all their endeavours would be useless, as he understood Lawrence had gone to Paris to seek the assistance of some great capitalist with whom he was connected.

In the middle of their conversation Mrs. Perkins was announced; she came in weeping, and called Olivine a "poor dear" and an "innocent lamb." She kissed her very vehemently, and then sat down and sighed. Utterly regardless of Mr. Forbes' presence, and of the signs that gentleman was making to her, she said she had come out straight away because she thought it would be a comfort to Mrs. Barbour's poor 'art to have somebody she could speak to.

"And I can assure you, my dear, we all feels for you," went on this Job's comforter. "When 'Enery Reeves told Josiah about it, he went out of the yard like a man possessed."

"Will you tell me what you are talking of, Mrs. Perkins?" asked Olivine. "Mr. Forbes, what is the matter—or has Mrs. Perkins gone mad?"

"No, my dear, I ain't mad, though I wish I was for your sake," Mrs. Perkins made answer, though Percy Forbes motioned her not to speak.

"And so you don't know, you poor lamb, with a couple of, so to say, fatherless children. My dear, your husband's off to France with Mrs. Gainswoode."

It is not true!" Olivine cried, rising, as though she could refute the slander better standing.

"Well, if it ain't, then all I can say is

'Enery Reeves saw them going off by the Dover and Calais express first-class with his own two eyes."

"And with all my heart and soul, then, I wish he had been born blind," exclaimed Percy, as he caught Olivine in his arms. "She has fainted," he added.

"Poor dear, she'll have to come out of that and know the worst," moralised Mrs. Perkins: and Mrs. Perkins' prophecy came true. Olivine had to come back to life and face the long, lonely, hopeless months, during which she heard nothing of Lawrence—during which she lived in desolate state in the home her uncle's wealth had provided for her.

(To be continued.)

POOR CHRISTINE.

A Sketch.

"I REMEMBER it fifty years ago, Fred," an old man said to his boy companion, as they both stood looking up through the June sunshine at the great front of the Cathedral of Rouen. "Yes, fifty years ago I stood before it as we are standing now, and I think the very same birds were building their nests then up over the porch there. Look how they fly in and out! How many generations of them have lived there, do you think, my boy?"

They stood in the open square, with their backs to the *cafés* and the gay shops, the sunlight falling tenderly on the great grey sculptured walls before them, lighting up shaft and capital and niche with all their "kingly crowning," with all their wondrous workmanship of living form and clustered pinnacle.

"Fifty years ago," he said again, softly. "Poor Christine!"

Fifty years ago Frank Liston had spent a summer holiday in Rouen; he was about nineteen then, a high-minded, enthusiastic youth. His father was dead, and he was educating himself to be an artist, and was looking forward with all the eagerness of a generous nature to the time when he should be able to remove his mother, who was poor now, above all want. Young as he was, he had worked so hard already, that he had more than once earned something for her, and with a flushing cheek had poured his golden guineas into her lap; and she, by hard pinching, had saved some of these guineas, and this summer, because in striving after such early wages he had begun to outrun his strength, she made him take a few of them again, and sent him across the Channel to visit (what in his heart she knew he longed to see) some one or two of the old picturesque French towns.

It was bright June weather when he reached the first of them at which he meant to halt, Rouen, and saw from far away the dark old city, towards which for years his artist's heart had tended, stretched out amidst the windings of the Seine. He had been laughed at by one or two before he started on his journey, and had been told that this old Rouen was nothing but a miserable town of grimy, tottering houses and blackened churches, but the youth had gaily returned laugh for laugh. He knew well what he had crossed the sea to seek, and he knew that he should not fail to find it. Nor did he. He found it, even in the midst of those decaying houses and those mouldering churches, he found it in narrow streets and in neglected corners; and wheresoever he discovered it, whether in open square or hidden alley, he hailed it as men hail the sight of long sought, long unseen friends' faces. He had brought his sketching board and all his materials for drawing with him, and holiday though it was, he meant to work throughout it; but the novelty and the loveliness of everything about him distracted him so at first, that a few days had passed before he could do anything but roam and gaze around him. He had been for three days in Rouen before at length he took his post one morning before the west front of the cathedral and began to draw. It was a mild, warm summer's day, and the square was very quiet. Only a few people passing in and out of the church, and occasionally a child or two attracted by curiosity to steal near and stare at him, disturbed him as he worked, and hour after hour passed happily over him. During hour after hour, too, there was one person besides himself who, having come to the square before him, remained till long after he had gone away—a girl selling rosaries and little images at the cathedral door. After he had been working for some time he noticed her. When his work was over, and he came forward before he turned homewards to enter for a few minutes into the church, he stopped when he came to where she sat in the cool shadow by the porch, and looking into her basket took up in his hand a little rosary of coral beads.

"How much?" he asked.

"A franc, monsieur," she said.

She smiled and thanked him as he gave the money to her, and he took his beads and passed on. He thought for a moment, "What a pleasant smile she has!" and then he thought no more of her till the next morning, when he came back to resume his work, and found her in her place again.

That day he took note of how picturesque the quaint old Normandy dress looked on her,

the great high cap so scrupulously starched and white, the short petticoat so bright in hue. A trim, neat figure too, rounded, and light, and firm; a young bright face, not beautiful, but pleasant as sunlight to look upon. He should like to make a sketch some morning of her, he thought, and that day when his work was done he went up to where she sat, and entered into talk with her. He had a frank, fearless, boyish habit of talking to every kind of person who came across him, man or woman, gentle or simple. For years already, ever since he had thought of becoming a painter, he had been accustomed to roam about the country, attaching himself sometimes in all simple faith to strange enough companions, falling into odd adventures, running occasionally some risks, and yet always, by some good guidance or instinct, escaping scatheless from all; bringing his fresh, honest, trusting nature, that, thinking no harm itself suspected no harm in others, undimmed and unsaddened out of every trial. He went up to the girl and asked—

"Do you come here with your basket every day?"

They had already exchanged a little nod of recognition.

"Yes, monsieur, every day," she answered.

"Well—and don't you get very tired of it?" he said.

"Tired of it!" she repeated, with a smile that showed two rows of even, snowy teeth. "Oh no, monsieur; I know everybody who passes here, and I amuse myself with watching for them. There are hundreds who come every day, winter and summer, as regular as the clock there. Then I see all the strangers," she exclaimed, in a tone of gentle exultation; "there is not a creature ever comes to Rouen, they say, but he comes here."

"Well, if you look out for strangers you will soon see plenty of me," Frank said, good-humouredly; "for I shall be here every day, I daresay, for the next two or three weeks."

"I saw monsieur the first day he came," she answered, with a smile; "he came and stood looking up there," pointing with her finger to the church-front, "till I thought he was counting all the figures on it."

He gave a laugh, and then coloured a little; young as he was, he blushed for a moment at the thought that when he did not know it a woman had been watching him.

"Well, I was not counting the figures exactly," he said; "but do you know what I have been doing these last two days? I have been drawing the church—making a picture of it. I am a painter," he said, with youthful dignity.

"Ah! so?" And the bright brown eyes

looked up into his face, not awe-struck, but a little curious and wondering.

"I will show you my picture presently, when I have got on a little further with it, and then you shall tell me if you think I have made it like. Now when you sit here all day, hour after hour," he said, inquiringly, "do you ever think much about the church?"

"Monsieur!" she said, and the brown eyes opened wider.

"I mean, do you look at it much and try to find out what the figures on it mean? Do you ever think about the people who built it?"

She looked at him with a half pitying smile, and said,

"Monsieur, the church is very old; they are all dead."

"All dead! I should think they were," he answered, quickly. "But what is to prevent you from thinking of them, though they are dead? You know they were alive once. Now one of them must have cut these little twisted shafts here once; have you never wondered who he was, or what became of him?"

She shook her head placidly.

"What would be the use? I could not find out," she said.

"No, you could not find out; but you might try to fancy them all at work here, might you not? and how they came, just as you come, day after day, all these hundreds of years ago, and set up stone after stone, and carved figure after figure. Think how they must have watched their work and grown happy at the sight of it. Just think of them all here, with their hammers striking the stone, and the noise of every blow in the air, all of them talking in a language that would be almost like a strange tongue to us now. You know it all *was* so; why can't you think of it?"

"It may be easy for monsieur to think of the dead," she answered, simply, "but for me I do not find it easy, unless it may be of the blessed saints," and she crossed herself; "but then we know that they lived; while as for those others—" she said, and, slightly shrugging her shoulders, broke off her sentence with a dubious smile.

He had nearly burst into an answer about the saints that was more impetuous than reverent; but happily he checked himself in time, and instead of speaking stood looking for a minute in silence up over the great dark, glorious church-front, and wondering at what she had said. Out from the grey solemn stones there seemed a thousand voices that spoke to him: how could it be, he thought, that this girl had passed her life under the shelter of its shadow, and yet that to her every stone of it was dumb.

"Then you don't care for it?" he said abruptly, at last, turning to her again.

"Nay, monsieur is mistaken," she answered, gently. "See, it is like home to me here; when it is hot summer I sit here in the cool shade; when winter comes I shelter myself there within the porch. It is like a good friend to me; other things change, but it never changes. When I am glad I go in and kneel down and thank the blessed Virgin, and when I am sad I go there too, and say my prayers. No, monsieur is wrong; I care for it."

She raised her face with a sudden smile as she paused, and, eager to believe that all the world cared for what he loved, eager for a universal sympathy with his own enthusiasm, he looked with pleased contentment into the girl's clear honest eyes, and,—

"Well, I am glad you like it," he said, heartily. "I thought you could not have lived here so many years, and have cared nothing for it. You have lived in Rouen all your life, do you say? how long a time is that?"

"I am twenty," she said.

"Are you? Why you are older than I am, then! And what is your name?"

"Christine, monsieur," she answered.

Some one passing into the church had stopped beside her basket, and was beginning to look over its little stock of images and beads. She had to turn round to attend to him, and then before his purchase was made another customer came. Frank lingered and looked on for a few minutes; then he said, "good-by," and the boy and girl smiled to one another, and parted with a friendly nod.

He went home, and there was something pleasant to him in the thought which crossed him once or twice during the remainder of the day that in the morning he should see Christine again. Several times her face rose brightly up before him, with its contented, honest smile, and sent a kind of warmth into his heart; for, fair and dear to him as was this old Rouen, yet he moved as a stranger in it, and no other lips than those of hers had given either greeting or kindly word to him. And so, when he went to his post again next day, and she, who had been watching for him, at once when he appeared nodded and smiled to him across the square, instead of stationing himself in his accustomed place and beginning his work, as he had meant to do, he walked straight to her in a sudden impulse of gratitude for her cheery little token of welcome, and, like a thorough Englishman, put out his hand to her.

"You are the only creature that I know in Rouen!" he exclaimed, "except my landlady, and she is quite old. As I came along

just now, I was wondering whether you would be here before me."

"Ah, monsieur," she said, laughing, "I have been here for hours. Look there, it is ten o'clock. Do you think I begin my day so late as at ten o'clock?"

"Is it really ten? Then I must be quick and begin my work, too. By the way, I wonder—oh, may I call you Christine?" he asked, abruptly.

"Certainly, monsieur; it is my name."

"Thank you. Well, I was going to say, I wonder, Christine, if you would let me make a sketch of you?"

"Of me?" and the girl blushed with sudden half-shy pleasure.

"I think I could do it, if you wouldn't mind sitting to me. I don't catch likenesses always very well, but I think I should succeed with yours. May I try?"

"But monsieur could find so many prettier girls——"

"Oh, I don't want prettier girls; I would rather have you," he interrupted her bluntly.

"You will let me do it, then, won't you? When may I begin? If I were to come early to-morrow—say at eight o'clock—would you be here then? Would that suit you?"

"Any hour that suited monsieur."

"Very well, then; eight o'clock to-morrow morning. And now I must go to my picture." He turned half away, and then looked suddenly back. "Have you a father and mother, Christine?" he said.

"No father, monsieur, but I have a good mother. She makes up all my rosaries for me. I buy the beads and take them to her, and she strings them—so. She makes these crosses, too. She is very feeble, but she does all that for me."

"And then you come and sell them, Christine?" he said, quickly. "Do you know, I have a mother, too, and I work for her. We are not very rich, and I make drawings and sell them."

"God bless you, then, monsieur," she answered, fervently; "you will never be sorry for doing that."

He was touched by her genuine tone of sympathy.

"No, I know I shall not. I would rather help her than do anything else in the world," he said, and the colour rose up to his cheek.

She smiled, looking in his face as he spoke. After a moment's silence she said simply, and earnestly,—

"It is sometimes hard to me to earn a living, harder than I hope it will ever be to you, monsieur; but I would rather be just a poor girl as I am, and have my mother with me, than be the greatest lady in Rouen with-

out her." And then she glanced up with a sunny look that cleared away the tears which had risen for a moment to her eyes, and—"But even me,—the world does not treat me very badly," she said, cheerfully. "It is only a little hard to me now and then, and when it is, I go in there and pray to the dear Virgin, and before long the sunshine comes back again. It never stays long away. There are many good people in the world, monsieur, to keep the poor from starving."

She had a sweet voice, lower and softer than Frenchwomen's voices often are. The face, too, had sweetness in it. He saw that now, though he had only noticed its bright, pleasant honesty before.

"But I am keeping you from your picture," she said smilingly, after a moment's silence.

That was true; so with a few more words he turned away, and stationing himself in his place began to work. It was a calm grey summer day, windless and sunless, yet with a softened brightness in it that shone through the thin clouds. He sat and worked, and, as his sketch went on and bit by bit he seized and made a possession for himself of the loveliness before him, in the very joy and boyish lightness of his heart he could have sung aloud. He had worked so well yet upon no other day; he had been so happy upon no other; all life seemed full of gladness to him, and his life especially, his glorious painter's life, so great and noble. He had no genius probably, this boy Frank Liston; but his cheek could burn and his heart could beat with the love of all noble things. He never made the world ring with his name, but in his bright youth there were days—and this was one of them—when it almost seemed as if the power was given him to cut his way through the diamond gates.

He worked till it was growing late. All day, amongst the many things that had made him happy, one thing had been the presence of Christine. A bond of sympathy had sprung up between him and the simple, untaught, poor French girl,—real human sympathy, such as made even the sight of her across the square a thing that kept his young heart warm. He liked to look up now and then and catch her smile; it was as good as sunlight to him. The old stones had their voices for him and tales to tell him, noble and sweet and sad, but while he listened to them it was good also to lift his eyes up sometimes and look upon a friendly, living face. He knew it was: he knew as he sat at work that his day had been the brighter for Christine.

Nor was it the last, by many a one, that she helped to brighten for him. From this time forward she became his one friend and



"POOR CHRISTINE."—BY EDWARD HUGHES. [See p. 249.]

one companion in Rouen; and no gentler friendship, no more honest and pure companionship ever existed than that between these two stray wanderers—the girl, whose portion in this world was the selling of her beads at the church porch, and the boy, whose beckoning beacon light was burning on the high hill.

He made his sketch of her. It was a feeble little sketch, yet like enough to her, and true enough to fill them both with pleasure and pride. She sat to him morning after morning till he had finished it. He drew her just as she was, in her common dress, with her basket by her side, and the grey sculptured wall beside her, and he made her talk to him all the time he worked. She had tried to begin at first by sitting stiff and prim, with her eyes immovable and her lips closed, but he had soon laughed her out of that.

"I shall never make anything of you unless you begin to talk," he told her.

"But how can monsieur draw my mouth if I talk?" she asked.

"Oh, never mind that; I'll tell you when I come to your mouth," he said, and by degrees he got her to talk, and presently she talked so cheerily and heartily—for by nature she was no lover of silence, but could chatter and chirp like any bird—that she often altogether forgot that she was sitting for her picture, which was exactly what he wanted her to do.

And so at last the little sketch was finished, and they looked at it, holding it between them, with proud, bright, happy eyes.

"Ah, if my mother could see it!" she said, with a sigh of simple delight.

"Well, why shouldn't she see it?" he asked. "Let us take it to her together, Christine."

"Would monsieur wish it?" she said, half-timidly.

"I should like to see your mother, and she would like to see this, I am sure; and then—" he paused and looked at the little picture tenderly: "Well, you see, I don't think I could exactly give it to her, Christine," he said, "because I want so much to keep it myself, but I will tell you what I will do if she likes it, I will make a copy of it for her."

"Oh, monsieur is too good!" But the colour flushed up into her face with pleasure.

"I shall like to make a copy, and you know it would be unfair not to give you one; so that's settled. And now will you take me home with you to see your mother?"

They had, before this, had more than one walk together. She knew the old town well, and on several evenings, after the cathedral doors were closed, they had rambled side by side for a little while about the streets, search-

ing out the old houses that he loved, or had lingered, young and hopeful as they were, to look in at bright shop windows. But he never yet had gone home with her. She had talked about her mother to him often, but with intuitive delicacy she had never even hinted at a wish that he should go and see her in the poor home where they lived.

Yet she had no false shame, and when they set out on their walk together this evening she merely said to him once, simply and quietly, "It is but a poor place, monsieur," and then without further apology she took him to it.

It was an upper room in a small house in a very old street. The stairs that led up to it were so dark that as they ascended she had to take him by the hand to guide him up; but the room itself was bright enough when they entered it, for its two high windows looked to the sunset. A clean and pure room, too, bare enough of furniture, but with sweet fresh air entering it through the open panes, and a scent of flowers coming in from pots of mignonette upon the sill. A small, shrunk, sickly-looking woman was sitting in an old arm-chair close to the light, and Christine went softly to her side and kissed her.

"*Ma mère*, this is monsieur, who has come to see you," she said, quickly.

And then he came forward and took the thin hand into his. It was a delicate, white, worn face, "Not like Christine's," he thought—until she spoke, and he suddenly caught upon her lips what was like the dying shadow of Christine's smile.

Long afterwards, when many years had passed, Frank Liston sometimes tried to recall and bring to life again the hours that he subsequently passed within this room. How were they spent? What had he done? What had they talked of? What had been the charm that had made these three—so unlike in all outward circumstances as they were—draw to each other? He could never tell,—could never breathe life again into the dead ashes of those hours. Twenty years afterwards, could he have gone and spent hours each day with two poor untaught women—women who could not read or write, who neither knew nor dreamt of the height or depth of anything in this great world, whose universe was almost bounded by the four square walls of the mean habitation where they dwelt,—could he have passed hours each day with such as these, and found his heart grow knitted to them? He could not. But he did it once, in the old, dead days of his early faith and hope, when he saw a brother or a sister in every kind face he looked on, and when the pure high heart gazed forth on all the world through the light of its own transfiguring sunshine.

Day after day, and even week after week passed on, and he remained still in Rouen. He had meant when he left home to visit some three or four of the Norman or Bretagne towns; but he had let his heart get wedded to this one old city by the Seine, and he could not leave it till his holiday was ended. It called him to stay with voices that he could not resist; it spread its silent beauty out before him, discovering to him day by day some new unexpected loveliness; it gave him its old grey walls to study, the records of its grandeur and its decay; it gave him its old heart to disinter; and it gave him Christine. Perhaps *she* kept him more than all beside; perhaps the one human interest was deeper than all that could attach itself to sculptured stones; but he, at least, if it was so, was scarcely conscious of it. He did not seek to weigh the separate interests apart; he only knew that she was to him, that she remained to him through his whole life, one inseparable portion of Rouen, and of that summer's holiday.

It was a perfect holiday, even although each day till almost sunset he worked away bravely at those sketches of his—those sketches which were half right, because the feeling in him for everything around him was so deep and so true, and yet which in their execution were nearly always so immature and feeble, except when here and there some momentary inspiration gave to the hand a sudden strength. It would have been no holiday to him at all if he had been compelled to lay his pencil down. Such work as he did here was his best refreshment, his dearest rest. With never-ending delight he drew all day; and every evening he passed with Christine.

Sometimes they spent the whole of those evenings up in the poor garret in the narrow street; but more often she would carry her basket and her earnings home, and then they would wander far out of the town together, southwards across the river, or out to the open country, north and west, or eastward, away upon the hills. They would sit in woods and fields, playing sometimes like children, gathering flowers and filling the hollows of their hands with water from the hill stream. She could sing prettily, and she would teach her merry French songs to him, singing them again and again, till he learnt both air and words. And then he would talk to her. He was full of dreams and hopes about his life, and of love for a hundred things, living and dead, that she had never heard of, and of enthusiasm and reverence and faith; and of all these he talked to her: he would spend hours so, pouring out his boyish heart; how half of all he said to her must, in her ignorance, be like a dead language to her—he forgot that;

she listened and sympathised with him, and that was all he asked.

They spent six weeks so. At the end of that time they parted. The last hours that they spent with one another were on a bright, soft Sunday evening. They took their last walk eastward by the river, and then up on the rising ground to the summit of Mount St. Catherine, and there sat down on the hill-top, with the fair city lying at their feet.

"Oh, Christine, I shall never see it all again, perhaps!" he said, when he had sat gazing at it for a long time.

They had come here together and had spent other evenings so before now; the hill, the town, the river, the dark cathedral towers against the summer sky, had all become familiar to the boy's eyes that were to see them now no more.

"Perhaps you will come here again next Sunday, when I shall be hundreds of miles away, Christine," he said. "I wonder if all this will seem like a dream then?"

"It will not seem like a dream to *me*," she answered, softly. "You will have other things to do; you will be at home then with the people that you love about you; but I shall have nothing to do, monsieur, but to sit still and think of all this time."

She always called him "*Monsieur*," even still. He had asked her long ago to call him by his name, but she had never done it.

"I have never been so happy in all my life," he said presently; he had thrown himself down on the grass, and laid his head upon her knees; he was looking at the old town, not at her. "If I lived for a hundred years I never should forget these weeks. If ever I have a holiday again, shall I come back, Christine?"

"I should be glad if you came back," she said.

She was bending down a little, not touching him as he lay, but only looking at him with the lashes low over her eyes.

"If I came back next summer—I don't think I could, but supposing that I did—should we have all our old walks over again? Do you know, Christine, they say we never enjoy the same thing twice in the same way. But I don't believe that. If I were to come back again next year, why should we not be just the same again as we are now?"

"Perhaps we change when we do not know it," she said.

"We need never change in some things," he answered, hastily. "I don't know whether you mean to forget *me*, Christine; but I shall remember *you* to the last hour I live."

"Monsieur, I shall not forget you," she answered, softly, after a moment's silence. "What shall I have to do when you are gone,

but to remember? When I come here can I forget how we walked and sat together? When I go home to my mother can I forget how your coming used to make her face bright? It is not those who remain behind that forget. I do not think you will forget us when you go away; perhaps you will think of us often; but you will think of us—you said it truly—as if we were parts of a dream; while *we*—” with a passionate gesture that he did not see, she clasped her hands, and uttered her last words with a broken sob; “monsieur, when we lose you, we lose our daily bread!”

He turned his face round, and looked up, and saw her cheeks wet with sudden tears. Then, at that sight, half-awed and wholly touched, the youth reached up his hand and clasped her's in it, and drew her arm down round his neck.

“Christine, I owe you more than I have given you, a thousand times,” he cried. And holding her hand still, he raised it to his lips, and reverently and almost passionately kissed it.

His last night in old Rouen! Long after he had parted from Christine he was still wandering about the dark old streets, all lying quiet under the solemn summer sky, and going from church to church that he had loved, to take his last farewell of every noble front and kingly porch. And long after even that final walk was ended, he stood at his own window, leaning on his balcony, and looking down upon the river that flowed silently beneath the stars; dreaming some dreams, the memory of which—all coloured by the glorious illusions of his youth—remained with him through after-years, till both boyhood and youth had fled.

He went away very early in the morning. The diligence in which he was to leave began its journey at six o'clock, and by a quarter to six Christine and he were standing together in the courtyard whence it was to start. They stood apart from the other passengers, away from the confusion and the jostling of the people, very quiet, hand in hand.

They were together for about ten minutes, but there was something during those minutes in the throats of both of them that almost choked their words.

“Christine, I will come back again,” he said to her, two or three times.

Once he looked in her face and said, “Don't forget me!” And the poor girl's lips quivered as he spoke, with a look that he never afterwards forgot.

He stood clasping her hand in his until he heard his name called, and the summons given him to take his place. Then he turned round and looked into her face, and said, half-audibly,

“Christine!”

“Monsieur!” she answered, with a wild, sudden sob.

She threw her arms about his neck. By one passionate impulse they kissed each other; and with that first and last embrace they parted, and never met more.

The old man had told this story, standing in the shadow of the church.

“And did you never see her again, grandfather?”

“Never, my boy. It was a dozen years before I came here again, and she was gone then; I could never discover when or where; she might have been somewhere in the town, but I could not find her. The traces that the poor leave behind them soon pass away.”

“But she may be alive and here, yet; she may be here now.”

“Ay, Fred, she may. She may be in here, not fifty feet away from us, telling her beads at this moment amongst the old women kneeling on the floor. But if I knew that she was, do you think I would go in and try to find her?” He shook his head, and smiled, half-sadly. “We cannot put life into dead bones, Fred,” he said, “nor throw a bridge across from youth to age. If I found her now, do you think we should rush into each other's arms? Nay, my lad, the girl and boy we have been talking of died and were buried fifty years ago.”

He stood and leaned upon his stick, looking up again to where the swallows were flying in and out above the porch, till presently there came a sound of music towards them through the door.

“We are losing the mass, my boy; let us go in.”

And so they went in, and listened to the gorgeous music that was rolling and swelling along transept and aisle.

GEORGIANA M. CRAIK.

MUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF “ONCE A WEEK.”

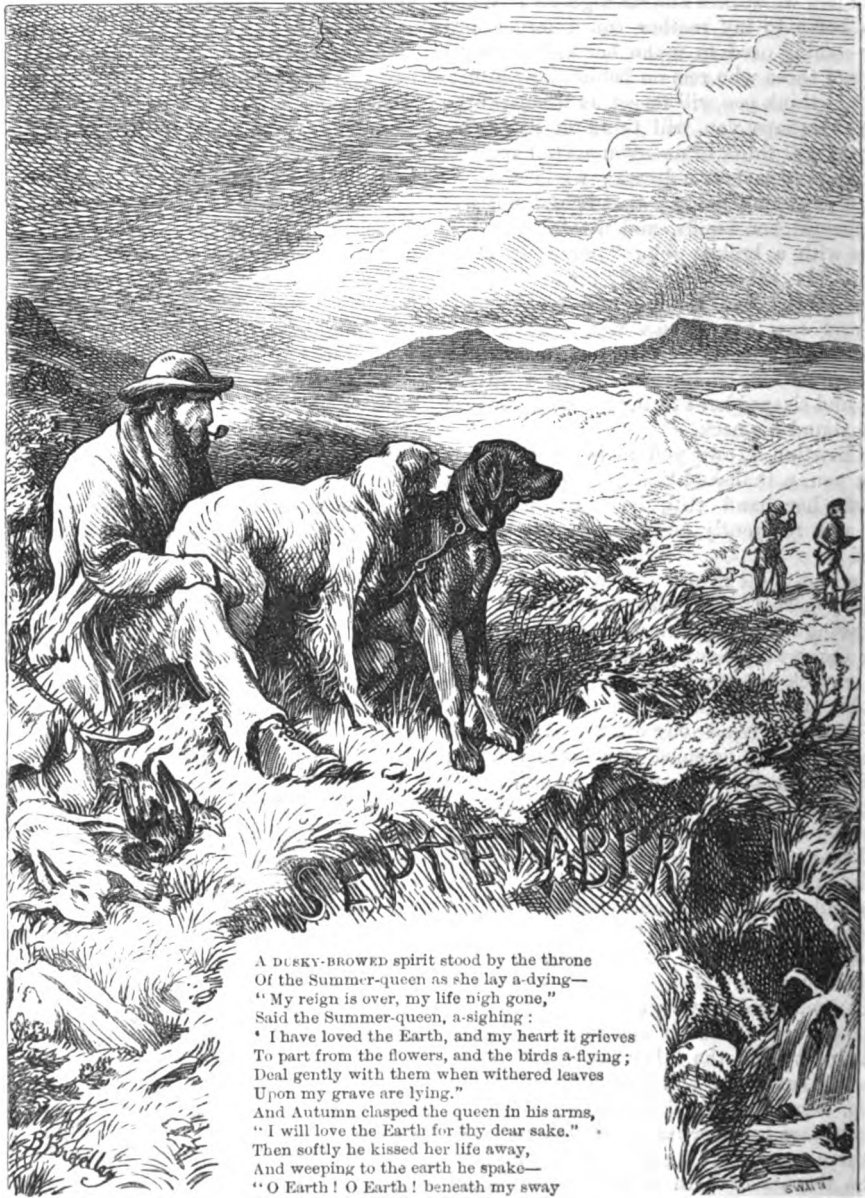
SIR,—In reference to the article on the “Lost Liquor,” once known as “Mum,” which appeared in “ONCE A WEEK” for Dec. 16, 1865,* and the receipt for which is given by Mr. Watkins in that for March 31, 1866,† I beg to inform you that there is a strong beer brewed at the present day in Brunswick, which is called “Mumme.” I have tasted it myself, and it is far from bad, though not equal to the English Allsopp and Bass, or to the Chiswick ale of Messrs. Fuller, Smith and Turner, of which Mr. Walford spoke so highly in a recent number.‡ I am, sir, your faithful servant,

A GERMAN.

* See Old Series, Vol. XIII. p. 727.

† See New Series, Vol. I. p. 364.

‡ See New Series, Vol. I. p. 108.



A DUSKY-BROWED spirit stood by the throne
Of the Summer-queen as she lay a-dying—
"My reign is over, my life nigh gone,"
Said the Summer-queen, a-sighing :
"I have loved the Earth, and my heart it grieves
To part from the flowers, and the birds a-flying ;
Deal gently with them when withered leaves
Upon my grave are lying."
And Autumn clasped the queen in his arms,
"I will love the Earth for thy dear sake."
Then softly he kissed her life away,
And weeping to the earth he spake—
"O Earth ! O Earth ! beneath my way
Thou shalt renew thy fading charms."

He waved his wand, the glowing skies
Sent down to Earth each rainbow hue,
The heather bloomed more deeply blue,
The forest shone with gorgeous dyes,
All crimson-streaked and barred with gold.
The ash with ruby drops a blaze,
The blackberry's dark jewelled boss,
The thousand-tinted gleaming moss,
Bathed in the red sun's rays.
Quoth Autumn, gazing o'er wood and wold,
"Thou art loved, O Earth ! as thou wert of old."
"Mongst the heather and 'mongst the fern
Timid hare and partridge are hiding,

Gaily the sportsman shoulders his gun,
Off to the wood or the moorland striding.
Curly setter, and pointer sleek,
Eager for sport, at his call upspringing.
Joyfully to their master's feet
Are grouse and partridge bringing.
Little heedeth that master, he,
That the Autumn-prince is reigning.
And yet he gives him a meed of praise,
As he revels in Autumn's glorious
days,
Till the Autumn sun is waning.

JULIA GODDARD.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "A PRODIGAL SON," "SIR FELIX FOY, BART.," &c., &c.



CHAPTER IV. "IN VINO VERITAS."

MISS HOBSON, from the heights of propriety and civilisation looking down upon men generally as "outer barbarians," addicted to disorderly views on most subjects, and as to religious matters, very thinly partitioned from

a distressing paganism,—Miss Hobson, possessed with these views, deemed that there was cause for self-congratulation when very slight concessions were made by the other sex on her account. She had long since, as it were, written off man as a thoroughly bad debt,

and considered that she had reason to be both satisfied and surprised when she found him tendering a small payment on account of the large sums owing to herself and society in the way of decorous demeanour. She had been thoroughly prepared for her nephew Frank Hobson,—in his carrying into action the corruptness and indelicacy natural, as she held, to male methods of thinking—posing himself at Beachville as a Sabbath-breaker and excursionist: markedly avoiding attendance at church.

Among many other malefactions and shortcomings in this respect, however, she had been agreeably disappointed. Frank Hobson had appeared at morning service at St. Jude's. Miss Hobson regarded his conduct in such wise as a compliment to herself, and was proportionately grateful. But her views upon the worthlessness and culpability of man's nature were in no way changed or displaced. His good deeds were, in her eyes, matters of accident and eccentricity—by no means part of a system; upon their recurrence it was not possible for any one to rely; whereas his evil doings were regular and concentric, and constituted the economy of his existence. She was not therefore disposed to overrate the importance of Mr. Hobson's attendance at St. Jude's; was, indeed, careful to demonstrate that she did not desire to regard that single act of duty at all in the light of a precedent, or as justifying expectation that a new career of exemplary conduct was thereby instituted. It was gratifying for the moment, and there was an end of it. It was not to be considered as hopeful or promising for the future. Men only behaved well fitfully, and invariably backslided. Frank Hobson had attended divine service in the morning; but Miss Hobson did not view that as a reason for expecting that he would go to St. Jude's again in the evening; but rather the contrary. She did not even permit herself to count upon his attendance in the morning at St. Jude's in the event of his paying any future visits to Beachville. "There's no knowing for certain what men will do," Miss Hobson argued; "but it's pretty safe to rely upon their doing whatever's most improper and outrageous."

"If you want any more wine, Frank, you know you've only to ring for it," said Miss Hobson, as she rose from the dinner-table. "Mogford will bring you what you want; and when you're tired of sitting here you'll find me upstairs in the drawing-room. I'm seldom equal to going to church in the evening." This was of course said upon the assumption that her nephew would not go again to St. Jude's. Then, lest she might be considered to have proceeded too completely upon

that assumption, Miss Hobson added, "The girls generally attend evening service. There is seldom any difficulty about obtaining seats at St. Jude's in the evening, if you like to accompany them."

Miss Hobson, her prejudices against mankind apart, was disposed to be equitable and just in her dealings. She would not have it said that, by taking too much for granted the heathenism of her nephew in common with the rest of his sex, she had thereby hindered or nipped in the bud any inclinations towards a right line of conduct he might have otherwise developed.

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Hobson, simply; and Miss Hobson understood without surprise or sorrow—because the event chimed in so completely with her own anticipations in that respect—that her nephew did not purpose to accompany his cousin and Miss Brown to evening service at St. Jude's.

"Mr. Barlow generally preaches in the evening," observed Miss Milner. The ladies lingered a little at the door before finally withdrawing from the dining-room.

"Oh, indeed!" remarked Mr. Hobson. "I must really go some evening and hear Barlow." It was spoken without any very vivid interest in, or deep respect for, the clergyman in question, and it manifested that even the probability of Mr. Barlow preaching was not sufficient attraction to draw Mr. Hobson to St. Jude's that evening.

Matilda Milner turned to Miss Brown and said, somewhat tartly,

"I hope, dear, *you* are not too tired with your walk to Puffin Head to go to church this evening."

Sophy Brown responded meekly that she was not too tired, and that she intended to go to church.

"Only don't go on *my* account, that's all, dear," urged Miss Milner; "I can go very well by myself."

"Sophy always goes to church on Sunday evenings," said Miss Hobson, bringing the discussion to a close. Then she repeated, "I shall be in the drawing-room, Frank, whenever you are tired of sitting by yourself," and the ladies quitted the room. Mr. Hobson was left alone with the decanters.

He filled his glass. "Rather brutal of me letting those girls go by themselves," he meditated. "But I really cannot undertake to listen to Barlow this evening. I require to go into training for it. I must have a month at Beachville and plenty of sea-bathing and exercise before I can get my nervous system sufficiently braced up to enable me to sit still under a sermon from 'betting Barlow.' I'm afraid I've offended Matilda; she did not make

herself very pleasant at dinner; was inclined to come down rather heavy upon poor Miss Brown, who, I am sure, poor child, had done nothing to deserve her wrath. I suppose I ought not to have gone to Puffin Head, and I ought to have gone and sat under—*sat under* is the phrase, I think—'betting Barlow' this evening. But I'm not in a hurry to give Barlow a chance of sitting upon me; and it's no use Matilda expecting to have everything her own way either before marriage or after. She'll require a little breaking in, I can see; but she'll respect me all the more by-and-by for having an opinion of my own. Snubbing, in moderation, does women a world of good; they're so apt to get conceited; to set too high a value upon themselves; especially women with money. I'll drink Matilda's very good health. 'Pon my word, it's rather too bad my sitting here all by myself on a Sunday evening drinking Aunt Fanny's port—her best port, I dare say it is—I'll ask Mogford about that some day. It's by no means bad port; I wonder what she gave a dozen for it, and whether she's got much of it left. Now I'll drink Miss Brown's very good health, and then I don't think I'll have any more. I've a sort of guilty feeling about drinking port in this way; I feel almost as though I were a burglar who had broken into a cellar, or a dishonest butler. I wish some one were here to share it with me, even Barlow would be some one. How that old villain Tommy would enjoy it! He'd soon be ringing up Mogford for more. By-the-by, I wonder how near he's got to the Carpathian Mountains by this time. I've a great mind to drink his very good health. I will, too, in half a glass; no—a whole glass; I know if he were here he'd object strongly to having his health drunk in a half glass. There—now I've finished; I wonder whether I've taken more than a decent allowance. Does Aunt Fanny ever examine the state of the decanters? I shouldn't like her to be setting me down as a young man of intemperate habits. She doesn't think highly of me as it is; but *that* would be rather too awful. I suppose I mustn't go out and smoke a cigar upon parade. I'd give anything to be allowed to go out and smoke a cigar upon the parade. No; they'll say I might just as well have gone to church as do that. I must postpone my cigar. I'll put the stoppers in the decanters, and ring for Mogford to take away the things. Then I'll go and see what old Aunt Fanny's doing upstairs."

Miss Hobson was dozing a little in the drawing-room, reclining upon the sofa. She quickly resumed a sitting posture as her nephew entered the room. She had too strong a sense of self-respect to permit herself to be

seen by one of the opposite sex in what she would consider a position of disadvantage.

"Well, Frank," she said; "I think I've had a nap. I don't know how it is, but I always find myself rather sleepy on Sunday evenings. No, you didn't disturb me. I hardly expected that you'd so soon get tired of your own company; but I'm very glad to see you. Ring the bell, and Mogford will bring up the tea. The girls will soon be home now, I dare say."

Thereupon Miss Hobson roused herself and became communicative; praised Matilda Milner; pitied Sophy Brown; spoke of her own ill health: extolling the zeal and intelligence of her medical attendant, and enumerating the different medicines he had prescribed for her, the various articles of food he had bidden her not to touch on any account, the things she might do, and the things she might not do, at peril of her life. Then she congratulated her nephew upon his successes at the bar—Mr. Hobson winning a little, and hardly knowing how to deal with congratulations that seemed to be so little justified by the real state of the case. Miss Hobson concluded: "Though I must say, Frank, the things you said and did a little time back, to get that wicked wretch off for the murder of his wife—and there can be no doubt whatever that he *did* murder her—seemed to me to be dreadfully improper; though of course I know I've no right to set myself up for a judge in such a matter; and women ought to hold their tongues about what they don't understand."

Then Mr. Hobson for the first time perceived that there had been some misconception in his aunt's mind touching his position at the bar. It always seems somehow to be a barrister's doom to be mistaken by the lay public for some other barrister. Now there was a barrister practising for the most part at the Quarter Sessions and the Old Bailey, who on that account, and probably from his initials being C. C. Hobson, was very generally known to his fellows as "Central Criminal" Hobson; a powerful advocate, with a large *clientèle* among the culprit classes, persistent rather than scrupulous in his oratory, with a reputation in regard to his line of life, both professional and private, that was not altogether nice or unblemished. It was apparently the fate of Mr. Frank Hobson—an equity draughtsman of refined ingenuity and skilled in the subtleties of Chancery practice—to have his identity confused with that of his namesake, the tempestuous orator of the Old Bailey.

"To think that I should be mistaken for that tremendous ruffian!" he murmured; and he took pains to put the matter on a proper

footing before his aunt. It was not at all clear that she understood him. The feminine mind does not readily appreciate distinctions concerning courts of justice and law-officers—does not clearly comprehend the specialities of tribunals. Women generally have a confused notion that the Lord Chancellor occasionally deals with cases of petty larceny, and sends impudent cabmen to prison; that the Master of the Rolls sentences pickpockets, and punishes tradespeople who give short weight; and that if you desire to bring a civil action against anybody, the first thing to do is to send for a policeman. Miss Hobson was at a loss to perceive why a gentleman who practised in the equity courts should presume to speak contemptuously of the dispensation of justice at the Old Bailey. So far as Miss Hobson could perceive, the latter was by far the more important tribunal of the two. She was quite positive that she saw a great deal more about it in the newspapers. Besides, people in society occasionally conversed about the man or woman on trial in the criminal courts. She had no recollection of a case before the Chancellor having been of sufficient importance to become a topic of general discussion. She had noticed that a Mr. Hobson very frequently “appeared for the prisoner” at the Old Bailey, had read many of his speeches, and thought them clever and interesting, though not invariably, she felt bound to state, quite “right-minded.” And of course she decided in her own mind that *that* Mr. Hobson was *her* Mr. Hobson—her nephew Frank. Undeceived and enlightened in this respect, it must be admitted that she was also—somewhat disappointed.

“Then it seems you’re not at all celebrated, Frank,” she observed in conclusion.

“Well, no, aunt, not in that way. I don’t practise at the Old Bailey.”

“In what part of the paper then am I to look for mention of your name, Frank?”

“Well, in the reports of cases in the Courts of Chancery; and, of course, before the Privy Council and the House of Lords.” Mr. Hobson did not think it necessary to state that his appearances in the courts mentioned were not of incessant occurrence.

“But are you sure, Frank? I always thought that no one could speak in the House of Lords who wasn’t a peer.”

Mr. Hobson endeavoured to make his aunt understand the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords, as distinguished from its legislative functions.

“I’m afraid you’ll think me very stupid, Frank; but I was never very quick at understanding those kind of things. Dear me! And to think that you’re not the Mr. Hobson

who’s so often mentioned in the Times. Do you know I feel quite sorry about it. I suppose he makes a great deal of money, that Mr. Hobson?”

Yes. Mr. Hobson believed that the income of the other Mr. Hobson was very considerable.

“Then I’m sure, I wish you were he, Frank.” But Mr. Hobson did not echo his aunt’s wish. He was not a Pharisee in other respects. Yet in this he was Pharisaically inclined to thank Heaven that he was not as the other Mr. Hobson was; presuming, of course, that all the stories told about him were true.

Miss Milner and Miss Brown returned from church.

“You are rather late, are you not?” said Miss Hobson.

“We are, a little; we rather waited for Mr. Barlow,” explained Sophy Brown, simply.

“How can you say so, Sophy?” demanded Matilda Milner, somewhat indignantly; “Mr. Barlow overtook us, and insisted upon walking home with us. Of course, we did not wait for him.”

Miss Brown was silenced, and lowered her eyelids.

(“My private impression is,” Frank Hobson said to himself, “that they *did* wait for Mr. Barlow; or at least, Matilda did. Oh, these women! Oh, these curates!”)

“I hope you asked Mr. Barlow in to tea?” said Miss Hobson.

“You know he never will come in to tea on Sunday evening,” explained Matilda Milner.

“I hope you had a nice sermon. Mr. Barlow preached?”

“Yes, an excellent discourse.”

“Rather long,” Sophy Brown presumed to murmur.

“I can’t say I thought so. You were tired with your walk in the afternoon, I dare say, dear.” Miss Milner addressed Miss Brown with a sort of affectionate tartness. “I thought Mr. Barlow really eloquent. His subject was—more especially—Sabbath-breaking.”

(“Lucky I didn’t go,” Frank Hobson mused. “Barlow might have pointed me out as a frightful example. The moral teacher always likes to point to the frightful example.”)

“Matilda,” said Miss Hobson; “Frank’s been telling me that he is not the Mr. Hobson whose name appears so often in the paper. It seems it’s some other Mr. Hobson, who practises in some different court.”

Miss Matilda Milner said, “Oh, indeed!” to this lucid statement. It seemed that if she did not understand it altogether, it led her to the conclusion that her cousin was a loss

meritorious and distinguished person than she had been at one time inclined to imagine.

Frank Hobson soon after took leave of his aunt and the young ladies.

"I suppose you feel bound to return to town to-morrow, Frank," said Miss Hobson.

"Well, yes. Some time to-morrow I think I must be off. By an early train, most likely. So if I shouldn't see you again——"

"Well, good-bye; but, try and come down next Saturday again. We shall be delighted to see you."

"Delighted!" echoed Miss Milner. Miss Brown also said, "Delighted!" but with her eyes, not her lips. And Frank Hobson departed.

"Now for a cigar on the parade," he said, gleefully. "I feel like an escaped prisoner. I've been dying for a cigar all the evening. How women do bore one! What on earth made Matilda so stiff and artificial with me? I can't make it out at all. I'm afraid that villain Barlow's been prejudicing her mind against me. Her good-bye and shake of the hand gave me a chill all up my arm. Nice, neat little thing, that Sophy Brown."

It was not late; and upon the parade there still lingered a good many people. The townsfolk had joined the visitors, swelling the numbers of the promenaders, as was customary upon Sunday evenings at Beachville; a final walk on moonlight nights, after evening church and before supper and going to bed, being esteemed a proceeding not inconsistent with the severe Sabbatarianism that prevailed in the place. Indeed, there was considerable relaxing on Sunday nights, after the duties of the day had been satisfactorily accomplished; a sort of reaction occurred; people became light-hearted, almost merry, during their final stroll; the prattle of vivacious voices was heard above the throb and moan of the waves beating upon the beach; escaped from the silence and confined attitude of its pews, Beachville became loquacious and mercurial in movement upon its parade. Miss Beachville (of the Fancy Repository) paced blithely along, giggling somewhat as young Mr. Beachville (of the Library and News-room, the chemist's, or the haberdasher's), spoke to her jocosely, yet plainly, of his admiration. The love-passages between them were doubtless tender, yet were certainly somewhat noisily conducted. There were perils besetting the pathway to Miss Beachville's affections. She subjected her suitors to somewhat of an ordeal. Young Mr. Beachville, in the course of his wooing, was told many times to "be off!" and to "go along!" was called a "great stupid," and "a softy," and "a sammy"—whatever

possibly even scratched. Yet, persevering, he triumphed; being permitted to keep company; accepted on approval; eventually, of course, leading Miss Beachville, in tears and a new bonnet, to Beachville church, and making her his for ever.

"It's quite a lesson in love-making," quoth Mr. Hobson, meditating upon what he saw; "but, somehow, I'm afraid the system can hardly be applied to Matilda."

He entered the Royal. The only occupant of the coffee-room was a crimson-faced old gentleman, busily stirring a tumbler of brandy-and-water. The old gentleman's restless black beady eyes brightened upon Mr. Hobson's entrance; for the old gentleman was a hater of solitude, a lover of society; to talk loudly and longly, no matter with whom, was a joy to him; and soon he opened conversational fire. He was a holder of strong opinions, to which he gave free utterance; a man of vehement emotions, which he never troubled himself to curb. He seemed to live, as it were, upon the verge of vertigo, the threshold of apoplexy. As he talked, the veins in his forehead swelled, the crimson of his face grew more intense in hue, his voice, a rich snuffy bass, gained in volume and reverberated through the room. He was an old gentleman of an explosive and pyrotechnic organisation. He involved Mr. Hobson speedily in the meshes of a tumultuous discussion; he bombarded him, as it were, with red-hot arguments.

The barrister never shrinks from controversy; at least, the young barrister does not. He has a habit—and it is not a good habit—of regarding society as a hone upon which he may whet his argumentative abilities; he delights, upon all occasions, in knocking up a discussion for discussion's sake—as children build a house of cards, only to knock it down again. Mr. Hobson was amused by the old gentleman in the coffee-room; humoured him; conversed with him; and soon found himself up to the neck in the troubled depths of a political dispute. Mr. Hobson had in the first instance, as it were, put on the gloves for his own pleasure; soon he was compelled to avail himself of them for his own preservation. For the old gentleman was a hard hitter; he was not scientific in his warfare, but, as he struck about fiercely in all directions, he could hardly fail to land a blow upon his opponent now and then. He was of an old school of political disputants; an example rarely to be met with in these days of lukewarm difference of opinion and hybrid partisanship. He was fiercely combative; possessed with extreme views; and prepared, if need were, to die in defence of them. Ministers, for instance

were not simply persons with whom he did not agree; statesmen whose proceedings met with his disapproval. He proclaimed them boldly to be a "pack of scoundrels," and their conduct to be "steeped in infamy." He charged them with the most heinous malefactions, and gave credit and support to the most astounding accusations that could be brought against them. Many members of Parliament were, in his eyes, criminals who ought to be at once marched off to the most ignominious form of execution. *This* man had sold himself to Austria or Russia (as the case might be). The old gentleman was prepared to state the precise sum paid on the occasion. *That* man had betrayed his country to Prussia (or some other power). The old gentleman was acquainted intimately with the whole facts of the case. "I'd hang them all, sir, every man Jack of them!" cried the old gentleman, bringing down a sinewy, tawny, hairy fist, with a noisy bang upon the table; and then he sat for a moment, swaying to and fro, as though preparing himself for another burst of excitement, so soon as Mr. Hobson by further observation, should apply a light and explode him.

The old gentleman consumed much and strong mahogany-coloured brandy, with hot water and sugar. His arguments did not wax cooler or gentler as the alcohol permeated and possessed his organisation. Perhaps it was by way of keeping pace with him in warmth of system and argument, that Mr. Hobson also ordered and consumed much and strong mahogany-coloured brandy, with hot water and sugar, also. Their discussion lasted some time. Finally, the old gentleman rose, a little unsteadily, and with a closing declaration, a shot at parting, to the effect that we were governed by a gang of thieves, and that the country was going to the dogs, he lighted his chamber-candle and went to bed; leaving Mr. Hobson alone—feverish, not to say inebriated, and very wakeful.

"Amusing old fellow that," observed Mr. Hobson, not too respectfully, after his adversary in argument had departed. "If he can sleep after all that brown brandy, why, bless his old nerves, that's all I've got to say! I feel quite on fire with it. I don't believe there ever was such brandy. A nice, sleepless night I shall have after it. I must really go out and have another cigar on the parade—a soother and a cooler—or life will be a burthen to me."

The parade was now deserted; a fresh breeze from the sea made the gas-lamps flicker, and sprinkled the spray hither and thither. Mr. Hobson felt a pleasant saline moisture upon his face and whiskers. All was very quiet,

save the ceaselessly murmuring sea. Mr. Hobson paced the parade; his cigar apt to blaze too fiercely and emit sparks as he breasted the wind. Beachville had retired for the night. Here and there a dim light was to be seen burning in an upper chamber; but, one by one, the windows closed their eyes, as it were, and Beachville went to sleep.

Mr. Hobson approached the angle of Belle Vue Lawn and glanced for a moment at his aunt's house. All was darkness. "They've been in bed for hours and hours, at old Aunt Fanny's," he observed. "It's time I was back at the Royal, or I shall get locked out."

Just then he saw the light of a cigar a little way in front of him. He wasn't sure that it wasn't the light of two cigars. He advanced towards it.

"Who's on the other side of that cigar, I wonder?" He stood under a lamp-post and let the other smoker pass him.

"By Jingo!" he cried, "who'd have thought it! Why, it's Barlow!" and he laughed noisily and immoderately.

(To be continued.)

DONCASTER, TOWN AND MOOR.

THE Yorkshire "Don" is so called, says Camden, because "'tis carried in a low deep channel, for that is the signification of the British word Don." Ebenezer Elliott adopted this view when he wrote—

And when the sun, o'er purple moorlands wide,
Gilda Wharnccliffe's oaks, whilst Don is dark below.

Better etymologists have arisen since Camden. Dan, in the language of the Ossites and Caucasian tribes, means water; and in a country so remote as New Guinea, Don has the same meaning. The Don and the Avon show that the Cimmerian colonists of England had not forgotten their native Dan-au, whilst in France they have perpetuated the ultimate syllable of the river's name in the term they applied to water generally, *eau*.

This Don winds round a peninsula about a mile across, sloping gently from east to west. On the southern side there was once a morass, called Potteric Carr, drained in 1766, containing about 4000 acres, and extending four miles in length and nearly three in breadth. In the centre of this Carr, before draining, was a celebrated decoy for wild fowl; and so boggy was the soil that horses were engulfed in it whilst attempting to drink at the pools which it contained.

The security which this Carr afforded against a hostile attack on that side, whilst the river protected the peninsula by a semicircular bend on the other, was no doubt the reason why the Romans pitched their castra there. When

the rebellion broke out in the year 1536 under Askew, whose banner bore the emblem of the five wounds of our Saviour, the Duke of Norfolk held Doncaster for King Henry the Eighth with only 5000 men. The insurgents advanced against him, in numbers 30,000. Had it not been that the Don overflowed its banks, matters would have gone hard with the leader of the Royal troops.

It was thus that the town built on this peninsula got its name, as being "the camp on the Don"—

My Don,

Which, proud of her recourse, towards Doncaster doth drive,

Her great and chiefest town, the name that doth derive

From Don's near-bordering banks.

It is the Danum of Antoninus and the Caer Daun of Nennius. In the charter granted to the inhabitants by Richard I., it is called Danecastre, but that name has no reference to the celebrated defeat of the Danish invaders in the neighbourhood in the year 833. The town was undoubtedly founded by the Romans, and was a main post on the road they made from York to Lincoln. But one Roman antiquity has been found in it, and that was an altar to the Dææ Matres. This, however, is a rare curiosity, for there have been only two other altars similar to it ever found, and they were discovered in Durham and Lancashire.

King Henry VII., in the twentieth year of his reign, gave to the corporation of Doncaster certain royal property situate in the neighbourhood, to be held and enjoyed by the burgesses as freely as the king then held it. Amongst other property, Doncaster Mills passed under the grant. The difference between the prices now quoted at Mark Lane and those charged by the nearest miller, shows that, even in these degenerate days of unlimited opposition, the miller's thumb has not lost its cunning. In mediæval times a town mill, with the right of multure over all the corn consumed by the inhabitants, and the banalité, or sole right of baking their bread, afforded unlimited opportunities for plunder. The profits of Doncaster mill were assigned to the private and special use of the mayor for the time being, whence the old song, commencing—

The Doncaster Mayor, he sits in his chair,

His mills they merrily go;

His nose doth shine with drinking red wine,

The gout is in his great toe.

Another portion of the grant comprised the whole parish of Rossington, worth about 10,000*l.* per annum to its present possessors. The Municipal Corporation Act was a fatal blow to municipal hospitality, but the glory

of the corporation of Doncaster was gone before that statute passed. "A short life and a merry one" was their motto. Posterity had done nothing for them, so they considered themselves bound to do nothing for posterity. In the household of the Lord Mayor of London is an officer called "The Common Hunt," a relic of the times when the citizens had the right of hunting in the royal forests in Kent, Middlesex, and the Chiltern Hills. The burgesses of Doncaster kept a huntsman who hunted over their own lands. So long as the cry of the corporation harriers was heard, so long did the burgesses ride stoutly at their sterns. Evil days came when they found themselves saddled with a debt of nearly one hundred thousand pounds. Their estate at Rossington, whose partridge and pheasant preserves had been laid under constant contribution for the Mansion-House range, which was but seldom allowed to cool, passed from them under the hammer of the auctioneer for nearly that sum. Their less toothsome and more business-like successors turned their sporting propensities to better account, and laid out 25,000*l.* on the Grand Stand, which brings them in about seven per cent. on the original outlay.

Apart from the race-weeks, Doncaster is a clean, dull, common-place country town, celebrated for pears and butter-Scotch. The church (now burnt down) was a florid specimen of churchwardens' Gothic. Some parochial worthy had three parts of the beautiful Gothic work of the tower cut down, and clock-dials erected in their lieu, that he might stand at the door of his own butcher's-shop in the Market Place and see the time without stirring further. In 1736, by the contribution of the neighbouring clergy and gentry, a fair collection of books was bought and located in the parvis. The organ, built by Father Smith at a cost of 500 guineas, was erected in 1739, and was thus apostrophised by Fawkes, the then curate, in his sermon preached upon the day that it was first used: "By what name shall I call thee, thou divine box of sounds?" In 1753 the melodious chimes were inaugurated.

Doncaster is the metropolis of the horse-breeding districts. The corporation began to take their pleasure with their friends and faithful burgesses upon the Town Moor towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century. In 1681 the corporation first voted five guineas for a plate. They had even built a stand there, but disputes ran so high and were so often settled by an appeal to the rapier, that it was finally agreed, in 1686, for "the preventyng of sute, quarrels, murders, and bloodshed that may ensue by the continnyenge

of the same race, the standes and stoopes shall be pulled up, and imploied to some better purpose." This prohibition continued in force until 1703, when the "horsey" spirit of the corporation could not stand this inactivity any longer. The wisdom of their predecessors was slighted, and a sum of four guineas was voted for a plate annually, for seven years, when it was increased to five. In 1716 the corporation voted 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* for a plate, upon condition that the country gentlemen would do the same. There are no returns up to 1728, when the meetings were held in July. In 1750 the fixture was altered to the month of September, in which it is now held. In 1751 there were three days' racing, but there was only one race on each day, and that in heats. In 1838 there were five days' racing. This year there will be four days, with an average of eight races on each day. In 1778 a new Grand Stand was built by the corporation, with suitable stands for the triers. In those days there was not one judge appointed by the authorities to pronounce the winner, but every horse that ran had a "trier" or umpire to see fair play for him. It was the squabbles of these triers that led to the suppression of the races in 1686, and as they always thought it part of their duty not to admit the possibility of their horse losing, common sense soon insisted upon the appointment of some one impartial individual as judge, from whose verdict there should be no appeal. When the plague caused the Court of Charles II. to leave London for Oxford, the king instituted a race-meeting at Burford, not far from the University. So fond was he of the place, that he commemorated it by giving the title of Earl of Burford to his favourite son, the child of Lucy Waters. These races were discontinued in 1803, through the inclosure of the Downs upon which they were held, and "the King's Guineas" removed to Doncaster.

The great feature of most modern race-meetings is a great handicap. Properly speaking, a handicap is as follows:—"Two owners of race-horses put each a sum of money into a hat, and a third party matches their horses. The owners then put one hand into their pockets and draw it out closed. If the hand of both or of neither, when opened, contains money, the match is made, and the horses must run upon the terms proposed, for the money in the hat. If the one hand holds money and if the other does not, there is no match, and the handicapper takes the money in the hat for his pains." In the phraseology of the present day, a handicap is a race in which the handicapper attempts to bring different horses of various ages to an equality, by so adjusting the weights they are to carry, from a com-

parison of their previous performances or their pedigree, that every one may have a fair chance of winning. Such is the theory, but not the practice. Every horse entered for such a race is entered with the sole intent of throwing dust into the eyes of the handicapper. Some have been previously entered in other handicaps, and refused to run under the impost therein assigned to them, in the expectation that the handicapper will on the present occasion treat them more leniently, and weight them so that they cannot lose. Others are entered for the sole purpose of getting weight off in the next handicap by their bad performance in this. Others are entered for the sole purpose of being "milked," that is, being betted against, and then not being allowed to start; for occasionally horses, if allowed to run, disappoint their owners by taking it into their heads to win when intended to lose. Perhaps a score of horses may appear at the starting-post. Some do not intend to try to win, others could not win if they tried, and the actual race is confined to three or four who might win if they try, and who do try to win. They are bestridden by urchins (curious in cigars and connoisseurs of champagne) who weigh about as much as a couple of good-sized York hams, who were brought up in a workhouse, and who will receive "a monkey" for winning. The patience of the spectators will be exhausted by two hours of false starts, because these "Aztecs" are paid to disobey the orders of the starter, who is desirous of starting them fairly, whilst they all want to have the best of the start over the others. At last the handicap is won by a "leggy rip" that has been "potted" for this especial purpose, and is, commercially speaking, not worth a hundred pounds. The best friends of the turf, who maintain that racing is essentially necessary in order to perpetuate the excellence of the British horse, are constrained to admit that handicaps are nothing but instruments of sheer gambling, and are merely tolerated as such, and for that purpose only.

When the Wentworths and the Rockinghams crowded their sideboards with the spoils won on the northern race-courses, the cup was the mainstay of the meeting. It was the boast of the great landed proprietors that they "had a son to represent the county, a horse to win the cup, and a fox to bolt from the home-gorse." This cup was a solid and cumbersome utensil, without any pretensions to taste or fashion. It was ordered months before the race-meeting, as artificers were slow, and conveyances slower still. The privilege of ordering the mug always belonged of right to the mayor of the town. When at length a subdued whisper went round that the cup had

arrived, certain favoured individuals received an invitation to step in and inspect its beauties, whilst libations provided by the mayor tested its capabilities as a drinking-vessel. His lady would in turn provide a similar treat for her gossips. On the race-day, before that the cup was borne off to the race-course to be exhibited, under due guard, on a table in the stand, it would be carried thrice round the market-place, followed by a long procession of the neighbourhood—squires of high degree, wealthy yeomen, and the tag-rag and bobtail of the town. Before it marched the town fiddlers—the only musicians of which the town probably could boast—discouraging doleful music, as country fiddles always do. The longer the train of attendants, the higher was the compliment to the chief officer of the town considered to be. No slight jealousy and heart-burning was occasionally caused by some rural magnate refusing to join in the procession and ride at the heels of Mr. Mayor. Such a culprit had to make his peace before the next election. Of course the local functionary did a little business on his own account, and if the silversmith chose to present his lady with a candle-cup, in return he could not too curiously scrutinise the hall marks and weight of the race-cup, which was in general but a sorry specimen of the goldsmith's art, and of little intrinsic value.

The annual race-week was an epoch in the dull life of the families of the neighbouring gentry. It was more stirring than the assizes, to which only their fathers resorted. The provincial metropolis was crowded with all the county, who came to spend the week in a round of enjoyment.

In the morning a hunt and at noon for the match;
 'Tis past ten o'clock,—I've just looked at my watch;
 And if we chance but one like him to catch,
 We wheys (*sic*) her, well landed at noon,
 With a bottle of claret: and when that is done,
 We'll away to the stand, boys, to see the horses run.

Everybody came "*en grande comit  *" to the course. Coaches and six, with coachmen, postillions, and outriders, to say nothing of three or four footmen clustering on the foot-board behind, were as common as blackberries. One hundred and thirty such equipages were once seen on Doncaster Town-Moor. In the interval between the races, the grandees would descend from their carriages, and parade in full dress on the course in front of the grand stand, as they used to do at Ascot, before the invasion of the Cockney hordes, some thirty years ago. From the course the male portion of the company would proceed to the race-ordinary. After dinner the cup would be filled with wine at the expense of the winner, and drained to his health. This is the

origin of the condition annexed to some stakes, that the winner shall give six dozen of champagne or claret to the race-ordinary. When the cup had been emptied, the stewards would perform the circuit of the table with the cup in their hands, into which the company would drop their guineas, from which contributions the funds for next year's amusement were provided. The entries were at the same time made, and new stewards appointed for the next year's races. After dinner there would be a ball, but as the cup had been usually replenished more than once, the dancing would be of an eccentric character. On another night the theatre would be open. This routine of a week's amusement still holds good at Carmarthen, where hunting, racing, and dancing, are yet provided for all comers. The cricket week at Canterbury combines, in a similar spirit, cricket, dancing, and theatricals.

There was one grave objection to these cups. An extraordinary horse would sweep the country clean, and nothing else had a chance with him. "Tauld mare" Beeswing won Doncaster Cup three years and Newcastle Cup four years running. More than that, an old horse has always a better chance over a distance of ground, which a cup course is, than a "young un." Some master mind, therefore, proposed that there should be on Doncaster Town-Moor a race in which a horse should only take part once, and all the competitors be of the same age. Six subscribers were found, and the race was first won in 1776 by the Marquis of Rockingham's Allabaculla. At the race-ordinary next year, when the entries were being made, it was proposed that the race should be called "the St. Leger," after the colonel of that name, "Handsome Jack," then resident at Park Hill, near Doncaster. The proposition was accepted with acclamations. The name of his seat is also commemorated by the Park Hill Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, now run on the last day of the meeting. The Leger was run on the Monday for the last time in 1824. Like the Derby, it is now run on the Wednesday. The Derby,* a similar stake for south-country horses, was not established until 1780, and it was twenty years before the winner of the Derby won the Leger. *Appropos* to this horse, Champion by name, his trainer, when dying, sent for a "pal," whom he thus addressed: "Tommy, lad, thee know'st that I ha' dun mony in my time, but I never did thee, lad; dun't be agin Champion for the Leger."

There are strange *contretemps* in racing. Lord George Bentinck was once persuaded by his

* See Old Series, Vol. II. p. 498; and New Series, Vol. I. p. 523.

astute trainer to buy a ragged-looking mare and filly that were going for a song at Tattersall's. The filly turned out to be the flying Crucifix, one of the best mares that ever looked through a bridle. Lord George for many years devoted the resources of his ample fortune and the energies of his active mind to owning the winner of the Derby. He felt it his duty at length to dedicate himself to the political service of his country, which necessitated the sale of his stud. One colt then sold was the son of Crucifix, and next year won both the Derby and Leger, thus breaking the spell which, during the forty-six years succeeding the triumph of Champion, had paralysed the efforts of the intermediate Derby winners.

There were two main reasons to account for this. In the first place the south-country horses had a terrific distance to walk. It is true that Eclipse was vanned from Epsom to Cannons near Edgware, towards the close of the last century, and that vans were occasionally used to carry fat cattle to agricultural shows. It was not, however, until 1836 that the master mind of Lord George vanned Elis, the coming winner of the Leger, into the town of Doncaster. Before that time it was a fortnight's journey for a horse to travel from Hampshire into Yorkshire. Many were the perils that beset him by the way: at every halting-place a hogshead of water was pumped away before his pail was filled, in case any designing "tout" should have stuffed poison down the spout. This precautionary measure did not content some suspicious minds. There were trainers who used to carry with them small fish in a bottle. These were turned into the pail from which the Leger candidate was to drink. If they did not turn belly upwards, the water was considered safe.

Another reason was the inveterate hatred that existed between the northern jockeys and their southern brethren, more especially those who hailed from Newmarket. The former were a rough lot, who tried to jostle and cross their adversaries out of the track, and their attempt would often result in a pitched battle with their whips. This jostling was once considered fair play, and O'Kelly thus expressed him at the Abingdon race-ordinary, 1775, on the point. The terms of a match with Lord Abingdon were being arranged, and he was requested to stand half the money. Crossing and jostling were expressly barred. "No," said he, "but if the match had been made, cross and jostle as proposed, I should have stood all the money, and by the powers, I would have brought a spalpeen from Newmarket, no higher than a twopenny loaf, who should have driven his Lordship's horse into

the furze, and kept him there for three weeks." The Jockey Club took up the matter, and forbade such practices on the heath, which led to an improved style of riding there. When the Newmarket jockeys went to the North, they fairly outrode their rivals, simply by riding a waiting race and letting the others come back to them. They in their turn were dreadfully jealous at having their local prize snatched from them by foreigners, and would get up a concerted series of false starts to weary out any south-country horse that had any chance of winning. In 1827 Mameluke came from Newmarket to carry off the Leger. They got up twenty-seven false starts, and when the race was at last ran almost in the dark, he was left at the post.

When Epsom races first began, "Surrey labourers were paid eighteen-pence per day to clear the way for the horses." In the commencement of the present century, before the introduction of "the clean-sweeping blue broom of the metropolitan police," the course was kept by rustics armed with cart whips and sodden with beer. Half-a-dozen stand-up fights took place, as a matter of course, between every race. Open and unrestrained gambling was encouraged, for the ground rent paid for the E. O. tables or hazard tents formed no inconsiderable item in the race funds, even if it did not go into the pockets of the local magistrates and their clerk. Doncaster exhibited a favourable contrast to Epsom in this respect. The excellent arrangements made by the local authorities, before the existence of any police, prevented those shameless scenes of riot and pilfering that prevailed elsewhere. Against gambling the magistrates set their faces most determinedly. In 1795 they captured the E. O. tables after a severe struggle. In 1825 they repeated the salutary lesson, but "the bonnets" blockaded the authorities in the Mansion House until soldiers could be sent for. In 1829 the gentry and farmers of the county took upon themselves to exterminate this nuisance once for all. Notice was duly given that no gambling would be permitted, and would be put down by the strong hand, if attempted. On the 14th of September, the thimble-riggers, regardless of the notice, mustered in great force, armed with bludgeons and the legs of the tables they use in their vocation. The county sent forth its cavalry—the gentry, their servants and tenants—mounted on horseback, and armed with hunting-whips. A battle-royal took place to the utter discomfiture of the infantry. Many were taken after a stout resistance, and forwarded, under an escort of yeomanry, to gaol.

The Derby is a mere opportunity for a holocaust of lobsters and a hecatomb of lambs,

slaughtered to make a Cockney holiday. Nine-tenths of the spectators do not trouble themselves to look at the racing, and would not understand it, if they did. At Newmarket, every one goes on the Heath with the deliberate intention of "beating" his neighbour, if he can. The business-like character of these meetings may be estimated by the fact that the Jockey Club only permit two refreshment-booths to be erected, and they are amply sufficient for the wants of the assembled thousands. A blood-horse, on the contrary, has always been the idol of Yorkshiremen, and attendance on his racing *levées*, "an honest, broad-bottomed custom which they never will resign." Before the railway opened, the keen blades of Sheffield used to walk the eighteen miles from that smoky town in the early morning, take up a good position near the winning-post by noon, see the race run, and quietly walk home again at night. It is one of the local traditions that twenty years ago one man used to make an annual pedestrian trip from Devonshire to see the Leger, and account for his walk by saying that he supposed that he could not help it, as his mother was Yorkshire.

As a comparison of the numbers who go to see the Derby and the Leger, it is said that on the former occasion about 25,000 race-cards are sold, and on the latter about 20,000. The railways convey about 100,000 passengers to Epsom, whilst about 40,000 are shunted into Doncaster station.

Yorkshire abounds with stories anent its favourite race. Mr. Petre bought a horse named "The Colonel," that was engaged in the Leger for 1828, and which afterwards was sold to King George IV. By the conditions of sale, the vendor was to have half the stakes, if the horse won the race. Shortly before running he was tried unfavourably with another horse called Velocipede, and Mr. Petre made an arrangement with his owner that if either of their horses won, the owner of the other should have half the stakes. Velocipede went dead amiss and did not start, yet the Colonel won; but as Mr. Petre was bound to give half the stakes to his breeder, and the other half to the owner of Velocipede, his own share of the profits amounted to paying the stake of the winner, so that he lost fifty pounds by winning the race.

In 1822 "Crutch Robinson," the father of modern black-legs, took a fancy to a walking-stick, and laid its owner one hundred guineas against his stick that a certain colt, tried to be so bad as to be unworthy even of a name in the betting, did not win the Leger. The trainer of this colt had a spite against Jackson the jockey, and having first call

on his services, by way of revenge gave him a mount on the *ἀνάρμοτος*, who came out of his stable dead lame. Disgusted at his fate, the jockey caught hold of his horse's head, and rammed the spurs into his sides as soon as the flag fell, in order to see as much as he could of the commencement of a race whose finish was likely to be invisible to him. To his astonishment the colt answered the call gamely. *Repetatur haustus*. The more he was spurred, and the further he went, the better he seemed to like it. At the Red House Jackson thought that he might as well look round at his rivals, and to his utter astonishment found that, if he took a pull at his horse, winning the Leger was by no means an impossibility for him. He did take the requisite pull, and did land the race, very much to the disgust of "Crutch." It was highly to the credit of the owner of the stick that, upon the receipt of the guineas, he presented the layer of the long odds with the desiderated article, which Robinson cherished to his dying day with the affection that so costly a prop deserved.

Let none of my readers be enticed by such a slice of luck into trying whether the blind goddess may not be on their side also. I have bought my experience, and can deliberately recommend to their severest consideration the following canticle, and more especially the terse courtesy of the concluding line:—

Make me the most tempting offer,
Golconda to an empty offer,
A thousand to a pint of ale,
You shan't prevail—
I won't.

JOHN WILKINS, B.C.L.

THE GATEWAYS OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever making something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

MIND is related to matter, much as a sword is to its scabbard; without matter mind has no dwelling-place, and human beings, like plants, are constituted relatively to the locality they inhabit, the original types being modified by circumstances. And thus grew up in the world the various races of Englishmen and Frenchmen, Germans, and Spaniards, white, black, red, and yellow men, some partaking of the nature of the patient ox, and others of that of the ferocious tiger. Some again have high faculties of a god-like type, and others are mere animals. Some are rulers and law-givers from their birth, and others are born only to obey, or to be coerced. In all countries men are to be found of the higher type, but

unquestionably the temperate zones, with favourable circumstances and localities, produce the highest, and in the greatest numbers; and one great purpose they serve in creation is to furnish just lawgivers and rulers to the tropics and torrid zones, where passion is usually stronger than reason.

Amongst the nations of the world England has upon the whole played a very large part. She has produced a race of men certainly not inferior to any on the earth in physical energy or mental power, and she has produced them in large quantities. These islands were too valuable an abiding-place for inferior men, and one race pushed out another, till the strongest obtained possession, and welcomed amongst them all the best of their continental neighbours who might be seeking for a home. Soil and climate did their work in joining them together and changing them into Englishmen, sloughing off the weakly and assimilating the strong. Coal and iron did much for them, but the climate, varying enough for health, but without extreme heat or cold, did more; for it enabled men to be born and bred to live a long life, and do more days' work in every year of that life than most other nations. A healthy people in a healthy climate, with a circumscribed space for growing food, can only increase their numbers by producing something to sell to others in exchange for food. By dint of coal and iron, and brains, and hands, and arms given to manufactures, thirty millions of people exist where, without them, only half the number could be maintained in health. It is quite true that the fifteen millions might dwell together quite as happily without the manufactures, and with quite as healthy a climate, and, on the whole, a healthier population. But there is another and more important consideration. With only fifteen millions of people we could not furnish emigrants to colonies for allied friends, and we could not maintain fleets and armies to keep off despotic invaders who would strive to break down "the home of the free." That channel, called by us in the olden time the Narrow Sea, and by the French the "Sleeve," might be crossed by numerous invaders, and our island of long memories might become an appanage of a continental ruler, while the best of the race would go forth to populate other lands.

Those who profess to be learned in coal,* say that we are fast destroying a substance which we cannot reproduce. This, after all, is but conjecture. They say that there may be coal below a depth of four thousand feet, but that it will be too costly to be worth getting.

There was a time when the same class of men argued that it was impossible to provide for our surplus population by emigration, on account of the great cost of transit, but each succeeding year reduced the cost, and now emigrants can go and return where formerly they could not go. So is it with mining and other labour. Every year adds to facilities and diminishes cost. Every succeeding year beholds more work done with less human drudgery, and the time will come that drudgery will be extinct. But, allowing that English coal becomes extinct, it by no means follows that we cannot import coal from other countries to the healthiest working climate in the world, and yet compete on favourable terms with the manufactures of other countries. And it is by no means certain that other sources of heat-power do not exist within man's reach. We are far from having solved the mysteries of the production of petroleum, a substance known in all time all over the earth, but only of late commanding general attention by proving to be a great source of wealth, competing with coal for various purposes. All the processes of nature in the general economy of the world, are destruction and reproduction: i. e., change of form, as we see in plants and animals, the dying changing into the living; and it is not difficult to imagine that chemical processes may be at work below the earth's surface destroying or disintegrating fuel on one side, and reproducing it on the other. We do not *know* the causes of volcanic action, and can only assume them; but it is clear that fuel of some kind is produced to feed the volcanoes and that huge forces are thus developed. The gases, thus set free, mingle with the atmosphere; but we know not how many processes may be at work restoring them to the interior of the earth to go again through the same routine, as constant as the evaporation from the sea and the fall of streams from the mountains. Had Etna or Vesuvius been situated in the Scilly Islands, it is possible that we should have devised means of utilising their heat-power for many purposes.

But supposing our fuel now existing to disappear, and with it our means of purchasing food and necessities for fifteen millions of people, we should certainly turn our attention to improved means of doubling our own food production; and this is a vein far from worked out. If we must be reduced in numbers, England will become a picturesque country, more filled with beautiful ruins than any other; but if ambition survives amongst her neighbours, they will not leave her to be a nursing mother of freedom. Like other countries with their monuments in ruins, she

* Sir William Armstrong and Mr. Jevons.

will become an appanage of despots, though too small to become a haunt of their correlative brigands. But, if France should grow up into a land of freedom and justice, it is possible that we may be linked closer together, and future geography books describe London as the chief town of France, the capital of philosophy and laws, the abode of learned ease, the great residence of the world's thinkers.

The sea that runs between France and England has been one great cause of our growth and prosperity. It has been our fence, our barrier, our fortification, our police to keep out continental bandits. Had England remained as a French peninsula we should have been a continental people overrun by soldiers and living under military despotism, a condition not favourable to progress. Just as an enclosed farm is essential to agriculture, so is an enclosed country essential to the growth of freedom and progression.

And now another phase is arising, and men's minds are turned to devising the best means of facilitating transit between England and France—how to make England as much as possible a peninsula. There can be no doubt that sea-sickness, or the dislike of it, is the one great impediment to constant transit, and that, were there a land transit, there would be incessant travel. And, considering that the greatest depth of the channel is only about one hundred and seventy feet, or less than half the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, and that only for a portion of the twenty miles' total distance, there is no insurmountable engineering difficulty in making a dike of sufficient height and width from side to side to carry an ample roadway, always supposing that the money were forthcoming, and that it were commercially worth doing.

Geologists tell us that England was once a peninsula of France. Some convulsion, possibly an earthquake, cut through the chalk rock, and the constant rush of the tides in two opposite directions has since kept it open. The tides wash the shingle along the coasts and form banks in various places. If, therefore, a row of piles were planted on the bottom across the narrowest part of the Channel, sand and shingle would collect to the level of their tops and form a weir, which might be continually raised by additional piles, until it rose above water, and presented to the view a pair of beaches looking up and down Channel. This is on the supposition that it were worth doing. It would be simply a larger work of the same nature as Plymouth breakwater. By a similar process, and at much less cost, the Island of Ceylon might be connected with the continent of India. But it would not be desirable to make England a peninsula of France, even

for the sake of transit without sea-sickness. The loss would be greater than the gain to the web-footed race that come over the "gannets' bath," though a very desirable causeway to the "Belles Poules," the Gallic birds, who might wish to come in too great numbers. We do not desire to see English capital employed on a causeway to the Continent; nor do we think it likely that France alone will project her coast-line sufficiently to annex us.

Another plan proposed is to form a tunnel under the water, between Dover and Gris Nes. So far as borings have demonstrated, the chalk rock extends over the whole channel, from one side to the other, and the work is simple when compared with piercing the granite tunnel through the Alps. Only the air-shafts through 170 feet of water, and towering up 100 feet above it, would form any difficulty; that accomplished,—and it would be something more than an Eddystone Lighthouse,—the boring would probably be proceeded with at the rate of two feet per hour, provided the material could be taken away fast enough, which does not seem difficult, as it could be thrown into the sea above; but even then it would be a ten years' labour. The process of boring would be by the power of compressed air, and the pneumatic system would probably be adopted for the haulage of railway-trains. But the tunnel would require lining, as well as boring, to keep out the filtration of sea-water. It is possible that by chemical means the solid chalk might be converted into a kind of hard limestone; but it would also require lining with some substance not brittle, to prevent cracking by vibration. We happen to be out of the direct line of earthquakes, but not beyond their vibratory influence, and a crack admitting superincumbent water, in however small quantities, would ever go on enlarging by the process that forms caverns in limestone regions. It would be needful to form a tough core, probably a wrought-iron tube of sufficient thickness; and this, cased in cement in and out, would probably be chemically and mechanically durable. But two tunnels would be needed, side by side, for up and down trains, or if a single tunnel were adopted, it must be large. There is the contingency of faults in the continuity of the chalk such as we see in all chalk cuttings; but this is not an insuperable difficulty, and the thing could, no doubt, be done, and will be done if it can be demonstrated that a sufficient number of passengers at a sufficiently high rate of payment, having the fear of sea-sickness before their eyes, can be found to make daily use of it, so as to pay a good interest on the outlay. And so strong is human love of speculation in the possible, and the possible profit, that the chances are in

favour of its being done. And it would be an easily defended outwork by drowning it instead of destroying it.

Bridges, with piers in the Channel, have also been proposed, and no doubt they are within the bounds of engineering possibility; but they would amount to a prohibition of large sailing-vessels up and down the Channel, and a considerable risk to steamers—artificial rocks whereon to be cast away; they are the least probable of any process, more costly than a tunnel, and involving greater risk in use.

There are two other methods: the balloon—which might answer for special excursions, but not for traffic, on account of the uncertainty of the arrival—and the old-fashioned existing method of the sea surface. Our choice lies, therefore, on three methods, over the sea, under the sea, and on the sea.

The latter has been very much neglected. It has not kept pace with other things, or long ere this the Channel would have been a mere ferry as regarded travel between France and England. We have made big ships for distant voyages, forgetting altogether that it is the short traffic that pays best. The chief reason for the difference between England and Ireland lies in the sea-sickness that most passengers undergo more or less.

Some persons are not liable to sea-sickness; but they are very few; as a rule, we may take it for granted that all are liable to it. Our greatest sea-captains, the Nelsons and Cochranes, were constantly liable to it, and it is a greater nuisance for a short ferry than for a long sea voyage. If people were sea-sick on the Thames, passage-boats would not be used; if people were not sea-sick on crossing the Channel there would be an incessant transit. Now sea-sickness is merely a question of waves, and waves cease to be perceptible when overlaid with a sufficiently large float. The Great Eastern steamship, with a length of about 700 feet, is not large enough altogether to prevent rolling and pitching in the waves of the Atlantic; but the waves of the Channel are much smaller, and if overlaid with a vessel twice the length of the Great Eastern—a quarter of a mile—like the Charing Cross bridge—such a vessel would make perfectly smooth water, and if double-ended, with efficient piers on either shore, might make the transit each way in an hour, and with no risk of being run down day or night. In fact, she might be a floating lighthouse; and by reason of her large size, might be of very shallow draught, and with the piers sufficiently far out might perform her work at all periods of the tide, with railway-trains on her deck, and ample room for passengers and merchandise

besides. A new kind of traffic other than railway transit would commence. Pedestrians or promenaders would pay their shilling or sixpence on either side to walk on board and walk out as they do between London and Gravesend, only with far greater and more certain profit to the ship owners, as there would be no lines of competing railways. Such a vessel, properly constructed in cells, would be absolutely unsinkable and unburnable, and she would not long be the only one, for the result would gradually be the growth of two enormous cities on either side the Channel. That they have not hitherto grown up has simply been the limited traffic in passengers by reason of sea-sickness, and the almost total absence of commerce. With gigantic ferry-boats, the passenger traffic will be as that between London and Brighton, and the commerce as that between Liverpool and New York. They will be the gateways of the whole Continent, the meeting grounds of the nations, healthier localities than either London or Paris, possibly adding to the health of London by lessening its population. And the people on either side the water will gradually grow as like each other as the inhabitants of London and Southwark, and freedom will permeate as from a centre in radial lines throughout Europe. It will be a marvellous result that will follow on the building of the first pair of steam-ships that shall enable us to cross the "Narrow Sea" as steadily as on firm land by the proper uses of our coal and iron, and shall yet ensure us isolation at pleasure from those who might love oppression better than justice.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

THE LAST WOLF IN GWENTLAND.

THOMAS HERBERT, called Gloff, i.e., The Lame, the hero (after the wolf) of the following ballad, was a son of William first Earl of Pembroke; his descendants lived in the parish of Goytre, Monmouthshire, where their residence, now a farm-house, still remains. Traditions of the neighbourhood say that the family who lived there paid their taxes with the heads of wolves.

There's thunder on the Bloreng,
Hark! echoing far it sounds
O'er fair Llanover's sloping sides,
And Goytre's woody bounds;
Again it peals,—then comes a pause—
And then it peals more nigh,
But in that pause did you not mark
A clear far-ringing cry?
A hollow, wailing, long-drawn cry,
The Gwentians know the tone:
The last old wolf, his race all slain,
Howls on the hills alone,
Howls and then listens—but in vain,
There comes no answering cry,
The last of all the wolves is he,
And 'tis his turn to die.



O'er Brecon hills for years he roamed
 A terror to the land,
 The kine were killed, the lambs were torn,
 Even from the shepherd's hand.
 Young boys in fear approached the hills,
 With caution crossed the plain,
 For there were mothers who still wrung
 Their hands for children slain.
 A gaunt, grim, savage beast was he,
 Who man himself would dare;

Was he not monarch of the woods,
 Throned in his mountain lair?
 His monstrous paws, his broadened jaws,
 The wildfire in his eye,
 Beware, beware! there's danger there
 When 'tis his turn to die.
 His shaggy hide of dusky grey
 Is bloodied, seamed, and torn,
 By hunter's spear, by gripping trap,
 By crag and stake and thorn.

His jaws are working till the foam
 Is churned like ocean spray,
 His lurid eyes have gleams within
 Unlike all light of day.
 But yesternorn he sallied forth,
 He and his mate, to seize
 Some ragged bone or sucking babe,
 His ravenous brood t' appease.
 The she-wolf slain, he fled amain
 To hunger and despair,
 And strewed the limbs of his torn cubs
 Last night about his lair.
 Ho! bring the wolf-staves from the wall,
 See that your knives are keen;
 Come, men of hearts and sinews strong,
 No child's-play this, I ween.
 Send through the land and make them come,
 This touches great and small,
 And bid the good old squires of Gwent
 To meet in Goytre Hall.
 Rides Williams from Llangibby,
 Rides Lewis from St. Pierre;
 And Morgan, for the nobler game,
 Quits his ancestral deer.
 The Herbert race of fiery souls
 Could not be absent then,
 And Cliffords feel their Norman blood
 Rush through their hearts again.
 The wolf-dog's bay was heard that day
 Through many a wood and glen,
 Three times they swam the flooded Usk,
 Three times they topped Garnwen.
 Mamhilod sees them reckless ride
 Her sloping sides along,
 Up Trefthyn hill the grey wolf still
 Swings onward fierce and strong,
 Till mad to find that still behind
 The rout and turmoil swell,
 Through brake and flood to Goytre wood
 He rushes fierce and fell:
 Scraping his paws, grinding his jaws,
 Fresh lightning in his eye,
 Both hound and man shall shrewdly know
 When comes his turn to die.
 With glistening teeth and blazing eyes,
 And with a panther's spring,
 The foremost hunter sees him leap
 Within his wolf-staff's swing.
 A shout, a blow, and writhing low,
 The monster's spun around;
 But darting up he grips his foe,
 And both are on the ground.
 Man, dogs, and beast in thicket dense
 Struck, wrestled, bit, and tore,
 Till rolled against a jutting crag
 The panting hunter bore
 The wolf's head back, and brake his neck,
 Dead the last robber lay;
 But Herbert went from the grey wolf's grip
 Lame to his dying day.
 Now hang the wolf-staves* on the wall
 To take them down no more,
 Save when our sons would tell their sons
 Of stalwart deeds of yore.
 Shut out the storm, we've had enough,
 Heap logs upon the flame,

* A few centuries ago, in both Monmouthshire and Breconshire, wolf-staves were no unimportant items in the list of household implements; and in the wills of the inhabitants were frequently made the subject of special bequest.

Spread loads of venison on the board,
 Well flanked with piles of game.
 This night we'll have a merry night,
 If there be worth in wine,
 And if to-morrow's sun looks in
 Why let him look and shine.
 The wolves are dead—even so, alack!
 No pleasure without pain;
 The last wolf's dead, and never comes
 Such sport, brave hearts, again.

C. H. WILLIAMS.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XLVI. MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

TIME went by, and still there came to Gerard's Hall no tidings of Lawrence Barbour. Had his place never known him—had he never married a wife—had children never been born to him, he could not have dropped out of his old haunts more completely. Never in banks or warehouses was he now beheld; never did he bend his steps due East and hold discourse with Mr. Perkins about the best means to cheat the analyzers—about the safest mode of manufacturing some fresh counterfeit. When he had to come into the City he drove there in a brougham, and hurried from carriage to office like a man in dread of being arrested. When he walked about the West End, he chose unfrequented streets and silent squares. Had it been possible for him to avoid doing so, not an hour would he have stayed on English ground.

Abroad he could forget his sin; at home it seemed continually to be staring him in the face. "You have deserted your wife!" the very newsboys seemed to shout in his ear. "What about Olivine?" his conscience never ceased whispering; "is this the way in which you fulfil your promise? Do you forget it? you said you would be all to her—all her dead uncle was. How long is it since you have seen your wife? How long is it since you have heard from her? What is she doing—what is she thinking—what is she suffering?" and then Lawrence turned fiercely on his second self, and bade it be still. "She is happier without me," he decided. "She has her fortune—her children. If she wanted to hear from me, she would write; as it is, not a line—no, not one."

After awhile the whim seized him that he would go and see his father—the old man whom he had long neglected—and he started accordingly for Mallingsford, only to find when he arrived there the Clay farm-house shut, and no one living in it except a care-taker.

"Mr. Barbour was gone," this person said; "gone with a young lady dressed in mourning, who came down one day and persuaded him to go back to London with her. Mr. Barbour had been very ill," the man further informed Lawrence, "and my Lord Lallard had ridden over to inquire about him regular, and had sent his own carriage to take him and the young lady to the station."

"And my brother?" Lawrence inquired.

"He was here in the summer time, sir, but I have not seen him since. They do say as how he is going to be married, but like as not it is only talk."

"Why was I not told of my father's illness and removal?" Lawrence angrily exclaimed.

"I am sure I cannot tell, sir," answered the man; "only I did hear him say something about casting you off as he did the earth at Mallingford. He was in a terrible state, but the young lady cried and took on so dreadful, that he gave in at last; and that was all, sir—that was all, indeed."

Having culled which pleasant herbs to flavour the dish of his life for a day or two, Lawrence walked back to the station, where he met Lord Lallard face to face.

There had been a time when his Lordship would have greeted his old acquaintance cordially, but now he merely bowed coldly to the younger man, and sedulously avoided taking his seat in the carriage Lawrence selected, while the Rector, who came bustling on to the platform a few minutes before the train started, and exchanged confidences with Lord Lallard before subsiding into a second-class compartment, as befitted his means rather than his inclination, declined to see his old pupil at all. Lawrence, as a repentant prodigal, might have been not merely tolerated, but considered interesting. The picture of a sinner eating husks and tending swine, clothed in vile raiment, has ever had charms for those who are averse to the idea of vice lording it in purple and fine linen; but this sinner not merely was above husks, but travelled first-class, and had his Times and a railway rug, and happened to be very well clad indeed: for all of which reasons the Rector felt it his duty to pass him by, and Lawrence never blamed him for his neglect.

He picked no quarrel with the world in those days for its treatment of him. Rather, perhaps, though its coldness was as salt rubbed into an open wound, he thought better of the world than he had ever done. For the first time in his life, he found that money was not everything—that it could not purchase everything—that although it might gild the exterior of vice, it could not, in the eyes of honest men and women, make vice appear like

virtue. Now he was wealthy—now he was regarded by commercial circles as one of Fortune's favourites. Since he parted company with Percy Forbes he had touched nothing but what repaid him three or four hundred per cent. At last he had found the true Eldorado, the alchemist's secret. Under his touch the most unpromising ventures became perfect mines of gold. He was regarded as a lucky man—one of those with whom the former Rothschild would have loved to be associated. Speculators sought him, capitalists bore him off in triumph to dinner, clerks were deferential to him, plodding business folks discoursed to one another of Lawrence Barbour's rise, and sighed. How he had entered London at twenty without a sovereign in his pocket, and risen long before middle age to the position he had attained—these things were talked of in omnibuses and steamers, in counting-houses and coffee-rooms; and yet, the old friends who had given him their hands and bade him God speed in the days of his struggling apprenticeship to business, would scarcely acknowledge him now. He had sinned, and not even his reputed wealth could cover that sin away from the sight of those in whose eyes most of all he desired to stand well. These things passed through Lawrence's mind as the train steamed out of the station, and sped away past Mallingford End, and so on to London. There were two strangers in the same compartment with him who had journeyed from further down the line, and when the woods of Mallingford came in sight, the pair began talking of the property and its recent occupier. The Barbours, Mr. Alwyn, Mr. Gainswoode, all these persons were discussed as people do discuss such matters, heedless of who may be listening; and by degrees the talk came round to the child minor and Mrs. Gainswoode herself. Then Lawrence's own name was mentioned. Reading the Times with apparent interest, he heard his rise described, his position canvassed. There were hard things said of him, and harder of Etta. At the moment he would have given all he was worth to have possessed courage sufficient to say, "I am Lawrence Barbour, and I warn you, at your peril, to speak another word against Mrs. Gainswoode;" but he could not do it; and at last the conversation drifted to other subjects until Shoreditch was reached and the passengers disappeared, some in cabs, some on foot, some by omnibus, to their respective destinations.

Never before, perhaps, had Lawrence felt such a repugnance to returning home, and for this reason, rejecting all offers of conveyance, he crossed Shoreditch, and, railway-rug on arm, walked slowly along Wilson Street and made his way thence to Clerkenwell, through

which enlivening locality he was proceeding, when he met the last person he desired to see, or expected to see in such a neighbourhood, face to face.

"Good evening," said Percy Forbes, for the recognition was mutual as it was sudden, and he made a movement as though to stop.

"Good evening," muttered Lawrence Barbour, quickening his pace and hurrying on. For a second Percy Forbes looked back after the retreating figure; but then he pursued his way Cityward.

There is in Clerkenwell, just at the corner of Elm Street, a triangular bit of ground, which, in common with the site occupied by the House of Correction, is called, as if in a sort of ghastly jest, "Mount Pleasant." As he was crossing the open part of this triangle, Lawrence became conscious that some one was running behind him, and half turning to see who the person in such a hurry might be, he again beheld his old partner.

"Give me a minute, Barbour," Percy entreated, and Lawrence agreeing, the pair turned out of the road and walked slowly together up the left-hand side of the triangle.

"I want to ask you something," Mr. Forbes went on, "something that perhaps you will say is no business of mine. Did you get a letter from your wife, either during the time you were abroad or else immediately after your return?"

"No," Lawrence answered.

"And yet she sent you one. I posted it myself."

"Where was it directed to?"

"Gloucester Street."

"Can you remember its contents?"

"I did not see them; but I know a portion of the letter was to the effect that Mrs. Barbour thought some pecuniary arrangement of the kind you desired might be made, and that I was willing, so far as practicable, to meet her and your views."

"You advised her to write, and offer to advance the sum required?"

"On the contrary, it was only because of her grief and entreaties I yielded even to the extent I have mentioned."

"You cannot tell me anything more which was in the letter?"

"No; but she wrote a second and sent it by hand, thinking, perhaps, the first had miscarried. After I passed you I thought I ought not to let the opportunity slip of knowing for certain whether either of the letters had reached you."

"No," was the reply, "they never did—they never did."

"May I tell her so?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Or will you write, and tell her yourself?"

"No; it is too late, Forbes: all too late."

"Your father is at Gerrard's Hall now," Percy volunteered.

"So I understand," was Lawrence's comment; but he never asked if his father were better; how his wife was; whether the children were well.

"Then you have no other message?"

"None," Lawrence replied, and the two parted—Percy to pursue his way to Goodman's Fields, and Lawrence to walk slowly onwards to the place he called his home.

"I will not ask her anything about it," he decided; "she would lie to me; and what is the good of a scene? There is no use in looking back; and, besides, if I had got the letter, my road was then chosen past recall."

That was it; the road he had traversed he could never retrace. And now, though God knew he was sick of himself and his life, and the fetters he had woven around his actions, yet he spoke but the simple truth to Percy Forbes, when he averred that the knowledge was come to him too late. She had woven her meshes round him—he had voluntarily walked into her web, and there he must be content to abide. He could not leave Etta as he had left Olivine. They were very different women to have to deal with. The wife was patient, and gentle, and sweet—the widow a very devil when her temper was roused, or her will opposed. Beyond all things Lawrence had learned to dread a scene. Besides, as he said, what was the use? What indeed! Still time went by, and to Gerrard's Hall came neither message nor letter. Percy Forbes had told Olivine of his interview with her husband, and for days afterwards she watched for the arrival of the post with sickening anxiety. "It will come to-day," she thought to herself each morning when she awoke; "it will come to-morrow" she said each night when she laid her head on the pillow; but the expected missive did not come for all that—neither in the day, nor on the morrow, nor in the forenoon, nor in the evening, came any tidings from the man she had loved so faithfully and so well.

It was summer again. Over the grass the lime trees trailed their long branches; down the glades the sheep browsed their fill; by the lake, on which the water-lilies floated, were parterres filled with all the thousand and one flowers that open in the bright June weather—that go to make the June air rich and heavy with all delicious odours; and yet there came no tidings to Olivine, who, dressed still in mourning, partly because her uncle's memory remained green in her heart, and partly because she had no spirit to array her-

self in glad colours while her husband was absent, sat in the morning-room which commanded a view of the flower-garden and the smooth turf beyond—of the trees that further away skirted the domain, and of the road to London, along which her thoughts were ever wandering to the man who had deserted her.

Beside one of the windows stood Percy Forbes, with a worn weary look in his face, with a troubled expression in his eyes. What he had come to be to her during that period of wearing suspense, I could scarcely tell; while what she had become to him, Percy himself was almost afraid to think. If a couple of days passed without his entering her sitting-room and occupying his accustomed place, Olivine grew restless and unhappy. Once he had stayed away for a whole week: he made a vow to himself he would not see her so constantly; he swore to his own soul he would keep out of the way of temptation and refrain from making her wretched; and the result was, that when they did meet, she told him with tears in her eyes, how she thought everybody was deserting her—how, if he forgot her in her trouble, she might as well, but for the children's sake, die at once. After that Percy Forbes took his resolution, and now standing beside the window, he was considering how he should best say that which he wanted to say to her.

"I will write to him once again," she resumed after a pause, in continuation of their previous conversation—"once again, and send it to his office, where that woman cannot tamper with his letters. Do you not think I might do so?"

"There is nothing in the world to prevent your doing so," Percy answered.

"Is it not the best course for me to pursue?" she pleaded gently, for his tone was not encouraging.

"That depends entirely on what you mean to say in your letter," he replied.

"I mean to ask him to come back," she said, with a terrible sorrow in her tone. "What else can I say to him? He does not want money, he does not want me; yet still, for the sake of his children, perhaps—" she paused, and looked in Percy's face, as though expecting him to help her out with the remainder of her sentence; but finding he remained silent, "What would you say if you were in my place?" she added, "what would you do if you were a woman, and Lawrence your husband?"

"I would offer him a divorce," Percy answered, as he crossed the room and came close to the spot she occupied. "And that is what you ought to do, for your own sake, and his

sake, and the sake of the children he has deserted."

"No—no—NO," she cried, in a gradual *crescendo*; and she stretched out her hands, as though to push the idea from her.

"But I say Yes," Percy persisted. "You ought to give him the chance of marrying Mrs. Gainswoode, and retrieving his position."

"Do you think he would marry her?" Olivine inquired, with a gasp of despair. Everything seemed going from her at the moment—life, and all it had once held for her. A wife, and yet a widow—a mother, and the father of her children the husband of another woman! she could not at once seize the whole horror of the idea Percy had put into her mind; but the horror overshadowed her, notwithstanding. "Do you mean to say you really believe I ought to leave him free—to marry her—to marry her?" He stood a little behind her chair, and never answered her by a word.

"If I ought to do it, I will try," she went on, speaking in a faint low voice. "If you say it is right, I will try. I will think of it. I cannot judge, it is so hard. Do not tell me it is right—to put all hope from me for ever."

But still Percy made no reply.

"Why do you not speak," she said, turning and looking up at him. "You told me I ought to give him a divorce, because then he could marry Etta Gainswoode. Was not that it?"

"Yes,"—it seemed to her scarcely credible that it was Percy Forbes who answered, his tone sounded so hard and constrained,—"because he could marry Etta Gainswoode; and it is only fair to give him the chance of doing so, and also because then——"

"Then what?" she asked. "Then——"

Then came the answer so long withheld, not in any form of words, but in a mad passionate kiss. In an instant the barrier of years was broken down, and the love of the man's heart found vent—the weir he had erected to keep the waters from flooding her happiness and making a wreck of the free intimacy, of the unreserved confidence, which had been between them, gave way, and the torrent of his repressed affection burst from his lips at last.

Clasping her to his heart, he told her all: how he had loved her—how he had always loved her—how he had suffered—how he had endured—how, so long as there was even a chance of Lawrence returning to his allegiance, he had refrained—how, if she could but obtain her freedom, he would devote his life to her, the one only love of his heart. So the flood of the poor sinner's passion poured over her, while she unresistingly lay in his arms, and listened like one in a dream, never striving to stem the stream—never trying to hinder his kissing brow and cheek and lip till at last—

"Let me go," she said, and she covered her face with her hands, and fell a-weeping as though her heart would break.

"God forgive you, Percy Forbes!" she cried, "when I never stood more in need of a friend in all my life."

When he came to think about the sentence in the after days, it struck Percy as rather hard—as being a trifle, perhaps, selfish.

The softest women probably are at times hard—the most amiable now and then oblivious to the feelings of others. Weakness expects, perhaps, strength to be made of steel; the sweet creatures occasionally like to take everything they can get, and think a smile and "thanks so much," sufficient payment.

Lubin adores Chloe, and asks the fair what he can do to pleasure her. Chloe forthwith sets Lubin to work, and when the task is completed, and she has got all she wants, shows the poor fool the door.

So the world goes; and women, unselfish towards the men they love, are selfish towards every other man in creation.

They believe in friendship! Heaven help them; and till they find out their mistake will persist in thinking swains delight in overcoming all sorts of obstacles for the sake of Phyllises they respect!—save the mark!

Then when they find Lubin has loved them all along, what a hubbub there is—what an outcry and dismay!

"There is the door, sir," cries the offended fair; "there is the door; pray shut it after you, and never let me see your face more."

The way women go on believing in friendship till they find friendship ordinarily means love (in which case they become indignant) is perhaps the most wonderful thing, among many wonders, about them; and this wonder, and these contradictions, Percy Forbes thought about subsequently at his leisure in Goodman's Fields, though there seemed nothing either strange or miraculous to him in Olivine's conduct at the time when the scene I am trying to describe was enacting.

Rather, on the contrary, penitence came more natural to him than expostulation; to beg pardon seemed more proper than to explain to Olivine the unreasonableness of her expectations.

"Forgive me!" he said, in answer to her cry of bitterness; and he fell on his knees and kissed the hem of her garment.

"Forgive me, I have sinned; but oh! Olivine, be merciful. Tell me what I can do for you now—how I can serve you."

"You can go," she said, and she drew her dress from his touch, as she pointed to the door.

"I obey," Percy answered, and he rose from the ground, and walked across the

room, and grasped the handle of the door to open it.

"You have been very good to me——" this sentence came to him through the silence of that silent house. "You have been very good to me; but you have done wrong now."

"I go to expiate that wrong in banishment," he answered.

"Don't part from me in anger," she said; "we have been friends—we are friends, are we not?"

"For ever," he replied—"though perhaps we may never meet again;" and he would have opened the door and walked forth, but that of her own free will she came towards him, and put her little hand in his, and bade him "good-bye," with the tears streaming down her cheeks the while.

Then he stooped to kiss the hand she had given him, sorrowfully, and saying—"I shall never come here more without your permission," left the room, passed through the hall, and walked out of the hall-door, leaving Olivine alone!

(To be concluded in our next.)

OTHELLO'S COSTUME.

MR. JOHN FORSTER, in his admirable biography of Samuel Foote, republished from the Quarterly Review, describes Garrick appearing in *Othello* as "a little face-blacked man, in a regimental suit of King George the Second's body-guard, with a flowing Ramilies wig." Probably, authority may be found for this account of the great player's aspect in the part; but it is certain that other and different descriptions of the same are forthcoming. Arthur Murphy, in his "Life of Garrick," mentions that, on the occasion of his playing *Othello*, the actor, aware that in stature he fell short of his predecessors, chose, in order to assist his figure, to appear in a Venetian dress. On the other hand, Kirkman, the biographer of Macklin, states expressly that Garrick played *Othello* in a Moorish dress, and speaks captiously of the innovation as "absurd in the extreme;" proceeding to argue that a Venetian general would naturally wear a Venetian habit, and that a Moorish dress tended to make the actor's figure appear smaller than it really was; "which," adds Mr. Kirkman, "was quite unnecessary."

It is unquestionable that earlier *Othellos*—Betterton, Booth, and Quin, for instance—had dressed the character in military uniforms of their respective periods. Kirkman describes Quin as accustomed to play the part "in a large powdered major wig, which, with the black face, made such a magpie appearance of his head, as tended more to make the

people laugh than cry." Garrick had first played the character on the occasion of his benefit at Drury Lane, the 7th March, 1745. Foote had, a year before, made his *début* on the stage of the Haymarket as *Othello*, it being particularly announced in the bills of the evening, that "the character of *Othello* will be new dressed after the custom of his country." It seems likely that Garrick adopted Foote's improvement and appeared in a similar costume. And it may be noted that, when Sir Francis Delaval and other distinguished amateurs performed the tragedy at Drury Lane (Garrick's theatre) in 1751, their costumes are described as "not only magnificent, but well-fancied and adapted to the characters. *Othello's* was a robe in the fashion of his country, *Roderigo's* an elegant modern suit, and *Cassio's* and *Iago's* very rich uniforms." Probably the amateurs, with some magnificence superadded, followed the style of dressing of Garrick and his company.

Murphy and Kirkman both relate the well-known story of Quin's going to see his rival perform *Othello*, accompanied by Dr. John Hoadley, the author of "The Suspicious Husband," and other comedies, who must not be confounded, as he often is confounded (*ex. gra.* by Mr. John Timbs, in his "Anecdote Biography of William Hogarth"), with Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester. Upon the entrance of Garrick as the Moor, Quin says, in his surly way, to his companion, "Here is *Desdemona's* little black boy, Pompey; but, why does he not bring in the tea-kettle and lamp?" Now, in this suggested resemblance of the great actor in *Othello* to *Desdemona's* little black boy, is there not some proof that he appeared in a Moorish dress?

It was the fashion for the lady of quality of the period to retain in her service a little black slave, fancifully attired, oftentimes with much Eastern splendour, whose duty it was to attend his mistress's person and tea-table, lift her skirts from the mire, feed her parrots and comb her lap-dogs. The fancy for these dark-skinned servants had been of long duration. They came now from the East, now from the West Indies, and were known to the general public under the comprehensive term of "black-a-moors." So early as 1659, Dr. Wynter shows in his "Curiosities of Civilisation," there were negro-boys in service in England, and the taste for such attendants went on increasing; the large traffic in African blacks which commenced towards the end of the seventeenth century gradually displacing the eastern servitors who had been the original "black-a-moors." Dr. Wynter quotes from the London Gazette of 1688 the following "hue-and-cry" advertisement: "Run away

from his master, Captain St. Lo, the 21st instant, Obdelah Ealias Abraham, a Moor; swarthy complexion, short frizzled hair, a gold ring in his ear, in a black coat and blew breeches. He took with him a *blew Turkish watch gown*, a *Turkish suit of clothing* that he used to wear about town, and several other things. Whoever brings him to Mr. Zozel's house, in Green Street, shall have one guinea for his charges." In the London Gazette, 1694, may be found a somewhat similar advertisement:—"A black boy, an Indian, about thirteen years old, run away the 8th instant from Putney, with a collar about his neck, with this inscription: 'The Lady Bromfield's black, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.' Whoever brings him to Sir Edward Bromfield's, at Putney, shall have a guinea reward." How freely and shamelessly the "black-a-moors" were bought and sold may be judged from this advertisement in the Tatler, 1709: "A black boy, twelve years of age, fit to wait on a gentleman, to be disposed of at Denis's Coffee-house in Finch Lane, near the Exchange;" and from this, in the Daily Journal, 1728: "To be sold, a negro-boy, aged eleven years. Inquire of the Virginia Coffee-house in Threadneedle Street, behind the Royal Exchange."

Now, in addition, as to the costume of these "black-a-moors," let the reader turn to Hogarth's photographs of his period. In Scene IV. of the "Marriage à la Mode" will be seen a turbaned black boy, grinning over a basketful of trumpery *virtu*; and in Scene II. of the other famous series, known as the "Harlot's Progress," appears another black boy, also wearing a turban, jewelled and plumed, and conveying to his mistress's table a *tea-kettle*. Is it too much to suppose that Quin, likening Garrick in *Othello* to a little black boy, and demanding why he did not bring in the tea-kettle, had in his mind Hogarth's picture, the plates of which were at the time in the full tide of their popularity? And is it too much to assume that Garrick's costume resembled that of the black-a-moor's in the painting, and was Oriental, at least in so far as the head-dress was concerned?

The fashion of employing black servants in the households of "the quality," survived to quite recent times; but the negro footmen have now disappeared almost altogether, and the fancy of attiring them in Eastern garb expired long previously. The turban gradually yielded to the gold-bound European hat, and Turkish trousers were replaced in due course by plush small-clothes and silk stockings. But it is not very long since the band of the Guards, if not of other regiments, was adorned by the presence of turbaned Africans, in gorgeous clothes, who beat the drums and clashed the

cymbals—the relics of the old “black-a-moor” servitude—the last of the Pompeys.

That the *Othellos* of the old stage, although they might not go the lengths in conscientiousness of the “first tragedy man,” honourably mentioned by Mr. Vincent Crummies, who, when he played the Moor, “used to black himself all over,” yet darkened their skins very densely, is without doubt. Murphy relates that Garrick was so accustomed to perform wonders by mere facial expression, that the part of *Othello* was not well chosen for him. “The black complexion disguised his features, and the expression of the mind was wholly lost.” It may be noted that Garrick had made his first appearance on the stage, playing at Ipswich, under the assumed name of Lyddal, in Southern’s tragedy of “Oroonoko,” in the black part of *Aboan*; “he hoped,” says Davies, “under the disguise of a black countenance, to escape being known should it be his misfortune not to please.” And Shakspeare’s own view of *Othello* was probably to the effect that he was of quite negro appearance. *Roderigo* calls him “thick lips.” *Brabantio* speaks of his “sooty bosom.” *Iago* implies his darkness by demanding what delight *Desdemona* will have in “looking on the devil?” *Othello* himself says, “haply, for I am black.” So, also, in the horrible tragedy of “*Titus Andronicus*,” *Aaron the Moor* is spoken of as the “coal-black moor;” says himself, “*Aaron* will have his soul black like his face,” and demands, “Is black so base a hue?” A stage directions runs too: “Enter a nurse with a black-a-moor child in her arms,” the child being the offspring of the loves of *Aaron* and *Tamora*. The lamp-black *Othellos* were, therefore, not wholly without warrant for their jetty hue, in spite of its many disadvantages: particularly in coming off inconveniently and being transferable from hand to hand; oftentimes they were seen to touch nothing they did not soil; let it be *Desdemona*’s dress or even her cheek, or the handkerchief with which, in moments of forgetfulness, in the whirlwind of their passion they dabbed their brows. In later days paler *Othellos* have come in vogue; the palest being, perhaps, Mr. Fechter, at the Princess’s Theatre, a few seasons ago, who was content to make his Moor no darker than a gipsy, but who should be commended for the artistic taste of his Eastern dress, happily contrived and gracefully worn. Indeed, it is in his Eastern robes that the stage-figure of *Othello* is best known to us of the present day. Elderly playgoers may cherish memories of a nondescript velvet dress, with what ladies would describe as “a low neck and short sleeves,” worn by Edmund Kean in the fifth act of his *Othello*; and the

habitus of the opera may bear in mind *Rossini*’s *Otello* in chain-armour, or the suit of gilded mail in which Signor Mario once shone resplendent in the part; but the *Othello* of our modern stage wears a costume of an Oriental rather than any other character. And art follows the theatre in this respect; the *Othello* of the canvas, as of the boards, wears flowing robes, for the most part, with something like a turban on his head. Though there have been deviations from this rule: notably in a large water-colour drawing, by fertile and facile Mr. John Gilbert, exhibited some years ago, in which *Othello* before the senate appears clad in a Venetian suit of green velvet trimmed with gold lace. But an *Othello* similarly costumed has not been seen upon the boards of a theatre for long years, if indeed he ever so appeared.

MORE AND BETTER WATER FOR LONDON.

THAT London must have more water and better water than she has hitherto been supplied with, is evident on all hands, and we seem now to have arrived at a crisis which must determine the question. Not less than 100,000,000 gallons of water are now daily supplied to the 3,000,000 people of the metropolis and the suburbs; and this enormous quantity is not only not enough, but objectionable in quality, according to the averments of those who undertake to describe to us minutely the quantity of deleterious, poisonous matter, organic matter, and organised beings which, in the shape of infinitesimal animalcules, we must imbibe from every sparkling fountain. From the authoritative analyses of the waters supplied by the ten metropolitan companies it plainly appears that the amount of poisonous, or, at any rate, objectionable substances, held in solution or in combination in all these samples is only a matter of degree. We get more or less of them in every sample of water. The Registrar-General’s Reports testify to this appalling fact with disgusting iteration. “Solid matter,” “organic matter,” “amount of oxygen required for oxidation of organic matter,” “degrees of hardness,”—such are the headings of columns of figures giving the percentage of poisonous matter or impurities in our water, the morbid significance of which, in regard to the public health, can only be adequately appreciated by the physiologist or the physician, whilst our Bill of Mortality ever remains to testify to the evil. The Registrar-General speaks plainly on this terrible subject. He tells us that the whole of the districts where the mortality from cholera was recently from thirty to forty-fold higher than it was either in the west or

the central, in the north or the south of London, were supplied with bad water, namely, from the Old-Ford reservoirs.

London is divided into 37 districts. Six are supplied from Old Ford, and every one has been ravaged by this epidemic. The other 31 districts have for six weeks in succession suffered slightly. The 37 districts are subdivided into 135 sub-districts; 21 are supplied with the same water, and have all suffered six weeks in succession; 115 sub-districts have suffered inconsiderably, except in St. Botolph and a few other districts, where the same water has crept in, and the mortality is partially swollen.

Now, as the Registrar-General very pertinently observes, by the doctrine of chances it is impossible that the coincidence between this particular water and the high mortality should be fortuitous in 135 cases during six weeks in succession. The induction extends over all the area of observation in previous epidemics, where sewage water has so often led to cholera outbreaks. The persistence of the epidemic in the East London districts is no proof that the supply of the company is now worse than that of other companies, as its effects in the place and on the population subside but slowly. This great lesson, he solemnly adds, should be taken to heart by every water company and every community in the kingdom. Unclean water cannot be consumed with impunity; its consumption is the sin of which cholera is the punishment.

In the absence, or rather the comparative absence, of acknowledged poisonous matter, we have also to contend with what may be called the mechanical impurities of our water. For it appears that, for some periods of the year at all events, private filtration is necessary with the water of six of the water companies, in order to ensure to the consumers a bright and potable water. Out of a total average supply of 88,588,211 gallons, no less than 67,326,000 gallons, or more than three-fourths of the whole, have been delivered to the consumers in a turbid state.

And now the question is, How is this evil to be remedied? We have before us two schemes: one of them to enable us to slake our thirst with the waters of the Welsh hills; the other, from the Lakes of Cumberland. If there be valid objections against these sources of water-supply, we may point to the river Eden, about five miles from Carlisle, and the Calder, still nearer to that town, and both of them, as we are informed, abounding in pure water.

Ancient Rome—the great prototype of modern London—conveyed the fluid crystal, through enormous aqueducts of immense mileage, to her thirsty populations; and

modern London is invited to follow her example by the organisation of a water-conveyance which our modern scientific and mechanical appliances can contrive with far greater facility than could possibly be at the command even of the world's conquerors. The obvious inquiry in such a proposition is,—whether the sources proposed can afford to part with the enormous quantities of water that would be required,—not less than 250,000,000 of gallons daily, without superinducing a state of things which would be their painful loss whilst it may be our pleasant gain. In a country comparatively so circumscribed as Great Britain, and under the very serious apprehension of the decrease of annual rainfall which exists, it may be a question whether any part of the island should be lavish of its water-expenditure. Certainly, with respect to one of the proposed schemes, it may be admitted that it is in the line in which, according to Mr. Symons, not only no deficiency of rainfall exists, but on the contrary, there is an excess of nearly 10 per cent.; and a similar excuse may be pleaded by those who wish to lay the Welsh Hills under contribution. But, unfortunately, it is impossible to say how long such a state of immunity may exist in our variable climate, although Cumberland has from time immemorial rejoiced in the possession of a locality which has ever been the wettest spot in Europe.

Other considerations are pressed upon us in accusation of the apparent selfishness which would despoil the fair Lake region of its adorning waters. This is, of course, a question for the district to decide, in that prospect which generally meets all views concerned—compensation in hard cash, which might be made to contribute, if judiciously applied, even to the enhancement of the natural beauties of the Lake district. Of course, even in this utilitarian age, there are poetic minds who would implore us by all that is sacred (in poetry) to “spare” that lake; and we must admit that the competition of attraction to travellers can spare very little in England in the rage for foreign travel and excursion.

Such are the various bearings of this important question; and without venturing to express any decided opinion on either of the schemes in question, as to their expediency or sufficiency, still, in the crying necessity for a more abundant and a purer water-supply for the metropolis and the kingdom at large, we fain would ask, Cannot science help us out of the difficulty? If science be still silent as to what we are to do when our coal-fields become exhausted, has she nothing to suggest, like the Ancient Mariner of Coleridge, with the

world-encircling, inexhaustible ocean around him, and yet "not a drop to drink"? Nature has everlastingly drawn from the ocean—the great cloud-mother—the pure vapour which circulates as clouds, and ultimately falls in pure and pellucid rain-drops over the land; and in long voyages, when our supply of water failed, we have been enabled, by means of a common kettle and a rough condensation of the vapour of sea-water, to slake our thirst. Considering the perfection to which our art of distillation has advanced, converting the mash of almost any saccharine stuff into "exquisitely-flavoured Cognac," can it not take Old Ocean in hand, and squeeze out of her an everlasting fountain of pure and living water, without a particle of "solid matter," "organic and other volatile matter," without "requiring oxygen for oxidation of organic matter," without "hardness"? It seems to be only a question of titanic boilers to evaporate the brine, herculean condensers to turn it into water, and gigantic appliances to force pure atmospheric air into it, so as to render it as completely acceptable to the human palate as Nature makes it by her similar but slower and universal method.

At a London rectifiers we find that a still containing 2600 gallons will work off 2300 gallons in seven hours, or at the rate of about 330 gallons per hour. This will give some idea of the possibility of the process which we suggest; but, instead of the ordinary *boiling*, we should prefer to deliver the sea-water on iron plates kept constantly heated to the evaporating temperature or boiling point, and provided with mechanical means for removing the valuable chemical residuum.

But this is not the only means which science seems to have at command to help us withal in our present requirement. There is the *electrolysis* of water, as the electricians call it. From sea-water, from the filthiest of water, the two poles of a galvanic battery will evolve the two gases of which water consists in their definite proportions, and these being collected, a lightning-flash or spark of frictional electricity dashed into them will convert them into pure water. Herein, again, we shall but imitate the grand doings of Nature in the thunderstorm,—the means whereby she often gives us at least half an inch of rain-fall, or 1132 gallons per acre, in a single shower.

Surely it is in these latter times of the Earth, or probably her decrepitude, that she may be expecting her children to provide for their wants as best they may: taking her hints, and applying to useful purposes the sciences which she has enabled them to build up to such imposing proportions. If so, no

grander field is open to the votaries of science than the realisation of the problem which we have ventured to suggest to their ingenuity. It will surpass in importance and beneficence all the acknowledged services which science has rendered to mankind.

ANDREW STEINMETZ.

[We publish this article with all reserve, leaving the question of practicability for our scientific readers to settle.—ED. O. A. W.]

SUCH IS RUSSIA.

I RESIDED in Russia for many years, and I must in justice say that I thoroughly enjoyed my life in its capital. Business succeeded well, my speculations prospered, my wealth was accumulating rapidly, and I felt that there was no extravagance in having luxuries, nor in allowing my family to enjoy them. We entered freely into society, and the Russians always treated us with the greatest kindness. Our children were growing up; the eldest had been educated in London, and had spent her holidays at her grandfather's, in Kent. A short time before we had been surprised, by learning that she had formed an attachment with a young neighbour of theirs, of good character.

As the season was almost too advanced for travelling, the young people petitioned that they might be married in England; and we at last consented, with the proviso that they were to pay us a visit in the following spring. I need not, however, dwell upon our family. The night I speak of was in the depth of winter. Everything was freezing, and only Russians or Canadians would dream of parties in such weather; but it was the height of the season in St. Petersburg, and the party we gave that evening was expected to go off brilliantly. Our friends were invited to come in masquerade, and we begged our intimates to try and disguise themselves effectually. Our rooms were already crowded, when a stranger, or at least a strange figure, addressed me, saying he was obliged to leave early, and he trusted I would follow his example in returning home; he hoped he should not see me again.

I was astonished by the odd address. At first I thought that he must have imbibed too freely of the sparkling wines in the refreshment-rooms, but then I remembered that they would hardly have been opened. Just then Count Vladimer came up and put his hand upon my shoulder, saying,—

"I should scarcely trouble to carry a mask in my hand, if I were you; for everyone has seen your face, so you cannot disguise yourself, even if you put it on. Pray! why are you looking so mystified?"

I repeated the words of my visitor, and said I could not forget them, although I knew they were of no consequence.

"I disagree with you," remarked my friend. "Those words must have been intended for a warning. I know that you have done many kindnesses to our people, and one of them has wished to put you on your guard."

"Oh! nonsense," I answered; but the Count persisted. He reminded me that he had known and liked me for years, and he earnestly begged me to act upon the warning. At any rate, if he found that there were grounds for his suspicions, that I would promise to act upon his advice.

"Very well," I said, and turned away.

In half-an-hour's time I met my friend, who whispered that he wished me to join him in the library, which we found deserted.

"My fears have been corroborated," said the Count; "you are suspected, and will be seized to-morrow, or at any moment, if you show signs of departure. You must quit St. Petersburg to-night."

"Nonsense," I again repeated; "you do not suppose that I will leave my wife and children on the whispered joke of some scoundrel, perhaps!"

"I do not wish you to leave your wife and children," answered my friend; "take them with you, or possibly you may all be on the road to Siberia before you are aware, and it will be small comfort to you to know that you have done nothing wrong, and that perhaps in twenty years' time you may be acquitted. Be warned in time by a sincere well-wisher."

The Count's arguments had some effect, and I inquired what had best be done.

"Exchange dresses with me," was the answer; "but first order your people to pack a hamper full of estates on the plea of a surprise for my children, and manage to have both wine and brandy included; then quietly tell your wife to collect her valuables, and conceal them upon her person—she fortunately is wearing her diamonds; then return, and we will change dresses."

This was soon done. My poor wife was one of those valuable women who could take a hint without stunning one with questions. Meanwhile, I personated Count Vladimer as well as I was able, wearing the mask tightly fastened as you may suppose.

The next time we met, my kind friend told me that his carriage was fortunately both warm and large, and well supplied with furs, as they had had a long drive from their country-seat. He thought our best plan would be to enter it as if we were leaving the party, get fresh horses at Iverskoy, and reach the

frontiers with speed; whilst he and his wife would personate us as long as they could.

"But if there is any risk, you will be more likely to suffer than a foreigner."

"Pardon me," he answered; "the Countess is nearly connected with the Empress, and a favourite at Court; and they could not allege that we had done anything worthy of blame, for surely you might pay me a visit in the country without committing treason; and I could aver on oath, that I had no suspicion that you had been guilty of any crime likely to drive you from the country. On second thoughts, I think you had better leave your youngest child behind; he is too young to bear the journey, and I will promise that my wife will take the greatest care of him;—and now prepare your family with all haste."

I need scarcely say that Count Vladimer spoke English fluently, as compared with most of the Russians, and he acted the part of host capitally; whilst I persuaded the girls that we intended to carry on the joke of our disguise, and would try and take the servants in when we arrived at Iverskoy, the country-seat of Count Vladimer. My daughters were fortunately dressed as Poles, and their sable pelisses, which early in the evening they had deemed to be nuisances, were well qualified for a journey; and a large domino concealed effectually the thick shawls which scarcely suited the embroidered velvet dress of my wife.

I lost no time in explaining matters to my family. My daughters could not believe their ears, whilst my wife seemed drowned in sorrow that her darling Charlie should be left to the mercy of Russian barbarians.

My thoughtful friend had furnished me with a note to his confidential attendant, and no sooner was it read than he left me, whilst we recruited ourselves with the hot supper provided for his master. On his return he urged us to start directly. The ladies were wrapped still more warmly in furs and hoods, whilst I had an immense fur coat assigned to me, the outside being of sheep-skin. Emily, my youngest daughter, declared that I looked exactly like a polar bear raised upon his hind-legs. But to our dismay we found that our extra wraps had so increased our size, that it was next to impossible to wedge myself into the carriage. What was to be done? I began to take off my coat, but Vassilievitch objected,—

"I would be sure to require it. Besides," he added, "would it not cause remarks to see a carriage crowded to that extent with lords and ladies, and no servant to attend upon them? Could not my lord attempt to personate a servant, and stay outside the carriage?"

To this I agreed willingly. Vassilievitch told me that I would find pipes, tobacco, and cigars in the hamper beneath the seat, and a few other things which I might require.

At last we were off at a rattling pace. The Count's horses were first-rate, and they were well driven; but the night grew colder and colder. Anxiety of mind seemed to have deadened my external feelings, and I only dreaded the want of horses. Imagine my delight when we arrived at the post-stage to find four horses in readiness. The Count had ordered one of his people to ride on, and give notice of our coming upon business of importance. I now had recourse to the cigars beneath the seat, and a small lantern showed me a most heterogeneous mass of articles; a brace of pistols and ammunition were amongst the number, and thankful I was to see them, as I was determined to sell my life dearly if we were pursued.

We continued our journey during the following day, the weather continuing fine though cold. A great deal of snow had fallen during the last week, and the roads were heavy in consequence; towards night, the wind began to moan in a threatening manner. At the post-house we were strongly recommended to remain all night, as the next stage was through a large wood which was frequented by wolves, and the inn-keeper told us that several oxen had suffered from them, though he did not think that they would dare to attack a carriage. Time was too precious for us to spare it for rest; so I said we must continue our journey at all risks. Despatches of consequence were in the carriage. We hurried on, for the wolves were on all sides, making the most horrid noise.

We made but slow progress. At last, we came to a full stop. I disentangled myself as well as I was able from all my furs, and jumped to the ground. A tree had fallen down across the narrow road. The driver thought we might be able to lift it, but we found it was frozen to the ground. Ivan then got a hatchet, and began to cut the top away. I saw that this must be a tedious business, and trembled for the result. The wolves seemed to be creeping nearer and nearer, and they might attack our horses at any moment. I took the hatchet from Ivan's hands, and begged him to look after his cattle; but I had soon to relinquish it, that I might answer the questions of the women. One of them was sure that wolves were near.

"I am afraid so," was my reply; "that is the reason we are so hurried about the tree; if we can only keep them at a distance till the passage is free, I have no fear."

"Make a fire," cried one of the girls; "that is the way they frighten lions and tigers."

"Yes, but lions and tigers usually reside in hot countries, where sticks are dry," answered I; "but I will speak to our driver about it."

I found him holding with difficulty the startled and frightened animals, and inquired whether a fire would be practicable.

"The best thing that could be done," said he; "get everything you can spare from the carriage, and if once you can get a blaze, the fir-tops may kindle."

On telling the ladies, I found they were determined to be useful; so I left it to them, and worked hard at the tree, whilst Ivan instructed my daughters; the lid of a box and some straw were soon ignited, and not a bit too soon. The wolves had drawn so near that we could hear them snarling as they hustled one another. But my work was nearly done; the horses were fastened strongly to the trees, and Ivan assisted me in lifting the wood.

When once the road was clear, we started; my wife had given Ivan a bottle of brandy, and put another on my seat; and much we needed it, for the cold was intense. Before long, the driver told me that one of the horses was lame; he could not keep up with the others. As our speed diminished, our enemies crept nearer. I thought of the mask. I had kicked it under the seat, and I remembered the old school-boy dodge of cutting out a turnip and frightening one's friends by putting a light within it. My little lantern would be the very thing. I fastened it into the mask, and waited till the wolves drew nearer, then threw it in front of them. The half-starved brutes were startled; they could not make it out. The mask had fortunately fallen so that the light shone through the eyes and mouth, and I saw them stop; the foremost went up to it, but seemed afraid to touch it. But the wolves in the rear were impatient, and pushed the others on; one fell upon the mask, and evidently crushed the lantern, for the light went out, and again the wretches were in pursuit.

"We cannot be saved," said Ivan at length, "unless you can think of something else."

"If I had but a rope," I shouted, "I might do something."

"Then catch this," he answered, and threw a good sized piece over the top of the carriage: "I brought it in case the harness broke."

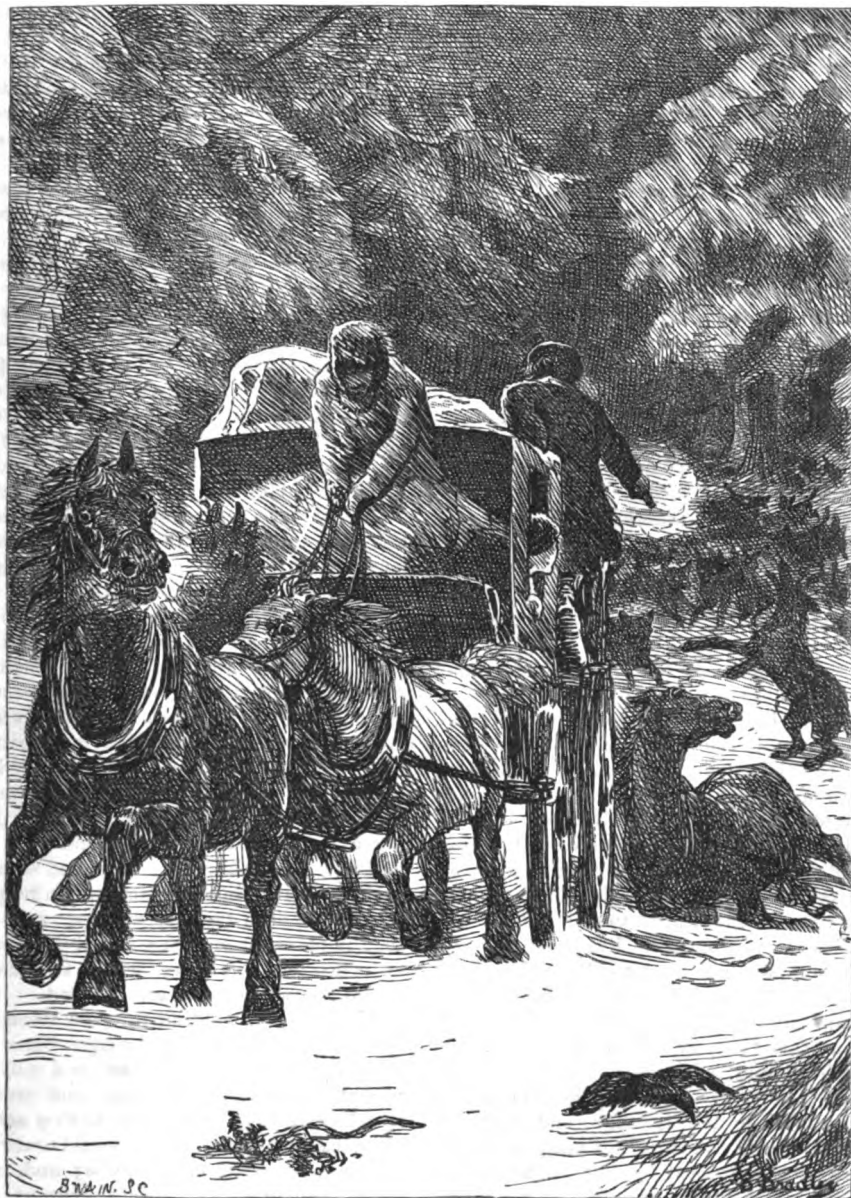
I pulled off my long boot, which was lined with sheep-skin, with a band of fur round the top, and prayed, as I fastened the rope securely round the instep, that our hungry foes might mistake it for a trap. I then threw it over, and had the pleasure of seeing it bump most satisfactorily along, the wolves keeping

at a respectful distance. This continued for a minute or two, and then our lame horse fell.

"We must leave him," cried Ivan, jumping

down as he spoke; and I followed his example, cutting the harness with our knives.

"Have your pistols ready," said the Rus-



sian, "whilst I fasten the traces—the wolves are upon us."

And so it was. My boot no longer served to frighten them. It now lay quiet on the snow; and I had just time to turn and shoot the foremost as he was making a spring.

"Mount!" shouted our driver, and I sprang

on to the step, managing to shoot an immense wolf who was rushing at one of the horses.

"We are free now," I said to Ivan; "the wolves will surely remain with the lame horse."

"Yes, I think we are," he answered; "but load your pistols; if we do not reach the post-house before they overtake us, we shall find

them more savage than ever; that poor brute will not be a mouthful for each of them."

But at the edge of the wood we saw the walls of the post-house, just as the pack rushed into the brighter light. They felt they were foiled, and shrank away, howling dismally. As to the ladies, they were really more dead than alive when we helped them out of the carriage, and we all agreed that we must take an hour's rest before we started.

As we reached the frontier another doubt arose. Our passports were *en règle*, but I only had them for my wife, myself, and one of my daughters: they had been made out when we talked of joining my eldest daughter and her husband in Paris, and they were likely to be of service; but how was I to manage about Emma and Carry? After some deliberation, I decided upon consulting our driver, who had behaved so well in our escape from the wolves. So telling the ladies that they might have a short rest at a comfortable little post-house which we had reached, I joined Ivan, offering him a share of my brandy-bottle, and asked if he had not been long in the service of Count Vladimer.

"I am a serf, born on his land," was his reply; "and my father was before me."

"Is he not a good master?" I inquired.

"He is, indeed, my lord," for so he persisted in calling me. "Ah! if all vassals were as fortunate as I have been, Russia would be a different country from what it is."

I said I believed his master trusted him, and I would do the same. I wanted to know what I had best do, as I had not passports for two of my daughters, and I dared not apply to the officials of the frontier towns.

"I fear you would not be allowed to pass," he said; "but could not you get them across the river Memel, and then pick them up after going through the nearest town?"

"How do you mean?" I inquired.

"When we get near to Meretch," Ivan answered, "I could turn aside, for I know the part quite well. The river must be frozen hard at this time, and I or my lord might take the young ladies over, leave them at a cottage close to the banks of the Memel, and then return to the carriage and drive to Meretch, where you can show your papers."

This plan I deemed feasible, although the idea of leaving two young girls at the mercy of strangers was repugnant to my feelings. But when I told my daughters about it, they both declared that they had no fear, and that they would much rather cross the ice than be detained perhaps for weeks at Meretch.

On the banks of the river another difficulty arose. There was no passport for Ivan, and yet we were most unwilling to part from him.

"My lord must condescend to act as driver," said Ivan, "and I can see the young ladies across the river, and protect them from danger if necessary. Or I can stay with the carriage, and on arriving at Meretch pretend to return to St. Petersburg, and seize the first opportunity of crossing the river."

The last plan would have taken too much time, so I told him we felt full confidence in him, and promised him a handsome reward if we reached Paris in safety; and so we parted.

We had not much trouble at Meretch. When I produced my passports, I said my business was of importance; an hour saved was sometimes worth a fortune to a merchant like me, and if the official would kindly assist me by paying any dues that were required, I should feel everlastingly indebted to him. So saying, I slipped a bag of money into his willing fingers. He gave a look of intelligence, glanced at my passports, and begged me not to dismount—there should not be a hindrance if he had the power to prevent it.

When out of the town my heart bounded. We were once more free! I trusted to join the girls in an hour or so, and lost no time on the road; but the path was a winding one, and there were numerous cross-roads; however, I took the river as my guide, and in course of time we reached a cottage, but could hear nothing of our little party. Further on, we met an old woman, who made us understand that she had seen two girls whom a Russian was taking before the authorities, as he feared they were spies. "But they looked both good and modest, and my heart ached for them," she added, with a sigh. After giving her a trifle, we hastened on, and soon overtook my weary children. Ivan had seen some military resting in the cottage when he peeped in through the narrow window, and feared that unpleasant inquiries might be made, so he concocted this story, which he was sure would win the heart of any peasant.

The girls told me that the poor woman had been very kind; she had brought them black bread and cheese in her apron, and milk from her little dairy, though Ivan had pretended that he could not allow them to stop and rest. My daughters said that they would never forget his kindness and thoughtfulness; and, indeed, he has proved a most faithful servant; he is now my gamekeeper at —. His master thought it would be scarcely prudent for him to return to Vladimer.

A day later I could not have left the capital, for I should have been in prison; for the authorities had heard that I was connected with the English press. Nothing could be more absurd; but such is Russia. E. M.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "A PRODIGAL SON," "SIR FELIX FOY, BART.," &c., &c.



CHAPTER V. "A PROPER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN GENTLEMEN."

"WHY, Barlow, I thought you never smoked," said Mr. Hobson.

"Dear me; is it you, Hobson? Well, I

hardly ever smoke—very seldom indeed," answered Mr. Barlow.

"Who'd have thought of seeing you out at this time of night?"

"Well, it may seem odd; but you see,

Hobson, after the fatigues of the day I think a little walk does one good. And it's so very fresh and pleasant now in the evening; and the gas at St. Jude's makes the church almost unbearably hot. I find a little stroll at this time, with sometimes—not very often—a cigar, is really very enjoyable. Of course I don't smoke much—that is, I don't make a habit of it. The people here are rather censorious, and given to misunderstanding one; and they might say things about one, which would of course be disagreeable, considering my situation here. Otherwise I see no harm in smoking; provided, of course, that it isn't carried to excess—no harm whatever."

"It's very kind of you to say so," observed Mr. Hobson, rather derisively. And then he discovered that, although he could walk in a tolerably straight line, deporting himself the while respectably enough, when he came to stand still there was a disposition about his legs to give way beneath him, and about his body to sway to and fro, to the endangerment of his equilibrium. In plain truth, the painful fact must be admitted: Mr. Hobson was far from sober.

"I've been having some brandy and water at the Royal," he said, with a fatuous air of explaining to Mr. Barlow any irregularity that might be perceptible in his demeanour. His articulation was not very distinct—his pronunciation was somewhat clipped and mutilated. "Branny and warrer at the Roy'l," he repeated.

"So I should imagine," remarked Mr. Barlow, gravely.

"I was just thinking of going back to bed."

"The very best thing you could do. Here, I'll turn back with you. Take my arm, Hobson; lean on me."

"You don't think I'm drunk, Barlow?" demanded Mr. Hobson, with tipsy stateliness, and an attempt at a look of indignation.

"Oh dear, no; nothing of the kind."

"Quite right, Barlow; nothing of the kind."

"Only it's getting late, you know; and we're early people at Beachville."

"Quite right, Barlow. Getting late; and early people at Beachville," repeated Mr. Hobson, his articulation slurred and confused.

So they passed down the parade towards the Royal Hotel.

"You're a good fellow, Barlow, good fellow," murmured Mr. Hobson, with a somewhat maudling air of affection for his companion. "I've a great respect for you—very great respect." After which he was silent for some little time.

Suddenly he stopped, disengaged himself,

folded his arms, and assumed an angry accusing air.

"That's enough, Barlow," he said. "We'll have no humbug, you know. We'll have everything fair and above board, Barlow. I'm not a man to be trifled with, you know."

"No, no. Of course not. Nobody's going to trifle with you. Come; this is the way to your hotel."

"I know the way to my hotel, Barlow. I can make allowances for you, Barlow, because—because you're not so sober as I should like to see you, Barlow. Only, let's have everything fair and above board. I'm a plain man, Barlow. So are you, for that matter; uncommonly plain, ain't you, Barlow? Where was I? I know. We'll have everything plain and above board. Now, let's come to an understanding—a proper understanding. There's nothing like a proper understanding—between gentlemen—between gentlemen." (Mr. Hobson repeated the close of his sentences after the manner of a jumbled echo.)

"I think I'll say good night," said Mr. Barlow.

"No you don't, Barlow. Nothing of the kind," and Mr. Hobson caught his companion by the sleeve, hindering his departure. "Can't let you go away yet, till we've come to a proper understanding. Now's the day and now's the hour. Isn't that what the song says? Now then, look here, Barlow. To put the thing plain, and make it all square and regular between us—what's your little game? That's what I want to know. What's your little game?"

"I don't understand you."

"Oh yes you do, Barlow. Don't tell me. You understand me fast enough. What's your little game?"

"Really, Mr. Hobson——"

"Answer my question, sir," and Mr. Hobson assumed a severely forensic voice and attitude, but was apparently forgetful that he had devoted his abilities to the courts of chancery; his manners certainly pertained to less dignified tribunals—seemed indeed to be founded upon the style adopted by his namesake, "Central Criminal" Hobson, in dealing with a reluctant witness. "Don't trifle with the patience of the jury. I intend to have an answer if I stop here all day—I mean all night. Come, sir, answer the question; yes or no. What's your little game?"

"I really cannot permit——" began Mr. Barlow.

"You object to the form of the question? Very well. I'll put it differently. Now, then, is it old Aunt Fanny?" and Mr. Hobson winked with tipsy knowingness.

"Pray, Mr. Hobson——"

"What do you say? Oh, it isn't old Aunt Fanny? I'll take a note of that—note of that. No, it isn't old Aunt Fanny. No, Barlow, I'll say *that* for you. I never supposed it *was* old Aunt Fanny."

"And now good night. You can't miss the Royal."

"Stop, stop; I haven't done with you yet. No, I'm not going to miss the Royal. But if it isn't old Aunt Fanny, Barlow, what I want to know is—is—who the devil is it? Excuse my plain but forcible language—forcible language. Who is it? Come. We intend to have it out of you, you know. Is it Sophy Brown?"

"Let me go, sir," said Mr. Barlow, losing patience.

"What do you say, Barlow? *No!* It isn't Sophy Brown? Glad to hear it. She's a great deal too good for you—too good for you. But if it isn't Sophy Brown—you see, Barlow, it was no use your fencing with the question; we get at the answer at last by a sort of exhaustive process—exhaustive process—(I wonder whether we could get any soda water at the Royal?)—if it isn't Sophy Brown, I say, it stands to reason that it must be Matilda Milner. Doesn't it, now? Ah, Barlow, you're a sly dog. So you're after Matilda Milner, are you?"

Mr. Barlow made no reply, and abandoned further attempts at escape. Either he had determined to humour his inebriated companion to the top of his bent, or else the mention of the name of Miss Milner had over him (Barlow) in some sort the effect of a spell, and hindered his departure.

"I daresay you happen to have heard, Barlow, that Matilda Milner's got money?"

Still Mr. Barlow held his peace. Yet he listened with evident interest.

"Quite right, Barlow; don't commit yourself. And what you happen to have heard isn't evidence to go to the jury. No more it is, Barlow. Quite right. But you see, Barlow, two can play at that game. I say two can play at that game. Do you hear? Then, why don't the man answer?" (Mr. Hobson turned and put this final question to an adjacent lamp-post, as though it were a disinterested bystander that could furnish information on the subject.)

"Well, sir," said Mr. Barlow, seeing that speech of some kind was necessary.

"Well, sir," repeated Frank Hobson. "I love Matilda Milner. Do you hear? I say I love Matilda Milner."

"Oh, indeed."

"Yes, indeed. And she loves me—that is I think she does—a little. You see, Barlow, a little love and lots of money; that's quite

enough to marry upon—quite enough. Now it comes to this, Barlow—we both love Matilda Milner. You love her; you've said as much."

"I've said nothing of the kind."

"Yes, you have, Barlow. Don't equivocate—equivocate. We both love her. Now, we can't both marry her. That would be bigamy. Barlow, for shame of you, for suggesting such a thing! Bigamy, punishable by law; sentence, transportation; that kind of thing. We can't both marry her. How shall we settle it, then? What do you say? You're a sporting man—'betting Barlow,' that's your name. I know well enough who you are. Bless you, there's no deceiving me! What money will you put on the event, now? Have you made up your book? Do you back yourself to win? We're friends, you know, Barlow, and of course we can settle the thing in a friendly way—friendly way. Now, look here; how's it to be settled? Will you run a race for her?—on foot or on horseback? We can hire nags, and race along the sands at low tide to Puffin Head and back; or shall we make it a walking-match—five miles within the hour, regular toe and heel; or a cricket-match, or billiards,—there, or I'll even play chess with you for her! I'm not up to the game of knurr and spell," Mr. Hobson confessed sadly, "or I'd go in for that with you. But I'll do anything to be accommodating, that I will, Barlow, because you're a good fellow, and I respect you. Single stick, or fencing, or sparring, or wrestling. A fair field and no favour, that's what I say; and may the best man win Matilda Milner," and he repeated at the top of his voice, waving his arms wildly, "May the best man win Matilda Milner!"

"I am surprised, Mr. Hobson," began Mr. Barlow; "but it's useless talking to you. You're not in a condition to understand what's said to you."

"Don't say that, Barlow, don't say that, or else you'll hurt my feelings, you really will. No, Barlow, you're not going, can't allow it, not until this little matter's settled. You're not going, my dear old betting Barlow, until we've brought this little affair to a satisfactory conclusion—satisfactory conclusion. But we'll make short work of it if you're in a hurry, only I thought you might be in the humour for a little sport. Given up sport, I see,—all right. I know all about you, Barlow, white tie, clerical position, that kind of thing; no more betting, very proper. Look here, we'll settle it in a moment,—we'll toss. The winner shall marry Matilda Milner." And Mr. Hobson produced a coin from his pocket.

"You cry to me, Barlow."

"I distinctly decline."

"The winner marries Matilda Milner."

"I say I——"

"It's as fair for one as the other."

"Mr. Hobson—I'm surprised—I say I——"

"You say 'heads.'"

"I say nothing of the kind."

"Then you say 'tails.' All right, Barlow. There, you've lost, for it's 'heads.' Matilda Milner's mine. Wish me joy, Barlow."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Come, come, Barlow, don't lose your temper. It was all fair and above-board. I've won and you've lost. But there's Sophy Brown left, I can't marry them both, or else perhaps I would. Take her, Barlow, and be happy. God bless you both!"

"How dare you, sir——"

"Oh, don't talk about daring, Barlow, don't now. With your experience in betting you ought to bear your losses with more fortitude, you ought, indeed. And your loss is a positive gain—positive gain. You've won Sophy Brown; that is, if she'll have you. About which I have doubts."

"You're not sober, Mr. Hobson, I fear, and——"

"Don't try to get out of it that way, Barlow, I won't have it. It was all fair; we tossed, and I won. Matilda Milner's mine. There's nothing more to be said, only do what's right, Barlow. No interference with another gentleman's property. I put it to you as a man of honour; withdraw all claim to Matilda Milner, or—or—to be plain, you'll catch it. But I don't want to threaten you; there's no occasion for that. You're a good fellow, Barlow, and I've the greatest respect for you—greatest respect. We're friends, and we've settled our differences in a friendly way. I don't threaten you, and I waive all such remedy as the court might give me. I rely upon your honour, Barlow, and I won't, though of course I might, file a bill against you for specific performance—specific performance." He had considerable difficulty with the articulation of these words. "Good night, Barlow. Make Sophy Brown Mrs. Barlow, and you'll be a happy man. Good night."

And Mr. Hobson staggered off to rouse the night porter of the Royal, and obtain admission to his hotel. It was quite as well that Beachville slept while the extraordinary scene above narrated was taking place upon its parade.

"He must be mad," said Mr. Barlow, as he watched the retreating figure of Frank Hobson; "certainly he's drunk." And the curate retreated to his lodgings.

It has been a matter of some pain and anxiety to the narrator that, in the interests

of truth and his narrative, he has been compelled to exhibit to the reader, Mr. Frank Hobson in the reprehensible situation and guilty of the shameful behaviour last described. That a man should venture to decide his choice of a wife upon the turning of a coin, is of course, monstrous enough; and the circumstances of his inebriety the while can in no way be urged as excusing his wrong doing. Wine is supposed to stimulate the development of truth; to induce a return to a natural tone of heart and feeling; an abandonment of those cautions and calculations with which an artificial civilisation has wrapped and fettered the healthy and honest instincts of humanity. And the attributes of wine, it is presumable, are not wholly absent in the case of brown brandy and water. Yet, under the influence of that stimulant, Mr. Hobson was guilty of demeanour singularly gross and indecorous; such as he would surely have shrunk from in his moments of sobriety. At least *that* may be said for him.

I abstain, however, from putting forth trite apologies, as to the fact of no man being wise at all hours; as to the occasionally nodding even of Homer, and the drowsiness of the bard being possibly due to incautious libations. I prefer to point to the fact that if Mr. Hobson sinned, he consequentially suffered. Excess is its own Nemesis. Violent political discussions with vehement elderly gentlemen, stimulated by over-indulgence in brown brandy and water, are errors that carry their punishment along with them. Mr. Hobson awoke the next morning with a distressing headache; but what was even more distressing to him was the vague yet irresistible conviction that he had over-night,—to put the matter plainly, if coarsely,—in some way made a tremendous donkey of himself.

"I remember meeting Barlow on the parade," he said, pressing both hands upon his brow, as though there was some danger of his head coming in half. "Did I insult him, I wonder? No, I think we were rather friendly than otherwise. And we came to some arrangement, I fancy. Surely, we did. We tossed: and I won. And it was settled I was to marry Matilda Milner. I'm almost certain that some such arrangement was come to. What a fool I was to take all that brandy!"

He went down-stairs to the coffee-room. He found the crimson-faced old gentleman devouring his breakfast with great appetite, heaping upon his plate some very savoury-smelling preparation of kidneys, drinking his tea with noisy avidity, and storming at the waiters for supplying him so tardily with dry toast. For his own part Mr. Hobson did not

find himself particularly hungry. The old gentleman greeted him heartily.

"How are you?" he cried. "Fine morning. The sea lovely. I had my dip an hour ago. It's given me a prodigious appetite. Waiter, when *are* those eggs coming?" This was demanded most fiercely. The waiters dispersed in a panic.

Mr. Hobson was reflecting moodily as to whether the ocean hissed and steamed very much when the fiery old gentleman plunged amid its waves.

He deferred his breakfast, and went out, his head throbbing badly. But after a bathe and a swim, though he confessed to himself that he had never before felt so nervous about getting out of his depth, (that terrible brown brandy!)-he became more himself, and his appetite awoke faintly within him. Returning to his hotel, he encountered Miss Sophy Brown. She had tripped out early to exchange books at the library, and looked very fresh, and pure, and pretty in the morning sun.

"What a feverish beast I feel by the side of her," thought Mr. Hobson, as he greeted Miss Sophy Brown.

"And you're really going away this morning?" asked Miss Brown. Frank Hobson explained that he must tear himself away from Beachville by the first train after breakfast.

"But I suppose we shall see you next Saturday?"

This was so prettily said, seeming to convey so genuine a desire to see him again on the following Saturday, that Mr. Hobson was nearly betrayed into needless enthusiasm, to the effect that he should certainly come down on the following Saturday, that he should look forward to the following Saturday all the week, and to the hope of seeing Miss Brown again; nay more, that if Miss Brown would hint a wish in that respect, he wouldn't leave Beachville at all, but would take up his abode there for an indefinite period. But he checked himself—he did not deliver so chivalrous an outburst. He said simply that he hoped to be there again on Saturday, and took leave of Miss Brown, in a way that was rather friendly and quiescent than ardent or exuberant.

"What happened last night?" he asked himself sadly, endeavouring to pierce a fog of intoxication, and arrive at the real outline of events. "Something was said about Sophy Brown, I know. Didn't I hand her over to Barlow? I believe I did. I was capable of any crime last night. She's a dear little creature is Sophy Brown!"

The old gentleman was just completing his breakfast.

"You don't look quite yourself this morning," he said to Frank Hobson. "A little overdid it last night, I fancy. Don't be persuaded to have any soda water, or nonsense of that kind. It's a mistake young men are always falling into. Have something devilled for breakfast, and a tumbler of hot grog with your lunch. The best thing in the world for an ailing stomach. I find it does me a world of good."

"The old salamander!" murmured Mr. Hobson.

But he rather shrunk from the prescription. He made a decent breakfast, however. The pure exhilarating wind and waters of Beachville had had a good effect upon him.

"I'm going up by the 10.40," observed the old gentleman. "Are you?"

Mr. Hobson said he contemplated leaving Beachville by that train.

"You're going to London, of course. We'll go together," said the old gentleman.

"Am I Sindbad the Sailor, and is this the Old Man of the Sea?" Frank Hobson began to ask himself.

It must be said for the old gentleman, however, that he seemed far less polemically inclined in the morning than overnight. He was, upon the whole, sufficiently good-humoured and cheerful, though about him might be traced, as in the neighbourhood of a passive volcano, the embers of former explosions. He was something of an object of terror to waiters; an authority to be obeyed implicitly and instantly. And he occasionally flickered with anger when cabmen or railway porters failed in their duty, or what he held to be their duty towards him. But altogether, he was less what we may call apoplectically violent than Mr. Hobson was quite prepared for. And he avoided politics. Possibly, he felt himself bound in such wise to follow the example set by the Houses of Parliament, and only gave his attention to the affairs of the British nation and the state of its government after he had dined and completed his ordinary avocations.

"You talked a precious lot of nonsense last night," he said to Frank Hobson as they journeyed towards town. Frank Hobson laughed: he was inclined to think that so far as he could recollect anything about it, he *had* talked a good deal of nonsense on the preceding evening.

"But you're a barrister, ain't you? I thought so. I said as much to myself directly I saw you. 'That's a barrister,' I said, I'd have bet any money on it. And barristers are bound to talk a lot of nonsense. That's what they're for. Nonsense is their stock-in-trade."

And at this the old gentleman laughed tempestuously.

Arrived at the London terminus, the old gentleman called a cab. "Can I put you down anywhere?" he asked; "I'm going into the City—Austin Friars. My name's Blatherwick. By-the-by, what's your name?"

Frank Hobson duly informed him.

"Oh! then you're going to Lincoln's Inn. I can't be of any use to you, then. Well, good-by. I daresay we shall meet again some day." And they parted.

If it afforded Mr. Hobson any pleasure to imagine that important professional duties necessitated his return to town on the Monday morning, and that prolonged stay at Beachville would result in detriment to himself and inconvenience to the general public; if, I say, he thus derived any sort of gratification, why, of course, the harmless hallucination he laboured under in such respect, it was worth no one's while to dissipate or explain away. Satisfaction obtained on the cheap terms of self-delusion concerns the self-deluder only. There was in truth, I need hardly state, no real reason why Mr. Hobson should have hastened back to his chambers on Monday morning. No clamorous crowd of clients there awaited him. There had been no heavy shower of briefs or "cases for the opinion of counsel" in his absence. On the contrary, not a single drop of that kind had fallen.

"Any one called?" he inquired of Mr. Cuffey, as he entered the chambers on the basement-floor in New Square.

"Not a soul," replied that functionary, finding, I fear, some sort of malignant comfort in his employer's lack of good-fortune. Mr. Hobson flung his carpet-bag into a corner of his private room and himself into an easy-chair. He was back again in town. And for all the good effected by that proceeding of his, he might as well, so far as he could see, have remained at Beachville. Nobody had called; nothing had happened. The long-looked-for client had not arrived; the ship freighted with good-luck had not come in. He was no better off than when he had quitted town on the preceding Saturday.

He tried to think that it was all exactly as he had anticipated. "I knew perfectly well," he said to himself, "that no one would call; that nothing would happen. Although I put that question to Cuffey I did not really expect that anybody *had* called, or that anything *had* happened." And yet he might, nevertheless, have entertained some such notions. Does not hope spring eternal in the human breast? At least, we've been told so often enough. And the comfort of fancying oneself the object

of sudden good-fortune is so extremely inexpensive a luxury that one can hardly help indulging in it now and then. If there is any sort of pleasure procurable from that line of conduct, known proverbially as counting one's chickens before they are hatched, why, on earth, shouldn't a man have the benefit of it? Perhaps, unconsciously, Mr. Hobson had been counting his chickens before they were hatched. While he had been absent from London might his luck not have taken a favourable turn? Inveterate gamblers sometimes shift their chairs to induce a change of fortune. Well, Mr. Hobson had changed his address for two nights. The result, however, was not very hopeful. He had counted his chickens; but alas! the eggs were addled.

He was back again in town. He was on the spot; if any one should require the services of an accomplished equity draughtsman and conveyancer at a short notice. Why didn't some one want assistance, such as he could furnish, and knock at his door forthwith, pour gold into his hand, and thrust papers before him? He was willing enough to work. He only wanted the chance. But, unhappily the chance wasn't forthcoming on this occasion.

It was small consolation to reflect that there were plenty more men as badly-off as himself. Undoubtedly that sort of consolation was open to him. There were others, not merely of his own profession, who wouldn't quit London, or, quitting it, were in a hurry to be back again in it: making believe that their presence was indispensable; that somehow the world of town couldn't turn round comfortably if they were not at hand looking on; that their fellows could in no way get along without them. A desperate delusion, of course. For is it not true that, absent or dead, no one is so much missed, or found to be so indispensable as he had once fondly conjectured would be the case? The king dies. Long live the king! Jones is gathered to his fathers; and Smith reigns in his stead. And neither in the case of the king nor of Jones has the change been found to be of so very vital a description after all. The universe goes on, to all appearances, just as well without as with them.

Mr. Cuffey reappeared. He had forgotten. Something *had* happened. A letter had come for Mr. Hobson.

"From old Tommy," said Mr. Hobson, as he glanced at the superscription. "Let's see how old Tommy is getting on." And he tore open the thin foreign paper.

"MY DEAR FRANKY," he read, "I've got as far as this place on my way to the Carpathian Mountains—"

Mr. Hobson interrupted himself to ascertain what place his friend Tomkisson referred to. He found that the letter was written from an hotel at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

"Well, he hasn't got very far, at any rate,"

Mr. Hobson noted, and he resumed perusal of the letter.

"All has gone very pleasantly, hitherto. The weather has been particularly stunning. They have a decent *table d'hôte* here, and the wines are decidedly drinkable, if a little high in price. I didn't contemplate stopping here, however, and purpose to move on almost immediately. But—would you believe it?—an absurd difficulty hinders me. Owing to some curious want of forethought, or some mismanagement, or some miscalculation—I find great difficulty in accounting for the fact—I have discovered that I am singularly short of money. Indeed, I may own to you that I made this discovery very soon after leaving the Ludgate-Hill station; and, to be candid, I am now in a position of serious embarrassment. Things are, of late, a good deal changed on the Continent. Money doesn't go nearly so far, or last as long, as it used to. It's very true that *vin ordinaire* is cheap enough. But then one doesn't come abroad to drink *vin ordinaire*, but rather to enjoy oneself; and I find that, practically, that means much the same thing as spending money. Now, I am really without money. Of course, therefore, I cannot enjoy myself at all. I needn't say that my expenses will be at an end when I once reach the Carpathians. Things are so cheap there, I'm given to understand, that the cost of living is merely nominal. But, meanwhile, what am I to do? I cannot move on for lack of funds, and for the same ridiculous reason, I cannot go back. Indeed, it would be too absurd, having come abroad for a holiday journey to the Carpathians, to return to town after a few days' stay at Boulogne. I feel sure, my dear Franky, that you will quite agree with me in that respect. But what am I to do? Each moment I am in dread of receiving my bill, and I am wholly unable to meet it. In this extreme emergency, of course I rely upon your kind assistance. Your friendship has never failed me. I feel convinced it will not fail me now. Send me ten pounds, there's a dear fellow. If you could make it twenty it would be all the more acceptable. But I'll make ten do. Rigid economy shall be the order of the day, henceforth. I'm sure you entertain no desire to have me marched to prison by a file of the little soldiers that abound here, a beast of a drummer tattooing all the while. Debtors are treated as criminals on the continent. It would be a disgrace to the whole Chancery

bar if I were to be locked up. Think of that, and send the money. Imprisonment for debt ought really to be abolished all over Europe. They may do as they like about it in America, as I never intend to go there. I shall write a pamphlet on the subject when I come back, and will assign you the copyright as a security for the advance you're going to send. Now, pray let me urge you to let no small difficulties stand in the way of your sending this money, my dear Franky. Above all, don't write and tell me that you haven't got ten pounds to send. That would be too cruel. Think what it is to be a captive in a foreign land. 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.' Send the money by return of post, there's a dear boy. I met the landlord of the hotel just now in the hall. There's a hard, cannibal sort of look stealing over his face. He was all smiles once. I feel sure he would prove a most desperate and merciless creditor. Beg, borrow, or steal the money somehow—I'm not particular—and send it over to me by return. You can pay yourself out of the next fees you receive on my account. If the worst comes to the worst, there's valuable property of mine in the chambers which you can"—(the word *was* rather blotted, but it looked like *spout*—probably a Chancery term, although it is not given in the last edition of the "Law Dictionary," signifying *hypothecation* of some kind)—"a double-barrelled opera-glass and a dressing-case—the tops of the bottles in which are real silver—among other things. If you feel any shame as to doing it yourself, why, send Cuffey. But I never, myself, give way to scruples of that kind about what is after all a simple matter of business. Relying upon your prompt kindness, my dear Franky,

"Believe me, ever thine,

"VERULAM TOMKISSON.

"P.S.—There is rather a pretty widow here, to whom I flatter myself I am rather agreeable. She *seems* to have money; but seeming is very little guide in these cases. Possibly some deluded people here fancy I have money. Her name is SMITH. I wish the next time you go near Doctors' Commons, (perhaps you wouldn't mind going on purpose, I dare say you're not overwhelmed with business just now,) you'd turn to the wills of recently deceased Smiths, and see if you can make out how her late husband's provided for her. Unfortunately I don't know his Christian name nor the date of his death, but to judge by her crape that must have been no long time since. Her name is *Mary*. I was always very fond of the name of *Mary*. She's blue eyes, pretty ones; as for her feet, you should see them on the pier here when the breeze is

a little fresh. If the late Smith was a man of decent feeling he must have left her uncommonly well provided for. I suppose you haven't heard anything of Jones or Green? Those fellows never write unless they want something. Send the money, Franky. I have said *ten* pounds, because I find it is always best in these cases to specify a figure; but of course I'll take *fifteen* if you can manage it. Good-by. I suppose you've quite settled to marry your cousin by this time.—V. T."

"That's Tommy all over," mused Mr. Hobson, as he concluded the letter; "it's really too bad of him, he must have known that he hadn't money enough when he went away."

And yet Mr. Hobson forthwith stirred himself to provide his friend with funds. It was occupation for one thing; and he was moved also by a sort of regard for the absent one: a regard that was altogether independent of respect. He really liked the improvident Tomkisson; had benefited by his imperturbable good humour; had been often exhilarated by his irrepressible vivacity. And now he was to pay the price, as he had often paid it on previous occasions, of his friendship for Tomkisson, and make efforts to furnish that gentleman with pecuniary assistance.

There is a large class of men who never hesitate to apply to and avail themselves of their friends to the utmost; whose conduct is always pronounced on all sides to be "too bad;" and yet who invariably receive the succour they stand in need of, however little they may deserve it. "It's poor So-and-so, all over," we say, and dip our hands in our pockets. In such wise, for a long time at any rate, recklessness and improvidence seem to answer just as well as prudence and frugality. Probably a day of reckoning arrives at last, and poor So-and-so's draft upon the Bank of Friendship is one day dishonoured; returned to him marked "no effects;" and he has then to proceed on his way unassisted as best he may. Our friend Mr. Verulam Tomkisson was very much of this class; only hitherto he had possessed sufficient forbearance and acuteness to restrain within tolerably decent bounds his dependence upon his fellows. And it must be said for him that, had fortune permitted, he would have been in no way behindhand in assisting such of his friends as had assisted him, or stood in need of his assistance.

He now applied for ten pounds to help him on his way to the Carpathian Mountains, or to bring him home again. Well, in the depressed condition of Mr. Hobson's finances, ten pounds represented a good deal of money.

But still he valued his friend at more than ten pounds; that was the simple way of putting it; and so he somehow found that amount. It is not necessary to descend to ignominious details, or to state whether the valuables left by Mr. Tomkisson in his chambers,—the double-barrelled opera glass, or the dressing-case with the real silver-topped bottles—were the subjects of negotiation in raising the money. Ten pounds were forthcoming at last, and duly dispatched to Mr. Tomkisson at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

But Mr. Hobson did not go to Doctors' Commons. "Tomkisson must find out about Mrs. Smith's money for himself. I can't go into that. I'm sure if she's got any money, and will have him, the best thing he can do is to marry her. What's this he says about me?" And Mr. Hobson read the last line of the letter again: "I suppose you've quite settled to marry your cousin by this time." And then he fell to brooding once more over the Matilda Milner question.

"Tommy's right," he said, at length; "it's the only thing for me to do. I really *must* marry Matilda Milner: it seems to be the only way out of my troubles." And he quite made up his mind that the next time he went down to Beachville he would certainly ask his cousin to accept his hand and heart. "Perhaps there's more hand than heart about it," he confessed to himself, "but still I must follow the conventional method; I must put it in that way. Matilda won't fail to understand me; and if she be a woman of any sense or right feeling, of course she'll say 'yes.' She may not get such a chance again. As for Barlow," and he laughed; "but I came to an understanding with Barlow; it was settled between us that he should take Sophy Brown, and that Matilda Milner should fall to my share."

(To be continued.)

STEPHEN TEMPLE.

It was in October, 18—, that I first saw Stephen Temple. We had both just entered our names on the register of the Medical School at —, and in the new pride of studentship we were now hearing our first lecture. The "introductory" of that winter session was delivered by Professor S—, and, as is usual on these occasions, many of the pupils attending for the first time were accompanied by their friends. Temple sat in a rank a little below me, and at his side was his father, the rector of —, in Somersetshire. The greater part of his life had been passed under the immediate care of the worthy clergyman, and this was almost his first appearance in the

metropolis. My attention was attracted to them by an involuntary expression of approval which escaped the lips of the old man as Professor S—— descanted on the opportunities for usefulness which rendered the life of a medical practitioner so desirable, and with his wonted eloquence besought all who heard him to embrace and employ them diligently.

Stephen Temple was tall, and his countenance gave evidence of singular intelligence. He was not robust, and a settled pallor on his cheeks, contrasting with his long dark hair and deep dreamy eyes, gave him the appearance of a man out of health and wanting in energy. But when any subject powerfully interested him, or circumstances called for prompt exertion, fresh life seemed to glow in his frame, and he spoke and acted right manfully.

Strongly imbued with the so-called *principles* of a religious education, though living rather in the power of sentiment than purpose, Temple soon became the butt of his companions. Had he been less abstract and more practical in his mode of thought, their attacks might perhaps have frightened him out of his theories. As it was, however, he took refuge in the idea of his own excellence, suffered a mental martyrdom which sustained the sense of his great superiority, and, like most men of his class, contrived to preserve the character of consistency.

In his studies Stephen Temple showed more than ordinary ability. Difficulties which scared other minds, before his vanished pleasantly. The descriptive details of anatomy, wearisome and perplexing enough to people generally, never troubled him, and he seemed to exult in the feats of comprehension and memory demanded by mysteries which most men tried in vain to understand, and ended in trusting might never be required of them. He was a favourite with the professors, who thought highly of his diligence, and not a few of us envied our fellow-pupil the gifts and popularity of which we were incapable. But at the end of the session, when the school examination was held, Stephen Temple, to the surprise of all who knew him, failed signally. Answering only a few of the written questions, he slunk out of the room, and abandoned the competition in which few doubted his succeeding easily. Examiners and pupils were alike unable to account for his conduct; but as he had won the good opinion of all of us, on his re-appearance after the recess, no allusion was made to the circumstance, and he avoided it. The second and third years of his pupilage were passed much as the first. He was regular in his habits, punctual in his attendance at lecture, and repeatedly astonished us by the

display of knowledge as complete as it was extensive.

At length the time drew near when the men of our standing were expected to present themselves for examination as candidates for the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons. Lincoln's Inn Fields came to have a more real interest for us than the rest of the great city, and many and fearful were the glances we cast at the College as we passed its, to us, sacred precincts.

The working-men soon began to form themselves into little knots for reading purposes, and men who had not worked repaired to the professional "grinders." Stephen Temple was the head of the little coterie to which I belonged, and we looked up to him and made him grind us incessantly. All went well until, about three weeks before the examination, we sent in our names, and were daily expecting the cards which would admit us to the much-longed-for and yet dreaded entertainment. But at this point, without the slightest reason that we could discover, Temple suddenly failed us. He was nowhere to be found, or when present in body, he was hopelessly absent in mind. He scarcely ever opened a book, and the elaborate diagrams and clever tables by which he was wont to enlighten us were cast aside or lay uselessly before him. And yet, strangely enough, he had no fear of the ordeal we so much dreaded. The eventful day came at last, and at seven o'clock in the evening we presented our cards of admission to the clerk, paid our fees, and were ready for the consequences. Stephen Temple was the lightest-hearted amongst us, and but that he was somewhat excited with pleasure, seemed as cool and collected as when in the snugger of one of our party he discoursed to us of the spinal cord and its mysteries, or maddened us with envy as he calmly rehearsed the muscles of the back without a mistake or anything approaching one. Temple, two other students, and myself formed the first party, and we were solemnly preceded up the stairs from the great hall by the sombre functionary upon whom it devolves to perform that important duty. On the landing outside the library doors we had the doubtful privilege of standing and trembling for a few moments. Some of the examiners were late, and ours was the pleasure of taking a good look at these worthies, as, rather heated with haste they paced up the staircase and in at the door against which we were posted so disconsolately. There are moments in a man's life when he notices everything, and the manner in which some of us scanned the countenances of these examiners was very creditable to our powers of observation; and the opinions we formed of their

moods and tempers were more or less satisfactory. But our waiting came to an end, the grim clerk silently ushered us in under the clock, and up to the four tables, one to each, we took the proffered chairs, and seated ourselves opposite the men who might that night make or ruin us. My own share of the business was quite enough for my attention, and I thought no more of Temple or any one else, and saw nothing save my examiner with his too-inquiring face. At length the secretary's bell told the fourth quarter of a long hour. I had sat at four tables, and passed out under the clock again, very anxious, and yet hopefully. In what is technically called the "Sweating Room" we found the tea and toast, with which, at the expense of the College, those who chose might regale themselves. Temple was with us; but a strange change had come over him. He now scarcely spoke. We could learn nothing of his doings before the examiners. Whilst others were frightening themselves and those around them with discoveries of the mistakes they had made, or exulting in their anticipated triumph, Stephen Temple sat moodily gazing at vacancy. An hour dragged itself very tardily over us, and another party of four, fresh from the ordeal, came to join us. The whisper soon ran round the room that the court of examiners was deliberating upon the fate of the eight that had already appeared before it. Another half-hour was passed in still greater suspense. The door opened slowly, and the clerk in a low voice called Mr. Temple. We all knew the significance of this dreaded summons. Stephen Temple was plucked. He rose silently; a momentary flush passed over his pallid face; he swept his hand hurriedly across his brow, and then with the old stolid look obeyed the summons. As soon as I could get a word with the clerk, I learnt that my poor friend was indeed rejected, and that he could not again present himself for six months.

The ceremonies of the evening over, those of us who were more fortunate left the College. A crowd of expectant friends awaited our exit at the gates, and many adjourned to spend the night in boisterous hilarity. With all the haste possible I went to Temple's lodgings, but too late to see him. An hour before my arrival he had left without saying when he should return or where he was going. I could learn nothing of his whereabouts for more than a month after this unfortunate evening. When I did hear, it was in answer to a letter of inquiry I addressed to his father. Temple had, it appeared, kept the fact of his going in for examination a secret from his parent. And a fortnight after that event it was that he presented himself at home with

the news of his failure. How or where he had spent the interval he could not or would not explain. And fearing that his mind was overwrought, his friends hurried him away for a tour on the Continent, with the hope that change of scene and cessation of labour might effect some benefit. The old clergyman was greatly distressed at the untoward result of his son's pupilage, and could only understand it on the supposition that he had overworked himself. From this time I lost sight of Stephen Temple for nearly two years, and the succeeding events of this narrative happened after that interval.

Having obtained my surgeon's diploma, I went at once to a Scotch university to reside for the degree of doctor in medicine; but before completing my terms I was hastily summoned to take the duty of a very intimate friend, at that time resident surgeon in the hospital where I had been a pupil.

The day after my arrival, whilst performing my functions, I was surprised by seeing Temple amongst the students. He tried at first to avoid me, but I followed him, and, inviting him to my rooms, we were soon busy with the past. He had, some two months since, he told me, returned from Germany, where he had been residing at one of the universities for twelve months, but without, as far as I could gather, occupying himself with any definite pursuit, and certainly without graduating. His time had been passed in the midst of the students, and a very little intercourse sufficed to show me that Stephen Temple was an altered man. The old dreamy life and its fitful energy had merged into a state of indolent existence, varied only by seasons of passionate excitement, and swayed by a dogged fatalism and the strongest rationalistic ideas of which a mind like his was capable. The religious sentiment of his early days had passed away, and nothing remained to give motive to a character always irresolute and devoid of settled principle.

The duties of my office were new to me, and I had little time for social intercourse. I seldom saw Temple, except in the routine of the hospital practice, which he was attending for certificates to enable him again to present himself at the College.

It was part of my work to examine the more serious casualties which came into the hospital, and I had just retired to rest late one evening, about three weeks after my arrival, when the porter called me to a case which had been brought in by some policemen. Dressing hastily, I went to the casualty-ward, and there, stretched on the bed, and to all appearance lifeless, lay a girl about twenty years of age. She was evidently a foreigner,

and in the greatest poverty. Her complexion was very fair, and her countenance more than commonly beautiful. The dress she wore was of the meanest description. Her bonnet had fallen off, and black silken hair hung dishevelled on her neck and shoulders. Her scanty clothing showed the outlines of a form of unusual comeliness. Her hands were small, and her feet, which were bare, fashioned delicately. All this I saw at a glance. The officer who had charge of the case stated that the young woman had been seen to stop suddenly in the street, and then fall to the ground, and when he reached the spot she was insensible. An infant which she had borne at her breast was found under her. Assistance being procured, without loss of time she was brought to the hospital. The child, a little thing some few weeks old only, was dead, but not in consequence of the fall. It had probably died in her arms, and the girl swooned when she discovered that it had done so. The usual restorative means were employed, and after a struggle, which more than once threatened to end fatally, the mother, for such she was, awoke, but to what a consciousness! Her first thought was for her child; and it was painful to see her still cold and stiffened fingers feeling for the little one that was for ever lost to her. The thought that it was dead had nearly destroyed her, and with returning life again began its deadly work with an intolerable bitterness. The agony of her grief was fearful to witness. Reason soon forsook her, and with difficulty was she prevented from rushing frantically out of the ward to seek her lost child. Her heart-piercing screams rent the air, and rang through the corridors in the dead of the night with appalling intensity. The nurses, though long accustomed to scenes of suffering, were unnerved, and, fearing to leave my patient, I passed the greater part of the night at her bedside. There was no abatement of the delirium, and never will the memory of the hours I spent in fruitless attempts to soothe her pass from me. The few incoherent sentences she uttered in the midst of her ravings were in German, a language with which I was but slightly acquainted. What little I could gather, however, concerned her child and a person whose name I could not distinguish. The morning brought no relief of her anguish. Sedatives of the most potent class were useless. And it was not until nearly the middle of the day, when her strength was beginning to fail in the fury of her excitement, that she became quieter. But there was no return of consciousness. I had her removed to a small ward, where she might be alone with her attendants. When the physician, to whose care the case fell, visited the

hospital, I went with him to see her. The pupils who followed the doctor on his round were requested to remain outside the ward, so that we might avoid every danger of renewing the paroxysms. The door was left open. Dr. — had his finger on the girl's pulse, as she lay apparently quite unconscious, when, above the low hum of conversation in the corridor, the voice of one of the students rose distinctly. In an instant, before we had time to prevent it, the girl sprang up in the bed uttering a wild piercing scream. We caught her in our arms, and gently laid her back again. The cry brought the pupils alarmed to the doorway, and some of them pressed into the room. We motioned them to retire, and they all did so but Stephen Temple, who, with pale affrighted face, stood gazing, as one panic-struck, at the poor girl, who now lay exhausted and speechless. I went to him, knowing his strange temperament, to urge him from the room. As I laid my hand on his shoulder, his lips moved as though he would speak, but no sound escaped him. For a moment he resisted, and made a feeble effort to reach the bed, but, as though remembering himself, desisted, and with an anxious inquiring glance at my countenance, and one long bewildered look at the girl, he turned and hurriedly left the ward, passing through the crowd of students without speaking to them, and, as I afterwards learnt, immediately left the hospital. I returned to the bedside, where Dr. — stood watching the patient, and in a few words explained the extraordinary behaviour of Temple as the result of eccentricity. The poor girl had expended the last powers of her failing life in the effort she had put forth so suddenly, and in spite of our attempts to avert the consequences, from this moment she sank rapidly. I remained in almost constant attendance upon her until the evening, and then she died without one gleam of intelligence or a word to dispel the mystery that hung around her.

Inquiries made by the police threw little light on the case. It contained no criminal element, and therefore, perhaps, to the detective mind proved uninteresting. Hundreds of people fall down in the streets, many die suddenly, and a large proportion of deaths are preceded by extreme want and misery.

So the coroner's jury the next day returned a suitable verdict, and the body of the poor young creature lay *unclaimed* in the dead-house.

What appeared to be a small coin or charm, it was doubtful which, was the only article of any value found on the deceased, and this passing into my custody I placed carelessly in a drawer of my table. The same evening, as I sat in my room thinking over the events

of the last few hours, it occurred to me that I should again look at the trinket. I did so, and soon found it to be a locket disguised in the form of a coin. As I was endeavouring to find the means of opening it I must have unconsciously touched the spring, for it lay open in my hand, and disclosed a miniature portrait of—Stephen Temple. Then, and not until then, I remembered that it was *his* voice that was heard so distinctly from the corridor, when the girl sprang up in her bed with the wild excitement that destroyed her. A vague suspicion of the truth now dawned upon me. But if I had made a discovery, it was too late to be useful. I was at a loss how to act in the matter, and yet unwilling to let it pass without some attempt to dispel the mystery.

The night was passed wearily in forming plans to attain my object, and I rose early to busy myself with the duties of the day, until the man whom I now began to regard in a new light should come to the hospital.

It was my intention to obtain, if possible, from his own lips some particulars of his life on the Continent, before charging him with the crime which I had already in my own mind imputed to him. But my scheming was useless. When the students arrived from the medical school where Temple should have attended at lecture, I found that he had not been seen by them since his abrupt departure from the hospital after the scene at the bedside of the dying girl.

My suspicions were confirmed. There was no time to be lost. Temple must be found, and that without delay. What might not a terror-stricken and perhaps remorseful man be tempted to do in such circumstances? Without imparting my fears to any one, I hastened from the hospital, and, hailing a cab, told the man to drive quickly to the street where Temple resided. I left the vehicle at the corner, and with all the composure I could assume knocked at the door of the house at which I thought he lived. It was opened to me by the landlady, and I inquired for Mr. Temple. He did live there, and was at home; had been in for several hours, but requested that he might not be disturbed. Would I wait, and she would take my name up? No; I would follow her to his room. We knocked at the door, but gained no answer. It was unlocked, and I entered. He was not in the sitting-room. The bed-room door was ajar. I went in, and there, as I thought, stood Stephen Temple. His back was turned towards me. His boots were off, and his coat thrown on a chair. His knees were bent slightly, but he seemed to lean against the dressing-table at the window by the side of the bed, and his head was raised as though

gazing at the sky. I spoke, but in vain. A few steps further into the room and I saw it all. He had hung himself—*standing*. To cut the rope was the work of an instant, and his lifeless body sank heavily on the floor. He had been dead some time. His face was pale, and bore no marks of agony. A penknife lay within reach on the bed beside him. On the table was a Bible, which had evidently been just taken from the bottom of a box that stood open near him, with its contents in disorder, and by the book was a letter, sealed, and in a hurried hand directed to me, with a request that it might be forwarded. I opened it and read as follows:—

“The girl who died in the hospital is ——. I deceived and deserted her. She must have followed me from Germany. Her blood is on my head. I cannot endure it. I go to ask her forgiveness. Tell my father all.

“STEPHEN TEMPLE.”

From inquiries made after the events now related, we learnt that the poor girl had indeed been deceived and deserted by Temple whilst in Germany. She had followed him, arriving in London by the Hamburg steamer. With a little money in her purse she took lodgings in a house kept by a fellow-countrywoman.

Whilst there she became the mother of the infant found with her. When it was scarcely a month old her slender resources were exhausted. She was driven from her refuge, and wandered the streets. By the sale of her clothing she contrived for a while, though with difficulty, to get bread, and tended her child with unwavering affection, until at length it died, probably from exposure: the rest we know.

THE BEATEN COMMANDER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.”

Let him turn his face to the wall,
The man who traffick'd in lives,
Made little children fatherless,
And widow'd contented wives.

Let him turn his face to the wall,
Count not his burning tears:
He never counted the blood-drops,
Nor the desolated years;

Nor the glare of blazing homesteads;
White wheat-fields blacken'd in dearth—
Rapine, murder, and famine,
Hell let loose upon earth;

All the curses of war-time
On both sides pour'd like rain,
Curses for generations,
None bless'd—except the slain.

And these, whom he reckon'd as grasses
By the mower in myriads strown,
Why, every one was a human life,
A life as good as his own!

Let him wish that shamed life ended,
That death had cover'd defeat;
But these lives cry out for vengeance
From farm and village and street.

Hear it, victor and vanquish'd!
Hear it, o'er sea and land,
Ye neighbour-realms whom it reaches
As a murmur faint and bland.

For if ye are deaf, God listens;
And if ye are blind, He sees,
And mocks at your diplomacies,
Your child's play of war and peace.

There is an Eternal Justice,
Although it may tarry long;
Though the weak may appear down-trampled,
And the right seem with the strong.

But ye who in camp or council
Go sowing war's bloody seed—
False patriotism, sham glory,
Ambition and lustful greed,—

Who stand by watching, and stem not
That fierce flowing crimson tide;
Know—there is a God who avengeth,
As well as a Christ that died.

CAMBUSKENNETH ABBEY.

OF all the counties in Scotland for grandeur of scenery commend us to that of Stirling. Few spots indeed in "Britain's isles" can vie with the view obtained off the summit of Ben Lomond: the scene from this mountain is beyond conception grand and interesting. Even the township of Stirling itself is not without its towering eminence. Seen from the Castle Hill of Stirling—represented in the background in the accompanying illustration—our view on the north is bounded by the Ochil Hills; and on the west lies the rich vale of Monteith, fringed with rugged mountains, among which the summit of Ben Lomond above mentioned is very conspicuous; whilst, towards the east, the view along the valley of the Forth is magnificent. The windings of that noble river are, perhaps, somewhat too intricate to come under the denomination of "beautiful," but the general prospect is, nevertheless, very pleasing, on account of the extent and fertility of the level valley which from this eminence is brought under the eye. The Forth, which is the chief river in Stirlingshire, and the most distinguished of all the Scottish rivers, rises from the north side of Ben Lomond, and flows for some distance within the north-west borders of Perthshire;

from its source till it is lost in its estuary or frith which bears its name, the course of the river is strictly serpentine—so much so that from Stirling to Alloa, which in a direct line is only a distance of about six miles, its windings make the distance by water nearly twenty miles.

On one of the peninsulated plains formed by the windings of the Forth, about a mile to the north-east of Stirling, and near the unpretending quay called Stirling Shore, stands the impressive and massive ruin of the once magnificent Abbey of Cambuskenneth. It was founded in the year 1147, by David I., for Canons Regular of the order of St. Augustine, who are said to have come over from Aroise, near Arras, in the province of Artois, in France.

For the space of two hundred years after its erection, the abbey was almost every year acquiring fresh additions of wealth and power by the donations of various nobles, bishops, and barons, besides many rich oblations daily made at its altars by persons of every rank. Among other remarkable donations of fisheries, pasturages, &c., we find one granted by the founder, King David, of "half the skins and tallow of all the beasts slain for the king's use at Stirling." About the middle of the twelfth century Stirling Castle is said to have become a royal residence; at all events, King David kept his court there, probably in order that he might be near to the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, which, as its founder, he regarded with the affection of a parent. The Castle of Stirling long continued to be the favourite residence of the Scottish monarchs, and it still contains many remains of its original magnificence.

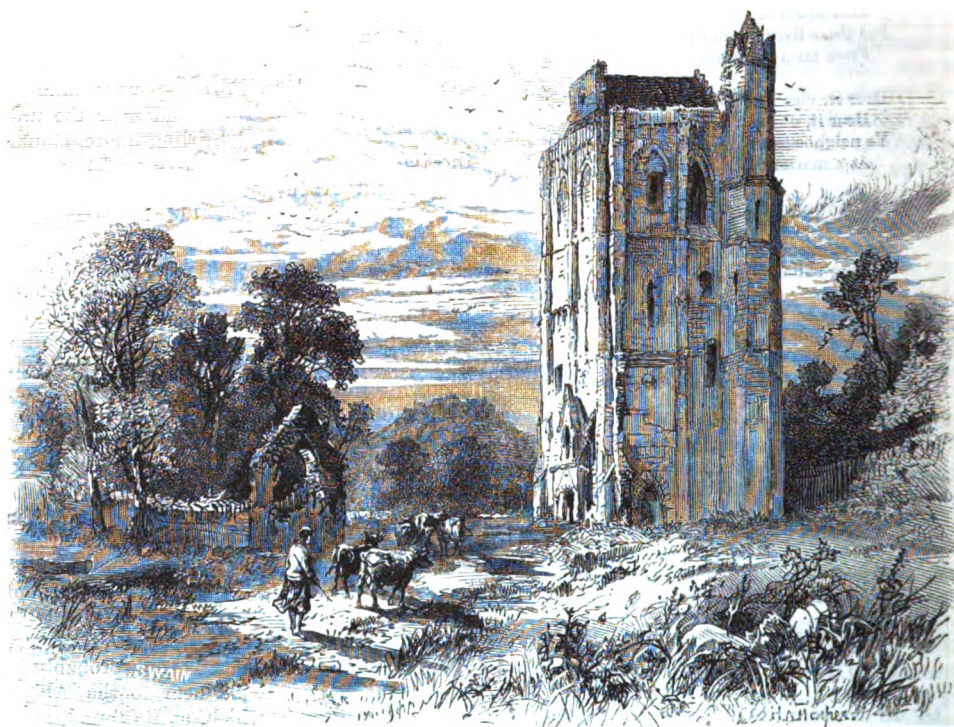
During the wars with England, in the reign of David Bruce, the abbey was pillaged of its most valuable furniture; and, to make up for the loss, William Deladel, Bishop of St. Andrew's, made a grant to the community of the vicarage of Clackmannan.

In 1559 the monastery was again sacked by a mob from the neighbouring town of Stirling, styling themselves "reformers," when the greater part of the fabric was demolished. Several of the monks embraced the "new faith," but on that account had their portions prohibited by the Queen Regent. The last ecclesiastic who possessed this lucrative abbotsip was one David Panther.

It is well known that during the commotions attending the Reformation, church benefices were often seized by those in power, without any lawful authority; and it is asserted that in this spirit, John, Earl of Mar, afterwards regent, assumed the disposal of the revenues of this abbey, if he did not

actually possess a considerable part of them, for by some writers it is said that the abbey was granted to him by his schoolfellow,

James VI. During the reign of James V. he had been appointed commendator of Inch Mahone Priory, which, together with that of



Tower at Cambuskenneth.

Roseneath in the county of Dumbarton, was dependent on Cambuskenneth. After the Reformation had taken place, Adam Erskine, one of the Earl of Mar's nephews, held the post of commendator of Cambuskenneth. The depredators at the Reformation, who cherished a dislike to the canons, with whom they had had previous feuds, appear to have been only anxious to preserve the abbey bell, which they placed in a boat to convey it to Stirling; but the weight swamped the boat, and the bell is said to remain to this day embedded in the waters of the Forth.

The only remains of this once famous monastic edifice are, the stately tower,—that depicted in our illustration, which was connected with the north-west corner of the church—an arch of a door or gateway, and the foundations of several walls.

There is in the town of Stirling a large and awkward edifice, now known as "Mar's Wark," which is said to have been erected from the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey; the building was begun by the Earl of Mar about

the year 1570, while he was regent of Scotland, but it appears never to have been finished. We give an illustration of the edifice as it now stands.

In the year 1639, a merchant of Stirling, named John Cowan, gave 2222*l.* sterling for the support of twelve decayed guild-brethren. After Cowan's death, a house was erected for the reception of the persons for whom his charity was destined; but, strange as it may appear, none of the "decayed brethren" of the merchant company of Stirling would deign to leave their own homes to retire into an hospital to be supported by public charity; consequently the house stood empty; and for a period of ninety years, the funds went on accumulating. With these funds, the Town Council of Stirling, in 1709, purchased lands for the above hospital, including, among others, those adjoining Stirling which had belonged to the Abbey of Cambuskenneth. These lands are now let out on lease, and produce to the funds of the charity an average of about 2000*l.* per annum.

In 1864, with the sanction of the Crown, the trustees of Cowan's Hospital caused some excavations to be carried out at Cambusken-

neth Abbey, which led to the discovery of the site of the high altar. The chapter-house was traced out, as well as the church, the



Mar's Wark, Stirling.

last being 178 feet in length. Pieces of stained glass, stone shafts and capitals, and other relics, exquisitely carved, were turned up, which have been deposited in a chamber of the belfry-tower. Near the high altar was found a slab of coarse blue marble which had contained a brass, and below it a large oak coffin, containing a skeleton, which was supposed to be that of King James III., who, it is said, with his queen, the Princess Margaret of Denmark, was buried there.

The king, as we learn from history, was interred in June, 1488. In the treasurer's accounts connected with the burial of James III. at Cambuskenneth is one item referring to a payment to the priest "that singis for the king and queen in Cambuskynnell," in January, 1488-9.

Some time after the above discovery of the tomb of James III., a correspondence took place between the provost of Stirling and the Home Secretary, in which the provost recommended that a memorial should be erected to the Scottish king. This correspondence

resulted in her Majesty giving orders that the work should be done at her own expense. As from various circumstances there could be no doubt of the relics being those of James III. and his queen, a small oak box was supplied by Sir James Alexander, of Westerton, "James III." being marked on the cover, in which the bones were placed. They were then properly sealed up and placed under the care of Mr. W. Mackison, architect, of Stirling.

In the following year a number of gentlemen were in attendance to witness the re-interment of the royal remains, including Mr. John Murrie, the provost of Stirling; Bailie Rankin, Councillor Christie, W. Mackison, architect, of Stirling; Mr. J. D. Marwick, town-clerk of Edinburgh; ex-Bailie Thomson, Mr. Rind, sculptor, of Edinburgh, &c. The seal having been broken in presence of those assembled, the contents were shown before being placed in the receptacle. The tomb or memorial, which is of freestone, has been erected near to the site of what consti-

tuted the high altar, and is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, 8 feet long, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad at the base, and about 3 feet broad at the top. On the north or left-hand side the following inscription is finely cut in raised letters: "This restoration of the tomb of her ancestors was executed by command of her Majesty Queen Victoria, A.D. 1865;" and on the right hand, or reverse side, as follows: "In this place, near the high altar of the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, were deposited the remains of James III., King of Scots, who died on the 11th of June, 1488, and of his queen, the Princess Margaret of Denmark." On the west end of the memorial are the Scottish arms, with the motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," and on the east end the Scottish arms quartered with those of Denmark, entwined with representations of the thistle. The remains having been placed in a recess of the sarcophagus, the masonry work of the tomb was properly closed, and the work was declared completed. A square of ground, laid with gravel and surrounded by a railing, is to be placed round the memorial.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XLVII. BEATEN.

SUPPOSING (which is one of the unlikeliest suppositions possible) an angel were to descend from Heaven, and take a walk down Cheapside on a muddy day, there can be little doubt but that the angelic pedestrian would find its equanimity discomposed when at nightfall it came to inquire into the condition of its wings.

In the better land, neither taint nor soil could ever touch its snowy plumage; and, as it is with the angel's wings, so it is with many a woman's purity.

She cannot endure that aught so gross as the dust of earth should sully the whiteness of her garments; she cannot bear that a breath should touch her; that aught of evil should brush garments with her; unconsciously almost she shrinks from contact with mortality, and at the first word of sin she recoils with horror. In the one case, it would be an angel accustomed to a land where dust, mud, water-carts, and Pickford's vans are not; in the other, it is simply that the woman does not know what the world is, nor of what materials the men and the women who make up the world are composed.

To some people it is a great shock to find, not merely that their neighbours are only

mortal, but also that they themselves are capable of receiving splashes as they travel along the common highway of existence; and to no person did the knowledge that she was but human, come with a greater shock than to Olivine Barbour.

About life she had never thought much; about the temptations to which in the course of life men and women are necessarily exposed, she had thought still less; but when, in the silence of her own chamber, she recalled the passion of love which Percy Forbes had expressed for her, when she remembered all his unselfish devotion, all his hopeless affection through the years, she shivered, and her heart grew still.

Oh, Lord! how the man had loved her! and was it possible that all unknown to herself she had loved him in return?

Never a bitterer hour can come, I think, to a woman than the one which strikes when she discovers that in the very citadel of her purity—in the very innermost sanctuary of her holy temple, there has been lurking an enemy—there has been secreted a foe.

From all advancing armies, from all besieging hosts, the city which stands on a hill, which is surrounded by moat and wall, and fortified in anticipation of danger, may be held secure. But not so when there is a traitor at the gates, when there is a false friend to betray the weak point, to open the postern door, and let in one at a time the devil and his legions.

For what had passed between herself and Percy Forbes, Olivine would have cared comparatively little save for this—she doubted herself, doubted whether she were really angry as she ought to be—whether she were not more sorry for the breach than dismayed at its cause—whether she could get through the days now her old friend was banished from the house—whether she were not, in a word, more grieved than indignant, more surprised than dismayed.

"He must never come here again," she decided, as virtue has many a time decided such a question before,—"*never*." And then she fell to weeping over the man's desolate life—over his unrequited attachment in a manner which would have rejoiced Percy's heart had he only been permitted to see it.

All through that night, all through the next day, and through another night again, Olivine pondered on the words Percy had spoken—on the idea he had presented for her consideration.

"You ought to give him a divorce."

Perhaps so—perhaps it would be better that he should marry the woman than continue to live with her in sin—but as for the

other side of the question, she, Olivine, knew she could never even think of loving another man—never be treacherous and faithless to Lawrence, let him have been ever so false—false, and base, and weak; while, as for choosing a second husband, Olivine scouted the suggestion. Choose another after having been married to Lawrence—never!

Having decided all which matters to her own satisfaction, Mrs. Barbour came to the conclusion that the best course for her to pursue would be to seek an interview with her husband, whom she had never beheld since the day when she refused him assistance.

This much she did not fear to undertake on her own responsibility; she felt no dread of conceiving and carrying out such a project, even without any adviser to egg her on.

If the thing were right to be done, she would do it; and in her heart, perhaps, not sorry for so good a pretext of seeking out the prodigal and looking in his face once more, Olivine started one afternoon for London, and took cab from the Fenchurch Street Terminus to Gloucester Street.

"Set me down at the corner of Portman Square," she said to the driver. At the end of the street accordingly he pulled up; and after many many months, Olivine walked slowly on towards the house which had once been her home—her home and his—theirs.

She could not go on for a minute or two; she turned and walked back all round the square, before she altogether recovered from the sick faintness which came over her. But as she entered Gloucester Street again she saw that which gave her strength and courage to proceed, Lawrence's brougham drive up to the door, and he and Mrs. Gainswoode alight therefrom.

They entered the house and passed up-stairs, but the hall-door remained open while the coachman and butler exchanged confidences.

"Mr. Barbour?" Olivine said interrogatively, breaking across their conversation.

"I will see, ma'am, if he is at home," hesitated the butler, who had never beheld Olivine before.

"I have seen him go in," she replied, slipping at the same time that key which she had heard possessed the power of opening any door into the man's hand. "I—I know Mr. Barbour very well indeed; you need not announce me; I can find my way to the drawing-room quite well alone."

But on this point her auditor proved inflexible. "Your name, ma'am, if you please?" he said, pausing on the first landing, and addressing her in a tone which admitted of no refusal.

"Mrs. Barbour," Olivine replied, raising

her head with a little defiant gesture, and colouring up to her temples while she spoke.

"If you believe me," observed the butler, when describing the scene subsequently for the edification of the servants' hall, "If you believe me, you might a knocked me down with a feather."

"I wonder you could go through with it, Mr. Mosley," said the lady's maid, prettily sympathising.

"Well, you know, I had gone too far to recede," remarked Mr. Mosley. "So I flung open the drawing-room door, and threw the name, 'Mrs. Barbour,' into it just like a shell a-bursting."

"Oh, lor!" ejaculated the maid, "and what happened then?"

"What happened then, Miss White, I regret as it ain't in my power to inform you, for I had to shut the door again, and leave them to their sorrow."

Whereupon the assembled ladies expressed their regret at so interesting a narrative being so brief, and solaced themselves, in the absence of actual information, by imagining all sorts of violence and denunciation.

"I am sure I wonder she did not claw her eyes out," suggested the upper housemaid, who had been crossed in love, and was afflicted with a violent temper.

"She didn't look one of the sort for that," remarked Mr. Mosley.

"Poor thing, I do feel for her," declared the cook. "I wonder what she said to him;" and then all the company generally wondered too.

What Olivine said, however, was simply this: "Mrs. Gainswoode, will you allow me to speak with my husband alone for a few minutes?"

"Certainly, my dear," acquiesced Mrs. Gainswoode, and she went out by one door, and, entering the back drawing-room by another, listened through the heavy curtains to all Olivine had come to say.

"If you are here to reproach me——" were the first words Mrs. Gainswoode heard spoken; to which the wife replied:—

"I am not going to reproach you; if you—if you are happy, I will try to be content. I have come to strive to make you happier. I am told I ought to give you the chance of marrying the—the—woman you love better than me. If you tell me you would like a divorce, I will strive to get one—I will."

She stood in the middle of the room a couple of yards away from him, and uttered the foregoing sentence like a child repeating a lesson.

"Who put that into your mind, Olivine?" asked her husband.

"Never mind who put it there—it is there,"

she replied. "I would do anything to make you happy—anything to keep you from sin—even that—for I have loved you, Lawrence—though you may not think it—I have loved you better than my life."

"Then you do not love me now, Olivine?" he said.

"What can it matter whether I do or not?" was her answer. "You never loved me."

"Did I not?" he interrupted.

"You never loved me," she went on unheeding; "you loved Etta Alwyn, you loved Mrs. Gainswoode. Marry her now if you like. I will free you from me, if I can; only tell me what you wish, and I will do it."

"How are the children, Olivine?" he asked abruptly.

"They are quite well," she answered quietly enough, but her voice was full of tears.

"They have forgotten me, I suppose?"

"Come home and try whether they have?" she said.

"Then it is not for your own sake you want this divorce?" he suggested.

"Mine, Lawrence?" she repeated, "mine?"

"You could marry again, Olivine," he remarked, but she only shook her head sorrowfully, and answered, "No, I never could."

"If you wish to free yourself from me," he said, after a pause, "do so; I have deserved it."

"But do you want to be free?" she inquired.

"No, Olivine, I do not," he answered; "though I shall never come back—though I have sinned too deeply ever to return, I do not wish it; but you ought to have liberty; it is for you to decide."

"No," she answered, "it is not—it is not;" and there ensued a silence which was passed in bitter thought by both.

Then the wife, moving a step or two nearer the door, said, "Perhaps you will write and let me know?"

"Know! Know about what?" he inquired.

"About what you wish me to do;" and she stood irresolute for a moment. "Are you quite well?" was her next question.

"Better than I deserve to be," he replied; and there ensued another pause.

"I must go now," she said, at length, and she came quite close up to him and touched his hand. "Good-by, Lawrence. You know I wrote to you about that money, do you not? You know I was sorry for what I said. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" He stooped forward, and would have kissed her, but she drew back.

"Has it come to that?" he exclaimed.

"Has it come to that?" and he dropped her hand and leaned his head forward on the chimneypiece, beside which he was standing.

Steadily and resolutely enough Olivine walked to the door, but there she paused and looked back. Let him be what he would to Etta, she could not leave him thus.

"Lawrence!" the dear hand was on his shoulder, the sweet eyes pleading for a glance. "Lawrence!" and she pushed his fingers from before his face, and kissed her husband as though she were parting from him for ever. After that, and as if distrusting her own resolution, she left the room and the house.

"He will write to me now," she thought; but the days passed by and still no letter came to Grays. What a miserable time that proved to Olivine, with Percy in banishment, and without a soul to whom she could confide her sorrows and perplexities!

"He may come back," she thought; but Lawrence did not come back; and so two months fled by, bringing with them no tidings of her husband, except at length a vague rumour that he and Etta had quarrelled, and that he was residing in Gloucester Street alone.

Soon after, Percy Forbes ascertained for certain he and Etta were separated. From Mr. Perkins he learned Lawrence had repeated Olivine's offer to Mrs. Gainswoode, who treated it with contemptuous scorn. "Marry, indeed!" she echoed, "when every shilling I have in the world goes from me if I take to myself a second husband. 'Marry!—no, let Olivine have a chance of marrying Percy Forbes, if you like; but do not talk about matrimony and nonsense to me!'"

"I have enough for both," he replied.

"That is fortunate for you, but I confess I like something more substantial to depend on than shares in all sorts of companies. It is very profitable while the companies are good for anything, doubtless, but I have seen so much of business ups and downs, that, now I am independent of trade, I should like to keep so, thank you. The plain English of Olivine's offer is that she wants to marry Percy Forbes; and I can only say, considering how kind and attentive you have been to her, and how fond he was of her, and the state of Arcadian innocence in which you all dwelt together, I wonder she did not give you grounds for a divorce long ago."

Which speech merely proved the first of a series of speeches that led at length to serious quarrels, and subsequently to a final breach.

In a fit of temper Etta left Gloucester Street, and to Gloucester Street Lawrence swore she should never return. Intelligence of this

rupture Percy communicated by letter to Mrs. Barbour.

"He is certain to come back now," she decided, and she tossed the baby, as her youngest child was still called, up in the air, and bade the little creature clap her hands and say, "Papa 'ill soon be home; papa 'ill soon be home," as well as its lisping tongue was able.

"Has papa been very far away, mamma?" asked Maude, a thoughtful, old-fashioned child, who wonderfully resembled the earlier Olivine of this story.

"Yes, my pet—he has been very far away—very, very far indeed," answered the poor mother; and she looked with a strained wistful glance over the landscape, thinking the while of that very far journey into the domains of sin which Lawrence had taken.

"Will he come to-day, mamma?"

"To-morrow, love—I hope, to-morrow;" but the morrows were metamorphosed into to-days and yesterdays, and still Lawrence did not return to Gerrard's Hall.

All in vain Olivine wrote to him. No reply was vouchsafed; and the wife, whose heart was almost broken, grew pale and thin and worn with watching for the husband who never came, with listening for the sound of feet that had, as she thought, forgotten the very road to her home.

In her despair, she at length appealed to Lawrence's father. "Will you go and make inquiry about him?" she asked; and, after some demur, Mr. Barbour, senior, agreed to seek out his son, providing Mr. Perkins bore him company.

"You need not go a step farther unless you choose to do so," said that gentleman, when Mr. Barbour laid the state of the case out for his consideration in Distaff Yard. "Lawrence is very ill indeed, and his business has all gone to the devil together."

"What do you mean—has he had any losses?"

"He has lost everything, sir; we have lost everything, and I am a beggar."

At which point Mr. Perkins fairly broke down and cried like a woman.

"It is hard to begin life again at my age," he remarked, while Mr. Barbour, with a vague desire to be sympathetic, and yet philosophical, stood patting him on the back, observing at the same time, "I have always said no good could come of business; I would have nothing to do with it for the future, Mr. Perkins. If you take my advice you will buy a nice little piece of land and occupy yourself in farming. There is money to be made by farming," went on the childish old man; "though I never made anything by it myself; still I am told some people do, and it

is so much nicer in every way than trade," he continued, maundering on till Mr. Perkins' entreaties that he would not pour water on a drowned rat, brought him to the consideration at once of his kinsman's misfortunes and his son's reverses.

"I suppose Lawrence feels it very much," he suggested.

"Feels it—I should think so—it will kill him: that is about the sum total of the matter," returned Mr. Perkins, savagely, and then he rose,—observing if Mr. Barbour wanted to go to Gloucester Street, he was ready to accompany him.

"I—I—think I had better return to Grays and acquaint his wife," hesitated Mr. Barbour.

For a moment Mr. Perkins looked at the man who made this speech in utter amazement, then he said, "Of course you can do as you like,"—and turning on his heel left Mr. Barbour to make his way out of the yard as best he might.

CHAPTER XLVIII. AFTER THE RACE.

EVERYTHING Mr. Perkins stated was correct. There is many a horse that has been hopelessly beaten even within sight of the winning-post; many a steeplechase has been lost at the last leap; many a gallant ship has foundered within sight of land; and many a man has been beggared when fortune's richest gifts were almost within his grasp.

The blow had fallen suddenly at last, but to Lawrence it was not quite unexpected. With striving after too much he had finally got his business into such a state that failure in one venture meant failure in all. The proximate cause of his ruin was a brace of dishonoured bills that had been accepted by men whom he considered "good as the Bank of England," that he had paid away, and that he found himself unable to take up.

In this difficulty he applied to a friend for assistance, and the friend promised to try, and not merely promised, but did really try to such good purpose that before a week he appeared in Lawrence's office with the desired amount in his pocket-book.

"Thank you all the same, Wrangham," Lawrence remarked, "but it is too late now. The British and Continental Provision Company is gone to-day; and the Conqueror Fire and Life Office must close to-morrow. The bills were trouble enough, as I thought, but they are as nothing to these Companies—nothing. The great things of to-day will be the trifles of to-morrow. That is a comfort to remember, at any rate. Take back your money, Wrangham; it is very kind of you, but I do not need it now."

"Do you mean to say, Barbour, you are going to throw up the cards in that way—you of all men?" asked the other in utter amazement.

"Ah! my boy," was the reply, "when the trumps are all gone what is the use of continuing the game?"

"And your works in Distaff Yard?"

"For God's sake don't speak to me about them," Lawrence exclaimed. "If anything turns out wrong there I shall go mad; as it is, my head feels on fire."

"If you do not take care of yourself you will be laid up," remarked Mr. Wrangham, and his words proved prophetic.

Before the week was over, Lawrence could not leave his bed, and when the final crash came he was happily oblivious of it. In his delirium he raved about the Lallard Woods and the game he had snared there. He sung snatches of songs, and would whistle for his old dog, and swear he was going out with gun and pouch for a long day's shooting. He talked of Mallingford, and the peaches growing on the South Wall; he went out fishing in his wandering fancy, and caught trout and tench, and pointed to his imaginary prey in triumph.

The long years of his struggling youth and unhappy manhood faded out of his recollection as breath fades away from the surface of a mirror, and the only things which remained fresh and unchanged as ever were the bright idle sunshiny days, spent in boyish pursuits, filled with folly and joy, when he and his brother tramped along the lonely lanes, and lit their gipsy fires, and cooked their stolen food, as careless concerning the past, as they were indifferent about the future.

Never a word of wife or child, of wealth, of mistress!—all the time of his sojourn in London seemed wiped out from his memory. He was a boy again, among the green fields far away in the lonely country—a boy, with the sin and the sorrow and the struggle of his later life forgotten as though they had never been.

When he first became delirious, his servants, not knowing what better course to adopt, sent over intelligence of his state to Hereford Street.

Etta and her father being out of town, the two butlers held a consultation as to the next thing to be done, and Mr. Alwyn's head man, who had known Percy Forbes for years, at last decided on going due east himself in search of that gentleman.

"He'll tell us what to do. I am sure I can't see my way among them;" and concluding that his difficulty lay between Mrs. Gainswoode and Mrs. Barbour, the Gloucester Street official

thought the plan proposed the wisest plan that could be followed.

"Ill with fever," repeated Percy Forbes, to himself, "and a beggar; that was not quite the end you anticipated when you started in your Race for Wealth," and he stood looking at the sick man with a terrible pity and an awful regret, while he raved about the scenes of his childhood and revisited his boyish haunts in the dreams of delirium, in the fitful fancies of fever.

"May I remain, Mrs. Barbour?" he said, humbly, when at length Olivine, informed of her husband's danger, hurried up to town, and thankfully she bade him stay, for who in all the world had ever been so true and good a friend to them both as he.

"And when he recovers a little we will get him out of town, please God," Olivine remarked, while the sick man still talked so glibly and ceaselessly concerning the covers where the pheasants lay, and the stubble that concealed the partridges.

Knowing the whole of the man's life—his labours, his disappointments, his struggles, his sins, his temptations; mindful of the great unstable edifice he had reared for himself, and cognisant of how that edifice had been levelled suddenly to the ground, there was something unutterably mournful to the listeners in hearing his ravings about the simple pleasures, the trivial distresses of his earlier life.

"It is very terrible," Olivine said, weeping.

"It is very merciful," Percy answered.

They did not speak much to one another in those days—they did not talk concerning the ruin that had come on all. Only once Olivine inquired "whether anything could be done for Mr. Perkins?" and Percy asked what she desired should be done.

"I wish he could keep on the Distaff Yard Works," she said.

"It shall be seen to," he answered, and Olivine rested content.

What, indeed, was there in those days that he did not see to, for her, and for him. It seemed as though he fancied he could not make reparation sufficient for having put even the idea of abandoning her husband into Olivine's mind. "If she had done so, and that then this had happened," he thought, not once only during Lawrence's illness, but a score of times, "I should never have forgiven myself; but then who could possibly have anticipated such an ending?—Etta gone—he a beggar, Olivine nursing him, and I here."

A couple of months had indeed brought about great and unexpected changes. When the June roses were in bloom, Lawrence was at the very summit of worldly success. Now, almost before the leaves on the limes had

begun to change colour, he lay hovering between life and death, a ruined man.

The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong; neither, as a rule, when the events of life's day come to be reviewed, can any man honestly say it was for the mere sake of amassing money, he planned amid the purple tints of morning to gain him riches—to gather gold.

Wealth; what is wealth? Is it hoards of treasure, or barns filled to overflowing with corn and the glad earth's increase?—is it great blocks of houses and stores crammed from cellar to roof with goodly merchandise?—is it land stretching away far as the eye can see, or scrip, or stock, or ground-rent?—rather is it not the sweet home ties, a tranquil mind, a quiet conscience, the ability to look back over the past without remorse, to face that hour which was fast coming to Lawrence Barbour, without fear?

For he could not live. When once the fever left him, that fact became patent to every one save Olivine. His old injuries told against him now. He might linger for a time, the doctors said, but they could give no hope of his strength ever returning to him.

But all this his wife could not, or would not, believe. She had faith in her own ability to ward off death from him. She imagined if he were once out of London the quiet and the peace of her country home must restore him to health.

"I cannot live without you, darling," she whispered, when he told her it was useless. "Will you let me try to have you taken there?"

"As you will, love," he answered, closing his eyes wearily while he spoke.

They moved him to Gerrard's Hall, and he bore the short journey better than his medical attendants had predicted would be the case.

"You see they were mistaken in thinking you so weak," Olivine said, with thankful tears dimming her eyes. "You will get better here—we can carry you out on to the lawn, and the pure air will give you strength, and you will live for the children's sake and mine."

"I will try my best, Olivine," he answered, with a sad, sick smile; "only if I should fail, let me tell you where I should like to be laid. In that churchyard down by the Thames we walked to one Sunday, the first Sunday after you promised to marry me."

"I cannot bear it, Lawrence," she said, covering her face with her hands.

"That was a bad day's work for you, my child," he went on, stroking her hair lovingly.

"Oh! no—no," she interrupted.

"But yes—" he answered; "if I could

live my life over again I should strive to make you happier. I think I have been mad. Oh, Lord! it is hard for a man to recover his senses only that he may see what he has lost."

"But you will live, Lawrence," she pleaded, with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"I will if I can," he replied; but he turned his tired eyes towards the window as he spoke, and, looking a-down the long grassy avenue of lime-trees, muttered to himself "We all do fade as a leaf!"

In those days he gave way to Olivine's lightest wish; if she fancied it would do him good to be carried into the garden, or placed on a sofa where the sunbeams fell warm on the long glade in front of the house, he acceded to her desire. Whatever food and medicine she brought him he tried to take.

"It cannot cure me," he remarked to Percy Forbes; "but it pleases her, poor child."

He had long talks in those days with his old partner, and more than once he referred to the rivalry which once existed between them, to the race in which they had mutually entered.

"Do you remember my betting my life against a thousand pounds?" he asked one day. "It was a foolish thing to do; but I am about to pay my debt honestly. How long it seems since those words were spoken. Where shall I be, Forbes, when those trees are green again?" he proceeded, as a sudden gust of wind brought a shower of leaves down on the smooth sward. "You won't answer me; well, I must answer myself. I shall have entered on that Eternal To-morrow—where all the great things of To-day will seem the merest trifles."

This idea seemed to have taken utter possession of him. "I read it somewhere; or I heard it somewhere; or I dreamt it; or it came back to me from the past. I cannot tell how it chanced to be impressed on my memory; but for a considerable time before the crash, that sentence, 'The great things of To-day—are the trifles of To-morrow,' always seemed ringing in my ears; and, strange as you may think it, the truth contained in those words enabled me to bear troubles and anxieties without number. I wonder, Forbes, what you will be doing when the leaves are falling next year!"

"God knows!" Percy answered.

"Mr. Sondes did right about the money, you see," Lawrence continued; "if he had left it in my power, Olivine and the children would have been paupers."

"If he had left it in your power, perhaps you might have shaped your course differently," Percy remarked.

"Perhaps so; but it is better as it is," was the reply; "far better."

Olivine could not be induced to think so, however. She would have given house and home and fortune to keep him with her a little longer; but at last it became evident even to her that his day was drawing nigh to its close, his sun about to sink in darkness. As an oak whose leaf fadeth, he was passing away; like as the grass withereth and the flower falleth, he, the once strong, self-reliant, resolute man, who had set out in life to make a happy destiny for himself, was sinking long before he reached middle age into the grave, where there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom.

He had laboured, he had striven—he had made his way—he had wrought out to a great extent his fortune: but the word of Him who cannot lie hath declared—

"Neither is bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill;"—and so, after all his endeavours, spite of all his struggles, he departed with the leaves, poor as the day when he first entered London.

And yet not so. He was rich in love. He had wife and children beside him to the last.

The wealth he once coveted, the Lord in mercy took away; the wealth he once despised, the Lord in mercy gave him in his hour of need.

While the blinds were drawn close—while the dead man lay waiting for burial—while the servants went about the house with noiseless tread, and the children's voices were hushed, Olivine, passing one afternoon by the drawing-room door, heard two people engaged in somewhat vehement conversation.

"I shall not tell her, Mrs. Gainswoode," Percy Forbes seemed answering; "and I shall not permit her to be told. Have you not caused misery enough, that you should come here to us at such a time, and with such a request?"

"You do not know how I loved him," was all she said in reply.

"And that love was none so praiseworthy you should boast of it in this house," he retorted bitterly.

"I am not boasting," she replied; "I only tell you I loved him, and that I would look on his face once more. If Olivine knew how miserable I am, she would not refuse my request."

"I would not," Olivine declared. She stood in the doorway,—her eyes red and swollen with weeping—her figure wasted—her face worn. "I would not," she repeated; "if it will be any comfort to you hereafter, to have looked

on his face now, come with me; you shall see him if you will."

She led the way up the broad staircase, and entered the room where all that was mortal of Lawrence Barbour lay.

Without any apparent passion of grief, Mrs. Gainswoode touched the dead—timidly, and as though she feared Olivine's displeasure. Finding, however, that there was no effort made to prevent her doing as she liked, Etta stooped and kissed his lips. Then she signed that she was ready, and turned to leave the room.

"Do you forgive me?" she whispered, on the threshold.

"I do," Olivine answered.

"Will you let me kiss you?" and receiving no repulse, she wound her arm round Olivine's neck and pressed her lips to hers, just as she had done in the garden at Reach House so many a year before.

"You will never see me again," she said, and, drawing her veil over her face, she passed down the staircase, and out of the house.

(Concluded.)

HISTORY OF A WOODEN SHOE.

TOWARDS the end of September, 1832, it was announced amongst the artistic circles of Paris, that Nicolo Paganini had fallen seriously ill, at the conclusion of a grand concert given by the illustrious violinist. He was attacked by a low intermitting fever, which refused to yield to the remedies employed, and even gave rise to apprehensions for his life.

Paganini, whose leanness was already almost spectral, now seemed to have his frail existence suspended by a thread, which the slightest shock might sever. The physicians unanimously ordered solitude, absolute repose, and a strict regimen as to diet.

In order to carry out these prescriptions, Paganini removed to the Villa Lutetiana, in the Faubourg Poissonnière. This excellent establishment, which no longer exists, was intended exclusively for the reception and cure of wealthy invalids. A spacious, comfortable house stood in a large, park-like garden, where each patient could ramble at will, and enjoy either solitude or society at his choice. A great charm of this house was that every one lived just as he or she pleased; in the evening either retiring to the solitude of his apartment, or joining in the games, music, and conversation held in the drawing-room. Paganini naturally belonged to those who preferred passing the evenings in quietness and retirement. There was plenty of gossip about him in the drawing-room; three or four censorious old maids fell on him tooth and nail.

"Ladies," began one, "have you seen this

great musician? He salutes no one, and never speaks a word. He takes his bowl of soup in an arbour in the garden, and then hastens away if any one approaches. What an oddity he must be!"

"That's part of his malady," said another; "people say that there is some terrible mystery about his life; some love-story, I imagine."

"Not at all," added a third; "Paganini is a miser; there's no mystery about that. Do you remember that concert which was organised in favour of the families who had suffered from the inundation at St. Etienne? The great violinist refused to take part in it because he would have had to play gratuitously. Depend upon it he fears that were he to mix in our society he might be asked for similar favours."

Paganini guessed pretty well how he was regarded by his fellow-boarders, but, like Gallio of old, he cared for none of these things. His health became gradually better, yet in the whole house he never exchanged a word with anyone except Nicette. This was the housemaid who attended on him; a cheerful, innocent country-girl, whose gay prattle, when she served his meals, often availed to dispel the cloud which habitually darkened the brows of Paganini.

One morning Nicette presented herself with a sad, drooping countenance, and served breakfast without uttering a word. The musician, who was amusing himself with carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a dagger, noticed the change in the young girl, and questioned her upon it.

"What's the matter, my child? You look sad; your eyes are red; some misfortune has befallen you, Nicette?"

"Oh, yes! sir."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you what it is?"

"No, sir, not precisely; but——"

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance.

"Come," he said; "I see how it is. After having made you a thousand promises he has quitted you, and you no longer have any tidings of him."

"Ah! poor fellow! He has quitted me certainly, but it was not his fault!"

"How is that?"

"Because in the conscription he drew a bad number, and he has been sent away with a great long gun on his shoulder, and I shall never see him again," sobbed poor Nicette, as she buried her face in her white apron.

"But, Nicette, could you not purchase a substitute for him?"

The girl, withdrawing her apron, smiled sadly through her tears.

"Monsieur is jesting," she said; "how could I ever buy a substitute?"

"Does it cost very dear?"

"This year men are tremendously dear on account of the report that there is going to be a war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price."

The musician pressed Nicette's little plump hand between his long fallow fingers, as he said,

"If that's all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

Then, taking out his pocket-book, he wrote on a blank leaf:—

"Mem.—To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Nicette."

A month passed on; winter arrived, and Paganini's physician said to him:—

"My dear sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the month of March."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

During the winter a comparative degree of health and strength returned to Paganini. Having no longer the pleasant, shady arbours of the garden as a refuge, he began gradually to linger a little in the drawing-room. After dinner he used to throw himself on a sofa of crimson velvet, and pass half-an-hour in turning over a volume of engravings, or in sipping a glass of sugared water flavoured with orange flowers. The old ladies of the society gossiped on about him and his odd ways, but he affected not to hear, and certainly did not heed them.

Christmas-eve approached. On the anniversary of the birth of Our Lord, a custom exists in France, very dear to its juvenile inhabitants. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth, and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney laden with various presents and dainties with which he fills it. It is calculated that one year with another the Christmas wooden shoe enriches the trade of Paris with two million francs.

On the morning of the 24th December four of Paganini's female critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for this evening," said one.

"Yes, for this evening; that's settled," replied another.

After dinner Paganini was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his *eau sucrée*, when an unusual noise was heard in the corridor. Presently Nicette entered, and announced that a porter had arrived with a case, directed to Signor Paganini.

"I don't expect any case," said he; "but I suppose he had better bring it in."

Accordingly, a stout porter entered, bear-

ing a good-sized deal box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "*Fragile, with care.*" Paganini examined it with some curiosity, and having paid the messenger, proceeded to open the lid. His long, thin, but extremely muscular fingers accomplished this task without difficulty, and the company, whose curiosity caused them somewhat to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

The musician first drew out a large packet, enveloped in strong brown paper, and secured with several seals. Having opened this, a second, and then a third envelope appeared; and at length the curious eyes of twenty persons were regaled with a gigantic wooden shoe, carved out of a piece of ash, and almost large enough to serve for a child's cradle. Bursts of laughter hailed the discovery.

"Ah!" said Paganini, "a wooden shoe. I can guess tolerably well who has sent it. Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me to a child who always expects presents and never gives any. Well! be it so. We will see if we cannot find some method of making this shoe worth its weight in gold."

So saying, and scarcely saluting the company, Paganini withdrew to his own apartment, carrying with him the case and its contents.

During three days he did not reappear in the drawing-room; Nicette informed the company that he worked from morning till night with carpenter's tools. In fact, the musician, whose hands were wondrously flexible and dexterous in other things besides violin playing, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the clumsy wooden shoe. Having enriched it with one silver string, his work was complete. Next day a public notice appeared that, on New Year's Eve, Paganini would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa Lutetiana. The great master announced that he would play ten pieces, five on a violin, five on a wooden shoe. The price of the tickets was fixed at twenty francs each. Of these only one hundred were issued, and it is needless to add that they were immediately purchased by the *élite* of the *beau monde*, who, during several months had missed the pleasure of hearing Paganini. The appointed evening arrived; the hall, furnished with comfortable chairs, was prepared and lighted for the occasion, elegant equipages were stationed along the Faubourg Poissonnière, and expectation was on tip-toe to know what the announcement respecting the wooden shoe could possibly mean.

At length Paganini appeared, smiling, with every appearance of renewed health, and on

his favourite violin played some of those marvellous strains which never failed to transport his auditors to the seventh heaven of delight. Then he seized the shoe, which, in its new guise of a violin, still preserved somewhat of pristine form, and, his whole being lighted up with enthusiasm, he commenced one of those wondrous improvisations which captivated the souls of his hearers. This one represented first the departure of a conscript, the tears, the wailing of his betrothed, then his stormy life in the camp, and on the field of battle, and finally, his return, accompanied by triumph and rejoicing. A merry peal of wedding-bells completed the musical drama. Long and loud were the thunders of applause; even the old ladies who disliked Paganini could not refrain from clapping, and bouquets, thrown by fair and jewelled hands, fell at the feet of the musician. In a corner of the hall, next the door, Nicette was weeping bitterly; the symphony of the conscript had gone straight to her heart. At the end of the concert the receipts were counted; they amounted to two thousand francs.

"Here, Nicette," said Paganini, "you have five hundred francs over the sum required to purchase a substitute; they will pay your bridegroom's travelling expenses."

Then, after a pause, he continued, "But you will want something wherewith to begin housekeeping. Take this shoe-violin or this violin-shoe, and sell it for your dowry."

Nicette did so, and received from a rich amateur six thousand francs for Paganini's wooden shoe.

It is now, we believe, in the possession of an English nobleman, who was formerly British Ambassador at Paris.

THE CROWNING OF A ROSIÈRE.

STERNE was quite right in selecting this—the French—side of the Channel for his famous "*Sentimental Journey.*" In some form or other, sentiment, either false or true, had become a necessity of his existence, and as it didn't happen to flourish among the Yorkshire wolds, and was no more to be met with in Bond Street since Eliza his creole beauty had set sail for her Indian home, one is not surprised at his dropping down upon our Gallic friends—or enemies, rather, we considered them then,—and fooling himself among them with his favourite weakness to the top of his bent. Since Sterne's days, however, wars and revolutions, and social upheavings have knocked a large amount of sentimentality out of French people's heads; still there is more than a touch of it remaining, as one is reminded at all their fêtes and celebrations, and at

perhaps none more strikingly than that time-honoured ceremony of crowning what is styled a "*rosière*," which takes place annually at the village of Nanterre, some few miles distant from Paris.

Whituntide is always a grand time for fêtes with the French people, and particularly in the environs of the capital. All the customary places of resort, and not a few little villages, the names of which only turn up on these occasions, put forth some days beforehand their several bills of fare to attract the pleasure-seeking Parisian. For instance, this year Versailles had its floral fête, and displayed its "*grandes eaux*;" Longchamp had its "*courses*;" La Marche its steeple-chases; and Vincennes its rifle-shooting contest, open to all-comers; Argenteuil had its boat races and water tournaments, its retreat from the Crimea by torchlight, and display of fireworks on the Seine. The Pre Catalan had its children's ball, and Noisy-le-sec and Nogent-sur-Marne their little village celebrations; but more attractive than all of these to the Paris *bourgeoisie* was the crowning of the young *rosière* at Nanterre, of which we have already spoken.

Thirteen centuries ago, says tradition, (and tradition we all know can take a long leap backwards just as easily as a short one,) the good saint Medard, archbishop of Noyan in the days of brave Clovis, founded at the neighbouring little village of Salency a prize for virtue open to all deserving young maidens born and reared within its limits. Learned antiquaries, however, as is commonly the case, assert that tradition is in this instance utterly wrong, and that it was some Seigneur of Salency in the reign of Louis XIII., quite eleven centuries later, who founded the prize in question, and instituted the ceremony of crowning the fortunate gainer of it with a wreath of white roses.

When Salency let the old custom drop, Nanterre appears to have taken it up, and for a long term of years some maiden belonging to the district, whose character would bear the scrutiny deemed requisite, has been annually presented with a certain sum of money, generally 500 francs, and been afterwards crowned with a crown of roses on Whit-Sunday in the village church. All of which proves that the sentimental element still flourishes on French soil. Only fancy, a custom such as this, with the real middle-age stamp upon it, and somewhat of a poetical halo surrounding it, surviving three revolutions and endless new forms of government, and actually flourishing in this excessively practical age of ours—the age of steam, railways, electric telegraphs, armour-plated ships, and that last new wonder

called "financing,"—which bubble has, however, lately burst in various directions—an age in which Iron and Mammon are alike kings.

Nanterre—the birth-place of Sainte Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, where in the gardens of the priest's house they still show you the grotto where the pious young shepherdess was accustomed to pray, and the well to which she has given her name—is a considerable village some eight miles distant from Paris on the St. Germain line of railway, and almost under the shadow of Mont Valerien. It is pleasantly enough situated, and were it not for its *trottoirs* which give you corns, and its open drains which may give you cholera, would be an agreeable enough place to reside in. Bent upon witnessing this renowned "*rosière*" fête, punctually at noon I betake myself to the station of the "*Chemin de fer de l'Ouest*," and find I am one of a crowd of intending excursionists to Nanterre. What a study is here of bonnets and parasols and robes "*en fourreau*," (the very latest fashion, jacket, skirt, and jupe *en suite*,) that is to say if flower and fruit baskets, and inverted straw platters, and soufflets of muslin and tulle, hung about with glass beads and floral chains may be classed among bonnets. As for the parasols, they are of swansdown or marabout, and decorated with stuffed humming birds, or of silk wreathed with artificial flowers, or fringed with feathers from the peacock's tail, or embroidered with ciphers and crests, and birds and butterflies and flowers, and galloping racehorses in the most brilliant of colours. And what tall hats and tight trousers and short spencer jackets and large pointed lie-down collars many of the messieurs are wearing! and what pretty Switzer-Tyrolean costumes—white muslin bodices, high betasselled boots, and perky little hats with a few pheasants' feathers stuck on one side—the young mademoiselles display! The day is beautifully fine, and everything, of course, looks charming through such a medium, and the country most charming of all. Alighting at Nanterre station we encounter two tall oriflammes standing like sentinels on either side of the road, and meet with other tall oriflammes fluttering their tricolour banners at the corners of the streets and opposite the "*Mairie*," the windows of which are blocked-up with little flags grouped around the well-known cipher "*N.E.*"

The ceremony of the day was announced for two o'clock, but it was nearer three before the real business commenced. Meanwhile, a detachment of the *garde nationale*, with its band at its head playing lively military airs, parade the streets of the town to the great gratification of the young gamins, tag rag and bobtail, and

the rest, who follow at their heels. Little booths, where sweetmeats and mock jewellery and beads and orisons and crucifixes and pictures and images of saints are exhibited for sale, line both sides of the Rue de l'Eglise, all the windows commanding which are crowded with ancient dames and little children. The barriers across the centre are kept by tall gendarmes in blue uniforms with bright scarlet facings and big cocked hats, and with long cavalry sabres swinging at their sides; while *sapeurs pompiers*, with red and black beards, and black and red crested helmets of brightest brass, saunter up and down, musket in hand, sensibly impressed with the idea of their own importance. The managers of the fête, wearing red and silver ribbons in their button holes, and light blue bows fringed with silver on their right arms, receive the holders of tickets at the church-doors. Feminine parishioners *en grande tenue*, with seats but without tickets, demand admission, and being refused, hie them at once to the priest's house close by, where other disappointed waiters on his reverence's doorstep, with tickets but without seats, are already pouring forth shrill words of remonstrance, which cause his reverence, who is at that moment taking his *café noire* and *petit verre*, to come forward cup in hand and appease them as best he can, which lively incident lookers-on find sufficiently amusing.

With the exception of the places reserved for those who are to take part in the ceremony, the church is filled in every corner, and now ensues that wearisome period of watching and waiting, which tries the patience of even the most enduring. We, however, sit it out with philosophical indifference, for we see that we can occupy it profitably enough in examining the interior of the edifice, which has a historical interest of its own, for was not Louis le Grand, whose name still fills so large a space in French history, here baptised? and did not his mother, Anne of Austria, frequently bend her steps hither to kneel and pray at the shrine of the good Sainte Geneviève? Nanterre church is in the pointed style of architecture, and consists of a nave, chancel, and two narrow aisles. It has several showy-stained-glass windows, and more than the usual complement of indifferent paintings of religious subjects, and life-size statues of saints, of which last certain irreverent individuals have to-day made pegs on which to hang their hats. The altar is brilliantly decorated with flowers, the numerous tall candles are arranged in symmetrical order, and the church plate—some of it the gift of Anne of Austria—is so set out as to make the general effect as imposing as possible. In the nave on the right of the altar are a number of raised seats hung

about with crimson drapery; it is here, under an elegant canopy, that the ceremony of crowning the young *rosière* is appointed to take place.

After several false alarms there at length ensues that indescribable low murmuring sound which portends that something unusual is about to occur. Strains of military music now burst forth, and through the open church doors the head of the procession may be seen advancing up the Rue de l'Eglise. First comes the burly commandant of the *sapeurs pompiers*, (in his big bright brass and black and red feather-crested helmet, and with drawn sword,) slowly advancing backwards at the head of his men—a motley group, fat, slim, short, and tall, looking a trifle dusty and more than a trifle thirsty with their exertions. Next follows a detachment of the *garde nationale*, with their band marching at their head, playing some appropriate air. Then come the banners of Saint Maurice and Sainte Geneviève and the society of "*Secours Mutuels*" of the commune of Nanterre, and following these, a bevy of bright-looking young maidens and tiny rosy-cheeked little girls, dressed all in white, with light-blue sashes across their breasts, and wreaths of white roses encircling their heads, and bouquets of beautiful flowers in their hands. In the centre of this charming group we catch sight of a superb crown of white roses, borne aloft on a blue silk cushion, to the corners of which are attached long streamers of ribbon, which sturdy little girls under a yard high grasp in their tiny hands. Now come the members of the municipal council in their blue silk sashes, then bearers of long streamers of ribbon of the latest Lyons patterns attached to the end of tall staves, and then—the blushing young *rosière* herself, robed in white from head to foot, conducted by his worship the mayor, and escorted by a couple of her female companions—past *rosières* themselves, we were given to understand.

The procession, received at the doorway by the managers of the fête and the tall *suisse* in the customary superb uniform of his class, now enters the church, the organ pealing forth its solemn notes meanwhile. The little three and four year olds who cling to the cushion ribbons are ranged in front of the altar steps around the now kneeling *rosière*, as though to serve as her guard of honour; their elder sisters and companions occupy the raised seats on the right hand adjoining the pulpit, on the uppermost row of which, under the crimson canopy, sits the wife of the mayor. Priests in rich vestments now perform their genuflections, candles are lighted, acolytes swing censers of incense, the curé sprinkles holy water to

exorcise the fiend; the Benediction service has commenced.

By-and-by the band of the *garde nationale* plays some brilliant symphony, at the conclusion of which a young priest ascends the pulpit, and proceeds to deliver a discourse on this said custom of crowning a *rosière*, tracing its origin, chronicling its centuries of existence, expatiating on its advantages, and proudly proclaiming that no one can point the finger of scorn at a single young female of the commune of Nanterre. The discourse now becomes touching, and there is soon a general flutter of white pocket-handkerchiefs. Old women begin to blow their poor pinched noses, and alily to wipe the tears from their rheumy eyes. Young girls, whose attention has been heretofore more taken up with their toilettes and considerations as to how they look in the eyes of certain melting swains than with the priest's discourse, next show symptoms of becoming affected, and even the sturdy *Suisse*, overcome by his feelings, raises his brawny hand and dashes away the tear drop from his swarthy cheek. This little interlude over, the discourse gets dull and commonplace as an afternoon sermon in any given English country church in the agricultural shires. At length, like other evils, it comes to an end, and the band of the *garde nationale* gives forth some rich melodious, melancholy strains.

Trembling, young *rosière* in prospectu is now led away from out of the midst of her escort by the mayor, who conducts her up a short flight of steps to a *prie-dieu* beneath the crimson canopy, in front of which she kneels, overcome with emotion. The mayoress, a kind-hearted, amiable looking lady, dressed in black, now rises from her seat, and taking the floral crown from off its blue silk cushion, places it on the head of the still kneeling girl, whom she tenderly embraces, encircling her neck meanwhile with a chain of gold. The audience look on approvingly, and the stalwart *Suisse* smiles his smile of approbation; again strains of music burst forth, and the newly crowned and trembling *rosière* seats herself beside the mayoress, while a crowd of her companions group themselves round about her feet. His reverence the curé, robed in the splendid vestments given to the church by Anne of Austria, now ascends the altar steps, assistant priests standing by his side intone the concluding portions of the service, while the organ peals forth its rich notes of accompaniment. Two of the prettiest young girls among a bevy of village beauties go round to receive the offerings of the congregation, which are given willingly enough by the male portion of it, for who would be so mean

as to refuse his franc to youth and beauty, garlanded with flowers and robed in spotless muslin?

The managers of the fête, with the red and silver ribbons in their button holes, and light blue bows encircling their right arms, now clear a passage for the exit of the procession, while priests chant from the altar, and the organ peals in slow and measured strains. Little girls and blooming young maidens, from their places at the foot of the altar and the raised seats beside the pulpit, all more or less flushed with the excitement of the scene, come sailing by. Members of the municipal council in their blue silk sashes follow; next come a couple of past *rosières*, and then his worship the mayor, and his deputy, each of whom holding a hand, lead the newly-crowned and deeply blushing *rosière* right down the centre aisle of the church. Shall we here tell the truth and remove maybe a pleasant illusion which up to this moment has possibly had possession of the reader's mind, and admit that our *rosière* was not divinely beautiful—not even handsome—nay, not commonly good-looking? Alas! so it was; still, in spite of this little drawback, the ceremony was most interesting, and by no means unimpressive.

With priests in rich vestments chanting, and the organ pealing forth in solemn tones, and a brilliant sun flashing its brightest rays through the rich stained-glass windows of the ancient church, who could look unmoved on this group of young and innocent girls, many possessing the attraction of a homely class of beauty, with the *rosière* elect of the year standing in their midst, who, if she were not handsome, was still of spotless reputation. Many, mayhap, will regard the entire affair as a well got up, well acted performance, duly studied with a view to effect. Such, however, is not our case. Although we have lived long enough in the world to have our belief in many things sorely shaken, we still prefer to regard this picturesque ceremony, which bygone centuries have handed down to these our own times, from the more sentimental point of view.

H. V.

ON THE CLIFFS.

SILENT we sat on the cliffs' bleak side;
Fast at our feet rose the heaving tide;
Down in the west the red sun died;

Died on the billowy clouds' soft breast,
Died on the bright waves' rearing crest,
And dying went to a golden rest.

Purple glow'd amid rocks the heath,
Soothingly rippled the waves beneath,
Hiding the grim rocks' pointed teeth.



Brilliant clouds of many a hue
Sped o'er the sky and pass'd from view,
Leaving above a clear void of blue.

Nothing around us moved or stirr'd :—
Save the ocean's murmur we only heard
The moaning cry of the wild sea-bird.

Glimmer'd a white sail out afar ;
Quietly peep'd forth the evening star.
What such a peaceful scene could mar ?

Thoughts of the Past and its fleeting years,
Of our Childhood's changeful smiles and tears,
Of our Youth-time's flick'ring hopes and fears.

Thoughts of the Present, fraught with pain,
And fill'd with longings so fierce and vain,
For that which will never come again.

Thoughts of the Future's gath'ring gloom,
Thoughts of the strange unlook'd-for doom
Which had buried our Love in an early tomb.

A. M.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "A PRODIGAL SON," "SIR FELIX FOY, BART.," &c., &c.



CHAPTER VI. MISS BROWN SEES A PORPOISE.

Mr. Hobson did not pass a very pleasant week. He constantly found himself longing to be down at Beachville again, pacing its breezy parade. There was nothing for him to do in

London; business did not come to him; his friends were absent; his time hung heavily on his hands; he was at a loss to know what to do with himself. The theatres were playing old pieces to crowded audiences from the pro-

vinces, other places of amusement seemed to be rather more unamusing than ever. "I must certainly marry," he kept saying over and over again, "life with Matilda Milner in a comfortable house in South Kensington will be a great deal better than this kind of thing. I will certainly propose to Matilda directly I get down to Beachville again." For, somehow, while he was in London it seemed to him a tolerably easy task to propose to Miss Milner at Beachville. He was able to take a broad business-like view of the matter: contemplating it from a distance, and losing sight of minute details, which on the spot assumed the proportions of substantial obstacles to the progress of his suit; and in London moreover, he was without the distracting influence of Sophy Brown's soft beaming eyes; at least they were not actually at hand as at Beachville to divert his attention from Miss Milner. Or was it that in London selfish considerations, regard for his own interests came more home to him, gathered more strongly about him, occupying and holding him more absolutely? Whereas, at Beachville, the pure sea air, blowing about him freely and freshly, dispersed such notions, and benefited at once his physical and his moral constitution.

On the Saturday he was proceeding by a morning train to Beachville again. Entering a railway carriage, he had been greeted by a rich bass voice crying out, "Oh, here you are again!" and he found himself in the presence of the violent old gentleman, his friend of the previous Sunday—Mr. Blatherwick of Austin Friars.

"Glad to see you," said Mr. Blatherwick, heartily shaking hands with him. "Seen the morning paper? The infamous speech that scoundrel has been making at Shuttlecombe! The Times gives two pages of it! I should like to have it burnt by the common hangman!" These stringent observations, it may be noted, referred to a great oration—an extra-parliamentary utterance the papers called it—delivered by a leading member of the House of Commons, and for the time a great public idol in the north of England.

Mr. Hobson had not had time to read the speech.

"Then don't read it," cried Mr. Blatherwick; "it will only make you ill. The man's an infamous traitor. They'd have hanged, drawn, and quartered him in the good old times, for less than he's been saying and doing at Shuttlecombe. They ought to serve him in the same way now; and they should, too, if I had my way."

But in spite of these vindictive views on political questions, Mr. Blatherwick was soon

laughing and talking good-humouredly enough upon other topics.

"You're going to the Royal again, I suppose?" he inquired of Frank Hobson. "They treat one very fairly at the Royal. I've taken rather a fancy to Beachville. Uncommon healthy place it seems to me. I went there first of all quite by chance. I had business down there. Since then I've run down once or twice; but only from Saturday to Monday; can't spare more time. I'm in business—a solicitor, as you know, I daresay. I went to Beachville to see a client—a wonderful woman of business—shrewd and sharp, with a keen eye for her own interests. I never knew a woman with such a knowledge of 'what's what,' so far as money matters are concerned; and she wasn't an old woman either. But I mustn't mention names, of course."

Soon the fellow-travellers were at Beachville; had secured their rooms at the Royal, and refreshed themselves with luncheon. Afterwards Mr. Hobson found himself following the routine of his conduct of the previous Saturday. He walked along the parade, called upon his aunt, was graciously received and invited to dinner. Then he went upon the pier to encounter his cousin, with her young friend Sophy Brown, and the curate, the Rev. Mr. Barlow. The band appeared to be working, or playing rather, through the same programme of music they had performed on the last occasion of Mr. Hobson's presence on the pier. It was an understood thing at Beachville that its pleasures were to be pursued methodically and by rule. A list of recreations was provided, and it was expected of visitors that they would adhere to this list: enjoying themselves systematically and regularly. For instance, among the appointed amusements of the morning, were bathing, sitting on the beach and searching for "common objects;" for the afternoon were reserved the delights of the pier, the parade, and the band. Departure from this system of things was a serious offence in the eyes of Beachville. If you preferred the pier to the beach in the morning, you would be generally looked upon as a lunatic; and if you attempted to bathe in the afternoon, you would probably be locked up. This may seem severe; but practically the plan suited the habit of mind of the visitors. The English are inclined to order and precision; and even elect to enjoy their pleasures as they take their physic: punctually and according to prescription.

Mr. Hobson was greeted by Miss Milner with emphatic cordiality; by Miss Brown with a sort of timid regard. About Mr. Barlow's manner there was a little constraint. It might mean that he was on such intimate

terms with Mr. Hobson that all ceremony was by consent waived between them; or, that he knew Mr. Hobson very slightly, and did not greatly care to know him more closely, and, therefore, that any parade of courtesy towards him was inadvisable.

Mr. Hobson soon found himself promenading by the side of his cousin. They were saying much the same things as they had said on the previous Saturday. How charming the valse from "Faust" was; how nice the gipsy music from the "Trovatore;" how pretty Puffin Head looked with the sun upon it; and so on.

"I'm so glad you were able to come down to-day, Frank," said Miss Milner.

Mr. Hobson glanced back. They were separated from their companions. They had left the head of the pier. There were but few promenaders near them. It seemed to Mr. Hobson a good opportunity for saying something tender to his cousin—in pursuance of the plans concerning her he had formed in London—if he could only decide upon something tender to say. But he couldn't. Nothing occurred but the common-place:

"I was only too happy to come, I assure you, Matilda."

"I hope you're growing *fond* of Beachville, Frank."

Mr. Hobson thought to himself, "O, if I possessed the impudence of some men! If I dared to say, 'I'm growing fond of you, Matilda!'" He wasn't equal to that. Still he made a fair advance; if he spoke with some confusion and something of a stammer.

"The pleasure of seeing you must count for something in attracting me here, Matilda," he said.

"You're very kind, Frank," the lady answered, not in the least disturbed. "Of course, it would be *very dull* if you did not know *anybody* in the place. To be *quite alone* in a place must always be tiresome and depressing."

"But when I find a cousin here, for whom I have a—*a warm regard*," Mr. Hobson continued, growing bolder.

"I'm *very pleased* that we should be such good friends, Frank. I think it's so sad, and so wrong, too, when relations fall out, and keep each other at a distance. Isn't that the overture to 'William Tell,' they're playing now?"

"And we *are* good friends, Matilda, are we not?" Mr. Hobson had no ears for the band.

"Oh, yes; of *course* we are, Frank. How can you ask?"

Mr. Hobson felt that his love-making must be got over, if at all, with a rush. When your shy or reluctant man plucks up heart,

he plucks up plenty of it; something of the courage of despair comes to his aid.

"I'll do it," said Frank Hobson to himself, and he grasped his cousin's hand.

"My dear Matilda!" he said.

But Miss Milner's heart was not to be captured by a *coup de main*. The lady was not to be taken by surprise. She was equal to the occasion. To ignore utterly a lover's intentions is to rebuff him very effectually. Miss Milner would not perceive that her cousin was making love to her. Yet she could hardly help feeling that he was grasping her hand very tightly.

"What nice gloves you always wear, Frank," she observed, quite calmly. "Where do you get them? And they're very nearly the same colour as mine: only a shade darker. I'm very fond of that sort of pale dove colour."

Mr. Hobson quietly released his cousin's hand. Just then Miss Brown approached, accompanied by Mr. Barlow. Miss Brown was a little excited.

"Matilda!" she said. "We've seen a porpoise; it came quite close to the pier-head. Such a size! I saw it distinctly. It dived and dived, and turned right over in the water. I wish you'd seen it. Such an enormous fish."

"A porpoise can hardly be said to be a fish," interposed the Reverend Mr. Barlow, blandly explanatory; "it pertains to the mammalia; and breathes atmospheric air, although it permanently resides in the sea; it carries with it, as it were, a reservoir of blood, which is renovated by the atmospheric air, and is passed into the system as required. Hence it is able to dive and remain a long time under water."

"Thank you, Mr. Barlow," said Miss Milner. "How interesting! I've never seen a porpoise. I'm so sorry I missed it; but I was busy chatting to Frank. I should so like to have seen it."

"She saw something more rare," Mr. Hobson said to himself; "something better worth looking at. She saw me making love, or making a fool of myself. It's the same thing. I wish Barlow was a porpoise, and would dive, and stay a long time under water; a very long time. In fact, till I gave him leave to come up again."

Just then a gentleman passed the group, and took off his hat politely to Miss Milner. Frank Hobson recognised the gentleman; it was his elderly friend of the Royal and the railway.

"I didn't know that you knew Mr. Blatherwick, Matilda," he said.

"Do you know him? But, of course, lawyers all know each other. He was poor papa's

solicitor; and has been very kind and attentive. But I don't know what brings him down to Beachville."

It might have been fancy. But it seemed to Mr. Hobson that his cousin was somewhat disconcerted at the appearance of Mr. Blatherwick at Beachville. Was she the wonderful woman of business of whom the old solicitor had been speaking? Was she the lady-client who was stated to possess such a keen eye for her own interests, and to know so well "what was what" in money matters?

"Let us take another turn up the pier," she said. "I'm so fond of this march from the 'Prophète.' Sophy, dear, I don't know whether you know it, but your hair's dreadfully untidy at the back."

Thereupon Miss Milner busied herself in remedying her friend's untidiness. The gentlemen stood apart meanwhile, with vague notions as to what it behoved them to say to each other.

"Well, Barlow," said Mr. Hobson.

"Well, Hobson," said Mr. Barlow.

Then there was a pause. "Now we're ready," said Miss Milner; and they walked again up the pier. This time Mr. Hobson found himself by the side of Miss Brown. He had a great deal to say to her about—the porpoise, and other matters.

They again met Mr. Blatherwick, who again bowed to Miss Milner, nodding to Mr. Hobson. Then they left the pier, and went towards Miss Hobson's in Belle Vue Lawn.

Mr. Barlow was engaged to dine at Miss Hobson's; as he approached Belle Vue Lawn, however, a letter was presented to him. In the bearer of the missive Frank Hobson recognised the "boots" of the Royal Hotel. Mr. Barlow stopped to open and read the letter: he had been informed that an answer was expected. His face flushed a little as he read. He turned to the messenger: "Say, I'll come," he said, "that's the answer: I'll come." And then he turned to Miss Milner and begged her to convey his sincere apologies to her aunt; he was suddenly prevented from availing himself of Miss Hobson's kind invitation to dinner; he was most unexpectedly summoned to attend to a matter of business; he was very sorry to be compelled, so abruptly too, to deny himself the pleasure of dining at Miss Hobson's, but he had really no alternative, the circumstances were peculiar, and so—Mr. Barlow, bowing, lifted his hat to the ladies,—Mr. Hobson's presence he seemed to lose sight of altogether,—and went his way somewhat hurriedly.

"What can have happened!" exclaimed Miss Milner, and then she tried to look as if she were not in the least curious on the

subject of Mr. Barlow's sudden departure. "Some sick person has probably sent for him," she added, with a grave air; "a clergyman's time is *never* his own: he has to hold himself *altogether* at the disposal of his parishioners."

Mr. Hobson had his own views: but these he forbore to express openly. "It's my belief Barlow arranged this beforehand; the thing's a plant; he wanted to shirk the talk with me after dinner." So thought Frank Hobson.

Miss Hobson notified quietly and composedly her regret that they were deprived of the pleasure of Mr. Barlow's company at dinner; but, of course, the thing could not be helped. Ministers of the Gospel were liable to be sent for in that sudden way. Altogether they had been fortunate in having so frequently enjoyed Mr. Barlow's society without interruption. And Miss Hobson repeated her convictions that Mr. Barlow was a very charming young man, and that she had a high opinion of him. She then dismissed the topic, and took her seat at the dinner-table.

Miss Milner ventured to hope that they might yet see Mr. Barlow in the course of the evening: probably about tea-time. She felt sure that he would rejoin them if he possibly could; he was always so kind and considerate, was he not, Sophy? Miss Brown, meekly acquiescent, said, "Oh, yes; certainly he was very kind and considerate."

Mr. Hobson held his peace. It seemed to him that quite enough had been said in praise of Barlow, and in lamentation over his absence.

Miss Hobson, her chaplain non-attending, said grace, without appeal to Mr. Hobson to perform that duty. It was in keeping with her sentiments concerning the corrupt and benighted nature of man generally, that she should hold that only woman and the clergy (whom she regarded, unconsciously adopting Sidney Smith's principle, as a sort of distinct species) were acquainted with appropriate forms of prayer before meat, and that reference on such a subject to her nephew, a male, a barrister, and of course, therefore, a pagan and outer barbarian, would be painfully absurd and supererogatory. During dinner Miss Milner was somewhat silent and abstracted. Miss Brown was more than ordinarily lively and talkative; she furnished Miss Hobson with information concerning the porpoise seen from the pier-head. Miss Hobson condescended to take a mild interest in the porpoise; and felt in some measure indebted to that creature for having kindly exhibited itself, without charge, for the amusement and edification of her visitor.

"How very much better Sophy's looking for her stay at Beachville," Miss Hobson exclaimed, "I never saw a girl so much improved. The air of Beachville is certainly very restorative. She's really wonderfully improved."

Matilda Milner said "wonderfully;" somewhat vaguely echoing her aunt's opinion; in truth she had not been listening very attentively. Mr. Hobson, although he sincerely thought Miss Brown looked very nice, hardly felt at liberty to say so. Upon the question of improvement he was not qualified to speak. He had not seen Miss Brown on her first appearance at Beachville. Since he had enjoyed the pleasure of seeing her, he held that there had really been no room for improvement; except in this respect: that the charm of her aspect was certainly enhanced when she blushed; and she was blushing now; what else could she do? as the eyes of the company fell upon her to appraise, as it were, the benefits she had derived from the sun and sea-breezes of Beachville. It seemed to Frank Hobson that he had never contemplated a prettier object than Sophy Brown blushing.

Dinner over, Mogford placed dessert upon the table; and presently the ladies withdrew, and left Mr. Hobson alone with the decanters. After a glass or two taken in solitude, and with self-communing, he went up into the drawing-room. Then came tea, and the opening of the piano. Miss Brown performed *Il bacio* very deftly. An attempt was made at the duet from "Semiramide;" but Miss Milner stopped in the middle of it with petulant abruptness, so Mr. Hobson deemed. "Certainly Matilda has got a temper," he said to himself.

"I can't sing to-night, I'm quite out of voice," she explained, somewhat snappishly; "it's no use asking me." Mr. Hobson had been urging her to a new effort. At his solicitation Miss Brown then sang alone, a simple ballad of the pattern dear to Madame Sainton-Dolby, and which that charming artiste has therefore made beloved by a large public. Miss Brown acquitted herself very happily, and earned well-merited plaudits from Mr. Hobson and his aunt. Thereupon Matilda Milner suddenly found her voice, and without waiting to be asked, sat down to the piano and screamed off a showy, shrill, brilliant bravura by Verdi. She looked very grand at the piano, with her massive white throat thrown well back for the effectual ejaculation of her high notes.

"She's a fine woman is Matilda," thought Frank Hobson; "there's a good deal of the peacock about her though, especially in regard

to her voice; and when she gets to the top of the scale, I can't help thinking of the express train whistling at the tunnels." Still he proffered his cousin profuse thanks.

"Mr. Barlow won't be here now," observed Miss Hobson.

"Perhaps he's been obliged to go to the Rector," suggested Miss Brown, "Mrs. Blenkinsop may have wanted him to audit the accounts of the Dorcas Fund."

"How can you say so, Sophy?" demanded Matilda Milner, "you know he *never* goes to the Rectory on Saturday nights."

"Putting the finishing touches to his sermon for to-morrow, perhaps," said Frank Hobson.

"Mr. Barlow makes it a rule to complete his sermon by Friday night *invariably*," Miss Milner explained, tartly.

"Very proper of Barlow," said Frank Hobson, with perhaps needless levity of tone. And then he bade the ladies good night and departed. He lighted a cigar and strolled upon the parade.

"Somehow I don't make way with Matilda," he meditated. And he could not help contrasting the activity of his resolutions in town with the torpor of his sentiments at Beachville. "I seem to like her ever so much better when I'm away from her," he said to himself. "I suppose 'absence makes my heart grow fonder,' as the song says. When I'm in New Square it seems a comparatively easy thing to make love to Matilda, and marry her, and share her fortune; but down here it's ever so much more difficult; and I'm always saying things I oughtn't to, and rather snubbing her than not. Certainly I don't make way with her. That was a creditable attempt of mine on the pier; though, of course, it failed miserably. She doesn't care for me, that's the fact. Surely I made my meaning clear enough? But she wouldn't see it; turned the thing off; stopped me very neatly I must own. And then Barlow and Sophy Brown came up and my chance was over. Ah! if Sophy Brown only stood in Matilda Milner's shoes, how very much more easy the whole business would be! I could make love to Sophy Brown with the greatest pleasure in life. I could go down on my knees to her. I really believe I could commit any folly for that girl. But, of course, I mustn't do anything of the sort; it would be sheer madness; and I don't yet despair of winning Matilda. It's unlucky my not liking her a little more than I do: it would help me on ever so much more. But I'll have another shy at the thing. I won't give in yet. And I'll take care that she doesn't misunderstand me next time. There shall be no escape for

her; no mistake about my meaning. I'll write to her, a plain and deliberate declaration; and I'll find an opportunity of slipping the letter into her hand. That's what I'll do. She *must* give me an answer then; and I shall get the business settled and off my mind. I'll go to the Royal and write the letter at once."

The coffee-room was empty. Mr. Hobson called for pen, ink, and paper, and set to work upon his letter. He made two or three attempts before he could satisfy himself as to the best form to be adopted. "It must be very plain and simple; and yet there must be a dash of sentiment about it, too. Women always like a dash of sentiment," mused Mr. Hobson. "Even though they may not quite believe in its sincerity, still they like to see it in a letter offering marriage. It's due to their sex. Business is business, and marriage is business; but still they hold that sentiment, or a semblance of sentiment, ought to preface marriage. I mustn't overdo it in the sentimental line, either, or Matilda will be bound to see through it; the sham will be too palpable. She's a very sensible woman, is Matilda. But, then, it is always so difficult to make love to these very sensible women. One never quite knows where their sensibleness ends and their folly begins; how far to give them credit for being matter-of-fact; how much to rely upon that matter-of-fiction which they all possess somewhere *au fond*. Come, I think this is reasonably tender, and yet good common sense, too," and he read over to himself a rough draft of his letter; made a few verbal changes, and then neatly copied and folded it up. "I'll give her this some time to-morrow," he said. And then he added, after a pause, "I wish to goodness that I loved her a little more than I do—and than I've said that I do—I shouldn't feel such an impostor and swindler. However, I don't suppose I'm any worse than hundreds of other men who make love and get married." And he contented himself with that customary consolation of the sinner,—that if he was doing wrong, plenty of his fellows had done the same before him, and plenty more would do the same after him.

"I wonder what's become of old Blatherwick to-night?" he said. "I haven't seen him since he bowed to Matilda on the pier." And then he went to bed.

He was late on the following morning. He entered the coffee-room for breakfast as Mr. Blatherwick was going forth, having completed that meal. The two gentlemen simply interchanged greetings, and parted.

After breakfast, Mr. Hobson attended service at St. Jude's. As was usual on Sunday

mornings, Mr. Barlow, the curate, read prayers; Mr. Blenkinsop, the incumbent, preached. Coming out of church, Mr. Hobson met his aunt, his cousin, and Miss Brown.

"Good morning, Frank; I'm glad you've found your way to St. Jude's again," said Miss Hobson. She could not resist a feeling of satisfaction at the unlooked-for propriety of her nephew's conduct. "It was very warm in church." Miss Hobson always found it warm in church, and resorted to her smelling-salts constantly throughout the service. "I think poor Mr. Barlow suffered from the heat."

Frank Hobson said it had struck him that Barlow was more subdued than ordinary.

Miss Brown thought he had looked decidedly pale.

Miss Milner was silent. Her manner was dignified, but cold. She seemed disinclined for conversation, and her brows were lowered, as though oppressed by thought or ill-humour.

Frank Hobson addressed her once or twice tentatively, to draw her into conversation. Her answers were monosyllabic, discouraging. "Certainly," he said to himself, "I mustn't hand her my offer of marriage in her present mood. I must wait until she's in a better temper." He had in his breast-pocket the letter he had written over-night.

"I don't think you'll be able to get so far as Puffin Head this afternoon, Frank," said Miss Hobson, contemplating the skies. "It looks very threatening."

"Oh, we must manage a walk of some kind before dinner," said Frank, cheerily. "It will hold up until night, I think. What do you say, Matilda? Will you venture?"

"No, thank you. It's certain to rain. Besides, I seldom walk on Sundays."

"Matilda needn't be quite so waspish about it, at any rate," thought Frank Hobson. He turned to Miss Brown.

"What do you say to a walk, Miss Brown?"

Miss Brown said simply that "she should like it of all things, and she didn't think the weather looked so very bad, and they needn't go so very far, and could take an umbrella."

"Oh, certainly," said Frank Hobson, "we'll take an umbrella."

"That light dress of yours will spot dreadfully in the rain, Sophy dear," observed Miss Milner.

Miss Brown said that "if that was all, she could easily change her dress." "Very well parried, Sophy Brown," thought Mr. Hobson.

"Go, if you wish it, Sophy dear, by all means," said Miss Hobson, amiably, "if you're really not afraid of the weather. I daresay

you would like to make the most of your time at Beachville. With Matilda of course it's different. For myself, as you know, I'm at all times a very poor walker; and on Sunday I make it a rule not to leave the house except to go to church. Not that I think there's any harm in walking on a Sunday: of course not. But at a place like Beachville one is obliged to be so particular. It's so very important that a good example should be set by the residents. I wouldn't venture so far as Puffin Head to-day, I think, Frank. If it *should* rain, you know there's no shelter whatever to be obtained on Puffin Head; and the wind will be too high up there to hold an umbrella, and you'll get wet through. But it's very pretty along the Prawnford Road, and you'll be sheltered by the cliff a great part of the way. It's a very nice walk, you'll find, if you've never been there. It's rather a favorite drive of mine: along the Prawnford Road as far as the turnpike, and then home.

So, having changed her dress, Sophy Brown, the lowering sky notwithstanding, set forth with Mr. Hobson for a walk along the pleasant road towards Prawnford. Miss Milner had looked disapproval of the plan in the first instance. Afterwards she appeared to have dismissed the subject from her mind—washed her hands of her cousin and Miss Brown. Still she went now and then to the drawing-room window of the house in Belle Vue Lawn and considered the weather: with an inclination, perhaps, to pray inwardly for rain.

"I think the wind will keep the rain off," Frank Hobson said to his companion, as they walked on.

Miss Brown was breasting the wind gallantly; and it was blowing strongly down the Prawnford Road. There was a bright colour in her cheeks, in her eyes; and the brown tresses were growing mutinous, breaking away from their moorings, as it were, and straying wantonly hither and thither in the breeze. Still she struggled on determinedly. She wouldn't succumb to the frolicsome, turbulent gale.

"It's quite as well we didn't attempt Puffin Head," she said, laughingly. "The wind's so high I really think I should have been blown over the cliff out to sea."

"We shall find it more sheltered round the next headland," observed Mr. Hobson. And then he said to himself, "Tommy may say as much as he likes about the feet of the Widow Smith on the pier at Boulogne. It strikes me it would be difficult to find a neater ankle than Sophy Brown's." Of course the wind was disturbing Miss Brown's skirts; and Mr. Hobson was a man of observation.

(To be continued.)

THE SLUGGARDS FROM AN INNER POINT OF VIEW.

THE regular professions are stocked; in the irregular ones there is something very like a standstill. If you are above anything in the commercial line, have a position to maintain, and are not very particular about money, it is the popular idea that you can't do better than become a Government clerk.

You have to be nominated, of course, and there is an examination to be passed. Of these two requisites the former is decidedly the most important. Don't fall a victim to the delusion that one nomination is as good as another. It is nothing of the kind, as by this time more than one hungry expectant must have discovered to his cost. As far as anything else is concerned, rub up your reading, writing, and acquaintance with the first four rules of arithmetic, and make your mind easy.

You have heard a good deal, I dare say, about competition. Don't believe in it, at least if you have anything to do with the Sluggards. How it may be in other offices, of course I can't say; but as concerns the one in question, get a good word from the chief, and your success will be marvellously facilitated. If there are ninety and nine on the list already, the chances are you will be smuggled in before them.

If you can't go to the fountain-head at once, find out somebody to act as a go-between—somebody who has weight in the office, if possible, and base your recommendations on family relationship, or anything rather than personal merit.

After having been nominated, the next most important thing is to keep yourself within the great man's notice. If you have sufficient influence with your backer, get him to call periodically, and remind him of his promise. Don't be shy; everybody is doing or trying to do the same; and if you push yourself judiciously, you have a chance of succeeding at the first or second vacancy.

People who are credulous enough to wait their turn, never get on at all. You must shout and push, either personally or by proxy. The examination is not competitive, and if you trust to your own abilities, you lean on a broken reed. The candidates are selected and sent up one by one, and your great point is to prevent an interloper slipping in before you.

The preliminary examination passed, employ the services of a crammer for six months, and your being placed on the establishment is merely a question of time.

Whilst a temporary clerk, your income increases from ninety to a hundred and twenty a year, and there it stops. On being incorpo-

rated with the establishment, you begin once again at ninety, and advance at the rate of ten pounds per annum, until it is mildly suggested that you have aged considerably, and would do well to retire on a pension.

One disadvantage of being a temporary clerk is, that if the Government gets an economical fit into its head, you may receive your *congé* at a moment's notice. It is not altogether agreeable, either, if there is no vacancy for six or eight years, to be suddenly mulcted of nearly half your income.

There is generally a good deal of anxiety in the establishment relative to the health of the various officials. Indeed, here perhaps more than anywhere else, is exemplified the correctness of the oft-quoted adage, that "one man's loss is another man's gain."

Do you know the Sluggards? Perhaps so. If not, with your kind permission, we will act as your guide.

The edifice in question, then, has no very great claims to beauty, and as regards its internal arrangements, it is slightly more complicated than convenient. Externally it is solid, and perhaps imposing, but hardly calculated to inspire any mind with unwonted sensations of gladness. It has a first rate clock, and a good many windows, and at the largest of them you will often see second-class clerks trying to pass themselves off as military officers. It has the Park and Parade in its rear, and in front a suggestive edifice, before which was once enacted a tragedy in which one of the crowned heads of Europe played rather a prominent part. On each side of the entrance stands a dummy, singularly suggestive of the tin cavalry in a toy box. There is a bugbear in red, with a plumed helmet, and jack-boots, and a tremendous gun in his hand, who is promenading, in a threatening manner, up and down under the arcade. However, he won't hurt you, and you can advance with all the dignity you can muster to a door on the right-hand side, surmounted by an inscription which designates it as the entrance to the Sluggard-Master-General's Department.

Keep up the stairs till you come to a green baize door, push it open, and you will find yourself in the Orderly-room. It is occupied by a couple of non-commissioned officers, peeling onions, and an elderly gentleman, of owl-like appearance, who combines pleasure with instruction by conning the "latest intelligence," and heating the more remote parts of his person before the fire. This is a "messenger." Is it a clerk you wish to see? Well, go up that staircase, and mind you don't tumble out of the window, which is dangerously situated, and you will find yourself in a long passage, with doors on each side, and adorned

with sundry half-emptied plates and pewter pots. Keep right on to the end of it, and when you get there, think yourself lucky if your hat hasn't been knocked off, for all the doors open outwards, and clerks are rushing about in that highly-charged-with-electricity sort of style so remarkable in military equestrians at a review. Knock at the last door on your left, and you will probably be favoured with a civil invitation to enter.

I dare say your first impression will be that there are worse quarters in the world than those within the dominions of the Sluggard-Master-General. The room in which you find yourself is lofty, well-aired, and more like a gentleman's library than an office. Not a magnificently-furnished one, to be sure, but still with many pretensions to comfort,—windows opening over the Park and Parade, well-filled book-cases, if it is winter a blazing fire in the grate, and a general absence of that green-stuccoed polished-mahogany air with which the conventional idea of an office is inseparably connected.

There are two rooms, one opening into the other, the second of which needs no description on account of its marked similarity to the first. It will be sufficient to observe that its walls are adorned with certain maps, one of which, delineative of the ins and outs of our great metropolis, is singularly useful as a directory to the intricacies of Brompton and Pimlico, and that it is further deserving of notice as being the *habitat* of that important and highly-condescending functionary—the chief clerk.

Ascending and descending, and going in and out, and nearly breaking your neck over abrupt precipices of staircases, you can, with the aid of a mariner's compass and bitter experience, find your way to a third room, which is chiefly remarkable for the quarrelsomeness of its occupants—a fourth, which is dedicated to the formation of plans and a scrutinising attention to the details of the daily papers,—and five or six others, devoted to the delectation of any one who doesn't mind waiting an hour and three-quarters to see the chief, and can amuse himself meanwhile with an old "Army List," or to the service of the Government,—as the snuggeries of the several presiding deities of the official treadmill.

The young gentlemen assemble nominally at eleven, in reality they are not all in till about twelve. The registering-clerk comes at half-past ten. It is his duty to open the morning's letters, number them, and minute their contents in a volume prepared for the purpose. There is nothing in the way of accounts at the Sluggards, and a knowledge of mathematics is as uncalled-for, as it is seldom

to be met with. You have to enter long letters in large books, and then put them in envelopes, and take care you send them to the right addresses. At the commencement of each month station lists have to be prepared for home use, and for the service of periodical literature, and there are a good many other things to be done, perhaps demanding a first-class education, but which, according to the insinuations of the malicious, could be equally well disposed of by a lad of average intelligence from a national school.

As regards the *modus operandi* at the Sluggards, one of its main characteristics appears to be a tendency to drive everything into a corner, and to devote the greater part of to-morrow to the undoing of the business of to-day. It is reckoned a mark of ability to rush about with dishevelled hair, and abuse your subordinates for not having obeyed orders that you only imperfectly comprehended yourself. It is absolutely necessary to employ a dozen words when two would suffice, and at least half your correspondence must be with people in the next room or on the other side of the landing. Never simplify if you can possibly help it, and the best time for commencing the day's business is about five minutes to five in the afternoon.

Perhaps the most grotesque, though hardly the most gratifying feature in the Sluggard system, is that which conveys so small a modicum of meaning to the public mind when veiled under the cabalistic term of "Route-making." You are desirous of sending a prisoner, say from London to Edinburgh, and must forward him under escort of one non-commissioned officer and two men. Accordingly you manufacture a route, the ground-work of which is a sheet of blue paper embellished with printed directions about as intelligible as those on the back of a Post Office Order; having entered it in a book, you get it signed by an officer, and forward it to be duly acknowledged, returned as sent to the wrong place, or retransmitted with one or two mild suggestions for amendment, which are likely to entail upon you some hearty if not complimentary remarks from the authorities.

Don't be alarmed at denunciations heart-felt rather than refined. Military officers are the victims of occasional and overwhelming emotions, especially when they are not quite free from blame themselves; and as a clerk at the Sluggards is supposed to be a gentleman, there is good reason for his being reprimanded in the language of Billingsgate.

A route, though in its aim and object undoubtedly praiseworthy, seems occasionally liable to misconstruction on the part of its

recipients. Thus in the conveyance of a drunken deserter, it is by no means improbable that, by reason of undue fraternisation, his guardians may before the journey's end decline into a state of intoxication only a few degrees less abject than his own, and a second route will be forthwith necessitated for the conveyance, not only of the original offender, but of those to whom his guardianship was too confidently entrusted. On one occasion three gallant fellows turned up at the Sluggards, who from some oversight on the part of the General commanding at Portsmouth, had journeyed from that town to the metropolis without a route, and in an abnormal state of intellect which had led to their being classified as "insanes." Their eventual destination was —; but how were they to be sent there? Routine forbade the issue of a route; an escort couldn't be provided without one; and that they couldn't be trusted as their own masters had been sufficiently proved by their having found their way of their own accord from the other end of Hampshire to the Sluggards. The only thing to be done was to telegraph to Portsmouth. After this a letter was sent; in the meanwhile evening closed in, and the "three insanes" vanished in its gathering mists. The next day two of them returned, but the third was absent. Portsmouth forwarded an explanation; a good deal of discussion ensued; and by the time the authorities had made up their minds, evening had returned, and the objects of their solicitude had vanished for the second time.

In the meanwhile, the whole office had been in a state of ferment, clerks hurrying to and fro, officers shouting orders and banging doors, and letters and telegrams being prepared only to be countermanded at the moment of completion. On the third day nobody at all appeared; the "three insanes" had in one respect more wit than their superiors; they knew the value of time, and had seized the opportunity to enter an energetic protest against the operations of the Temperance League. It was nearly a week before they were again heard of. At the end of that time they were arrested in a low pot-house, and got rid of at the expense of a sufficient escort, a sea of ink, much mutual recrimination, and about twenty reams of paper.

The route system is on a par with a good many others at the Sluggards—ingenious, perhaps, but complicated; in some cases productive of mirth, but as a rule expensive and cumbersome. They say that, under the old system, it worked well enough, because nobody interfered with it; but now, when the official atmosphere is surcharged with zeal, and a cranky piece of mechanism is worked as

if something could really be got out of it, constant accidents are the result, and we are only reminded the more forcibly that "your dull ass won't mend his pace with beating."

Efforts have been made to reform the Sluggards, but they should be radical and comprehensive. A mere restless fidgeting with details is likely to be productive of little else than "confusion worse confounded."

That the chiefs of the Sluggards are giants in the transaction of business has been said, but it may be reasonably doubted. The "proof of the pudding is in the eating;" and during the progress of a late European war their tactics were so effective as to bring them to something very like a standstill.

As regards their subordinates, the public has of late taken measures to improve them. Tests have been established, and various precautions adopted, which do little more than stimulate the ingenuity of official magnates. They have an end in view, and by hook or by crook they compass it. In the days of yore, a clerk was appointed because his father had been an efficient butler or groom, or for reasons perhaps not quite so creditable. Of course such a system had its drawbacks, especially as concerned the public; but for some reason or another it was sweet to the official sense, and marvellous as some may deem the fact, its reinstatement seems imminent.

If, as the ill-natured say, there are sometimes little questions of detail at the Sluggards which had just as well be kept secret, a sort of close borough system is not altogether inadvisable; and for the same reason any system calculated to let in a little day-light is hardly deserving of that enthusiastic encouragement to which ordinary-minded people might imagine it was justly entitled. There is no doubt whatever that if you can keep your underlings completely under your thumb, the better chance you have of hushing up scandals and shifting the blame on to the wrong shoulders. If your *employés* are so poor that they have nothing but their salaries to depend upon, and have no voice in society, you have a chance of keeping things quiet by a gentle reminder that at a moment's notice they can be turned adrift almost penniless. They have nobody to speak for them, and who shall call your conduct in question? But if, on the other hand, you have what the authorities call "amateur" clerks,—that is, men who are not quite without means, and have influential relations, who have a friend in the "house," and are favoured with the notice of even higher in the land than yourself—men who, for anything you know to the contrary, can obtain a hearing in the press, object to being

bullied, and are capable of giving as good as they get,—then for obvious reasons you have a chance now and then of burning your fingers; and gross negligence, or gross folly, or gross incompetency—and our friends of the Sluggards have been accused of all three—is not only likely to be dragged into the daylight of criticism, but, bully as you will, it will be difficult to saddle the blame on innocent shoulders.

Let it be remembered, then, that in dealing with a clerk of the venomous kind,—that is, one who has a little money, and friends in high places, who does his duty, but has shown himself "too clever for his position,"—the best way to proceed is, not by downright violence and threats, but by an ingenious and persistent course of "nagging." Let him be made to feel that he has no longer anything to be proud of; that, if he was formerly a gentleman, he is now a little inferior to a hired servant. When to address him is unavoidable, let politeness be eschewed. Should a pretext for an oath present itself, the most commendable plan would hardly be that of letting it pass disregarded. Let the offences of the culprit be magnified, and his merits ignored. Let him be rendered, if possible, ridiculous in the eyes of his subordinates; and when there is a chance of conversing with the heads of the Department, let the plotter insist gently on his own zeal; but adopt such measures that his auditors may infer, rather than be plainly told, that the party to be victimised is an indolent, good-for-nothing fellow, who gained his position by interest, and for the sake of poetical justice ought to find the same weapon employed for his dismissal.

The Sluggards is a very good place for a fool, because he is a person of whom nobody need be particularly afraid. If you have a spark or two of intelligence, take a friend's advice, and the less you have to do with it the better. The pay is not large, but it is comfortable. Naturally there is a hankering after the appointments. Woe to those, however, who having had the luck to gain one, imagine that they will be allowed to enjoy it in peace. The Pharaoh who had interest enough to get you in, may give place to a Pharaoh who not only knows nothing of you, but who will have interest enough to get you out. Not that the *Dé Majores* of the place will tell you in so many words that you are not wanted, but if you have the feelings of a gentleman there will be left you no alternative but to pack up your moveables and be off at once.

Hardcastle, that stout and rather jolly-looking party at the desk near the window, came into the office under rather peculiar cir-

circumstances, and if he can hold on for a little while longer, will be able to retire to the tune of about three hundred a year. He will have to keep a sharp look out, however, for the authorities don't like him. He has not served for more than a score of years and a few odd months, and it is just dawning upon them that he is not quite up to his duties. The ill-natured will tell you that they have burnt their fingers over him once or twice, and are therefore determined to serve him out at last. They tried to get rid of him once before, but didn't succeed. If they prevail now, he will lose at least half, if not the whole, of his annuity. If you want to know how they will set to work, "list me, and your soul shall be instructed." A rumour will be circulated, through the medium of the chief clerk, that somebody or another told somebody or another else that Hardcastle was such a slovenly fellow that it was impossible to make head or tail of his correspondence; upon which this second somebody obligingly replied that if he didn't amend his conduct they would pretty soon get rid of him. The names mentioned are names too awful for publication; but they carry weight in the office, and Hardcastle, getting rather nervous, will probably perpetrate one or two slight blunders out of sheer anxiety to avoid them. Upon this he will be reprimanded, and after that badgered and irritated until he "puts his foot into it" for the second time. Then a private note will be forwarded to the Sluggard-Master-General, "very sorry, overlooked many faults, constantly recurring, necessity for stringent measures," &c., &c.; and if a little personal animus can be excited as well, the chances are that purpose will be answered. Will Hardcastle retire upon a hundred and twenty, or run the risk of a second reprimand, and perhaps have to leave with nothing at all? As I before remarked, it is poetical justice! By interest he gained his situation, and by interest he will be compelled to resign it.

You will observe that the tactics above referred to are ingenious if not gentlemanly: they bespeak, in fact, a degree of military acumen which, though in the present instance hardly operating to the credit of its owners, would, if employed in aid of a legitimate issue, undoubtedly stamp them as strategists of a high order.

So much for the superiors. Now once more for the underlings. It is a common impression that Government clerks are models of idleness, who do nothing but doze all day, and "waste their substance in riotous living" by night. Whatever may be the case in other offices, to the first at least of these indictments the Sluggards can conscientiously plead "Not

Guilty." The work is far from intellectual, but it is certainly abundant. Whilst there is any in hand, pens move rapidly and perseveringly, and it should not be forgotten that office hours are elastic and admit of stretching. There is more to be done in summer than in winter. The heavy season is from the beginning of June to the close of September, and though from eleven till a quarter to eight is nothing tremendous, it can hardly be called a bad day's work for any body.

There are people who seem to fancy that a small Government appointment may be the stepping-stone to better things. They imagine that the chief served so zealously may promote you—say, to a private secretaryship; but it should be remembered that years may pass without the great man even knowing your name. It is seldom, if ever, that you come across him. The whole of your work is supervised by underlings, and as they alone have the power of speaking for or against you, you have but a poor chance of being able to confirm or refute their representations.

The real advantage of a Government clerkship is that you get money at once, and so long as you can keep your situation, you are sure of it; which was hardly the case, by the bye, in that not very remote period when the distribution of the revenue was entrusted to the hands of the chief clerk. A gentleman, the peculiarity of whose surname procured for him the *sobriquet* of the "Great Gun," was wont, after the receipt of the salaries of those beneath him, to keep the money under his own lock and key for a brief period, his intentions being unquestionably honourable, though likely to be fully appreciated only by himself. As suited his convenience he would pay off the several applicants, it being a remarkable fact, however, and one well calculated to show the benefits likely to result from the system of receiving complaints only through the medium of the chief clerk, that nobody dared complain, as they considered that by so doing they would merely jeopardise their situations.

The principal drawback, and perhaps rather a serious one to an appointment, at all events in the Sluggards, is that you don't know how long you may be able to keep it, as you may be ousted at any moment by the ingenuity of a jack in office. A twenty years' service is ill repaid by so scurvy a recompense, and therefore we say to all who would serve Government, at least in a department under military supervision, "God speed you; but remember that, in the official lexicon, the word 'permanency' is hardly defined in the manner to which you are accustomed."

ARTHUR OGILVY.

DONCASTER AND ST. LEGER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I fear that Mr. Wilkins' interesting paper on "Doncaster Town and Moor," in your number for September 8,* is not particularly accurate in its racing facts. The true history of Velocipede and The Colonel is quite different from his version—not to mention that to talk of "a horse called Velocipede" fills anybody who has Yorkshire blood in his veins with dismay. He might as well talk of "a horse called Highflyer," or "a man called Wellington."

It is quite true that Velocipede beat The Colonel in his trial, but quite untrue that he was so dead amiss as to be unable to start for the St. Leger. The ground was hard on the day of the trial, and Velocipede's legs, his weakest point, were somewhat shaken by the gallop; accordingly, the stable thought the defeated colt the safer animal to trust with their money, and Velocipede, having made the running for him from the starting-post to the stand, subsided into the third place. There was but one other antagonist in the race worth thinking of (Bessy Bedlam), and I fancy that they had contrived to satisfy themselves, before starting, that on that particular day, at least, they had nothing to apprehend from her. His account of Mameluke's St. Leger is also inaccurate. He was a good deal hustled, no doubt, and there were a certain number of false starts, seven or eight as far as I recollect; he also got a bad start at last. But as the winner had been tearing down in front (sometimes for a quarter of a mile before they could stop her) during almost every one of the false starts, whilst he was standing sulkily at the post, I do not know that he got the worst of the scrimmage altogether. What he means by being left at the post, I do not quite understand: Mameluke came in second.

Yours truly,

ITHURIEL.

PAESTUM.

BRIGHT and busy Naples—so rich in life, in beauty, and in gaiety—had only just vanished from our view, and after an interesting visit to the mountain monastery of La Cava, we found ourselves on the sunny shores of Salerno, whose bay, though stiller and lonelier than that of Naples, is not less graceful in its form or less ample in its dimensions.

The town of Salerno, picturesque in its position, and abounding in classic and historic remembrances, might well tempt the traveller to linger awhile on his way; but our longing thoughts were bent upon Paestum, whose ruined temples are still the pride and glory of Southern Italy. It was not without some feeling of impatience that we learned on our arrival at Salerno that we must wait till the morrow to visit a spot which had haunted us like a day-dream ever since we had set foot upon Italian soil. Turning our steps towards the esplanade which is bounded on one side by the blue curving bay, and on the other by the principal street of modern Salerno; our *dolce far niente* mood was sadly disturbed by the cries issuing from a long line of cabs, whose

drivers, pointing out their long whips towards us in an interjectional fashion, shouted out in chorus,—“Paest, signora! Paest, signora.” To these vociferations, however, we turned a heedless ear, having already engaged a carriage to convey us thither.

Bending our course inland to the more ancient part of Salerno, we visited its cathedral, in many respects an interesting and remarkable edifice; but it is not my purpose to describe it here. I wish merely to say a few words of our *cicerone*, a priest of stern glance and gloomy aspect, who directed our attention more especially to some ancient sarcophagi and columns of verd antique which had, as he informed us, been brought from Paestum.

“We hope to visit Paestum to-morrow,” one of our party casually observed.

“Paestum!” he re-echoed, in a surly tone. “There is nothing to see there, and the road is infested with *briganti*.”

“Oh! they will not do us any harm; they never touch *forestieri*,” was my hasty rejoinder; for I entertained some apprehension lest my companions on overhearing his remarks should be deterred thereby from making this long-looked for excursion, and thus mar one of my most cherished anticipations.

“Not touch them! indeed they do,—*seize* them, and murder them too,” replied our encouraging *cicerone*; and remembering the league which was supposed to exist between the *briganti* and the Bourbonist or priestly party, I began to repent of having been so communicative about our movements. He spoke very bitterly of the present government, and was evidently one of the *malcontenti*, who were at this time so numerous in the province of Naples, or, as our priestly guide persistently called it, “il Regno di Napoli.”

At eight o'clock on the following morning we were (in defiance of priestly warnings) on our road to Paestum, which is about four-and-twenty miles distant from Salerno. We were seated in a nice open carriage, drawn by three spirited black horses, for which we pay the moderate sum of one guinea, with a *buona mano* of about four shillings to the driver, at whose side sits a sort of ragged footman whose business it is to look after the tacking and to provide for any mishaps that may chance to occur on the way. We take care to start “rigged” (as one of our party observes) for the *briganti*; that is to say, we have carried but one watch amongst us, and are provided with a few napoleons as a sop to Cerberus. Moreover, an eloquent oration has been prepared to mollify our would-be captors, acquainting them that we were natives of the

* In Naples and its vicinity, the people are wont to abbreviate many words by omitting the last syllable.

* See p. 263.

Green Isle, and reminding them how stoutly the Irish Brigade had fought for their *Santo Padre*. But, alas! this persuasive appeal was lost to the world for want of an opportunity to try its power; for the only weapons we encountered were in the hands of shepherds, some of whom, however, as they passed along the road with their high-pointed hats, long cloaks, flung across one shoulder, and long carabines trailing carelessly behind them, looked as fierce and reckless as one could possibly desire a brigand to be.

In naming our preparations for this day's journey, I must not omit mentioning the kind forethought of our worthy landlord, who provided us amply with all sorts of refreshments, including fruit, wine, and water; the latter being an indispensable importation at Paestum, where none can be procured but of a very questionable and unhealthy sort.

So now we are fairly on our way,—the spirited little horses never flagging through their long day's work, but going along at a steady rapid pace, their glossy coats shining in the sun, while the small bells which hang around their necks tingle merrily in the still morning air.

Our road lies through a level tract of country, which after a while shows but few signs of habitation, except an occasional wine-shop, or a shepherd's hut. On our right lies the Gulf of Salerno, whose deep azure waters are dotted with fishing-boats, while curving around us on the other side rises a glorious line of mountains, some of which are peaked or jagged, some capped with snow.

Much of the country through which we are passing has an unhappy fame for its malaria, and the occasional presence of green stagnant ponds attests the swampy nature of the soil. And yet there is a sort of poetic charm about this lowland scenery. The herds of picturesque little buffaloes, glancing unquietly at us, as we pass along; the troops of wild pigs, with their long, bristling, boar-like backs; the flocks of peacocks strutting proudly in the sun; the low bushes of myrtle by which many tracts are covered, while the white blossoms of the narcissus shine with snowy brightness amid the dark foliage around; such are the scenes which meet us on our way. The wild-looking peasantry, too, with their picturesque costume, and their daring yet indolent aspect, add piquancy to the scene.

And so we pass along, finding some fresh object of interest in every step of our progress, until we reach the classic stream of Silarus (famed for its petrifying properties), across which we are quickly ferried, and now begin to strain our eyes for a sight of Paestum, which is about a league distant from us. On our

right is seen, upon a bare, leafless eminence, the summer villa (or *palazzo*) of some Roman prince, a huge desolate-looking edifice, without a particle of beauty in its aspect or its surroundings; a little farther on, upon our left, appears a substantial-looking farm-house, with some symptoms of cultivation around its scattered buildings. Far above, upon the hills, is pointed out to us the ruined village of Capaccio Vecchio, whither the inhabitants of Paestum took refuge on the destruction of their city by the Saracens in the ninth century. A few moments later we are shown the traces of the ancient amphitheatre, and passing through the ruined northern gate of the city, we find ourselves in presence of the three classic and beautiful Temples of Paestum.

Perfect stillness prevails amongst us. It is a scene which commands the homage of silent, reverent admiration; for even apart from its present surpassing charm, its story of the past awakens the most thrilling emotions and the deepest thought. Here, tradition tells us, Ulysses was hospitably received on his way to the isles of the Syrens by the Doric inhabitants of Posidonium, as the city was named by its earlier rulers. Here Augustus came to visit the then venerable Grecian Temples; here, too, at a later period, Christianity obtained its first disciples within the boundaries of Italy, and converted one at least of the heathen temples to the purposes of a Christian altar.

These and other associations crowd upon the mind as we stand before the noble Temple of Neptune, which rises in its own supreme majesty between the Basilica and the Temple of Ceres. There they stand, glorious and beautiful even in ruins, with their fitting back-ground of mountains, and their *entourage* of wilderness, carpeted with wild flowers, and strewn with fragments of rock and fallen stone; while the still blue sea smiles as serenely upon them, and the sun pours out its flood of light and warmth as vividly above them as when Paestum was the centre of art and worship to a Grecian colony, and formed the theme of praise to poets and philosophers.

Strange as it may seem, these splendid remains were lost sight of for many centuries, and have only been re-discovered to suffer spoliation both from lay and ecclesiastical barbarism. Nevertheless, even in their present isolated and fallen grandeur, they form the gem of architectural art in Italy, and will ever prove the chiefest point of attraction in this fair southern land of beauty.

I shall not attempt to describe the several forms and proportions of these temples, or to note down the number of their columns, a sort of information to be found in every guide-book or scientific volume of travels. Suffice

it to say that the most majestic of the three is the Temple of Neptune, approached by three gigantic steps facing the whole front of the platform upon which it stands, and formed, like the temple itself, of rich, yellow-hued travestine, porous and yet hard; many parts of which are quite honey-combed by the action of air and moisture during a long series of ages. This temple faces the clustering chain of Appenines, to which the inhabitants of Paestum often fled for safety during the many devastating attacks to which they were so long subjected. There is a simple yet sublime majesty in its Doric architecture,—a mellow richness in the hue of its solid and yet tapering columns,—a grandeur in the huge blocks of travestine, of which its walls are composed, that fill the beholder with wonder and delight. It seems to be the silent guardian of those other fair temples which rise on either side of it, and whose soft greyish hue contrasts agreeably with the warmer tint of old Neptune's shrine. The temple once dedicated to fair and fruitful Ceres is the most light and graceful of the group. There is a fairy-like beauty in its form and proportions, well befitting a worship which must have been amongst the purest and most winning in the dark days of heathendom.

It was within the peristyle of Ceres' Temple that we opened our well-filled basket and prepared for our mid-day repast. Scarcely had we seated ourselves on some marble steps and fixed on a fallen capital for our table, when we found ourselves surrounded by a troop of from twenty to thirty ragged black-eyed boys and girls, who, lounging against the columns, stood gazing upon us as if we were some of those fabled monsters of old who were wont occasionally to reveal themselves to the eyes of humanity. Most of them held out some little idol, headless, armless, or legless, which they thrust upon us for sale, crying out, "*Venare! Bacco! Ceres!*" and when we declined their offers with a smile or laugh, they would burst out into a gleeful grin which formed a very effective chorus of fun, often accompanied by the most extraordinary gesticulations or by a leap of pleasure high into the air. Our small pieces of money being already expended, I took out a silver coin about the value of sevenpence or eightpence, and calling over the eldest of the party told him, in presence of the rest, that this munificent donation was intended for all, and made him promise to divide it fairly amongst them. He promised very gravely to do so, the others listening intently both with eyes and ears to the promise of their coming wealth. But scarcely had the tempting metal touched the palm of his hand, when the faithless youth

bounded over the base of the temple and darted across the open country with a fleetness that seemed to defy all the attempts of his ragged companions to overtake him. The whole party were quickly out of sight, and we were left in peace to enjoy our repast and talk over the delight which this excursion had afforded us. Before quitting Paestum, we plucked bouquets of the acanthus, with whose classic leaves many of the columns are wreathed, and also gathered a profusion of the large richly coloured purple violets which form a carpet of sweet-scented verdure all around. The ever-blooming roses for which Paestum was once famed, have no existence now, save in the pages of the poet.

We went to seek for the ancient Cyclopean wall with which Paestum was once encircled, but which is now in a very fragmentary and ruined state. The eastern gate (or gate of the Syren) is composed of huge massive blocks of stone, and its overhanging arch is about fifty feet in height; but the frescoes of the Syren and Dolphin with which it was once adorned are now quite effaced. There are also some vestiges of tombs and other buildings to be found within the ancient precincts of the city; but trailing plants and shrubby foliage shroud so closely the fragments of art, that one blindly tramples the past beneath one's feet, and vainly long for the unveiling of those treasures which now lie lost and hidden from human gaze.

How regretfully did we leave, after three hours spent at Paestum, that the fitting time of our departure had arrived, and that we must now take our last look at those glorious monuments of Grecian art and of the old world's greatness! Silent,—isolated,—ruined! They will still live on in our loving memory; and often shall we picture them to ourselves, so majestic and yet so fair, with their hem of an azure and classic sea, and their background of picturesque and storied mountains.

Unhappily for the few dwellers on the soil of Paestum and its neighbourhood, fever rages here in its most virulent and depressing form during certain seasons of the year, so that they speak of their lot as being far from a happy one.

Now, however, all looked serene and bright; nor did we bear away with us aught but pleasurable remembrances from the classic soil of Paestum.

On our way home, the whole scene was kindled into a still higher and more vivid beauty by the splendour of an evening sun; nor can we, amongst our many happy days in Italy, dwell on one more rich in undoubted enjoyment than the 24th of February, 1864, which I have thus faintly endeavoured to picture to my readers.

LOUISA HARR.



THE MULBERRY TREE.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.")

WHEN the long hot days are nearly gone,
 And the fields lie misty in autumn dawn,
 With spider-webs hung from blade to blade,
 Heavy with dews the dark hours made—
 Till the lazy sun rises late from his bed,
 Large and solemn and round and red,
 And changes them into diamonds rare,
 Like Love—which makes commonest things all fair ;

Then is the time—the golden prime—
 Of the patient mulberry tree.

O the mulberry tree is of trees the queen !
 Bare when the other trees are green ;
 But as June creeps onward, while none per-
 ceives,
 Slowly she clothes herself with leaves ;

Hides her fruit under them, hard to find,
And, being a tree of steadfast mind,
Makes no show of blossom or berry,
Lures not an idle bird to make merry
Under her boughs, her dark rough boughs,
The prudent mulberry tree.

But by-and-by, when the flowers grow few,
And the summer fruits dwindle, poor to view,
Out she comes in her matron grace,
With the purple myriads of her race,
Full of plenty from root to crown,
Showering plenty her feet adown;
While far overhead, hang gorgeously,
Large luscious berries of sanguine dye;
For the best grows highest, always highest,
Upon the mulberry tree.

And so she lives through her fruitful season—
Fairest tree that blows summer breeze on!
Till the breeze sharpens to fierce wind cold,
And the sun's warm beams wax pale and old;—
Sudden hoar frosts the white lawn cover,
And the day of her beauty and strength is over.
Her blighted berries strew all the grass,
Or wither greenly aloft. We pass
Like faithless friends, when her summer ends;—
Not a glance for the mulberry tree!

Yet there she stands in the autumn sun,
Her fruits all gathered, her duty done:
And lets the wind rave through her emptied boughs
Like a mother left lone in a childless house:
Till some still night, 'neath the frosty skies,
She drops her green clothing off and dies;—
Answering the call that nature sends,
And ending her life as a good life ends:
Ripe without haste—dying, green to the last,
The grand old mulberry tree.

PARISE THE DUCHESS.

A Tale of the Carolingians.

AMONG the great barons of the time of the glorious Charlemagne, who was more noble or more powerful than Raymond, Duke of Saint Gilles? for in his obedience were Vauvenice, Beaucaire, Tarascon, and Valence, and all the countries around, and he had married the beautiful lady Parise, the daughter of the high duke, Garnier de Nanteuil. But there was a great moral sore in Duke Raymond's court at Vauvenice—his *douze pairs* were twelve unprincipled traitors of the "lineage" of Ganelon, of him who had betrayed Charlemagne's army in Spain, who had been the cause of the disaster of Roncevaux and of the death of Roland. They had murdered Garnier de Nanteuil, the father of the fair Duchesse Parise, and their rightful lord.

Once, when Duke Raymond held a full court, as usual, on Ascension Day, the twelve traitors met in council together to consider their particular interests; and their chief, Berenger, who addressed them as their leader, spoke to the following purpose:—"We have

slain Garnier, but his daughter remains, and as long as she lives we are not safe—one of these days she will revenge his death by causing us all to be hanged or burnt. I propose that we provide against this danger by poisoning her; and I have a fair daughter whom we will marry to Duke Raymond, then we shall all be his peers and masters in the land." Berenger added that when he was a student he had learnt how to mix a very subtle poison, and with this he offered to prepare poisoned apples and send them to the duchess. All the "traitors" agreed to Berenger's plan, but it failed in its direct aim through an unforeseen accident. Thirty tempting apples are imbued with the deadly poison, and sent as a present to Parise by a messenger, who was instructed not to say by whom they were sent, and who, on his return from his errand of evil, was murdered, in order that there might remain no witness of the crime. Meanwhile, the duchess has taken one of the apples to eat it; but she is prevented by the sudden arrival of Duke Raymond's brother, a young and handsome knight, named Beuve, who is received gracefully, and invited to partake of the fruit. He took the apple in his hand, and in an instant dropped dead. Parise was, as might be expected, shocked and disconcerted; but other feelings soon gave way to the sense of her own danger: and, fearing to be accused of murder, she contrived, with the assistance of a faithful maid, to carry away the body unobserved and throw it into an adjoining river; but it had not been carried far by the stream when it was dragged out by fishermen, and the news spread abroad that the duke's brother, Beuve, was dead. The apple still remained tightly grasped in his fingers, and when it was taken from them and thrown into a corner, a swine picked it up to eat and died instantly. The manner of Beuve's death was thus discovered. Duke Raymond had just inquired for his brother, and when he heard what had happened, he made a vow that he would inflict upon the murderer a terrible punishment.

The traitors also were informed of these events, and they held council again. Another cause hastened their resolutions: the duchess was *enceinte*, and, if she were not soon put to death, a child would be born, who might some day avenge the murder of his grandfather, Garnier. One of the conspirators, Aumauguin, stepped forward to offer his services. He disguised himself as a pilgrim returning from Rome, and in this manner presented himself before the duke, and declared that he had become acquainted, through confession, of a great crime, which he wished to reveal

to him. He told him that the duchess had poisoned his brother; because, as she had no child herself, she feared lest, in the event of her husband's death, young Beuve should inherit his dominions, and lest she should then be driven from her high position into private life and poverty. To reveal a confession was a great crime against ecclesiastic propriety; but the next step of the conspirators was a still greater breach of knightly honour and integrity. The only trial to which the duchess could submit her cause was that of private duel or combat, and if she denied the crime, the accuser was obliged to prove it by force of arms against whoever might offer himself as her champion. It was arranged that one of the "traitors," Milo, who held the office of chamberlain to the duchess, and whom she had loaded with benefits, should present himself as her champion; but that, after a slight show of resistance, he should allow himself to be vanquished, and thus betray her to her destruction. To add to the baseness of this treason, Milo breaks his lance and his sword, and joins the pieces together in such a manner that the two weapons would look perfectly whole and sound, and yet, at the first blow, they would break. As the result of these treacherous contrivances, Milo is vanquished, and Parise, condemned to be burnt, is dragged to the stake. To complete the treason, a hoary bishop, who also was one of the family of the traitors, offers himself to the duchess as her confessor, and immediately proclaims that she had avowed her guilt. But a bold clerk, more honest than the rest, here interfered, and, at his instigation, the bishop, accused of the crime of betraying a confession, was burnt at the stake which had been made for the duchess.

The shock of all these events was almost too much for Duke Raymond, who tenderly loved his duchess, and the sternness which he had first shown soon gave way to more compassionate feelings. He changed the sentence of death into exile, and Parise was driven from her country; but the rigorous sentence forbade anybody, on pain of death, to give her shelter or show charity towards her. There was, however, an old noble, named Clarembaut, honest, and bold, and wise, who had already expostulated with the duke on the ease with which he listened to accusations against his duchess; but, finding his counsels treated with contempt, he retired from the court. He had been greatly in favour with the old duke, Garnier, and was the father of fourteen good knights. To Clarembaut's mansion Parise first directs her steps, and the old man comforts and encourages her, and,

for the love of her father, he orders ten of his sons to accompany her in her exile, for her support and protection, and makes them swear never to leave her for fifteen years.

Parise and her ten attendants depart from Vauvenice in the middle of the night. They wander long, until at last they arrive in the great forest of Hungary, where the lady was taken with the pains of labour. All alone, and without the necessary aid, under the shade of a lofty pine, she was delivered of a male child, which bore on its right shoulder the mark of a royal cross. The duchess swathed her infant with rich cloth, as was then the custom, and called her knights to look at it. They found her so weak and feeble that it was impossible to proceed any further, and they broke down boughs from the trees, made her a lodge with them, and laid her on a bed inside. Now, the Hungarians of this period were looked upon as inheriting the predatory habits of their forefathers, the Huns, who laid waste so large a portion of the Roman Empire, and among them robbery was regarded as a very honourable profession. A party of three Hungarian robbers were prowling about the forest near where Parise and her knights had taken their lodging. They watched them, but found them too much on their defence to allow of an attack, but one, approaching in the darkness the place where the lady lay, felt with his hand the swathed infant, and, believing it to be a parcel of valuable articles, carried it away. Next morning, when at daybreak the loss was discovered, Parise was overcome with grief; but the brothers searched the forest in vain, and in sorrow they turned their steps backward until they reached the city of Cologne, and presented themselves before its lord, the Count Thierry. Parise told him that she was a lady of rank flying from her country, where her father had been slaughtered, that her newly born infant had just been stolen from her, and that she sought an asylum in some great man's family as nurse or governess to his child. The Count Thierry took compassion on her, received her into his household as governess to his young son, and took her ten knights into his service.

Meanwhile, greatly disappointed were the three robbers when, at daylight, they discovered the nature of their treasure. Nevertheless, they carried it with them to the "master" city of Hungary, where they entered the palace and presented themselves before their king. "On our faith, sire, we have been unfortunate in our expedition; we have been seven weeks, and have stolen nothing except this small child you see here, which is only a day old. Cause him, sire

king, to be washed and baptised, and we will have him nourished and taught, and so, as he grows up, with God's blessing, he will learn to steal." The king gave his consent, caused the child to be carried by the minister to the font, and was so charmed with its beauty that he stood as its godfather, gave it his own name, and called it Hugh. Fifteen years passed by, and young Hugh had become a noble youth, well taught in all princely accomplishments. First, he was instructed in letters till he was proficient in learning; next he learnt tables and chess, till there was not a player in the world who could mate him; and then he learned to manage his horse and handle his spear, till few knights could pretend to equal him; we hear nothing of the progress he made in the art of stealing, for he appears to have regarded this accomplishment with little admiration, though he rose higher and higher in the king's love.

One day King Hugh sat in his hall at his high table, amid his barons and knights, and when they had all eaten well and drunk plentifully, and the napkins were withdrawn from the tables, he called his principal advisers, and addressed them as follows:—"Lords," he said, "listen to me. I am aged and hoary, for I have passed my hundredth year, and it is time to withdraw from the bustle of life. I have a noble daughter, and an adopted son whom I love. I intend to marry my daughter to Hugh, and leave him the kingdom, and he shall reign after me when I am dead."

Among the nobles was a traitor of the kindred of Ganelon, his name was Gontagles de Losane. He, of course, was an alien himself; he had visited Hungary, and been retained at King Hugh's court, where he became one of his nobles. Gontagles replied to the king: "I, sire, cannot approve your design; have you not enough of dukes and counts of high parentage at your court who are worthy of your daughter's hand, rather than give her to a mere foundling, of whose origin we are ignorant." But the king loved Hugh, and believed in the nobility of his blood, and he was not easily turned from his purpose. It was finally resolved to put the young Hugh upon the trial of his character. "Sire," said Gontagles, "send for the three robbers, and let Hugh go and lodge with them. At night they shall take him into the royal treasury to rob it, and if he be really of noble blood, he will prove it by stealing none of the money."

"Let it be so," said the king.

So Hugh went home with the three robbers, and they passed the evening in jollity; and at night they proposed to their young guest to go together and make a great prey. Hugh gave

a ready consent, for, as stated above, robbery was not considered a dishonourable way of obtaining wealth; he urged only that he was too young to be able to perform any great exploit. But when he learnt that it was the king's treasure they proposed to rob, he refused in an outburst of indignation. He was informed that he had already consented to the robbery and had associated himself with them, and that it was now too late to withdraw; and, under fear of violence, he went with them to the royal treasury. They made a hole in the wall, thrust Hugh through it, and told him, on pain of their vengeance, to examine well the treasure within, and bring away as much as he could. Hugh looked at the treasure which lay amassed before him, and admired it, but touched none: and then, seeing three beautiful ivory dice lying on a casket, he took them and put them in his bosom, and then returned to the three robbers, who were appeased by an evasive statement; and, in fact, when they knew the truth, they had no cause for dissatisfaction, as they had performed their task of subjecting Hugh to a trial. But the "traitor," Gontagles, persisted in his spiteful hostility, and accused him before the king of robbing the treasury; but Hugh refuted the charge so triumphantly, producing the three dice as his evidence, that the king felt more convinced than ever that he was of princely blood, and announced openly his intention of giving him his daughter and kingdom.

Young Hugh had now fallen under the influence of a new sentiment—an irresistible desire to discover who were his parents; and he resolved within himself that he would not marry the king's daughter until he had fathomed this mysterious secret. The hostility and reproaches of the Hungarian youths of his own age, sons of barons and peers, made him feel the irksomeness of his position. "Accursed be the day," they said, when they met together, "when this low fellow was first brought here. We know neither the father who begat him or the mother who bore him. If he were slain it would be for our advantage—we should then be truly the lords of the land, and we should soon be reconciled with the king."

"Yes," said the son of the traitor Gontagles, who resembled his father in wickedness; "let us challenge him to a game at chess in the deep cellar of the palace, where nobody will hear what takes place. We will call him bastard and foundling; he is sure to take up the quarrel; let each be provided with a good sharp knife, and we will all fall upon him and put him to death."

This plot was immediately carried into

effect; and Hugh accepted the challenge, and went to the place of rendezvous in the cellar totally unarmed. As might be supposed from his superior skill, he soon checkmated his opponents, but he showed no feeling of exultation. It was his four antagonists who began the quarrel; and, while they all drew their knives from their girdles, the son of Gontagles stepped forward and insulted him with his doubtful birth. Hugh was a youth of great strength, and a blow of his fist laid him lifeless on the ground; on which the others attacked him all at once with their knives, but he had seized upon the chess-board, and with that as a weapon, after receiving four knife-wounds, he brained his assailants. Hugh had thus slain the sons of four of the great barons of Hungary, and, with some fear of the consequences, he quickly mounted the steps which led up from the cellar, locked the doors which gave the only access to it, and threw the keys through a window where they were not likely to be found, hurried to the stables and saddled the best horse in them, buckled a trusty sword by his side, and rode forth to seek his fortune in some other land. On his way out of the palace, he met the princess, his betrothed, who had fallen deeply in love with him, and, when he told her what had taken place, she fell to the ground in a swoon. But Hugh continued his flight, while the attendants carried the princess to her father, who, when he heard her story, swore that he did not care if his intended son-in-law had killed four hundred of his young barons instead of four, and ordered some of his men to mount and hasten in pursuit, in the hope of persuading him to return; but in vain.

Forward rides Hugh, through wood and over stream, totally ignorant of the direction he is taking. Soon he enters a vast forest, and in one of its most retired glades he dismounts for the first time to rest himself. Here he feels unusual emotions, and bursts into involuntary tears, wondering at this unwonted agitation in a spot which, to his knowledge, he had never seen before—but Providence has led him to take his first repose on the very spot on which he was born. A step further, and he washes his face and hands in the same stream in which he was first washed after he was introduced to the world. Then he rides on, and soon arrives at the castle in which the Duchess Parise had received hospitality when she issued from the forest, and where he experiences the same attention; and when he leaves, his host, so far from accepting any remuneration for his hospitality, offers to give his guest a hundred shillings, for the love, as he said, of a noble lady who had

passed that way fifteen years before, who had there first communicated in his chapel after the birth of a son in the forest, who had been stolen from her, and to whom, he added, young Hugh bore a striking resemblance. Here Hugh has his wounds dressed, and starts on his journey refreshed and strengthened. At length he arrives at a spot where four king's high roads branched off in different directions, and, totally unable to make a choice, he commits himself to the guidance of heaven, and gives his horse the rein. The latter takes the road for Cologne, where they arrive in due time, cross the bridge, proceed direct to the palace, and find Count Thierry seated under a noble pine, and attended by the ten sons of Clarembaut. Hugh dismounts, salutes the count courteously, informs him that he is on his way from Hungary to France, and asks him for his hospitality. "Willingly," replied Count Thierry, "no man asking hospitality here was ever denied." His horse is delivered to a squire to be taken to the stable, while the count mounts into the hall, where the governess, Parise, is seated at the high table, and young Hugh is appointed to the honourable duty of assisting to serve the wine at the table.

The feelings of Parise are strangely moved by the appearance of this young stranger, and she thinks in herself how much he resembles the noble duke, her husband. The ten brothers also fix their eyes upon him, and remark to each other his likeness to Raymond of Vauvenice. After dinner, they lead him with them to a vaulted chamber, their place of assembly, and there treat him with every mark of regard. Parise, meanwhile, is more and more agitated by strange feelings and presentiments, and obtains a private interview with the stranger, and obtains from him a truthful statement of what he knew of his own history.

"I never saw," said he, "my father or my mother. When an infant, three robbers stole me in the forest, and carried me straight into Hungary, where I was taken and nurtured by King Hugh, who caused me to be baptised and gave me his name." Hugh went on to recount all his subsequent history, and told the cause of his flight. There could be no longer a doubt—the duchess had recovered her long-lost child; and, in the strength of her emotions, she fainted four times before she could muster strength to tell him that she was his mother. Hugh eagerly demanded who she was, and who was his father, and whether he was bastard or born from legitimate measure; "for," he said, in the true spirit of that time, "it is better any day to be a good bastard than a bad man, however

legitimate." In answer to his pressing questions, Parise told him whose son he was, and repeated to him the history of her misfortunes. Who could be more joyful than the Duchess Parise and her child, and their joy was shared by Thierry and his countess, and by the whole household, as soon as these events were known. Thierry's son, Antoine, who had been brought up under the care of Parise, and stood somewhat in the position of a foster-brother to him, was introduced to young Hugh, and they soon became affectionate friends. But a new solicitude took possession of the heart of the latter—he had found his mother, but he was still a stranger to his father, and he resolved to go in search of him.

Meanwhile, great events had taken place at Vauvenice. Berenger and his kinsmen, strong in the success of their plot, and believing that the Duchess Parise must be dead, resolved to effect the marriage of his daughter with Duke Raymond, and persuaded him to give her the tower of Vauvenice and the fairest part of Parise's personal estate. The aged Clarembaut heard of these proceedings when already the marriage ceremonies were preparing in the minster, and he hurried thither, attended by his four remaining sons, and addressed himself to the king: "Sir," he said, "I forbid your marriage with the daughter of Berenger; I forbid your giving her a foot of this land, for it belongs to Parise, your wife, whom you have unjustly driven away. She was then big with child, she has now no doubt a son, who will return and destroy all these traitors. And you, sir bishop, I forbid you to celebrate the marriage: if you do, I will skin alive every clerk or priest I meet." The threats of Clarembaut were disregarded, and the marriage solemnised; and then Clarembaut assembled all his vassals, and leaving his residence in Vauvenice, went to a spot not far off and built there a strong castle, in which he established himself to make mortal war upon the duke.

In the midst of this war, the young Hugh and his friend Antoine, with the ten sons of Clarembaut and six hundred men who had been furnished by Thierry, Count of Cologne, arrive and learn the state of affairs. Hugh sends the ten sons of Clarembaut to their father in his new castle of Neuve-Ferté, to offer him his services, with a strict injunction not to tell him who they are. The offer is gladly accepted, and Hugh and Antoine enter the Neuve-Ferté, and receive knighthood from the hands of Clarembaut. An attack upon the castle follows, in which Clarembaut's army, led by Hugh and Antoine, inflict a great defeat upon the ducal troops. The

citizens of Vauvenice, also, take arms against Duke Raymond, and drive his men out of the town. Another battle follows, in which Hugh encounters his father, and throws him from his horse. But we will not enter further into the details of this obstinate war, which is characterised by all the romantic vicissitudes and traits of feudal hostilities. At length a truce is agreed to, and in the course of the negotiations which follow, Duke Raymond learns that young Hugh is his son by Parise. Everything is now made clear: the traitors are all thrown into prison, and the duke and his son proceed to Cologne to visit Parise. In an affecting interview, Duke Raymond acknowledges the wrongs his wife has received from him, and a complete reconciliation takes place, after which they return together to Vauvenice, where the duchess is reinstated in all her former rights. The King of Hungary, after in vain sending messengers in all directions to seek any traces of young Hugh, at length discovers who he is, and proceeds in person to Vauvenice, and finds his intended son-in-law. There is nothing more to prevent the happiness of young Hugh—all the traitors are put to death ignominiously; the daughter of the King of Hungary, the Princess Sorplante, is brought from Hungary to be married at Aix in Provence, to Hugh, who at the same time is crowned King of Hungary.

The story of Parise belongs to the latest period of that class of mediæval romances, which are termed the *Chansons-de-Geste*; though it professes at the beginning to be one of the romances of the Carolingian cycle, it will be seen that the story itself has no connection whatever with Charlemagne or his court, and it is distinguished from the true Carolingian romances by its much greater complication of incidents. In this respect, indeed, it differs greatly from the story of Queen Bertha. In form, indeed, it belongs more to that later class of mediæval fiction which the French critics have termed "*romans d'aventures*," and which resemble more our modern novels. Nevertheless, it is interesting as a veritable picture of those feudal ages which witnessed so many examples of immense misfortunes, in which the female sex was perhaps more often the victim than the other. There was a strong sense of the moral dignity of justice in the middle ages, though it was not often brought into practice, and in romance, if not in reality, right usually gained the day. History, I believe, knows no Raymond, Duke of Vauvenice, who answers to the hero of our story, which was no doubt composed in the thirteenth century.

THOMAS W. WILSON

CARBURETTED GAS.

THE contents of this short article are specially dedicated to those of our readers who enjoy the superior illuminating power of gas for the lighting of their dwellings; those who, from antipathy to gas as an enlightening agent, or from their distant situation with regard to manufactories of that article still resort to the candle or the oil-lamp as a source of light, will not find herein anything that is of peculiar interest to them. For our object is to call attention to a deserving but not yet sufficiently known process, by which the ordinary gas-light in common use may be made to greatly increase its brilliancy, and that, too, with a reduction of cost to the consumer. This process consists in what is called "carburetted" the gas, or, in other words, supplying it with an extra dose of that particular part of its chemical composition which constitutes the light-giving principle.

For the proper understanding of the *rationale* of the means employed to effect this, it is necessary to take a slight, a very slight, glance into the chemical nature of the coal gas-light. Coal-gas, then, is one of a variety of substances that come under the comprehensive appellation of hydrocarbons, or mixtures in various proportions of the two elementary materials, hydrogen and carbon. Hydrogen, as most of us know, is an extremely light and highly-inflammable gas; but although it is inflammable, it is by no means luminiferous, for it burns with a pale blue sickly flame, emitting but little light. Carbon is a simple element, abounding, in various combinations with other elements, in animal and vegetable substances; we have it in its commonest and most familiar shape in charcoal, in which material it is, however, compounded with other matter; and in possibly its purest form we see it in the diamond, which chemists tell us is carbon pure and simple. From the combustible nature of carbon it has been termed the source of terrestrial or artificial light: inasmuch as all our means of illumination, whether from candle, oil-lamp, gas, or aught else, are directly dependent upon the combustion of carbon, in some shape or other, for the production of their light. Coal may be termed hydro-carbon, or hydrogen and carbon, in a solid form; and when coal is put into a retort and subjected to heat, it volatilises, and the hydrogen, carrying with it a certain amount of the carbon, passes off in the form of coal-gas, leaving behind a large proportion of the carbon in the form of tar, coke, and other products. Along with the hydrogen and carbon a goodly proportion of foreign and

deleterious vapours pass off: these it is the task of the gas manufacturer to get rid of, by various methods of purification, as far as possible; but they do not concern our present purpose. The coal gas, driven through conducting pipes to our burners, issues from the latter and is ignited; and the process by which a brilliant light is evolved is then as follows:—The hydrogen and carbon, or in other words, the carburetted hydrogen, issuing from the jet, and mixing with the oxygen of the air (the great supporter of combustion), a vivid combustion takes place; but the two elements are not consumed simultaneously; the hydrogen, being most inflammable, burns first, emitting only the little light seen nearest the jet in a gas flame, but evolving a powerful heat. This heat causes the minute particles of carbon thus eliminated to become highly incandescent and consequently luminous, and thus the light-giving part of the flame is produced. As the incandescent particles of carbon floating in the flame are brought near to the edge, they come into contact with a fresh supply of air, and a more intense combustion thus ensuing, they become totally consumed; a fresh supply, set free by the fresh hydrogen burnt, taking their place, and thus keeping up the combustion. If the amount of carbon liberated is more than the hydrogen can heat to incandescence and the surrounding oxygen consume, it is thrown off in the shape of smoke or soot, and a foul, dull, smoky flame is the result. Conversely, if the amount of carbon liberated is small in proportion to the hydrogen, the latter burns to no effect, there being no carbon for it to heat, and the result is still a dull or comparatively faint flame. Hence it will be easily understood that the luminosity of the flame depends upon the amount of carbon entering into the composition of the burning gas, or the proportion the carbon bears to the hydrogen. It would appear that the most perfect light would be produced from a combination of six parts of carbon to one of hydrogen, could such a gas be supplied at a sufficiently cheap rate. But in the ordinary gas supplied to us from the manufacturer, the proportion of carbon falls considerably short of this, and hence there is a proportionate want of brilliancy in our gas flames. That there is ample carbon in coal itself is evident from the amount left in the retort in the shape of tar, coke, &c., when the gas has passed off in the manufacture; but the hydrogen does not carry off with it sufficient to give us all the light we could desire. The remedy is obvious: give the hydrogen more carbon—carbureate it—and the brighter light will be produced. Imbue the gas with some of the volatile products rich in carbon.

that are distilled from the coal in the process of gas-making, and its illuminating power will be increased.

It is now upwards of thirty years since Mr. Lowe, late chief engineer to the Chartered Gas Company, proposed a plan and secured a patent for thus increasing the lighting power of ordinary coal gas, by saturating it with the vapour of naphtha or the spirit distilled from coal tar; the coal gas, poor in carbon, being passed over the surface of the spirit, rich in carbon, taking up a quantity of its vapour and holding it in suspension. But "the remarkable increase of light," said the editor of a goodly work on Chemical Technology, writing in 1848, "produced by the naphthalised gas, frightened the gas companies, who foresaw nothing but ruin in the diminished quantity of gas which would necessarily be consumed for the production of an equal amount of light. Cold water was consequently thrown upon the project, and the invention has only been of benefit to individuals and not to the public at large, which would have been the case had it been introduced upon a large scale." The process was partially applied by one of the largest London gas companies, and a higher price was, we are told, charged for the brighter burning gas: but as there were then certain defects, since overcome, in the method of applying it, it fell into disuse. Nevertheless, in some cases, it has been constantly employed since its introduction; for instance, at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, for the past seventeen years a certain portion of the gas, used for photographic registration of the movements of delicate instruments, has been intensified to give it the requisite actinic power by this carburetting process.

Since the first proposal of the method, various improvements and modifications have been from time to time brought to bear upon the practical working of it; and within the past four or five years it has been so far perfected as to be placed within the reach and under the control of all gas consumers, whatever the extent, small or large, of their consumption. This adaptability to everybody's wants has been effected notably by the methods patented by Mr. Kidd, the Gas Engineer, of Great Newport Street, and by Mr. Blagden; the former of which has been extensively worked by the patentee, and the latter by Messrs. Glover, the large manufacturers of gas-meters in Pimlico. The principle of the application is extremely simple. It is manifest that the object to be gained is to pass the gas, as it is received from the manufactory, over as large an extent of spirit-surface as possible. A vessel called the "carburettor"

is fixed near the gas-meter, and the gas, issuing from the meter, passes by one orifice into this vessel and over the surface of the hydro-carbon spirit—to which, by the way, the fanciful name of "carboline" is given—and out by another orifice to the pipes supplying the burners. For the purpose of securing as large an area of spirit as possible within the smallest compass, the carburettor is made in the shape of a cylinder, the interior of which is formed into a spiral or helical passage, in the convolutions of which are hung cotton wicks, reaching from the top to the bottom. The bottom of the passage is kept covered to a considerable depth with the hydro-carbon oil or spirit, and the wicks hanging into this and drawing it up by capillary attraction, are by this means always soaked with the fluid; the surfaces of the long suite of wicks forming a large evaporating area. The gas enters the chamber at the centre, and passing around it, blows over the surfaces of the wicks and carries off the vapour that is exhaled from them, holding it in mechanical suspension, and issuing at the circumference of the chamber strongly charged with it; passing thence to the burners to be consumed.

The increased illuminating power of the gas so satisfactorily explained in theory, is fully realised in practice. A dull, sluggish gas-flame is brightened to an extent almost marvellous when a carburettor is placed in the course of the pipe supplying it. A friend of ours, residing at Hampstead, suffered such darkness from his gas-lights, either from poorness of the gas supply or from the badness of its quality, that he was obliged to resort to candles to see to write by: he had a carburettor applied, and he was perfectly surprised, on returning home in the evening, with the comparative splendour of his illumination. Those who prefer a rather more exact statement of the benefits of the process, may have it in the following abstract of some experiments by Mr. Glover:—

In the course of one month 33,800 feet of gas were consumed; the cost being taken at 4s. 6d. per thousand feet. $11\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of hydro-carbon oil were taken up by this quantity of gas in the process of carburetting; or about one-third of a gallon for every thousand feet. The cost of the oil was taken at 3s. 6d. per gallon: so that the total cost of the gas was 5s. 8d. per thousand feet. At frequent intervals the light from the carburetted gas was compared with that from the common gas, by means of the photometer, and it was found, as a mean of all the observations, that the light from the carburetted gas was to the light from the common gas as 2.2 is to 1: or, in other words, that 1000 feet of carburetted gas gave

as much light as 2200 feet of common gas. The cost of the 1000 feet of carburetted gas, we have seen, was 5s. 8d., while the cost of the 2200 feet of common gas would be 9s. 11d., so that a saving of 4s. 3d. was realised upon the absolute amount of light thus produced, through the aid of the carburetting process. It will be seen that this saving corresponds to about 43 per cent. Another determination of the amount of saving which the process yields is given in the joint Report made to the Hon. Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London, December 11, 1864, by Dr. Letheby and W. Haywood, Esq., Engineer, in the following words:—"We are satisfied that one grain of good hydro-carbon vapour increases the light of a foot of common coal gas 8 per cent., and this grain costs only one-third of its equivalent in London gas. Three cubic feet of gas may be made equal in illuminating power to five feet, and with care the economy of the carburetting process is considerable. This conclusion has been arrived at after three years' experience with about 1800 carburettors supplied to the City of London." The proportion of benefit—5 to 3—derived from the use of carburetting in this case likewise corresponds to a saving of 40 per cent. Now, the consumer adopting the process may take advantage of this saving in various ways: he may obtain the same light as he had before carburetting his gas at 40 per cent. less cost; or he may have 40 per cent. more light for the same cost as formerly; or he may so divide the saving as to get 20 per cent. more light at 20 per cent. less expense. Of course there is a first outlay for the purchase and fixing of the apparatus to be taken into account: but, from the simplicity of the contrivance, this is comparatively small, and will soon be repaid by the saving effected.

The advantage of the process is not only confined to the increased light, but there is less vitiated air and less heat engendered by the combustion of carburetted than of common gas: always providing that proper care be taken, by the use of suitable jets, to ensure the perfect combustion of all the gas that issues from the burners: without such provision any gas, carburetted or not, will smoke or give off noxious vapours.

As evidence of the perfect success of the invention we may cite, upon the authority of the manufacturers, that several thousands of these carburettors have been supplied to various consumers, large and small, since its introduction, and that these have been maintained in continual use without trouble and without detriment. Two thousand of the street lamps of the City were furnished with carburetting apparatus in 1862, which remained in perfect

action for three years, when their use was discontinued, not from inefficacy or failure, as we may infer from the above quotation from Dr. Letheby's report, but on account of some difference between the City authorities and the gas company regarding the contract price for supplying the lamps with gas. Some of the street lamps at the West-end of London are, however, at the present time burning carburetted gas, the lamps around Trafalgar Square, to wit: and several of the public offices in London likewise adopt the carburetting principle.

But to say too much on this score will lay us open to a charge of puffing trade concerns, which we have no desire to do: so, having introduced carburetted gas to the notice of our readers, we will leave both to improve each other's acquaintance. J. C.

A SUMMER DAY AT HADLEIGH.

OF all the towns in the eastern counties, I do not know one more thoroughly old-fashioned and essentially English in its character than Hadleigh. It does not stand proudly on and around its Castle Hill, like Norwich; nor is it rich in monastic remains, like Bury St. Edmund's. It does not stand even on rising ground, like Ipswich and Colchester; but in the midst of a green and pleasant valley, through which the Brett winds its way leisurely and lazily into the Stour, preparatory to mixing its waters with the German Ocean between Harwich and Landguard Fort. Seen up this valley from the south, the tall spire of Hadleigh forms a graceful and pleasant object for several miles, harmonising exquisitely with the truly home scenery of the country round. But Hadleigh is a town of more than ordinary interest to the antiquary, and especially to the religious antiquary; for not only is it the burial-place of one of the early Saxon kings of the East Angles, but it was the scene of the martyrdom of Rowland Taylor, one of the first and the staunchest defenders of the Reformed faith, who suffered at the stake in the reign of Queen Mary.

We will leave it for antiquaries to discuss the etymology of the name Hadleigh, and to ferret out proofs of its greatness in early times. Enough for us to know that the Rev. Hugh Pigot, who goes fully into the question in his "History of Hadleigh,"* is strongly of opinion that the name is a compound of two Saxon words (head and leaga), which mean the "chief town," though others more fancifully interpret it as meaning "the extended valley," in allusion to its situation, already referred to.

The old annalist, Asser, claims for Hadleigh

* "A History of Hadleigh," by the Rev. H. Pigot.

an antiquity that reaches as far back as the reign of Alfred, who having defeated Guthrum, the Danish chief, at a battle in Wiltshire, persuaded him to become a Christian, and gave him a sort of feudal dominion over the East Angles. It is said that Guthrum governed this district, which included Norfolk and Suffolk, and probably Essex, too; and that when he died, he was buried in the church of Hadleigh, where what is called his tomb, though clearly of far more recent date, is still pointed out to strangers, in a canopied recess in the south wall of the south aisle.

There was a time, as the visitor will see at a glance, when Hadleigh was a much more important place than it is in these degenerate days. Some four, or possibly even five, centuries ago, it lay in the centre of the woollen trade in the eastern counties, into which that branch of commerce was introduced by the Flemings, who took refuge in England in the reign of Edward III. As early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, in a survey of the manor of Hadleigh, mention is made of a "Fulling Mill;" and two centuries later Holinshed speaks in his "Chronicles" of a rebellion in Suffolk, in which the clothiers of Hadleigh and the neighbouring town of Sudbury took a prominent part: a few years later also Foxe, in the Life of Rowland Taylor which he inserted in his "Book of Martyrs," speaks of Hadleigh as "a town of cloth-making and labouring people." The importance of the place, however, suffered severely from the troubles of the seventeenth century; and it received its *coup de grace* by the improvement of inland communication between London and the north of England, where the trade which had been the source of its prosperity was largely aided by the superior advantages arising from the possession of coal, iron, limestone, and abundance of water, which in their turn helped on the making and working of machinery.

The last relic of the wool-trade of the town was a procession of the local magnates through the streets on Bishop Blaise's day (February 3), which is within the remembrance of a few, and of a few only, of the oldest inhabitants.* In the immediate neighbourhood, however, of Hadleigh are the two villages of Lindsey and Kersey, whose names will recall to very many Londoners the ideas of warm and substantial clothing, which was originally manufactured in this district.

In the season of its prosperity, Hadleigh

enjoyed the privilege of a royal charter (granted by James I.), and had its mayor and aldermen, and civic mace, like other Eatonswills, though it never returned members to Parliament. The charter, however, was revoked by James II., and was never subsequently restored, though various attempts were made to obtain a regrant of it. In old times the town appears to have been governed by its guilds or religious confraternities, of which there were at least five, named respectively after the Trinity, Corpus Christi, St. John, the Saviour, and Our Lady.* The old Guildhall, in which the members of these guilds held their meetings, still stands on the south side of the churchyard: it is a quaint and substantial building, and its timbers must be four hundred years old at least. The Hall itself has passed through several changes; in the last century it was used as a dormitory for the inmates of the workhouse, and more recently it has had to do duty as a national and infant school.

As a proof that "Ichabod" is written on Hadleigh, we may mention the fact that no stranger can walk down the main street of Hadleigh without remarking the number of old mansions which still remain. Some of them have been refronted according to the precise, stiff rules of modern masonry; but at the back of these the quaint gables of former times have been in many instances preserved; and there, and on the walls and ceilings of the rooms within, are to be found excellent examples of ornamental plaster-work. Sometimes, also, when repairs are being done, the ends of beams, which once projected over the foundations, and remnants of richly-carved work, are found imbedded in the walls. Still even now, there are many private houses of much interest in the town, built chiefly of timber, with the interstices filled up with wattle-work and plaster, and bearing traces of the sixteenth, fifteenth, and probably also of the fourteenth centuries; and several, as might be expected, are of the seventeenth century, having carved wooden corbels supporting windows, or the wide eaves characteristic of the period. The fronts of many of the houses are pargetted—that is, are covered with plaster, and ornamented with raised patterns, the favourite devices being the Tudor rose, and the royal arms supported by a lion and a unicorn, which mark the period during which this mode of ornamentation prevailed, the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. It is much to be re-

* A few years ago the seal of an Almayor or Inspector of Cloth for the district was found in a garden near the town. It is now in the Ipswich Museum. It bears this inscription:—S. Ulmag. Pannorum in Comitatu Suffolcie; and the device of a leopard's head and a fleur-de-lis, representing the arms of England and France.

* Some idea of the wealth of these guilds may be formed from the fact that the plate and vestments belonging to them were sold in the first year of Edward VI., and fetched above £700. It is some satisfaction to know that the money thus realised was applied towards the purchase of lands at Elmsett, and in other neighbouring villages, for the benefit of the poor of Hadleigh.

gretted that the surfaces which the original builders took so much pains to relieve and beautify, are now covered with monotonous colours of paint or white-wash. If the timber-work were "picked out" with black or a dark brown, as in the old Cheshire manor houses, while the level plaster were white-washed, and if the raised parts and figures were coloured according to the nature of their subjects, the appearance of the several houses, and of the whole town indeed, would be wonderfully improved.

But the glory of Hadleigh, beyond all dispute, is its church, a fair and goodly structure chiefly of the Perpendicular period, with a noble tower and spire. The fabric is in very fair repair, and compared with the state of average town-churches, it may be pronounced in very good order. The present arrangement of the interior, however, deserves no praise: the pulpit and reading-desk are stuck in the middle of the central aisle, destroying the view of the altar and chancel; and the main body of the sacred edifice is disfigured by unsightly pews called pews, of the "double-bedded" type, most cozily lined with the bluest and softest of cloth, so as to invite the most comfortable slumbers, even if the preacher should fall short of orthodox drowsiness. The church is thought to stand on the site of a more ancient building, in which it is possible that Guthrum's bones were interred. It is built of flint, with stone quoins and dressings, and consists of a lofty and spacious nave and chancel, with north and south aisles running the whole distance from east to west. The windows are large, and nearly uniform in plan, and by the absence of painted glass and carving show unmistakeable tracings of "Will Dowsing's" zeal in the Puritan cause in this part of England, when the "Saints of the Lord," as they profanely called themselves, "brake down" (for money) "all the carved work" of their Master's edifice "with axes and hammers." The tower, which is of somewhat older date, and of fine proportions, is surmounted by a spire of wood, covered with lead, which cannot fail to remind the visitor of Saffron Walden Church in Essex, and of Stanwell, and Harrow on the Hill, in Middlesex. Jutting out from the spire, about eighteen feet from its base, on the east side, is a very old "Ave Maria" bell, on which the clock has for centuries struck the hour. The tower contains a fine peal of eight bells.

Among other curious local customs, we may mention, on Mr. Pigot's authority, that the Passing Bell is regularly rung, not, however, when a soul is passing, but usually twelve hours after death has taken place; and at

the end three times three knells are sounded for a male, and three times two for a female. The charge varies according to the size of the bell used,—a very objectionable custom, for it ministers to the pride of the rich and brands the poor with a kind of scorn,—and the prices are 12s. for the tenor, 8s. for the seventh, 6s. for the sixth, 5s. for the fifth, and 3s. for the fourth, which is called the "Union Bell," and proclaims the death of "paupers." The pay of the nurses, too, who have laid out the corpse, is regulated by the size of the Passing Bell.

We may mention here, too, that Hadleigh is one of the parishes in which the custom of ringing the Curfew still survives. The tenor bell is rung at eight o'clock every evening from the Sunday following the 10th of October to the Sunday nearest to the 10th of March. During the same period the same bell is also rung at five o'clock every morning.

The ringers of Hadleigh have in their possession a curious jug of earthenware, which is kept by the landlord of the "Eight Bells" Inn, and is brought out on occasion of local weddings among the upper classes. At every Christmas, too, it is filled with strong liquor by mine host of the Eight Bells, at the ringers' annual "frolic," when every stranger who goes into the room is forced to pay a fine towards replenishing it as it passes round the company.

The roof of the nave of the church is of that kind which is known as "waggon-headed," but it has been obscured by a lower plaster ceiling, above which no doubt the original timbers are to be found, in a state more or less perfect and sound. It is to be hoped that ere long this feature will be restored. The roof of the chancel is of a lower pitch, but more highly ornamented, with oak and chesnut panelling, and bosses and brackets of a grotesque character. It is said to have been originally painted in rich colours, but now is stained a dark oak. The walls of the chancel and aisles, too, were formerly covered with frescoes and inscriptions, but these were wiped out by well-meaning but ignorant church-restorers of a quarter of a century ago. There is (happily) only one gallery in the church, and that is at the west end: below it stands the font, handsomely sculptured, and somewhat rudely painted by a modern hand after the original design. It bears a curious inscription, which may be read either backwards or forwards: *ἵψον ἀνόμημα μὴ μόνον ὄψον*, "Wash my sin, and not my face only." There are traces of a rood screen across the chancel arch and the east end of the south and north aisles. In the chancel is a very curious stall end, engraved in Mr. Pigot's History.

The church contains, besides what is called Guthrum's tomb in the south aisle, a variety

of monuments to local magnates, civic dignitaries, and deceased divines, among which the most interesting is a brass tablet in a wooden frame, on the south side of the chancel, in honour of Rowland Taylor, the martyr, whom we have already mentioned. We may here remark, that Hadleigh has been rich in native and adopted sons. The living being a valuable one, and in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has ensured in the rectors a body of distinguished men, chaplains of the archbishops having been frequently appointed to it; and Hadleigh herself has nourished and brought up children, who have been equally famous in the ranks of learning. Of its rectors, dating from A.D. 1292, one became a Cardinal Archbishop of York and Lord High Chancellor of England; another obtained a world-wide reputation as a martyr; three obtained bishoprics, of Bath and Wells, of Lichfield and Coventry, and of Peterborough; two, deaneries, of York and of Canterbury; ten were raised to archdeaconries, and four were Prolocutors of the lower house of Convocation, in their days; of its natives, one was also Prolocutor, a translator of the Bible, and then a bishop, first of Coventry and Lichfield, and afterwards of Norwich; another became Dean of Ely, and then of Durham; and two rose to be Professors of Divinity at Cambridge; of those who were educated here, but not natives, one was an eminent translator of the Bible; one appears to have been a bishop at the very time that he was curate here; another, like his celebrated rector, was subjected to the pains of martyrdom; another was a poet, from whose ideas even Milton is considered to have borrowed; one, who had long held the Archdeaconry of Nottingham, died last year; and another, who is still living, Dr. Trench, has reached the higher dignity of Archbishop of Dublin.

The vestry, adjoining the east end of the north aisle, is a handsome room, with a fine groined roof, and is remarkable as having two of its sides nearly covered with panelling of the linen pattern of the fifteenth century: above it is a muniment room, containing some old chests of deeds and papers relating to the town and parish. The painted window at the end of the north aisle, it should here be mentioned, is filled with such remnants of the ancient painted glass as the pious and saintly Will Dowding* was kind enough to

* The notorious William Dowding has recorded in his Journal that he "brake down thirty superstitious pictures, and gave orders for taking down the rest, which were about seventy," in the church at Hadleigh; but even so late as the former half of the last century, a considerable portion of the stained glass remained. The lowest tier of lights possessed but little then, but the second contained "images" of S. Etheldreda, daughter of Anna, King of the East Angles, and foundress of the conventual church of Ely—facts which

spare; these were: llected and put together with great care, ingenuity, and taste, by Mr. G. Hedgeland. There are very few brasses in the church now remaining, thanks to the energy of the same Mr. Will Dowding.

It may be interesting to "Ritualists" to know that the vestments which formerly belonged to the church of Hadleigh were numerous and costly. They were sold at the Reformation, together with the church plate; and their proceeds (some 250*l.*) were expended in the purchase of lands, the rent of which is devoted to the inmates of the almshouses.

The parish registers go back as far as 1558, but they do not contain much that is of interest, unless it be the entry of the baptism of a certain Miss Ball, who, according to the story told in Sir B. Burke's "*Vicissitudes of Families*," married Theodore Palaeologus, one of the last members of the Imperial line descended from the old Greek Emperors of Constantinople. The churchyard contains no very curious epitaphs, unless it be the following, which has been often printed, in memory of John Turner—

My sledge and hammer lie declined,
My bellows have quite lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
My vice is in the dust all laid.
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done:
My fire-dried corpse lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, is soaring to be blest.

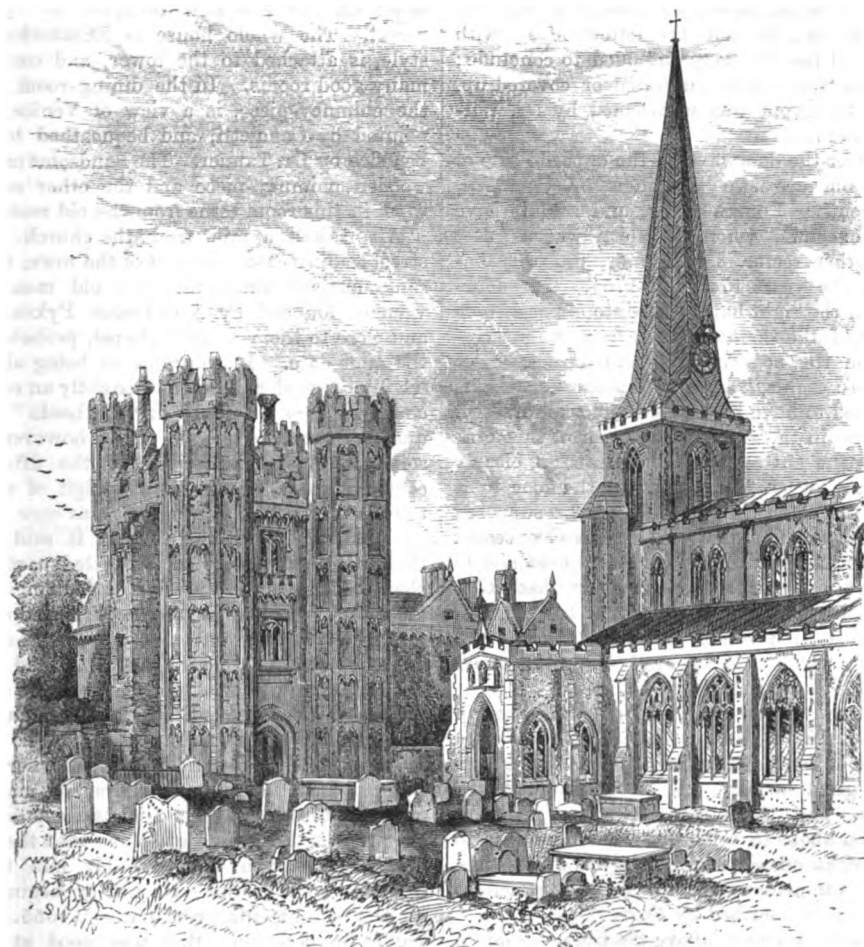
The living of Hadleigh is a rectory, and the present rector holds in addition the all but nominal dignity of joint-Dean of Bocking. His rectory-house is perhaps one of the most remarkable edifices of the kind in the country, being joined on to, and forming part of, the handsome tower shown in our engraving. This tower was built by Archdeacon Pykenham about the year 1495, and is a fine specimen of brickwork of that time, larger and finer than the gateway of Wolsey's unfinished college still standing in the street at Ipswich, and nearly as fine as that of Layer-Marney in Essex. It is between forty and fifty feet high, from the ground to the top of the battlements, and is flanked at the four corners by panelled and battlemented turrets, which rise about nine feet above the rest of the building. Two of these turrets, which face the churchyard, are hexagonal, and rise out of the ground: the other two are square, and spring from the corners a little below the corbel table. The view on entering the churchyard from the market-place, which our engraving partly represents, is singularly

doubtless caused her "image" to be inserted here,—and of SS. Martin, Lawrence, Edmund, and Nicolas. In the twelve divisions above this were representations of SS. Cuthbert, Paul, Peter, John, and George.

full of interest; for when the visitor looks west he sees only mediæval buildings. On the north is the noble church; on the west is

the rectory tower; and on the south, the quaint old structure connected with the Guildhall.

For the greater part of the following details



Hadleigh Church and Rectory.

we are indebted to Mr. Pigot's useful and interesting "History."

"It is said that Archdeacon Pykenham intended to build a house, the approach to which was to be through the tower, but that he died before he could execute the design. At all events, there was formerly a passage under the tower, but not so wide or lofty as the passage through the gateway at the 'Place Farm.' On the left hand are apartments for the porter, and on the right hand in the corner turret is a winding staircase, which leads to two large rooms above, and to the summit of the tower.

"In the lower of these two rooms, which is now used as the rector's library, is a curious painting on the plaster, inserted in the panel-

ling over the fire-place. This painting was executed by one Benjamin Coleman, a Hadleigh artist, in the year 1629, at the expense of the then rector, Dr. Thomas Goad.

"In the two side compartments is a sketch of a river and some hills, which are clearly intended for the river and hills in front of the house; some workmen are represented as engaged in the field at the foot of the hills: and in the centre is a view of the interior of Hadleigh Church, which should be examined closely, as it shows the then position of the pulpit and font, and the shape of the altar rails. The whole is surmounted with this inscription, in evident allusion to 1 Cor. iii. 9,—

Θεοῦ Οικοδομῇ γειοργου,

—the three words being placed one in each compartment.

"A little below this painting there was formerly the representation of a fan, the several sticks of which bore the letters, *Fui, Su, Eri, Fi, Fu*, and the nob the letters *Mus.*, with which all the rest were intended to conclude; but this was either obliterated or covered up, when the room was wainscoted by Dr. Wilkins, in 1730.

"Over the doorways on the opposite side of the room are two paintings by Canaletti, representing Roman ruins, and said to have been executed when Canaletti was a guest of another rector, Dr. Tanner, probably between the years 1749 and 1751. The doorway on the right hand leads into a small room in one of the turrets, which from the inscription on the boss in the vaulted roof, "*Ave Maria...gratie*," and other characteristics, is supposed to have been intended for an oratory. High up in the south-west corner of this oratory is the entrance to a small recess, clearly designed for a safe retreat, for the door to it has a bar on the inside. Some have supposed that Dr. Rowland Taylor may have concealed himself therein: but there is no evidence to support either this conjecture, or that other tradition which represents him as having been concealed in a recess under the floor of the library, which was removed when the tower was altered by Mr. Hugh J. Rose.

"It was in the main room, in the library, that Dr. Taylor was one day sitting when the church bells struck up for an unusual service, to his great surprise, and he hastened into the church, and there discovered the priest of Aldham about to celebrate Mass according to the Roman office: he was followed by his wife, and a tumultuous scene occurred, which is graphically described by Foxe.

"There is a room above the library, said to have been the residence of the curates in the seventeenth century, but which is now used as a bed-room. On one of the walls of it there were formerly figures of two houses and a man standing near one of them, that 'was a building, nigh to which was a tree, yt had this inscription, *Si quis tamen*; ' but this has been obliterated.

"The old rectory house, which, however, was of no great antiquity, and detached from the tower, was taken down, being much out of repair, on the Rev. Hugh James Rose being appointed to the incumbency in 1830. The greater part of the present house, the exterior of which was designed, it is said, by the Rev. Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was completed in 1833, under the superintendence of the architect, Mr. Harrison, at the cost, including the value of old

materials, of 3080*l*. The north gable was added in 1841 by the succeeding rector, Archdeacon Lyall, out of the proceeds received from the sale of the old tithe barn, which stood on the site now occupied by Queen Street. The whole house is Elizabethan in style, is attached to the tower, and contains many good rooms. In the dining-room, over the chimney-piece, is a view of Venice, also painted by Canaletti, and bequeathed to the benefice by Dr. Tanner. The handsome carved wooden chimney-piece and the other carved work in this room came from the old rectory."

About half a mile from the church, in a street leading eastwards out of the town, stand some ancient almshouses for old men and women, founded by Archdeacon Pykenham, and close to them a little chapel, probably of the same date. It is curious as being almost wholly of wood, and it is as unsightly an edifice as any village "Bethel" or "Bethesda" of a quarter of a century ago. In it, however, are some handsome stall ends, of the fifteenth century, and a finely carved pulpit of about the same date, the same which was once filled by Rowland Taylor himself. It is said that the venerable pastor, on being led past this chapel on his way to the stake at Aldham Common, threw his purse through the window of the last of these almshouses, in order that he might be able to say that he had parted with his last penny to the poor of his flock. He suffered with great fortitude and resignation, refusing to recant, though bribed to do so with the offer of a bishopric. The spot where he suffered on the adjoining common was marked out from the first by his friends as hallowed ground; and a large rude stone with the following inscription has probably lain there from the close of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century:—"1555. D. Tayler in defending that was good at this plac left his blode." E. WALFORD.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

[FROM *BION*, IDYL XVI.]

GLAD Hesper, golden glimmer, come!
Born of the daughter of the foam,
Of loved Dione. Sacred light!
Dear glory of the purple night!
Beneath the moon in shine, as far
As thou outshinest every star,
Hail, Hesper! grant thy friendly glow
That I my shepherd's face may know
Sporting with me. This eve the moon
Beginning, must set all too soon;
Grant, then, thy beam instead, for I
Come not for theft, nor yet to try
To scare the traveller by night;
I love, and it is only right,
Thou fairest of the golden grain,
That lovers should be loved again.

M.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "A PRODIGAL SON," "SIR FELIX FOT, BART.," &c., &c.



CHAPTER VII. ALONG THE PRAWNFORD ROAD.

A PRETTY woman, healthily flushed with struggling against the wind, is an agreeable and interesting object. She is possessed by a

good-humoured sense of affording, against her will, some measure of amusement to the bystander: the while she wears a charming deprecatory expression, which seems to say, plagiarising from Sterne a little, "Don't

laugh at me. Yet if you will, you may." She enjoys being the source of entertainment: yet is conscious that it is a little too much at her own expense. She occasions the diversion: yet altogether has a less share in its pleasure than the inactive lookers-on.

Frank Hobson shielded Miss Brown as well as he could from the wind. "I'm afraid it's almost too high to be pleasant to you," he said.

"Oh, I quite enjoy it," she answered, bravely, with a charming glow in her face.

Round the headland, as Mr. Hobson had foreseen, they found their way more sheltered—could proceed at their ease, talk with more comfort, without fear of half their words being carried out to sea by the wind.

"Do you return to town to-morrow, Mr. Hobson?" asked Miss Brown.

Mr. Hobson was afraid he must quit Beachville by an early train on the morrow.

"I'm going back on Wednesday by the twelve o'clock train," said Sophy Brown.

"What! are you already tired of Beachville?" he inquired.

"Oh, no; but Beachville may grow tired of me. I've been here some weeks now, and, of course, I mustn't outstay my welcome. Miss Hobson has been very good to me, but still I feel that I've no right to tax her kindness too severely."

"Oh, I'm sure my aunt doesn't feel it in the least as a tax," said Mr. Hobson. "I'm sure she'll not permit you to hurry away." Possibly in the confusion of the moment Mr. Hobson attributed his own views to his aunt—credited her with more enthusiasm on the subject of Miss Brown's sojourn in Beachville than strictly pertained to her. Clearly he was acting without warrant on her behalf. "My aunt must be only too pleased at having you with her. How can she help being so?"

Sophy Brown laughed and blushed a little at this. "Miss Hobson is kindness itself; but still, you know, I can't stop at Beachville for ever; and I've been talking it over with Matilda, and she quite agrees with me——"

("Oh! Matilda's at the bottom of this, is she?" Frank Hobson said to himself.)

—"That for many reasons," Miss Brown continued, "it is advisable I should bring my visit to a close shortly. You see, I've my own way to make in the world; and of course that makes me a little anxious. Not that I'm at all frightened; but I shall feel more satisfied when I've broken the ice and made a beginning. The sooner the first step's taken, you know, the sooner it will be over, and the better I shall be pleased. And Matilda is going to give me a letter to present in Harley Street."

"What's Harley Street got to do with it?"

"Oh! the Governesses' Institution is in Harley Street. They keep a list of vacant situations there; they require letters of introduction and recommendation. I daresay I shall find something to suit me there. Of course, I shall not be very difficult to please. In fact, I mustn't be; for it will be my first situation, and there is generally some little trouble about a first situation. People lay so much stress upon experience, and object to engage a governess who hasn't been out before."

"A governess has rather a hard time of it, though, hasn't she?" asked Mr. Hobson, with a meditative air.

"Oh, I don't know about that," Miss Brown answered, cheerfully. "I suppose we all have our troubles. Perhaps a governess is no worse off than plenty of others. At any rate, that's the best view to take of it. Of course, she has her duty to do, and the more thoroughly she does it, why the happier she is. And it must be better to have one's duty clearly defined for one, as a governess has, than to have to make it out for one's self—as happens to people who have plenty of money and nothing to do. I don't think happiness depends much upon station in life; and I'm sure occupation's as good for women as for men. I never could bear to sit idle with my hands before me; it's quite as well, perhaps; for now I've to stir myself and earn my living, and so I go out as a governess. I shall be happy enough. Of course, children are often very tiresome and troublesome; but then, again, they're often very good; and always amusing. I'm very fond of children; and somehow I always manage to make friends with them. I've no doubt I shall get on well enough. But I declare I've been making quite a long speech about myself; I forgot how uninteresting it must all be to you, Mr. Hobson," and Miss Brown looked a little confused and apologetic, and prettier than ever.

Frank Hobson assured her that he found it all exceedingly interesting. So she was induced to prattle a little more—not much—about her future plans: her companion listening the while, and admiring, with exceeding respect. "What a brave little soul it is!" he said to himself. He was impressed by the contrast between Miss Brown's timidity of manner,—which was every now and then compelling her to hesitate and pause in her speech, setting her heart beating quickly, or bringing a flush of colour into her cheeks,—and the real courage which seemed to animate her in regard to the most important transactions of life. "She's going forth to fight a hard fight with that big giant the world, and she isn't a bit

afraid!" And then his own despondency and doubt concerning his future well-doing seemed to him a little shameful by the side of Miss Brown's bravery. "Great hulking beast that I am," he said; "I'm a coward, and not fit to hold a candle to this little girl at my side. I want to skulk out of the battle of life and shelter myself behind the petticoats of an heiress. To get out of the way of risk I want to sell myself to Matilda Milner. I ought to be ashamed of myself." For a moment it occurred to him that possibly Miss Brown's courage might in some measure be due to want of knowledge: that she wasn't afraid of the world because in truth her acquaintance with it was very limited. But he declined to derive consolation so unworthily: he preferred to regard himself contemptuously rather than to rescind in any way his admiration of Sophy Brown's fortitude.

"Dear me! I'm afraid it's coming on to rain."

"What a nuisance!" said Mr. Hobson. "Yes; the wind's going down. We shall hardly get back without a shower."

Presently it was necessary for him to unfurl the umbrella, and to hold it, in spite of her protests, at an angle that afforded as much protection as possible to Miss Brown.

"You'll get dreadfully wet," she said.

"I rather like getting wet," he replied, extravagantly.

Yet the rain, notwithstanding Mr. Hobson's situation, was by no means disagreeable. Sophy Brown's arm was under his. They kept close together, so that each might have all advantage possible of the shelter of the umbrella. He had, of course, offered to abandon it altogether to her. But this she had declined resolutely. It was only fair, she said, that they should share it between them. Besides, she alleged, the wind was still so high that she could not hold up the umbrella without assistance; she was always rather weak in the wrists. So they advanced; above them the dome of the umbrella, tremulous from the wind, the rain pattering upon its silken sides. The shelter was ineffectual; yet in a way it seemed sufficiently to sever them from the rest of the world—to set them apart. They were as fellow-sufferers, brought together by a common misfortune. Sympathy was established between them; and that sort of fellow-feeling which we are told makes us wondrous kind. Mr. Hobson was conscious that he had never liked Miss Brown so much as when she took his arm and they struggled on together against the bad weather under the umbrella. At one moment, indeed, he found himself possessed by an inclination to speak to her confidentially on the subject of his liking for her;

but as he pressed his arm against his side, of course pressing her hand with it unavoidably, he felt and heard something crackling. He then remembered that in his breast-pocket he had placed the letter he had written over night offering marriage to Matilda Milner. He was somewhat ashamed. The sentiments he entertained in regard to Miss Brown were strikingly inconsistent with the expressions of affection for Miss Milner contained in the undelivered letter. He did not press his arm against his side any more; his manner changed a little; lost its air of tenderness and incipient devotion; and he began to converse with his companion in rather a cowed sort of way, upon quite indifferent topics. If Miss Brown perceived this alteration she refrained from making any comment concerning it.

"I was quite sure it was going to rain. You must have got dreadfully wet, Sophy. It was really very imprudent of you to go. And you'll never be able to wear that bonnet any more. How could you, Frank, think of going so far?" It was thus Miss Milner received them on their return to Belle Vue Lawn.

"What an acidulated style of speaking Matilda's taken up with. Positively I'm beginning to hate the woman."

But, of course, Mr. Hobson kept that observation to himself. And, moreover, he didn't choose that moment for tendering to Miss Milner the letter he had in his pocket, offering her his hand and heart.

Miss Hobson expressed some apprehension lest her guest should have caught cold from her walk in the rain from the Prawnford Road. Sophy Brown, however, changed her dress and seemed none the worse for her wetting. Contrary to advice, indeed, she persisted in accompanying Matilda Milner to church in the evening: Miss Milner remonstrating with her somewhat warmly on the imprudence of so doing. "I really think it's quite foolish of you, Sophy," said Miss Milner, "after getting so very wet in the afternoon. I can't think what makes you so obstinate about it." It almost seemed as though Miss Milner had some pressing reason for desiring that her friend should not go to church. Sophy Brown answered simply, however, that she always liked to go to church on Sunday evenings, and intended to go on the present occasion. After that there was nothing more to be said.

Later in the evening Mr. Hobson was in the coffee-room of the Royal Hotel. There he found Mr. Blatherwick stirring up a strong tumbler of brown brandy and water.

"How are you?" quoth Mr. Blatherwick. "I got caught in the rain this afternoon; wet to the skin, sir; obliged to take a little of this

by way of precaution." As Mr. Blatherwick said *this*, he raised his tumbler to his lips, retaining it there some time. This sort of apology for recourse to his favourite form of stimulant was perhaps rather a measure of supererogation on the part of Mr. Blatherwick. Probably he would have been found similarly occupied even if he had not been caught in the rain. It was not his wont to find excuses for his glass; for he held, doubtless, that just as good wine proverbially needs no bush, so hot brown brandy and water requires no excuse. But greater men than Mr. Blatherwick have their moments of weakness when, however steadfast in their opinions and principles, they yield to the force of antagonistic views, and condescend to explanation and apology.

"Won't you do as I do?" said Mr. Blatherwick. "I'm not a leveller generally; but I rather like equality in drinking. I find I can't get on with a man who loiters and gets behind with his tumbler. Let's have even drinking, that's what I say; and plenty of it."

Thus urged, Frank Hobson gave orders for a supply of brandy and water, Mr. Blatherwick nodding approval of that proceeding. For a few moments they stirred their glasses in concert and in silence.

"That was a pretty looking girl I saw you walking with," said Mr. Blatherwick suddenly, winking his eye.

"Do you mean yesterday, on the pier? That was my cousin, Miss Milner."

"I don't mean *her*. I know Miss Milner; and a fine woman she is too; and a clever one; though I didn't know she was your cousin. No; I mean the little girl you were walking with along the Prawnford Road this afternoon."

"Were you walking that way? I didn't see you."

"Too busily occupied," and Mr. Blatherwick winked again and smiled cunningly. "You'd got your heads very close together under that umbrella. I wouldn't swear you weren't kissing."

"No, I assure you——"

"More fool you then. It's my belief, speaking as a single man however—still as one who's lived a good many years in the world and seen something of life,—that in certain situations,—especially in such a one as I saw you in this afternoon,—a woman expects to be kissed, and takes it rather hard if she isn't. That's my view of it; and at your age I know I should have acted accordingly. Not a doubt about it. Particularly if I'd been in your place: under the same umbrella with that trim little wench." And Mr. Blatherwick looked very roguish indeed.

Frank Hobson didn't altogether approve of his admired Sophy Brown being designated a "trim little wench;" but finally consented to accept the observation as being inoffensive in intention, and pertaining legitimately to that old school of thought and conduct favoured by Mr. Blatherwick.

"A very trim little wench," repeated Mr. Blatherwick musingly, wholly unconscious that his phrase was in any way exceptionable; "with a remarkably neat ankle. Thank heaven I'm not too old a man to admire a neat ankle when I see one! I find, indeed, something very satisfactory and comforting about the sight of a neat ankle. In my young days the women wore sandals, and showed a good deal of stocking. I remember I used to think it a very elegant sort of arrangement; and yet I like, too, the neat boots and high heels of the present day: they're sensible, and lift a woman well out of the mud. And one doesn't see the splashed stockings one used to. They were certainly a dreadful exhibition. Yes, that was a very trim little wench you had with you under the umbrella." And then, after a pause, he resumed. "Am I to congratulate you? You know what I mean. Did you come to a right understanding with her? Is the thing all settled between you?"

"Well, really—" began Frank Hobson.

"I see, I see; I ought not to ask such questions, not parliamentary without giving notice, no business of mine, and so on. You're not a witness undergoing examination, are you? No, of course not. You may fairly decline to answer such questions as that? Of course you may. I offer my apologies. Only this I will say: I think if I were in your place I'd risk it. That's the advice of an old bachelor of advanced age. If my time were to come over again I should do differently to what I have done—I should risk it. I always think of the advice the sage in the story is said to have given to the young man who asked him whether he counselled marriage or celibacy. 'Whichever you choose,' said the sage, 'you'll regret it.' The story isn't true, I daresay; and yet there's something in it; only I don't quite agree with the sage. My advice is, '*risk it*.' That's what I should have told the young man. I wish I'd risked it myself; but I let the chance go. My advice to you is to '*risk it*,' and don't let all your chances go. In other words, don't be too particular. You won't, at least I never did, meet the kind of woman who'll suit you *exactly*. There's always something about them you don't quite like, and would rather have altered if you could; only of course you can't. Well, then, I say, you must give way a little, and not be too particular: take the nearest you can get to the sort of thing you

want, and be satisfied. Did you ever see a woman at a shop trying to match wools? It's a lesson. She never finds the precise shade she wants; it's not to be got; so she takes the nearest. 'It will work in very well with the rest, I daresay,' she says, 'and no one will be able to detect the difference.' It's just the same with choosing a wife. You see a number of married couples about in the world who seem to rub on together very fairly. Depend upon it, however, they didn't match very fairly together in the first instance. Between some of them I should say there were many shades of difference to begin with; still they've been worked in together, and worn alike, and agree together very fairly upon the whole. Depend upon it, it all comes right in the end; in fact, I notice things generally do come right in the end if you only give them fair play. May I trouble you to ring the bell? It's in the corner, close behind you. Thank you. Waiter, some more brandy."

Having expressed his sentiments concerning marriage, Mr. Blatherwick proceeded to discuss other topics.

"I suppose you know that chap Barlow?" he said, later in the evening. "George Barlow his name is; he's curate at St. Jude's—I think that's the name of the church. I saw he was with your party on the pier yesterday."

"Oh yes, I know Barlow very well," said Frank Hobson. "I knew him a little, years ago, at the university. But I lost sight of him afterwards, until I came down here the other day, found he'd taken orders, and renewed my acquaintance with him."

"Ah! he's a queer card, is the Reverend George Barlow," said Mr. Blatherwick. Frank Hobson laughed. He was not indisposed to admit that the Reverend George Barlow was a queer card.

"I don't mind telling you, quite between ourselves, that my coming down to Beachville this time, had something to do with the Reverend George Barlow."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. You see I don't like to deal too severely with a parson. They haven't a very lively time of it altogether, parsons haven't; and I've an enormous respect for the Church; enormous, by Jove! Church and State—that's what I go in for, hot and strong. (Won't you have another tumbler?) I'd always rather go out of my way than not serve a clergyman. But still, of course, a lawyer must obey his instructions; and he's bound to look sharply after his clients' interests. So with all my desire to do the best for Barlow, I was compelled to press him, and to keep him rather tightly in hand. I represent one of his principal creditors. He's a good many of them, I'm afraid, poor

fellow. I thought it best therefore to see Barlow for myself and have it out with him. Writing's no good in these cases; a fellow when he's pressed will promise anything; we all know that; and Barlow's rather a good hand at promising, and writing long rigmarole appealing letters, which, of course, are not a bit of good in a matter of business. Parsons and women never seem to be able to understand that. So I had Barlow down here in a private room last night, and we went all through his affairs. I'm bound to say they're in a tremendous mess. It seems to me he's never been clear since he came of age. He must certainly have gone the pace at the university."

"Yes; he was always in with rather an expensive set, I remember."

"However, he's a changed man now, he tells me—turned over quite a new leaf. Men generally do turn over new leaves, I notice, when all their money's gone. He talked rather grand at first; spoke of his uncle, Lord Stoneacre, and of his expectations in that quarter. But I wouldn't have *that* at any price; I knew *that* was all rubbish. I know all about Lord Stoneacre; no one knows more about him. He's not worth a rap; and if he was, Barlow wouldn't have it. Stoneacre's got children of his own; and after all, Barlow is only his nephew by marriage. I soon shut him up about Lord Stoneacre. He was quieter after that; and grew quite humble and penitent before I'd done with him. It's not a very bright look out altogether; still, I should be sorry to deal severely with Barlow. I don't believe there's any real harm in the fellow; he'd pay if he could; but if he hasn't got the money why of course he can't. I don't at all want to press him: but the danger is, of course, that his other creditors may be less forbearing. He says he can make it all right if we only give him *time*; it's only *time* he wants, he says; but then that's what they all say. And then—he was very plain and frank with me altogether, I must say—he spoke of an advantageous match he was on the point of making."

"He spoke of that, did he?"

"What! You've heard of it, then? Curates make very lucky marriages sometimes; and, altogether, it would be about the very best thing Barlow could do. It would be the making of him; and would be exceedingly satisfactory to his creditors."

"Did he mention the lady's name?" Frank Hobson asked, somewhat eagerly.

"Well, no, he didn't," Mr. Blatherwick replied rather drily. He waited a moment or two, sipping his brandy and water; then he resumed. "Of course, strictly speaking, I ought not to be letting out the secrets of the

prison-house in this way. But I look upon you as a kind of brother professional man. I know I'm safe with you; and I had another motive—I may as well be plain with you—I'll tell you what I wanted to know: you can give me information or not, just as you please. It happens I've another client down here—I mentioned the fact to you once before—that client is a lady. You know her."

"Miss Milner?"

"Precisely; Miss Milner—your cousin as it turns out. Now it has occurred to me, from one or two things that have come to my knowledge—from 'information I've received,' as the policemen say—that the advantageous match referred to by our friend Barlow has something to do with—"

"Miss Milner," Frank Hobson suggested again.

"Exactly; your cousin and my client. Now what do you think of it? that's what I want to know. You're behind the scenes a little; you know both parties—so do I, for that matter, but not as you do. Miss Milner is my client only; she isn't my cousin. You're likely to be well-informed, if you care to give information; don't if you don't like to. I'm speaking to a man of business and a barrister, who knows his way about without requiring anybody to lead or drive him. Now then, what do you say—is there anything in it?"

"If Barlow marries Matilda Milner——" Frank Hobson began, and then he paused.

"He'll catch a Tartar. I know that very well. But that isn't what I want to know. Is he likely to marry her? Has he any chance? Would she have him if he asked her to? Has he asked her to? Do you know anything about it at all? Is there anything in it?"

Frank Hobson mused a little before he answered. He couldn't help considering the matter in question in its relation to himself.

"Suppose I were to say, I didn't think there was anything in it?" he suggested at last.

"You want to know the effect of your answer?" said Mr. Blatherwick, winking. "Well, that seems only fair and prudent. But I can't tell you exactly what would happen in such case. But probably—mind, I only say *probably*—if I were to find that Barlow wasn't dealing fairly with me—was attempting to put me off with a fabulous story about an advantageous match—I think I should be justified in recommending his creditor, my client,—in point of fact to *lock him up!*"

Was there anything in it? Frank Hobson asked himself. And as to his own views in regard to Matilda Milner—had he yet abandoned them? Well, he could hardly be

said to have abandoned them; seeing that it was only on the previous evening he had penned a letter to his cousin, proposing marriage; seeing that although he had not yet found an opportunity for handing her that letter, he still carried it about him in his breast pocket ready for delivery—could even now hear it crackle as he pressed his arm against it. No, clearly he had not abandoned his views in the least in regard to Matilda Milner.

Was there anything in it? he asked himself again. Rather was there not something in it? something mysterious about Matilda's manner—something curious about Barlow's? There was no distinct evidence in the case, certainly. But might there not be a reasonable suspicion that some sort of understanding had been arrived at between them? Might not Barlow have good grounds for speaking of his "advantageous match," arising out of occurrences beyond the knowledge of Mr. Hobson? And then he thought, smiling as he did so, of the night when, after an excessive consumption of brandy-and-water in the company of Mr. Blatherwick, he had, in his inebriety, compelled Mr. Barlow to decide by tossing which of them should marry Matilda Milner. "She fell to my share," thought Mr. Hobson; "and Sophy Brown fell to Barlow's. What an insane business it was! What must he have thought of me! I suppose he hasn't let that stand in his way: with all his old love of sport, and betting, and fair play. For that matter I am afraid I haven't let it stand much in *my* way either. For if Sophy Brown is to be considered as Barlow's property, it strikes me that he may consider I have been a trifle too attentive to her." And then it occurred to him that still entertaining views in regard to Miss Milner, it was decidedly inconvenient to him to have Barlow also paying his addresses in the same quarter. "He's on the spot all the week; while I can only come down from Saturday to Monday. That gives him an enormous advantage. And now I can put him out of the way. I've only to tell Blatherwick that I don't believe there's anything in it, and he'd have 'betting Barlow' locked up. It would be a grand *coup*; though I'm afraid it would be rather shabby." He pondered over the notion for a few moments.

"Well, what do you say?" inquired Mr. Blatherwick.

"I can't quite make up my mind," Frank Hobson answered evasively. "I think I must defer giving an answer. I should like to consider the matter well first."

"What! you want time, too, do you?" And Mr. Blatherwick laughed loudly. "Very

well. There's no hurry. Are you going back to town to-morrow?"

"Well, I've some notion this week of staying until Wednesday morning."

"Stay by all means. Do you good. Wish I could stay too. Saturday to Monday is hardly enough change for a man. And you'll have that charming young lady to walk about with."

"Miss Milner?" She was the lady last spoken of, and she occupied a prominent place in Frank Hobson's thoughts just at that moment.

"No, not Miss Milner; not by any means; but the young lady you were walking with along the Prawnford Road under the umbrella this afternoon."

"Oh!" said Mr. Hobson. He had actually forgotten all about Sophy Brown.

"What! You've never been thinking of Miss Milner, too, have you?" inquired Mr. Blatherwick. And then he laughed exceedingly. "I do believe you have. And you don't know whether she prefers you or Barlow. It's a toss-up between you, in fact."

This random shot came so dangerously near the mark, that Frank Hobson hastened to change the conversation, and start a new topic. "I see your friend What's-his-name has been making a second speech at Shuttlecombe," he said.

"If you ask my advice—which of course you won't, by the way—you won't have much to say to Miss Milner, while you've a chance of winning that other trim little wench." Having delivered himself of which dictum, Mr. Blatherwick duly rose to the bait his companion had held out to him. "What's that you say about the man What's-his-name? Yes, I see he made another speech yesterday. It's in the Sunday paper. The infamous scoundrel—" and then the old gentleman was fairly launched in a raging sea of political discussion. He flung about hard names and strong sayings with his customary impetuosity and recklessness. He got regularly into his polemical stride, as it were, and went a-head amazingly: charging his foes, beating down their resistance, giving no quarter and seeking none. He had little notion of compromise. The man who didn't think as he did, was an idiot or a villain, and so that matter was settled. He was certainly a despotic old gentleman. But Frank Hobson humoured him; gave him "plenty of line," as he phrased it; permitted him to have his own way; and altogether got on very well with him. They finished their brandy-and-water.

"We'll bring you into the House some day," Mr. Blatherwick said as he lighted their chamber candles. "I know you'd

always be found in the right lobby. Good night, God bless you," and they separated.

Frank Hobson had breakfasted and sauntered out. The morning was very lovely. A blue sky, and a warm sun, and a gentle breeze that crimped and curdled the sea ever so tenderly. In tiny breakers the waves broke upon the shore, almost noiselessly: as though it had fallen asleep in the sunshine, and they were loth to disturb its rest. A very day for indolent enjoyment; for the neglect of what the world might call duty; for putting care far from one, and leaving business to take care of itself. A day to devote to the goddess Nature; to bow before her benefactions; to bask in her beauty; to repose happily and gratefully at her feet with a sort of animal confidence and fidelity. "Certainly I can't go up to town such a day as this," said Frank Hobson; and he seemed to drink deeply of the glory of the day; the delights of the draught mounting to his brain. "New Square, Lincoln's Inn, was never so hateful to me as at this moment. What I should like would be to sit on the beach all day, and lazily pitch pebbles into the sea, with a lazy arm round—" he hesitated for a moment, and then added, "round Sophy Brown's waist." The Sybarite! I really can't forbear calling him names.

Just then Sophy Brown appeared upon the parade. She had books under her arm, and was making her way to the Circulating Library.

"You surely haven't the heart to quit Beachville such a morning as this, Mr. Hobson?" said Sophy Brown.

"No, I haven't the heart." He spoke very deliberately; and held the while the hand Miss Brown had proffered him; held it after he had finished, indeed; altogether a much longer time than there was any occasion for; until Miss Brown seemed to be somewhat inconvenienced by the proceeding.

"Have you seen Matilda this morning?" she asked; probably by way of saying something.

Mr. Hobson said he had not seen Matilda that morning; and said it in a tone that seemed to imply that he had no desire to see Matilda that morning.

"She's somewhere on the parade, or on the beach."

"Looking for 'common objects?'"

"Very likely. Perhaps with Mr. Barlow. Look through your telescope, and see if you can see anything of her."

Mr. Hobson had brought his telescope with him to Beachville on this occasion—a neat Dollond in a leathern sling case; rather

becoming to a morning-suited gentleman at the sea-side. At Miss Brown's bidding he brought his telescope to bear upon Beachville, its neighbourhood and visitors; and swept the horizon and the beach.

"I see nothing of her," he said.

Just then he turned his glass towards Beachville pier—a gracefully-proportioned, light, iron structure, stretching out across the shingle and sand into the sea. At low water it was possible to reach the stone and composition blocks upon which the pier was founded, and to seek there for the curiosities and treasures dear to the collectors of "common objects." Generally, therefore, busy little groups of such collectors were to be seen haunting the foundations of Beachville pier at low water, searching about industriously, with bent frames, reckless concerning the wetting of shoe-leather and the display of hose. It seemed to Mr. Hobson that beneath Beachville pier, a long way off, as near to the sea as she could possibly get, he could perceive Matilda Milner. Yes, certainly that was Matilda Milner's figure! And close to her was the Reverend Mr. Barlow! He was assisting her assiduously as she stepped from stone to stone—perhaps too assiduously, for now his arm was round her waist for quite a protracted period, and now—yes—Mr. Hobson through his Dollond distinctly perceived the Reverend George Barlow kiss Miss Matilda Milner!

Mr. Hobson closed his telescope abruptly, noisily.

"She's under the pier," he said to Miss Brown, "and Barlow with her. I don't think they want to be disturbed."

"I daresay not," Miss Brown said, with a quiet smile.

Frank Hobson hurried to the Royal Hotel. In the coffee-room he found Mr. Blatherwick.

"I'm off by the 10.40," said Mr. Blatherwick.

"I think there's something in it," said Frank Hobson, significantly. "You remember what we were talking about last night?" Mr. Blatherwick understood him perfectly.

"Poor Barlow!" said Mr. Blatherwick. "Let him make his 'advantageous match.' I hope all his creditors may follow my example and give him time. But I expect he'll have to depend upon his wife's clemency, after all. She'll hold the purse-strings; not a doubt of it. Still, I don't suppose she'll allow him to go to prison—not just yet, at all events. What do you think?—I don't mind telling *you*—in strict confidence, of course. What do you think she wanted of me the other day—a month ago—and had of me, too? A form of marriage settlement, in which all the wife's money is settled strictly upon herself—left absolutely

at her own control and disposal; and in which, moreover, every penny that may ever come into possession of the husband is to be brought into settlement, too, for the wife's benefit. Depend upon it, if Miss Milner marries Barlow, she'll tie him up hand and foot; and she'll prevent him from ever touching a half-penny of her money without her consent. Not an enviable position for a husband, is it? To be obliged to ask his wife for half-a-crown if he wants to buy a pair of gloves! Better far to marry a nice woman without a rap. Poor Barlow! What are you tearing up?"

"Only a letter I thought of sending. But I shan't now."

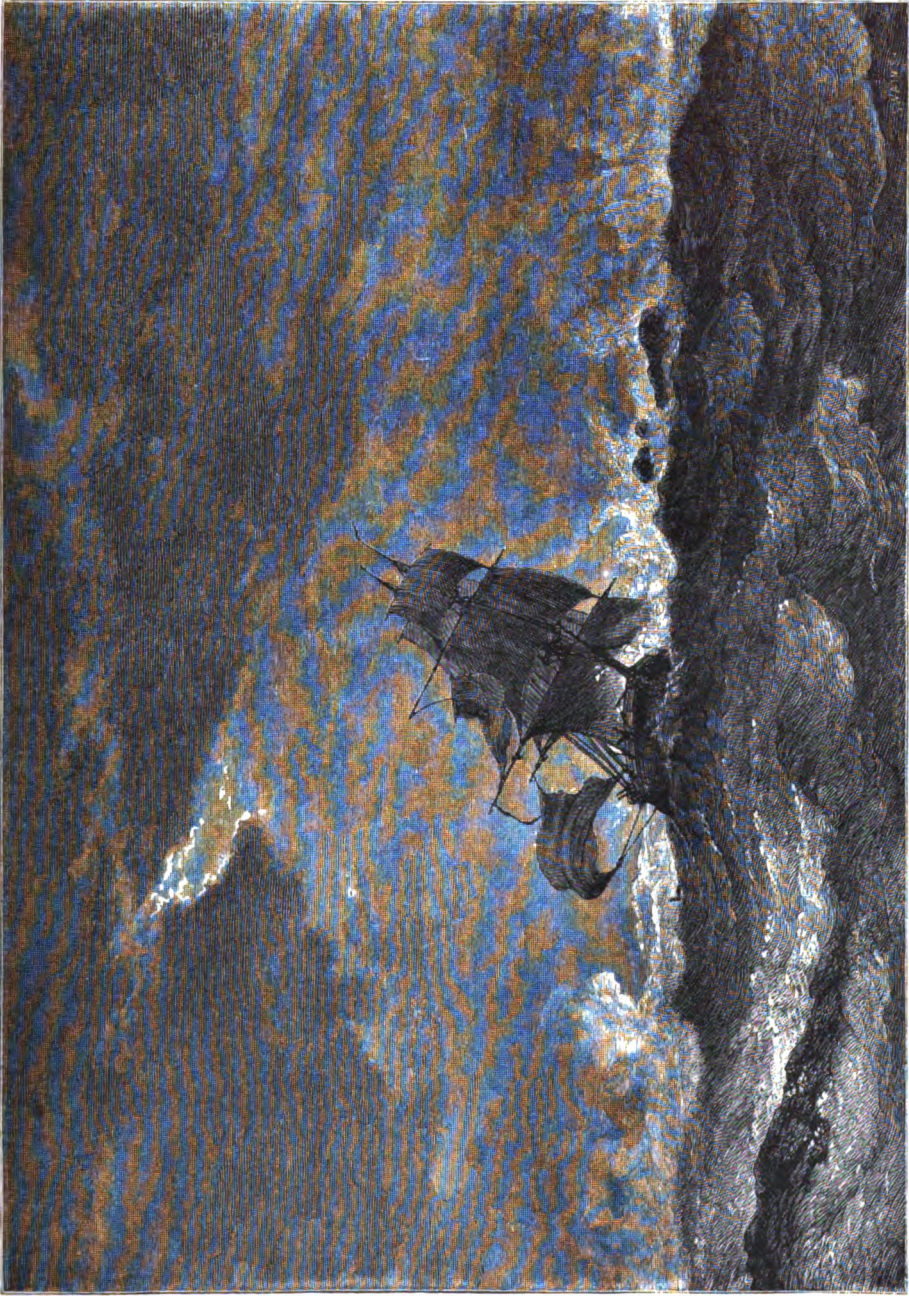
Mr. Hobson was rending into very small pieces the letter he had retained for so many hours in his breast-pocket.

(To be continued.)

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

It was in the winter of 18—, when I was second officer of the old Agincourt, that we were off the Cape of Good Hope, and homeward bound from Bombay to Falmouth for orders. We had experienced very bad weather and contrary winds for three or four weeks, when one afternoon, Cape Recife being in sight, the wind changed to the eastward, blowing a strong gale. It was a fair wind, a thing very rarely met with off the Cape during the winter months, when westerly winds prevail. We set all plain sail, with starboard foretopmast studding-sail, and lower studding-sail, the captain being determined to make the most of a wind which we hoped would enable us to weather the Cape of Good Hope before the wind changed back to its old quarter. Everybody was in high spirits at the hope of doubling the Cape before the next evening, as the constant westerly gales and tacking ship for the last three weeks had wearied and disgusted all hands. Our provisions also were falling short, and symptoms of scurvy were beginning to show themselves among the crew, who were fairly exhausted with the work of beating about off the Cape against adverse gales for nearly a month.

It was my last "dog-watch," so I went on the quarter-deck at 6 p.m. to relieve the chief officer. The night was very dark, the wind blowing a strong gale and a heavy sea running; the good old ship tore along at the rate of ten knots an hour, a speed which the poor old tub very rarely attained; we were, however, carrying a heavy press of canvas. The chief officer gave me the course, telling me to keep a good look-out for Cape Francis, for which we were steering to pass five miles off. When the chief officer left me, an undefinable



"AMONG THE BREAKERS."—BY E. DUNCAN. [See p. 344.]

presentiment came over me : although everything was apparently right, I felt very uneasy. I was leaning over the weather bulwark rail, peering anxiously into the darkness, when the chief officer rejoined me. At that moment I thought I could perceive a dark line on the horizon outside the lower studding-sail. "By Jove! Brown," I cried to the chief officer, "I think I see the land!" He laughed, and told me it was impossible, as the course we were steering would take us five miles clear of the outer reefs. He went forward to see if he could descry anything ahead. I presently saw him hurrying aft; at the same time I perceived breakers on both bows. I cried out to the helmsman to put the helm "hard up," to bring the ship's head off shore; but the man at the wheel, who happened to be a young sailor, seeing the breakers, at that moment became paralysed with terror and put the helm the wrong way, and so directing the ship's course into the very midst of the rocks. I rushed to the wheel, and with the greatest difficulty put the helm "hard up," the man holding on to it so convulsively that I had him half over the wheel before he let go. We were now, in less time than it takes me to tell my story, in the midst of a seething mass of breakers, the sea beating on the rocks with the noise of thunder. Nothing was to be seen in the darkness but the dazzling white waves, which broke round us as high as our lower mast-heads, making the darkness more terrific from the contrast. Apparently nothing could save us, as we were quite surrounded by rocks, and unable to see our way to steer clear of them. So convinced did I feel of the utter impossibility of being saved, that I said to the chief officer, "It is all up with us, Brown."—"I think so too," was the answer. But, however hopeless a case may be, it is not in the nature of a British sailor to give in while there is a ghost of a chance in his favour. In this case nothing could be done but put the ship's head off shore, and then trust to Providence to take us clear of the rocks. This was done: then came a half hour of dreadful suspense, the ship tearing through the water like a racehorse, the sea around us one mass of foam, the breakers occasionally dashing as high as our mast-heads, and some of the seas falling on board. As the ship's head paid off to the southward she struck violently, but the press of sail still carried her onward, plunging and tearing along as if she knew the danger she was in. The captain came rushing up the companion ladder, asking what was the matter. I told him we were amongst the breakers. He ordered me to remain at the wheel, and keep her head south. Again she struck, tak-

ing on board at the same time a tremendous sea. I heard the chief officer sing out, "Hold on, every one, fore and aft," an order which one poor fellow had evidently not been able to do, as I directly afterwards heard the agonising cry of a drowning man astern. No one heard him but myself, and as I knew the utter impossibility of rendering him any assistance, I said nothing, for fear of discouraging the men. I shall never forget the fearful cries of the poor fellow, and how they gradually died away as the ship left him far astern. Once more we struck, but not so heavily; and then, after a half hour, which appeared like a life time, we knew we must be clear of the breakers. On sounding the pumps and examining the ship, we found three feet of water in the hold, and increasing fast. The force with which she had struck had actually bent the ship, or hogged her, as we say in nautical parlance. On heaving the ship down at the Cape, we found part of the main-keel knocked away, and the copper on both sides scraped off by the rocks, and puckered up like the folds of a dress. You can imagine from this fact what a miraculous escape we had. Of course it was all hands at the pumps; and thus we continued for a fortnight, the winds again becoming contrary when we got into Simon's Bay, done up with pumping, cold, wet, and scurvy.

Such is a brief outline of the hairbreadth escapes and hardships of a nautical life. I will only add, that the poor fellow who fell over and was lost had been away from home for five years, and that he had just had a small and unexpected legacy left him, and was on his way home to share it with his mother, his only relative, when death thus suddenly and fearfully overtook him. LANCELOTE H. DUNCAN.

A CHAPTER ON SNAILS.

AMONG the creatures most familiar to all of us, are snails. There is scarce a child that has ever known the delight of playing in field or garden, or even by the roadside, or anywhere away from the hard-paved street and polluted gutter, but has often picked them up to admire the neat, and in some even of our most common species, prettily-coloured shell, and watched them with wondering interest as they crawled along, each with its house upon its back, and tried experiments upon them by touching their "horns," to see how quickly those soft sensitive organs were withdrawn into the head. And humble as is their place in the scale of creation, the naturalist finds much that is admirable—as, indeed, there is in all creatures—in their structure and its perfect adaptation to their mode

of life. The gardener detests them as a nuisance, and studies their habits so far as may serve to discover the best means of destroying them. But they are valuable as a pleasant and nutritious article of food, for which purpose they are much used in many parts of the world, and to a small extent even in this country. Nor are they without importance in the great scheme of creation, both as consuming much that would otherwise become noxious in its decay, and as affording food to many creatures of higher rank than themselves.

Snails are ranked by naturalists in the class of *Gastropodous Molluscs*, more briefly and conveniently denominated *Gastropods*, and which receive this name from their characteristic organ of locomotion, a muscular disc called the *foot*, capable of much contraction and expansion, which is developed on the ventral surface of the body; the name being formed from two Greek words, and signifying *belly-footed*. This class contains a vast number of molluscs, nearly the highest in organisation of that great division of the animal kingdom; all of them possessing a head, which many molluscs, as the oyster, the mussel, and the other bivalves, are destitute of, the nervous system also being comparatively complex and concentrated, and probably all the five senses more or less perfectly developed. It has, indeed, been much disputed whether or not snails possess the sense of sight, some naturalists alleging that what have been commonly regarded as eyes are merely very delicate organs of touch, but the balance of evidence is strongly in favour of the prevalent opinion. The gastropods are chiefly marine; yet many, as the *pond-snails*, are inhabitants of fresh water; whilst the true snails, a host in themselves, the family *Helicidae* of naturalists, inhabit the land. The respiration of snails is accomplished in a very different manner from that of whelks, periwinkles, and other marine gastropods, very similar to them in their general structure and in their shells. They breathe by means of a vascular air-sac or lung. But they can only breathe freely in a moist atmosphere; so that, in dry weather, they are compelled to retreat to hiding-places under leaves, or under stones, or at the roots of plants, or in the earth itself, where there is a greater humidity, withdraw themselves into their shell, and when the drought becomes severe, seal up the mouth of the shell with a membrane, as they do in the cold of winter, and become dormant. A summer shower quickly wakens them up again; and, after a shower, it sometimes seems as if they had fallen from the clouds, they are to be seen crawling about in such numbers where not one was to be seen before.

Except on such occasions, or during wet weather, they abide in their hiding-places throughout the day; but in the morning and evening, when the dew is on the ground, or during the warm summer night, they issue forth and wander about in quest of food, which they consume in great quantity.

Snails are capable of remaining dormant for a very long time. A remarkable instance occurred in the British Museum. A small snail (*Helix maculosa* or *H. desertorum*) was brought from the Egyptian deserts in 1846, was put in its place among hundreds of others, was gummed to a board, and in 1850 was found to be alive, and fed readily on lettuce and delicate cabbage leaves. This interesting specimen of the snails of the desert died in 1852.

Snails abound in all countries, except in the regions of almost perpetual frost, and in those of extreme drought and aridity. Even in the Sahara, wherever succulent plants grow, snails are to be found clustered under the leaves and feeding on them. It is in warm, moist climates that they are most plentiful, and that the largest species are to be found. It is also in these climates that their services, as one of the sets of nature's scavengers, are most needed. The lemon and orange groves of some countries produce large snails, which feed on the fruit, sometimes attacking it whilst it still hangs in ripe perfection on the tree, as our garden-snails attack the finest strawberries on the morning before they should be gathered, and revelling in the abundance that has fallen to the ground and lies there in a state of incipient decay.

The number of species of snails is very great; all of them having the same general structure, but with that wondrous diversity which prevails throughout nature. Of the genus *Helix* alone, to which all our common snails belong, there are many hundreds of species, some of the tropical ones having shells of great beauty, and the species of the genus *Bulimus*, which abounds greatly in South America, and includes the snails of the orange groves, are also multitudinous. In the genus *Helix* the shell is nearly orbicular, flattened in some, whilst others are almost globose; in *Bulimus* it is oblong and more elongated; and there are other genera to the distinctive characters of which it is unnecessary to advert. With this vast number and diversity of species it might be supposed that each would be confined within narrow geographical limits. But this is the case only with some. Others are very widely distributed. One of our most common British snails, *Helix aspersa*, is common over a large portion of the globe. It is found in all the countries around the Medi-

terranean, in the forests of Brazil and Guyana, and on the slopes of the Andes.

When we see a snail in motion, we observe the *foot* elongated to such an extent, that we wonder how it can ever be withdrawn into the shell, and its muscular contractions and expansions so managed, that progress is made in the desired direction, the animal evidently guiding its way by means of the "horns," or tentacles, which project from the head. A slimy track is left behind; a copious slimy secretion from the foot serving to attach the snail to the surface on which it crawls, and enabling it to climb walls or the stems of plants, or to cling to the leaf on which it feeds. As it advances, the tentacles warn it of any obstruction, and are moved a little from side to side, like the antennæ of an insect, to find out where the way is open and safe. When they are touched so as to inspire a sense of danger, they are retracted into the head, like the finger of a glove drawn in from the tip, the tip disappearing first within the tentacle itself. Only the tentacle that is touched is retracted, if the touch is slight; but a little more roughness causes not only all the tentacles, but the head itself to disappear, and even the foot and all soft parts to be withdrawn into the shell. The tentacles are four in number, the upper pair being the longer, and carrying the eyes, or supposed eyes, at their tips. The mouth is interesting chiefly on account of the tongue, which is wondrously provided with minute hard teeth, having in many of the species, as in our common garden-snails, no fewer than from one hundred to two hundred rows of them, an excellent provision for rasping and licking up such substances as a ripe strawberry, a cabbage-leaf wallowed by transplanting, or a seedling which has newly raised its tender head above the ground.

The food of snails is chiefly vegetable; but they do not reject animal substances, and even devour the dead bodies of their own kind. They cannot eat anything that is hard, or protected by a hard and thick skin. A cabbage or gourd in vigorous vegetation and full health is pretty safe from them; their teeth are not adapted to it, like those of caterpillars; but a very young gourd is often killed by their eating its soft stem; and a cabbage-plant, drawn from the nursery, conveyed to a distance in a carrier's cart, or exhibited for hours in the sunshine of the market, is exactly prepared for their use. They are as omnivorous as their teeth make it possible for them to be. They have been seen, after a shower, climbing the walls in the environs of a town, and eating the paste by which

softened paper itself. Gardeners lay down cabbage-leaves for them, which attract them both as affording food and shelter, and when they have congregated under these, they are destroyed. A little grease makes the cabbage-leaves still more attractive; and the stems and leaves of peas, thrown upon the ground, after the crop has been gathered, and sprinkled with small bits of fat, make a good snail-trap.

Snails are perfect hermaphrodites; but, like other land-inhabiting hermaphrodites, they pair, and the congress of two individuals is as necessary as where the sexes are distinct. Their amatory proceedings are very remarkable. Instead of kissing, or billing and cooing, they assail one another with hard sharp calcareous spears, which are produced annually at the proper season, and have no existence at any other time, although the muscles intended to govern them are always to be found ready for use. With these spears they not only titillate and prick one another, but even pierce the soft skin, using so much force that the weapon itself is often broken off and left lying; a circumstance which seems to have given rise to the notion of its being used as a dart, and to many incorrect statements about snails flinging at one another their *spicula amoris*, or little darts of love.

Our common garden-snails lay numerous eggs, generally burying them to a small depth in the ground, from which many of them are dug up by thrushes, blackbirds, &c., which delight to feed on them. The eggs are about the size of small peas, globular, pellucid, and covered with a soft skin: they adhere to each other by a viscid substance. The eggs of the *Bulimi* are oval, and have a calcareous shell, those of the largest species being almost as large as pigeons' eggs. Larger still, and also covered with a hard shell, are the eggs of an African species, of the genus *Achatina*, which, indeed, is the largest of all snails, attaining a length of about eight inches from the apex of its spire to the base. The shell of the young snail is formed within the egg, but consists at first of only one whorl; the number of whorls increasing until maturity. The growth of the shell takes place by continual addition at its mouth, the substance of which it is made being supplied by secretion from the animal.

The ordinary mucous or slimy secretion of the snail, thinly spread out, becomes membranaceous on drying, and it is thus that the mouth of the shell is closed on the approach of winter, the membranaceous lid being just within the mouth of the shell, and pierced with a small hole to admit air enough for respiration. Not much air, indeed, is needed for respiration: all the functions of life being

very languidly carried on in such circumstances. Some species of snail, however, protect themselves more thoroughly against the cold of winter, than by a mere membranaceous lid. The edible snail of the south of Europe, *Helix pomatia*, for example, forms a calcareous lid within the membranaceous one, and within this other membranaceous lids in succession at short distances. When warm weather returns, a little fluid mucus quickly softens the membranaceous lids, and even the calcareous one, at least at the edge, so that it is easily separated from the shell, and the whole barricade of the door is pushed away by the foot of the animal. This snail also excavates a hole in the ground for its winter retreat, which it forms into a kind of arched chamber. In doing this, it makes use of the foot to press away the soft earth, turning about as it proceeds, so that the chamber becomes accommodated to the shell; whilst earth, dead leaves, and the like, are agglutinated together by the mucus, which is very abundantly secreted for the purpose, and soon forms a hard wall or dome of the shape required.

Snails are amongst the animals notable for their power of repairing injuries. It is very common to find the shell in a state which affords proof of its having been broken and mended again, the joints being visible as in a piece of mended china; nor is it difficult to understand how this is accomplished by means of the same secretion by which the shell was produced. But the power of repairing injuries of the soft parts is much more wonderful; and is so great that not only tentacles with the eyes which they bear, are reproduced when they have been cut off, but even the whole head, with all its organs. Decapitation is not necessarily fatal to a snail, as to creatures of higher organisation. Many curious experiments have been made on this subject, not without cruelty, it may be alleged, but certainly with far less of it than is implied in the vivisection of the higher animals, in which the nervous system is more centralised and the head contains a brain, which the head of a snail does not, the nerves of the head proceeding from a ganglion situated above the gullet. Spallanzani found that in about twenty-five days after a tentacle was cut off, it began to bud again. The growth of a new head is a slower process, several months elapsing before it is quite equal to the old one. The new head appears at first as a mere fleshy globule, which gradually becomes larger, and rudiments of lips, tongue, and tentacles begin to be seen in it. During this process, the snail remains within its shell, the mouth of which is sealed with a membranaceous lid, as in drought or in winter.

Snails boiled in milk are in some parts of England a popular remedy in cases of consumption, and probably have a real value, not as a medicine, but rather as a very nutritious and easily digestible article of food. In most parts of Britain there is a strong prejudice against eating them; which, however, is not universal. The glassmen of Newcastle have an annual snail-feast, for which they generally collect the snails in the fields and hedges on the previous Sunday. Snails are collected in England and sent to the United States as a delicacy: they are packed in old casks, to which they affix themselves, adhering to one another so as to leave a vacant space in the centre of the cask. In this way they reach their destination in excellent condition. The species chiefly used in England is *Helix aspersa*, often denominated the Common Snail, although the smaller species, some of which are far more plentiful in some parts of Britain, are probably quite as good. *Helix aspersa* is the largest British species but one, its shell being about an inch and a half in diameter. The largest species, having a shell two inches in diameter, is *Helix pomatia*, already noticed, the edible snail of the south of Europe; but in Britain it is confined to the southern and midland counties of England, and almost exclusively to the chalk and oolite districts. It has been often stated that it is not originally a native of England, but was introduced about the middle of the sixteenth century, either as a delicacy for the table or for medicinal use; but there is no good authority for this statement, and there is strong reason to think that this species of snail existed and was used as an article of food in the south of England long before the sixteenth century. It is not impossible that it may have been introduced by the Romans, but of this there is no evidence. The Romans certainly held it in high esteem, and to the present day it is much prized as a delicacy in the southern countries of Europe. A dish of six or seven snails costs as much in the hotels and eating-houses as a plate of beef. The Romans carefully fattened their snails in *cochlearia* or snaileries; which were formed, if possible, under the shade of rocks or banks, where there was an abundant supply of moisture from a stream or from an adjacent lake or pond, and water was sometimes brought into them by a pipe terminating in holes, like a watering-pot, so that the whole place was continually bedewed and kept moist; here the snails fed on the natural herbage, and on food with which they were supplied, wealthy epicures seeking to make them larger and finer by giving them a mixture of meal or bran and boiled lees of wine. Snaileries have not ceased to exist in some

parts of Europe. Vienna derives its supply of snails in great part from Suabia, where they are particularly numerous and of remarkably large size, and they are suitably cared for and fed till they are wanted for use. They are either kept in a mere enclosure or in a kind of house erected for the purpose, sometimes in a pit of two or three feet deep covered with wood. They are generally fed on the refuse of gardens.

Snails are cooked in various ways. Boiling in milk has been already mentioned, and in this way they are very palatable if the reluctance which springs from imagination is overcome; many who have begun to take the supposed medicine with not a little disgust have soon learned to relish it greatly. Another way of cooking them, long practised in those parts of England where they are used, and probably very general in other countries also, is the simple one of boiling them in water, and then adding salt and pepper; oil is also sometimes added. In Paris and elsewhere, the poorer classes very commonly prepare their snails by mere roasting on an iron plate. Frying and grilling have been practised in the preparation of snails for the table since the days of the ancient Romans.

The repugnance so generally felt in this country to the use of snails for food is to be regretted, as we have them in such numbers that they often become a pest to the farmer and the gardener, and there can be no doubt that they are rapid and perfectly wholesome. Yet the gardener in most places collects or entraps them merely for their destruction, or flings them into the poultry yard, where they are eagerly gobbled, if of the smaller kinds which a common fowl can swallow, and a fowl certainly makes a desperate effort to get a large one down, shell and all. Few gardeners in England, and probably none in Scotland, ever think of having the snails prepared for their own supper. It is in this as in the case of our esculent fungi, which, with one or two exceptions of species not at all superior to many others, are allowed to grow and rot unheeded; whilst, on the Continent, they afford, in many places, no small part of the food of the poor, and are presented as articles of luxury on the tables of the rich.

J. M.

"MICHAEL CONSIDINE'S DAUGHTER."

"WHEN will the trial be over, Mark?"

"To-morrow, Woolcot sums up."

"And the unhappy woman—how handsome she is!—has no chance?"

"Not a shadow. Considine has made her case his stalking-horse, and when he does

that, it is always a hanging matter. There's no doubt about her guilt: she was jealous, it seems, and not only killed the man and the woman who had supplanted her, but intended the world to accuse him both as a murderer and suicide. The execution will be delayed until the child is born."

"Good heavens, how awful! born under the shadow of the gallows!" and Mrs. Pembroke shuddered and drew closer to her husband's side. Presently she put her comely face up to his ear and whispered, "The Lord has denied us the crowning happiness of marriage! Could we not take this child, orphaned as it will be, from its birth?"

"My love!" exclaimed Mark Pembroke, startled at her words.

"Yes, dear. I've never complained, you know. I've never told you how I longed for a baby, and—and—" and then she broke down and began to cry.

"Poor wife, poor childless wife," said Mark, caressing her, his own eyes filling with tears.

"We would soon learn to love it, Mark! almost as if it had been truly born to us." So the woman pleaded, and, though mentally Mark shook his head, he made no opposition; and thus it was that Nelly Pembroke became the adopted child of the good people who lavished such love and kindness upon her.

Nineteen years had elapsed since that York assize. Michael Considine was now on the bench, and every body said the great murder case had put him there. He and Mark Pembroke had been boys together, fellow-students, and now were warmer friends than ever; yet even to him not a word concerning the child's parentage had ever been said. Mark had answered the first inquiries by saying he had many poor relations, and that Nelly was an orphan; and he never had cause to explain further.

Nelly grew up the light and delight of the household; and now, just as her nineteenth year began, had returned from a finishing school an accomplished and come-out-able young lady, pretty enough to make a fair excuse for Mrs. Pembroke's pride in her, and, what was better still, as good in heart as she was in looks.

Nelly's birthday was to be celebrated by a ball; and as Nelly liked smart dresses, dancing, and nice partners as much any girl of her age, she was determined the ball should be a success, and worked morning, noon, and night, arranging and decorating with her own deft little hands, whose touch seemed to have a magical influence in giving grace and beauty. Upon the evening preceding the *fête*, Considine came home with Mark, and hearing Nelly was

in the dancing-room, went there to give her a present he had brought.

When the door opened, Nelly, who was perched upon a chair, fastening a wreath, jumped down, pretending to be angry.

"It is too bad coming to look at things half done. Uncle Mark should——. What's the matter, Mr. Considine—what is it?" and with a scared face she looked round, for Mr. Considine had started as she came up to him, and stood staring at her, or beyond her, with a pale horrified face. Nelly saw nothing but the wreath hanging against the white wall, and when she turned again, Considine was gone.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Pembroke, as he joined Mark and herself a minute after. "You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"So I have," was the unexpected reply; "if ever man did see such a thing, I saw one just now. You remember that murder case at the York assizes. Ever since then, I've been haunted by the 'Shadow of the Gallows,' and I saw it to-night."

"What does he mean, aunty," whispered Nelly, who had followed him to the room.

"Nothing, my pet; nothing——"

"But I see it too, aunty; a great black one-armed thing, like that in picture-books. I see it, but I thought it was only something in my eyes. Why does it haunt him too?"

"My dear child!" and Mrs. Pembroke looked helplessly at her husband.

"Take her up-stairs, Mary," cried Mark; "she's been exerting herself too much, and Considine forgets that a child should not hear such fancies. He is fond of ghost stories, Nelly, my pet, and only wanted to find out whether you were as great a goose as to believe in them. There, off you go; the wreaths will keep until to-morrow better than that little excited head of yours will."

When the door closed behind the girl, Mr. Considine began pacing the room.

"You'll perhaps think me a madman, Mark," he said; "but it's the honest truth I told you just now. Ever since the morning that woman was hung, when I have been extra pressed with work, a shadow, just such as the gallows would throw in the early sunlight, has haunted me. I saw it just now in the dining-room, but I saw something more—this girl Nelly. Who is she? Where did you find her? Is she really a relation? Or is she—my God! if it could be—is she the child I sentenced unborn?"

Considine had run on with one question after another, warding off until the last the suspicion that had taken possession of him. One look at Mark was answer enough, and,

covering his face with both hands, the strong man sat down shuddering and sobbing like an hysterical woman. Mark came over to him and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"You have been over-working yourself. You must not let such——"

"Good God, Mark, she is my own child!" groaned the other, hoarsely. And as Mr. Pembroke stood by silenced and half inclined to go off for a doctor to "minister to a mind diseased," Considine went on. "It's the old story of sin finding the doer out: the woman fell in my way, she was wild with jealousy, and I took advantage of it; she came across the man who had driven her wild, and you know the rest. Some avenging power put me up as counsel for the crown. I was like a madman when I found what I was to do, and some men are eloquent when mad: the woman was condemned, and by my words. I could have torn out my tongue; I could have fallen down and kissed your feet when you were pleading; and when you spoke of the unborn child, of the murder which the law, if carried out, would do, the brand of Cain seemed on me, and I left the court determined to move heaven and earth, to sacrifice anything, rather than go forth in my course with such guilt upon my soul. You know how fate or Providence came between me and my desire, and how for months I was prostrate. Do you know, as I lay under the carriage that day and felt the steam of the smashed engine piercing my very bones, I saw the gallows and heard her shriek; I heard her cry out your name and call God to bless you. I thought then I was dying, and that it was but the dire foretaste of the mystery of death. When I was able to make inquiry, I went back to York and was told the child was still-born; but to-night a sudden light flashed upon me: God, whom I thought merciless, has not forgotten me, he has saved me almost by a miracle from a greater sin. I loved poor Nelly; my heart went out to her long ago, and as she grew older she grew dearer, until, ignorant as I was, I could only think of it as love that must make her my wife. I meant to ask her to-night, and behold I have lost and won her at once. Tell your wife, Mark; she will be merciful, for she is a good woman. I'll go now. No Mark, not to-night: I must get away by myself. I'll come to-morrow, and bring her some other gift;" and going over to the fireplace, he dropped the little box into the flames, muttering, "Thank Heaven, it was in time."

"But Nelly will still be ours," said Mrs. Pembroke, when the first astonishment with

which she had heard the story had passed off, snatching at one ray of comfort.

"Undoubtedly, he cannot claim her with-

out telling her the story, and that he could never do : there his grief is our gain."

"Oh ! Mark, how thankful I am. It is



(See page 354.)

very wicked, I dare say, to be glad he cannot take her, poor man. I used to think his heart was seared by his work, and yet all the time under the ice there lay such a romance as this. And you too, long as you've known him, never to guess."

Mark smiled and patted his wife's cheek. "I was too happy and too busy to take account of my neighbour's affairs, and Considine was not one of those who talk of themselves. Even from a boy he never spoke of anything connected with himself.

When Nelly talks to you about this fancy of hers——"

"It is no fancy," interrupted Mrs. Pembroke; "she told me all about it just now."

"Then so much the worse, and more need to treat it as a fancy. Tell her you must have the doctor; nature, I know, plays strange pranks at times, and the haunting horror of the condemned woman has affected the unborn child."

Considine came early the next day, and Mrs. Pembroke very nearly began to cry out of sheer pity, when she met his saddened weary look, for the man had been face to face with a greater Judge than himself, and the verdict had been "guilty."

"Thank you, my kind friend," said he, holding her hand, and reading in her face the unspoken words of sympathy. "I can never hope to repay one tithe of my obligation to you or Mark: we'll talk over what I can do another time; now I must only stay a minute; but I could not rest until I had seen her—just one look in her face."

Nelly was in the supper-room up to her knees in flowers; she had almost forgotten the scene of the night before, and although something in Considine's face recalled it, the flowers and sunshine came between her and the pain of the memory.

"I've brought you a birthday offering, Nelly." It was the first time he had ever left out the conventional Miss before her name. Nelly's heart gave a little bound, and her eyes rose up to his with a shy look of wonder and expectation, her colour coming and going as he went on. "You know I am such an old friend that I claim a right to give you something nice, and to tell you how I love and admire my little friend. If uncle Mark grows tired of you I'll adopt you, and build you a fairy palace full of flowers and sunshine."

He tried to laugh as he spoke, and laid his hand upon the disordered locks of bright hair, amongst which some rose petals had fallen. Nelly at once took the case, stooped, and kissed his hand. Mrs. Pembroke whispered something in her ear, and with a bright blush the girl held up her face, saying:—

"Aunt says I'm to kiss you, sir."

Considine started and caught her in his arms, bidding God bless her; then, before Nelly knew what to say or think, the door closed behind him, and she and her aunt were alone.

"Poor man," said Mrs. Pembroke, misunderstanding Nelly's flushing face; "he had a daughter, and thinks you like her; you must not think anything of his being a little peculiar: he forgets you are not a child."

Tears sprang up into Nelly's eyes,—half-angry, petulant tears. Why did he think her

a child? she was nineteen, quite a woman, and—but here Nelly's heart began to throb very fast and strangely interrupted her thoughts, nor had she time then to follow the grievance up, for Mrs. Pembroke was curious to know what the judge's present was.

The case was soon opened, and Nelly's eyes were dazzled, for lying upon the deep blue velvet was a gorgeous diamond bracelet.

Mr. Considine, who had no idea what present to give to the young lady, had placed the matter in the hands of a jeweller, who in turn, weighing the value of the gift by the greatness of the giver, had chosen one worthy, as he truly said, of royalty; and though the price did seem rather great, Considine thought it was only ignorance on his part, and would willingly have given twice as much to see Nelly look pleased.

"It must be worth two hundred pounds at least," said Mrs. Pembroke, rather breathlessly, for she, too, had been dazzled by the magnificence of the offering.

"Two hundred pounds, aunty; two hundred pounds for a present to poor little me!" and Nelly bent down, pretending to examine the bracelet, but only to shake off the tears that had come again; not angry tears this time; nor did she say anything more about him considering her a child. "Men do not buy bracelets worth two hundred pounds for children," said Miss Nelly to herself.

Mrs. Pembroke smiled at the girl's bright face, and watched her flashing the glittering jewels about, thinking in her heart what a mercy it was that Nelly was still such a child, and not, like other girls, fancying everybody who liked or was kind to them must be in love.

Nelly was dressed long before the guests were expected, and in the first drawing-room watching, if the truth were told, for Mr. Considine, who she thought would be sure to come first. What a pretty picture she made, as she stood there before the bright fire, the candle-light flashing down upon the rippling golden hair, and making all sorts of shadows in the misty blue dress which, looped up with white roses, floated round the alight girlish figure.

Considine saw it as he came through the hall, for Nelly, determined to catch him before he went further, had left the door open.

"Oh! Mr. Considine," she cried, turning round and holding out the arm bound round with the gleaming bracelet, "how very kind of you! I never dreamt of having such a present in my life; only look how the light seems to gather and flash. I do believe they are bits of real sunlight petrified. I can never thank you enough;" and Nelly looked up,

thinking that she had intended to give him another kiss; but instead of doing so she held down her face burning with blushes. There was something in his that thrilled like an electric shock through the girl's form,—such a yearning, pitying, loving gaze,—and the strong hand in which hers lay folded grasped it until, but for the counter-excitement, she must have cried aloud with pain; but Nelly forgot the pain when she heard him say that the present was nothing to the love with which he loved her; and then he called her his pet and child, and Nelly's heart sank, for she remembered what her aunt had said, and that, after all, he might not care for her, because of the likeness to his daughter, and almost involuntarily the little hand stole up to his shoulder. Nelly's eyes swimming in tears rose to his, and the sweet voice, tremulous in its earnestness, said, "You are unhappy, Mr. Considine, and you have been so very kind to me. I wish I could do anything to please you. I want to thank you, to show you" (the hand dropped, and the voice sank into a whisper, for voices were heard in the hall) "that I really am not such a child, but that I can be wise sometimes;" and then, with a miserable little attempt at a smile, Nelly turned away to play her first part in the act of life—to feel that which every woman has felt some time, that smiles must come to call.

Nelly was young, and nature in a young untried heart cannot look long at bright things without reflecting their light; so before the night was over, Nelly was the happiest and gayest there: ready to accept in good part the incense offered, and to believe the world that had such bright hours must also have stores of joys to come.

At last the guests were gone; all good-nights said, the house dark and silent. Nelly was in bed, but not asleep; her face was resting upon the arm round which the bracelet was clasped. Nelly was thinking of the grave sad face that from time to time during the night had come in amongst the mirth and music like a memory of some lost happiness. She was thinking of what he had said by the fireside before the others arrived, and so thinking she fell asleep, and was still sleeping when Mrs. Pembroke came in on her way down-stairs, and a tender happy smile was on the old lady's face. "She's only a child yet, Mark," she said, as she poured out her husband's coffee. "You remember how she used to take her toys to bed with her, and how you found the new box of ninepins under her pillow; well, she has the bracelet on, poor little thing! and then how I used to vex myself whenever I saw a man near her, thinking that wanted to rob us of our darling!"

But Mrs. Pembroke was wrong, as elderly ladies very frequently are when they begin to account for the actions or motives of the second generation. Poor Nelly had said farewell to her childhood.

Mr. Considine had gone on circuit the day after the ball, much, let it be said, to Mark and Mrs. Pembroke's relief, both these worthy people being secretly jealous of this unexpected claimant upon Nelly's love, and exceedingly doubtful and perplexed as to the possibility of keeping up the secret.

About a fortnight after this, Mark told his wife he thought Nelly looking pale. "She's fagged with all this gadding and heat, wife; you must take her down to the farm. I'll write or telegraph to Mrs. Brown, to get the old Home ready; you and she can run down on Tuesday; Michael Considine and I will follow on Friday."

Nelly was delighted, and owned herself tired of dancing and croquet. The "old Home" was the place of all others she liked best: a rambling farm-house, with an old-fashioned garden, where there was a wilderness of flowers, blooming as no London flowers ever do bloom, filling the air with perfume, and suffering themselves to be gathered every day without any visible diminution in beauty or fragrance.

The great wide porch was shaded with jasmine and honeysuckle, and the old walls were clustered with monthly roses and vines; under the broad eaves a colony of swallows were always twittering, always stirring about, always in hurry, and always a delight to watch.

Beyond the garden lay a green meadow, at the foot of which ran the mill-stream dammed back to form the pond, a long, deep, silent pool, draped with the largest willow trees in the country, in which lay the biggest trout, and along the banks of which grew a carpet of bright-eyed forget-me-nots; a lovely quiet place was the mill-pool, the mill-wheel, killed by distance, waking the silence by a soft slumberous sound. A favourite haunt of Nelly's was the pool; she was there every day, generally towards evening, when the red lights from the setting sun were glinting through the trees, throwing strongly defined shadows upon the brown water, and the trout rose lazily to suck down the unsuspecting flies or moths, taking their evening meal as it were under protest.

Nelly generally carried a book with her; but nature was just then the pleasanter book, and Nelly was no idle student. The mill stood at the head of the village street, and the village was one of those quaint clusters of buildings met with now and then where railways are unknown. Houses with eaves and over-

hanging windows, built half of wood, half stone or brick, with a queer old alehouse and swinging sign, the hostess of which was wont to boast that the business had descended from father to son for four hundred years, which, being beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, was left undisputed.

Nelly was known and loved everywhere. There was not a cottage where at some time or other she had not been the messenger of relief or comfort; for here, as in other villages, there was the usual round of sore throats, bad hands, and rheumatics to cure, and Nelly was dispensing doctor general—carrying about the universal cures compounded by Mrs. Pembroke from an ancient recipe-book belonging to the house: thus the arrival of the “family” was hailed with genuine delight, and for the first three days there was plenty to do in calling at the different cottages, visiting favourite haunts, and picking flowers to fill the endless jars which ornamented every chimney-piece and window in the house.

Upon Friday, Mark and Mr. Considine came down, and in the evening Nelly left the old people sitting after dinner, and stole away to her favourite seat under the willows, and there in a short time her reverie was broken in upon by Mr. Considine, who, sitting down upon the green bank beside her, talked of the pleasant country, and the pleasure of being there and idle after the bustle and trouble of circuit, to say nothing of the noise and heat of London. Nelly listened and answered. Then, as the shades of evening drew closer round them, and the red clouds were reflected like patches of blood in the clear water, the solemn influence of the hour fell upon them, and both were silent: Nelly’s eyes watching the changing cloud scene mirrored before her; Considine gazing upon the childlike face, and trying to read what was passing there. Suddenly he saw the eyes dilate, the colour flush up, then departing, leaving the face white with terror, and stooping forward she laid one hand upon his, pointing to the water with the other. Following the direction indicated, he saw a dim shadow, a ghastly one-armed thing, the curse that had embittered so many years of a triumphant career.

His first thought was of Nelly, and the first impulse to shield her mind from the impression by accounting for the strange shadow by natural means; but in vain he looked round among the trees where the branches were interwoven thickly, but where there were no bare arms. Nelly’s eyes had followed his, and looked back into his as he turned again.

“Is that the shadow you said haunted you?” she asked. “Why do I see it too? Aunt says it is fancy; but if you see it and I

see it, how can it be fancy? Why do we only see it—you and I?”

Considine did not answer. He kept his face turned away, and Nelly, after waiting, stooped forward, and looking into his countenance, saw the sweat-drops beading brow and lip, and the agony he dare not show her. The girl’s face changed instantly; there was no blush of maiden shame, but a woman’s strong love and anxiety, as she said passionately and bitterly at last—

“You are ill. You are unhappy. Why will you not let me share your pain? You think me a child, but you have taught me to be a woman. What can I say to make you trust me?”

“Heaven, have mercy on me! Nelly, be silent. You are killing me!” and unfastening the clasping fingers from his, Considine sprang to his feet, and, standing there before her, told the story of her birth and of his sin.

How Nelly looked, what Nelly said, he never rightly knew. He saw only a mass of light muslin, and heard a low cry of agony as two hands were stretched out, as if to ward off some blow, then clasped together again in agony.

Two hours afterwards, Mrs. Pembroke was sitting by Nelly’s bed-side, where the poor girl lay moaning incessantly.

“Why did he tell me? Why did he tell me?”

Poor Mrs. Pembroke had asked the same question, and Considine had replied that there was no alternative; the hour had come, and then he had gone away, not farther than the village inn, however, where he waited to see his child again.

A few days passed over, Nelly was passive and apparently better, so Mrs. Pembroke went over to the rectory, and sitting there a little longer than she intended, the darkness of a summer evening had fallen before she reached the village street. On her homeward walk, Mr. Considine, who had seen her set off and had been watching for her return, joined her, and together they walked on talking of Nelly; but when close to the inn, where three country labourers were drinking their ale and smoking their pipes at the door, a woman servant from the house ran up from the mill road.

“Something has happened,” gasped poor Mrs. Pembroke, with that presentiment of evil which comes over us at times; “run forward—I cannot.”

“Oh! ma’am, oh! sir,” cried the woman. “Miss Nelly——” then, unable to finish the sentence, she dropped down upon her knees, crying hysterically, and Considine, bidding the men stay with Mrs. Pembroke, hurried forward to learn what had happened. He had

not far to go in uncertainty, for by the gate into the mill walk stood another servant. She pointed to the green bank, and there he saw Mark kneeling and supporting a white figure. He knew the truth now, and had no need to have it seared deeper into his heart by the bitter words that broke in the first agony from poor Mark Pembroke. Passive as a child he stood aside as the crowd gathered and as the attempts to restore life were proceeded with—attempts which, by God's mercy, were crowned with success. And Mark was carrying the half-inanimate form into the house as the doctor galloped up and took the case, happily now a hopeful one, in hand. But when one danger was over, another was imminent. Brain fever followed the shock, and for hours and days the poor girl's ravings were even harder to bear than the first trial.

Day and night Mark and his wife watched, and day and night Considine sat in her room. No one could move him; he laughed in Mark's face as the latter spoke of rest or food. And then they left him alone, for the man's remorse was stronger than even their love. At last a change came: and the opiates took effect.

"If she awakens free from delirium, she will live," pronounced the doctor. "If not, death will be the merciful alternative to permanent insanity."

Who can tell the agony of the watch kept in the little white draperied room, or the depth of repentance of the conscience-stricken man leaning his white unshaven face upon his hands, his eyes bloodshot with wakeful nights staring forward across the darkened room, watching the pale face where life and death flickered to and fro!

The mid-day sun had been shining when the sleep fell upon Nelly, and midnight had crept upon the watchers without any definite change.

Mrs. Pembroke had laid her head upon her husband's shoulder, and exhaustion had brought sleep. A servant had stolen in, and left a shaded lamp. The doctor had come and gone down-stairs again to wait—lying down upon the drawing-room sofa to snatch an hour's sleep.

The window of the bed-room was open, and the summer wind came in laden sweet with the breath of the flowers the sick girl had loved.

Hour after hour went on, and the first red streak of day dawn was brightening in the east, when Nelly opened her eyes and turned her face towards the window, drawing up the bed-clothes. The action was so quiet and natural that Mark, unable to bear the suspense, uttered her name aloud. Nelly started

for a moment; a puzzled look was in her face: then the light came.

"Oh! uncle, how wicked I've been!" she sobbed. "Where is he—my father, my father?"

In an instant Considine was kneeling at her side, his face buried in the counterpane, and his sobs shaking the bed.

"You'll forgive me," she whispered, with the thin weak hand on his head.

"My darling! my darling!" was all the stricken man could say.

Nelly was safe now, and said nothing more about forgiveness. She read it in every word and look of love that soothed and tended her during the long week in which she was regaining strength, and in the thought and tenderness with which they took her away from the old house without letting her see the fatal pool.

Mr. Considine set the world's curiosity and opinion at defiance, and owned Nelly as his daughter; and, strange to say, the world never discovered the secret of her birth. But, stranger still, Nelly *had forgotten* it. The fever had, as it were, wiped out the fatal explanation in every particular, save one, that Considine had claimed her as his daughter. The shadow of the gallows was gone. Nature had worked out her meed of punishment; and mercy had fulfilled the promise, "I will not be angry for ever."

L. D. FENTON.

THE LAND'S END OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

WHEN we are at the Mull of Cantire we are literally at the Land's-end of the Western Highlands; for Cantire, or *Cean-tire*, is the Gaelic for Land's-end, or Head of the Land, and is a thoroughly descriptive name for the physical geography of the long and narrow peninsula of South Argyllshire.* This great headland of Cantire—forty-one miles in length, and from one to ten miles in breadth—attains its greatest width in its southernmost part,—the parish of Southend, where is a district so beautiful that it has been called "the garden of Cantire," and where, at Macharich, the Duke of Argyll has a pleasant residence, to which he pays with his family, an annual summer visit. Except to the south, where it opens to the sea, this "garden" is girdled by a tumultuous waste of mountains, the two monarchs of which attain an altitude of more than 2000 feet: and these heights terminate abruptly in the bold precipices of the Mull,

* The Cambr-Celts turned *Cean* into *Pen*, which they applied to a hill, but not to a promontory: and *Cean*, when Anglicised, becomes our familiar *Ken*. Thus, the five great headlands of Britain,—Kent, Lincolnshire, Haddingtonshire, Aberdeenshire, and Caithness,—were originally and severally called *Kent*.

against which the Atlantic waves are dashed with a roar that has been heard at the distance of forty miles.

This is the Mull of Cantire, dreaded of mariners, the Epidian promontory of which Ptolemy speaks in the earliest mention of this Highland peninsula, and it was to avoid "rounding wild Cantire," that Bruce and Lord Ronald, as described in Scott's "Lord of the Isles," carried their boat across the isthmus of the peninsula at Tarbert, after the fashion of that King of Norway, Magnus "Barefoot" (Barfod, or Ber-fötta), who, by taking his galley over the isthmus, claimed Cantire as an island, and therefore his property, according to the grant of the Scottish king. Glancing at the map, and seeing Cantire dangling by its narrow Tarbert neck from the mainland, we also see that it approaches more nearly than any other part of Great Britain to the coast of Ireland, less than twelve miles of water alone separating the two countries, and Rathlin Isle forming as it were a stepping stone between them. And this geographical proximity is also suggestive of the earliest history of Cantire. It was colonised by the Scots from Ireland—over which "Scotia" even Dr. Lingard fell into error,—from whence the Cantire Highlanders were called Hibernii, or Irish, up to so late a date as 1547, as well to denote their extraction as to distinguish them from the Scots of the mainland. It was in the year 503 that Fergus, Angus, and Lorn crossed from Ireland to Cantire, conquered the peninsula, and established the kingdom of Dalriada. From thence arose the royal line of Cantire, and (in the words of Robertson) "the history of Scotland as a kingdom." Thus, this Land's-end of the Western Highlands yields to no other part of Scotland in historical interest; for here was the original seat of the Scottish monarchy, and its chief town, Cean-loch, now called Campbelton, was the capital of the Scottish kingdom three centuries before Edinburgh sprang into existence. It was, too, the first part of the Western Highlands in which Christianity took root. Hither came the kinsman of King Fergus, St. Columba, when he had turned his back upon that Ireland which he had vowed never to see again, and at Kilcolmkill, hard by the Mull of Cantire, he preached the Gospel some two years or more before he finally left Cantire in quest of his last resting-place at Iona. Hither, too, St. Columba had been preceded by his tutor, St. Kieran, who well-earned his title to be called "the Apostle of Cantire," having been the first to preach the Gospel there, before its good tidings had been proclaimed in any other portion of the Western Highlands.

It was a rough journey both for friends and

foes to cross from Ireland to Cantire; although the distance from the Mull to the promontory of Tor Point, County Antrim, is but eleven and a half miles. But this North Channel is exposed to the full force of the Atlantic waves, aggravated by strong conflicting tidal currents which run at the rate of four knots an hour. And even in calm weather there is ever such "wild unrest" at this spot, as the hoarsely-thundering billows dash against the precipitous sea-wall of the iron-bound shore, that fish have deserted the locality, unable to struggle against the perpetual conflict of the tides. Looking to the dangers accumulated at the Mull of Cantire, we naturally expect to meet there with everything that can be devised by human skill for the avoidance of accidents, and the preservation of life and property. It was not, however, until the year 1861, that Cantire could speak of its life-boat, when Lady Murray, at a cost of 520*l.*, presented the peninsula with a life-boat and its appliances. But, even then, it was not placed at the Mull, where it was most needed, but was stationed at Campbelton, from whence it was thought that it could be most easily transported to the Mull, to Machrehanish Bay on the western coast, or to wherever it might be wanted. Its services were first needed for the wreck of the *Genova*, October, 13, 1862; but on its way from Campbelton to the Mull, the boat carriage stuck in a gateway at Carakay, and by this accident was delayed until there was no need for the boat's services. This led to much discussion as to the proper station for the life-boat; the Duke of Argyll considered that the creek at Dunaverty was a preferable position to Campbelton, the wrecks at the Mull being more numerous than those at Machrehanish Bay, and Dunaverty Bay being in the near neighbourhood of the Mull, Carakay, Sanda, and Paterson's Rock—a rock visible only at neap-tides, and almost as disastrous to mariners as the Mull itself, and on which an iron beacon, fifty feet high, with a ladder and cage, was fixed in October, 1865, but was entirely destroyed by the storms of the following winter. It was decided, however, to retain the life-boat at Campbelton, and an agreement was entered into by the National Life-boat Association and Mr. Hunter, farmer of Southend, to establish at Southend a rocket apparatus for wrecks happening nigh shore; which apparatus can easily be transported to any part of the Mull. The life-boat has already been instrumental in the preservation of life, and its crew especially distinguished themselves in the rescue of the captain and six of the sailors of the *barque Providence* when that vessel was wrecked in Machrehanish Bay, in the terrible gale at midnight of October 29, 1863.

But if there is no life-boat station to be seen at the land's-end of the Land's-end, yet does that remote nook of wild Cantire possess a still more useful institution in the shape of a noted landmark and public building. And in so wild a spot, the very wildest in wild Cantire, composed of jagged rocks, steep precipices, and boiling waves, what other public building and useful institution could we expect to see than that most valuable of all public buildings on a rock-bound coast,—a light-house? And here the light-house is. Backed up by hills that rise to an altitude of 1200 feet, the Mull light-house stands on the verge of a precipitous cliff, 280 feet above the ordinary sea level—though the level is never seen there even in the calmest weather. The base of the cliff is girt about with rocky fragments that have been worn by the ceaseless action of the boisterous waves into the most fanciful of forms. Three of these fragments go by the names of the Merchants, or Pedlars, from some imagined likeness that they bear, when viewed from the sea, to a trio of those travelling pedlars who, in Scotland, are dignified by the name of merchants. Although the light-house is on the mainland, yet it is situated in so lonely and truly wild a corner of the peninsula, that during the winter season it is often inaccessible for many days together, and a stock of provisions has to be stored up by the keeper, as though he were victualling a similar station perched on a solitary rock at a distance from the coast. But in the summer season a trip to the Mull light-house is one of the pleasantest excursions that can be devised for the scene of a picnic; “the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses,” and the view on all sides is gloriously grand. It includes the long sea-board of the Irish coast, Rathlin island, Islay, and the other southern Hebrides, Sanda and its satellites, Ailsa Crag, Arran with its serried peaks, the coast of Ayr-

shire, and the land of Burns, whence the poet could look across the waves to this land's-end of wild Cantire, whither his Highland



The Land's End, Cantire.

Mary had come to Campbelton, to visit her parents ere she took that last journey which was to make her the wife of Burns, but which was so soon interrupted at Greenock by her premature death. But it is the sea view that forms so great and grand a portion of the magnificent panorama that may be seen from the Mull light-house, or, still better, from those hills, 1200 feet high, that raise their heathery summits immediately behind the light-house, and which, in their turn, are lorded over by the twin giants Cnoc-maigh and Sliabh, whose summits soar above the Atlantic to the respective heights of 2000 and 2036 feet.

The original light-house was built by Mr. Peter Stuart of Campbelton; and as the road through the Mull was not made till the year 1818, the various portions of the light room and the reflecting apparatus (brought from Edinburgh) had to be carried to their destination on the workmen's shoulders. The light was first shown on December 1, 1788; but the building was remodelled in 1820 by Mr. Robert Stevenson, who was the engineer to the Commissioners for the Northern Lights, of which the Mull light-house is the most southern example. Sir Walter Scott was one of these commissioners, and it was on one of his tours

of inspection that he visited the Hebrides, and gained the local information which he turned to such good use in his "Lord of the Isles," wherein he speaks of the Tarbert boat-carrying, in order to avoid the danger of "rounding wild Cantire." The light from the Mull light-house can be seen for a distance of thirty-miles in clear weather. Nine miles to the east, on the Island of Sanda (which is also in the same parish of Southend), is a second light-house, erected in 1850, chiefly as a protection to vessels from the dangers of Paterson's Rock, and having a light visible at fifteen miles' distance. Cantire has a third light-house, erected in 1854, on Davar Island, to guide the mariner into Campbelton Harbour. There are also four light-houses that are visible from Cantire; that on the rocks called the Maidens, off the eastern coast of Antrim, and directly south of the Mull; that on the Island of Rathlin, which, according to the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Romney Robertson, Astronomer Royal of Ireland,* can be distinctly seen from the Maidens' Light, a distance of twenty-seven nautical miles; that on Pladda island, a mile south of Arran; and that on the bold promontory called Mac Arthur's Head, on the east side of Islay, and at the southern entrance of its Sound. The last is the most recently built, its light having been first displayed Sept. 1, 1861. It is a fixed light, in a tower of the height of forty-two feet, on a rock 128 feet above high water, spring-tides, and is visible, in clear weather, seventeen nautical miles.

In consequence of the great destruction of shipping and property, and the damage to mercantile interests from the shipwrecks in the neighbourhood of the Mull of Cantire, and the delay in receiving information of such losses at Glasgow, and the consequent difficulties attendant upon sending out tugs to ships in distress, a proposal was submitted to the Clyde trustees by Mr. Kincaid, in July, 1863, that a telegraphic communication should be established between Glasgow and the Cumbræ, Pladda, and Cantire light-houses. The effect of this would be, that the twenty-five tugs now engaged in towing vessels into the Clyde would be able to lie in such safe harbours as Lamlash and Campbelton Bays, ready to go out when required, and at once to be despatched to the aid of distressed vessels, instead of being obliged, as is now the case, to keep knocking about day and night, in all weathers, in the North Channel, and often without having anything to do for many days. This proposal was not entertained by the Clyde trustees, but has, from time to time, been revived by various persons. It was again brought before an in-

fluent meeting in the Underwriters' Room, Royal Exchange, Glasgow, on February 16, 1864, and also on the following March 11, at a meeting at the Council room, Campbelton, and with such success that the scheme is now in a fair way of being fully carried out. As a portion of the scheme, it was decided to take the telegraphic wires from Glasgow to Inverary, from thence to Ardrishaig and Campbelton, and from thence to the Mull light-house. This has already been done by the Universal Private Telegraph Company, as far as Campbelton, the telegraphic communication between this old capital of the Scottish kingdom and the modern commercial capital of Scotland, being formally opened September 4, 1865, by an interchange of telegraphed compliments between the chairman of the company at Glasgow, the Provost of Campbelton, and the Duke of Argyll, who was on his way through Campbelton, with his wife and family, for his pleasant land's-end residence at Mac-harioch, on the Mull. The portion of the telegraphic scheme yet to be accomplished is the extension of the wires to the Mull, and thence to Ireland by a submarine line to Fair Head, and from there to Belfast.* A railway to and through Cantire is also being mooted, the passage from Glasgow to Campbelton being at present seven hours long.

Now that the "wild Cantire" of Scott's "Lord of the Isles," has been so thoroughly brought within the humanising influences of the latest marvel that Science has bestowed upon Civilisation, as to be linked by the sympathetic wires with all Scotland and England, and brought into instant communication with their cities and towns, so that its ancient capital of the old Scottish kingdom can converse with the English metropolis for the small charge of two shillings a message, we may not only hope, but reasonably expect that the grand scheme for usefulness and enlightenment will have the special peculiarity of embracing and developing that other noble system, embodied in the words "the Northern Lights:" words which have their southernmost example in the light-house on the Mull of Cantire. Thus, if the telegraphic communication scheme should be carried into full effect, this light-house and its wild shore will be invested with a new source of interest, connecting, as it will do, the three sister kingdoms with the closest links, and conferring upon the land of Ossian and Fingal a greater marvel than was ever dreamed of by bard and seannachie. So that the future voyager, when "rounding wild Cantire," and

* In his letter of November, 1863, to the Inspecting Committee of the Ballast Board.

* It is proposed to use Professor Wheatstone's patent for the wires and apparatus, and to lay two lines of wires, the one for marine purposes only, the other for the general public. The cost of the undertaking is assumed to be ten thousand pounds.

recalling to memory those words from the "Lords of the Isles" as he sails past their former territory, will be enabled to reflect that the Land's-end of the Western Highland is no longer wild in manners, customs, or lack of progress, but remains wild only in its ancient history, traditions, and legends, as well as in certain grandly picturesque portions of its peninsular scenery, more especially in that, the wildest of all, where the cliff-poised light-house flings its welcome rays over the wild "white horses" of the great Atlantic, as they come raging in, all flecked with foam from their three thousand mile race, and dash themselves madly against the splintered rocks that have wrought destruction to many a gallant barque.

But the rays from that light-house are not only a welcome sight to mariners, storm-beaten through a wild winter's night, but the light-house itself is also a pleasant object by day to the fair-weather tourist and pic-nicing visitor. Its whitened walls of solid masonry, its sturdy round tower with the balcony and copper dome, gleam brightly in the sunshine, and make a brilliant spot against the dark background of the heather-stained hills. Enter those substantial walls that protect not only the keeper's habitation, but also his neatly-kept garden, wherein flowers, fruit, and vegetables grow and bloom and ripen in defiance of the wild Atlantic storms, insert your autograph in the Visitors' Book, climb the spiral stair to the burners, step out upon the balcony, and then feast your eyes with the glorious prospect, and acknowledge that for scenes where wild seas and landscapes are brought together in an endless variety of picturesque combinations, with scattered islands that rise from the waves with torn and ragged or softly undulating outlines, and with distant mainlands melting in the blue haze of the horizon—if you wished to see to perfection such a panorama as this, then confess that you have realised your desire in the view seen from the Mull light-house at the land's-end of the Land's-end of the Western Highlands.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

DESILLUSIONNÉ.

I.

FROM the light-ircled hall, through the dazzling throng

Hand in hand we had noiselessly gone;
And hush! were the echoes of dance and of song,
As we stood on the terrace alone.

II.

No sound, save the plash of the fountain, was heard,

Which murmur'd its lullaby there
To the leaves of the jessamine, languidly stirr'd

By the kiss of the lone laden air

III.

The moonbeams fell with a light caress,
And play'd, with a tender grace,
On the quivering sheen of her snowy dress,
And the calm of her exquisite face.

IV.

In silence I watch'd, as the waters fell
With a musical, murmuring sound;
Not daring, not dreaming to loosen the spell,
Or profane the enchanted ground.

V.

She stood like a creature of heavenly birth,
With a mission of love to fulfil:—
A spirit removed from the sorrows of earth,
And above all mortal ill!

VI.

As I gazed on her, faintly she whisper'd my name,
And said low, while my breath came thick:
"I have eaten too much of that fowl à la crème,
And think I am going to be sick."

W. CROSSMAN.

TICKETS AND TOURISTS WHOLESALE.

You haven't been out of town this season. I pity you. I have been mulcted of a holiday myself, so I have a sort of fellow-feeling for a companion in trouble.

The season is drawing in, but look sharp, and with the assistance of an invaluable publication here at my elbow, we may make up for lost time yet.

Where will you go to? that's the question. Possibly you don't much fancy the sea, and would rather confine your peregrinations within the boundaries of your native island. Of course. Well, what a pity you are too late for the excursion "between the Midland and Eastern Counties." It started on the 24th inst., and that it could not be otherwise than delightful, is guaranteed by the circumstance, that, "should the harvest, protracted by continual rains, be gathered before the date mentioned, it would not be surprising if a good number of agriculturists, as well as the people of the great manufacturing towns and cities of the Midland and the North, take advantage of this last cheap arrangement for visiting the coast towns of the East."

But, see, there is yet another trip, date unknown; you would be sure to enjoy it. As one of the great advantages of a run into the country is the thorough change after the noise, hubbub, and crowding of the metropolis, it is easy enough to see that peace and quiet are sure to be the lot of all participating in one of Mr. Cook's excursions between the Midland and Eastern counties.

Have you ever been beyond the Tweed? Don't answer yes, merely to make me believe you are fashionable enough to be a slayer of grouse. For the "last Scotch trip" fixed from "numerous places in the Midland dis-

trict and from Newcastle, Hexham, and Carlisle," you are decidedly behind time; it is however worth while to consider its details, if only to find out some of the pleasures that are in store for you, perhaps next year. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that "this early date," to wit, the 19th inst., is "preferred to the later period of the middle of October, when excursion trains were arranged for the two past seasons;" since in October, though there has "generally been brilliant weather in the Highlands, inconvenience is occasioned by the discontinuance of coaches and steamers." To the end of September all arrangements continue, and Mr. Cook, or, as he is pleased to term himself, "we," can issue tickets with confidence for all parts of the country. Here is, certainly, a reassuring fact, for if there is one thing more disagreeable than another, it is having to walk when you expected to drive, or to swim when there was a likelihood of steaming. It is further worthy of notice that the time is "restricted to seven days, and that the return to the Midland district is fixed for the night of the 25th." "Brevity is the soul of wit," and perhaps the same virtue has something to do with the enjoyment of travel. Under the directorship of Cook junior you may reckon on starting from "Edinburgh for Glasgow on the evening of Thursday the 20th, and from Glasgow for Oban on the morning of the 21st. Saturday the 22nd is the day for a trip to Staffa and Iona; Sunday must be spent in Oban, and on Monday coaches to Loch Lomond, by all the routes, are engaged."

Here's "multum in parvo" with a vengeance, a case of breakfast, dinner and tea all in one; if you want to reflect you must do so afterwards; they say the eye never loses the impress of an image once seen: this is lucky, as in so "giddy a whirl" as that in which you are likely to find yourself involved through the energy of Cook junior, there is just the merest chance in the world that the rapid succession of objects may induce something akin to bewilderment. However, the Staffa and Iona journey is as naught when compared with the arrangement for the delectation of those whose insatiable appetite for sight-seeing impels to the purchase of "Tickets No. 22, to start with from Edinburgh to Glasgow, Helensburgh, Ardriahag, Oban, Inverary, Tarbet, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, the Trosachs, Callander, Killin, Kenmore, Aberfeldy, Dunkeld;" where the traveller is advised to put up in the pocket of his ticket case the "unused coupons of the series, and start afresh with No. 17, going by the Highland Railway to Pitlochrie, Killiecrankie, Blair Athol, Kingussie, Inverness, Keith, Aberdeen, the Dee-

side to Aboyne, Ballater, Balmoral, Braemar, Blairgowrie, and Dunkeld, where the remaining tickets or coupons of the 22nd series come into operation to Perth and Edinburgh." Should your ardour be such that the faster you go and the more you see the better you like it, it may be gratifying to learn that "these two sets of tickets may be exhausted in a fortnight;" if your capacity for the absorption of facts is not quite on a par with the rumoured digestive powers of the ostrich, you may perhaps be contented with making them "extend over a month, it being unnecessary to date them until the time of entering upon the series." In the days of yore, terms in close relationship were "cheap and nasty;" under the direction of the illustrious Cook you, at all events, get plenty for your money, I can assure you, gentle reader, "the whole expense of the first-class travelling" in this stupendous "trip," or as certain cousins of ours might more appropriately term it, "rampage" over the "land of cakes," amounting but to a paltry £6, "exclusive of the usual fees to be paid to coachmen and guards," which we may not be thought cynical for estimating at £6 extra.

Delightful is it, as I remarked before, to exchange the bustle of town for the calm solitude and unsophisticated habits of the rural districts. Let us refresh ourselves, therefore, by contemplating the details of the "late great Scottish trips," thus enjoying a foretaste of the privileges that may fall to our lot, should we ever be in a position to avail ourselves of the services of the veteran Cook, an ill-used man, who reasonably enough complains that he finds it "lowering to official position to be reduced from the rank of field-marshal to that of captain;" who is compelled to state that "the press and public have made very free with his name and degrees during the past twenty-six years;" but who adds, with touching philanthropy, that "it is all the same so long as everybody is civil."

On Wednesday, August 29th, there were taken to Scotland by "three special trains and one appointed ordinary train, from 2000 to 2500 passengers. These combined trains consisted of about 100 carriages." Delightful must have been the sense of security imparted to the pleasure-seeking individuals within them. It is gratifying, however, to learn that this snug little family party reached Edinburgh without mishaps, and in three batches, the first at 4 p.m., the second at 9, the third and last a little before 11. The "great party from Leeds" was near getting into a quandary: in fact there would have been no escape for it, had not the comprehensive mind of the prince of excursionists induced him to take the pre-

caution of advertising in the Edinburgh papers "for those who kept lodgings to leave their cards at his head-quarters." Picturesque gables, flooded by moonlight, are all very well in their way, but after a day's journeying beds are better. It is consolatory to learn that the "number who found themselves actually bedless was very limited."

For the renovation of an overtaken muscular system, there is nothing like a good night's rest; the "bedless" ones must have been highly delighted, then, to find themselves "early on the following morning on the move for Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, and other towns and cities;" or else as a component part of the "great number who were soon off to the Trosachs, the Highlands, and other districts of tourist attraction."

Most gratifying must it have been to the natives of the territory invaded, especially those who had "urgent private affairs" at a distance, to find that "on Friday morning, August 31st, every coach running to Oban by five distinct routes was filled wholly or partly" by the disciples of Mr. Cook.

Even pleasure of the most virtuous kind is not without its drawbacks; and though "the day had for the most part been fine and pleasant, heavy rain fell in the evening," and the pilgrims to Oban entered it ignominiously, amid "a drenching Highland downfall."

This, however, was not the only *contretemps*, for during the long-anticipated trip to Staffa and Iona, "Old Neptune" made himself generally disagreeable to the tourists by a display of "uncourteous turbulence," thereby probably causing more inconvenience than that hinted at in the assertion that he effectually "spoil the prospects of the steward." In other respects, however, "the day," we are informed, "was one of great success," a good deal of this success being apparently referable to the circumstance that Mr. C. and party, in number about a hundred and fifty and five, "got into Fingal's cave at Staffa, although they had to land at the back of the island, and walk across its surface."

Most consolatory to the weary pilgrim is the presence of Greatheart. "The feared lack of coach accommodation on leaving the steamer at Lochawe caused a little sharp altercation at starting, owing to a party of five, not travelling with our tickets, assuming that they had a prior claim of accommodation to our travellers." The select "thirty-six of the party, by way of Inverary to Tarbet," might, in the innocence of their hearts, have yielded to the encroachments of these unconscionable interlopers, had not their magnanimous guide been at hand "to administer a little sharp rebuke" against such impertinence, and convince the

coachman and his disappointed passengers that the tickets of Mr. Cook should "never be allowed to have a secondary claim." "This little unpleasantness," we are further informed, was nipped in the bud by the "appearance of a special coach, sent from Inverary to meet" Cook and Co.; and it is not without apparent gusto that Greatheart adds, "at Inverary we got relief from our disagreeable fellow-travellers, who pushed on to Tarbet, whilst we enjoyed a good hot dinner at the Argyle Hotel."

Item.—"On Wednesday morning a division of the travelling party took place at Stirling, about twenty going with J. M. C. to Aberfeldy by coach from Callander, and from Aberfeldy to Dunkeld by railway. This coach trip, one of the finest in Scotland," laboured under the trivial disadvantage of being performed "amidst a continual down-pouring of rain," a circumstance truly gratifying to "the party, who enjoyed much their promenade of the grounds of the Duke of Athole," and, with a commendable idea of promoting the interests of commerce, "invested largely in the immense variety of beautiful articles manufactured in Dunkeld Wood, and sold by Mr. Anderson, near the Royal Hotel."

Delightful is it to learn that "to Scotland and to the Scottish railway, steam-boat and coach proprietaries, as to well as the hotel and lodging-house keepers, such interminglings of thousands of citizens" as are effected by the ingenious Cook, "are attended with pecuniary, social, and international advantages;" and that if two classes have been benefited more than any other, they are the "Highland and island populations, none of whom have been more beneficially interested than the poor people on either side of the Sound of Iona." As an instance of this, we are presently informed that on the most northern boundary of that interesting piece of water, "in the main street, facing the bay, a new house is in the course of erection, which is," Mr. Cook has been told, "about to be licensed for the sale of spirits." This fact is the more gratifying, when we remember that "for many years spirits were scarcely known to have an existence in Iona, and that the people, though poor, were healthy, long-lived, and ardently attached to each other by strong social affinities." A bad time, in a moral sense, is setting in for "the many fallen inebriates who have gone to Iona to escape the fascinations and powers of the great tempter."

Alas for the ghost of poor Dr. Johnson! That illustrious bibliographer was, we believe, not unappreciative of that which "maketh glad the heart of man," especially when in the form of "fine old crusty;" but as a "philo-

sopher and friend" of the favoured population of those "Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefit of knowledge and the blessings of religion," would he, in sight of the uprising "retail dram shop," have been so sure that "whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings?" "That man," adds the illustrious apostrophiser, "is little to be envied whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Probably so, but "poor and dejected as the people are," they seem to have arrived at the conclusion that body as well as religion is all the better for a periodical warming, and that the contemplation of "the interesting relics of antiquity, which constitute the great attractions" of their island, might be agreeably diversified by an occasional visit to the dram-shop.

Now for our good friends who don't mind the playful, but occasionally *mal-apropos*, "turbulence of Father Neptune," as referred to above. What say you to the "last excursion of the season to Paris?" Won't you be tempted? Not a ticket "for one or two months, procurable at the Fleet Street office (No. 98) on any day except Sunday, all the year round?" Or how about "Switzerland and the Alpine passes?" delightful places, both. Get among the mountains, by all means, if you are a man of substance, and would earn the gratitude of your next of kin. But, better than all, "the excursion to Venice." Pray don't let such an opportunity for cockneyfying a long oppressed country slip by disregarded. Tremendous attraction! fancy crossing "the fields of recent slaughter, to mingle with a liberated people at the moment of their enthusiastic joy!" Delight of delights! "all doubters, grumblers, and unreasonable expectants" to be excluded from the invading bands. "One hundred ladies and gentlemen have just been taken to Scotland without a word of suspicion or complaint," and it is only parties similarly unmurmuring that J. C., conscious of integrity, has the ambition to serve.

"Fares to North Italy and the Italian lakes." "London to Paris, Fontainebleau, Dijon, Neufchâtel, Berne, Fribourg, Lausanne, Geneva, and back by Maçon to Paris and London, tickets for one month, first class, 6l. 17s." There's a bargain! Or, better still, "London to Geneva, Sion, Brigue, over Simplon to Stressa and Arona, and back by St. Gothard from Como to Luellen, Lucerne, Berne, Neufchâtel, Paris, and London, or *vice versa*, 4l. 15s., or second class, 8l."

What say you to a little fling of 10,500 miles in nine weeks, 6000 of the said miles being

comprised in the "broad Atlantic," a three days' rest for the purpose of seeing the "Fenian bubble burst," and the first two or three days of a sojourn in New York devoted to a round of calls at the "principal stores and warehouses of the dry goods and other merchants, the magnificent white marble structures in Broadway, &c.," the busy throng of Wall Street and Washington, the excitement in the custom-house and "on 'Change," the interiors of the wonderful hotels, St. Nicholas, Fifth Avenue, Astor House, Metropolitan, &c., &c.; the mansions in Madison and other squares, Fifth Avenue, and neighbouring streets; the "Central Park," river ferry-boat system, Brooklyn, New Jersey, Staten Islands, &c. Notice the recurrence of "*et ceteras*," an *embarras de riches* in the fullest sense of the term; we defy our country cousins to do better than this when on a two days' trip to town, and making an *olla podrida* of Madame Tussaud's, Westminster Abbey, the Thames Tunnel, Duke of York's Column, and the usual thousand-and-one metropolitan spectacles, in the most approved whirl of discomfort. Mammoth Cave, St. Louis, Chicago, and its "immense slaughter of pigs and beasts;" "scenes of the war," including a "thrilling and suggestive spectacle" of "wooden huts that had been the head-quarters for officers, now used as pigsties and poultry-houses;" Richmond and Fredericksburg, Niagara Falls, and "mixed trains, which are really a combination of passenger and freight cars," going at the very leisurely rate of 172 miles in fourteen hours.

How came it that J. C., the indefatigable, flourished not for the benefit of humanity in an age prior to, but more appreciative than our own? How valuable would have been his services in promoting the cause of progress! Peter the Hermit would have been nothing to him. Compared with an energy so unremitting, that of Vasco or Columbus would have shrivelled into insignificance. Had J. C. been in the land of the living when the "Eastern question" turned the heads of all Europe, think ye that the pious pilgrims of the Cross would have remained so head-and-ears deep in ignorance as to imagine either that Jerusalem was at the distance of "fifty thousand miles," or that it could be reached in a "month's journey!" Think you that he would have left them so little versed in their geography as not to know better than "exclaim at the sight of every town or castle, 'Is that Jerusalem, is that the city?'" No; neither would so little attention have been devoted to their bodily requirements as to allow of pilgrims "perishing

• Guibert de Nogent.

at the rate of 500 a day; the horses of the knights dying on the road, and the baggage which they had aided to transport being placed upon dogs, sheep, and swine, or abandoned altogether." I ask, would the great J. C. have put up with such things? Certainly not. Contrast the carelessness of mediæval leaders with his devotion to those dependent upon him, as exemplified in the "sharp little rebuke" administered to the coachman and his interloping fares at Lochawe. J. C. may not be properly appreciated, but then he is a prophet in his own country. We have said as much for him as space will allow; if you want to learn anything more, we beg to refer you to his "Excursionist and European and American Tourist Advertiser, price twopence, by post threepence, established 1851, and registered for transmission abroad."

ARTHUR OGILVY.

RELICS OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

THE olden times, the olden times! How heart-thrilling to talk of the olden times, when gamesome men and bonny maidens a-maying went, and danced around the tall May-pole* in the merrie days of old England. Yes; to every true-born Englishman the associations connected with the olden times still come home, with a freshness that modern habits of thought and action can neither blunt nor restrain. The rail may roar and shriek, the arsenal may belch forth fire and smoke, the steam-engines may plough both land and main, but where is the English heart to be found that does not beat stronger in calling to remembrance the Olden Times of England?

To enter at large upon the tournaments, the archeries, the morris-dancers, the popinjay games, the hawking parties, the harvest homes, the Christmas revels, the baronial halls and baronial feasts, would require a series of articles, rather than the short essay suitable to a magazine. Let us then now confine our attention to some of the ancient customs which prevailed at the banquets and every-day repasts in the baronial halls of old England; as my object is to bring before the reader two sketches of interesting relics connected with these lordly entertainments.

That these feasts of the feudal lords and wealthy thanes were upon a scale entirely different from those of the aristocracy and squirearchy of our own times, the following extracts from "Stow's Survey of London" clearly demonstrate.

"Robert Nevill, Earl of Warwick," writes

the chronicler, "with six hundred men, all in red jackets embroidered with ragged staves before and behind, was lodged in Warwick-lane; in whose house there was oftentimes six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there so much of sodden and roast meat as he could prick and carry upon a long dagger."

"The housekeeping of Edward, late Earl of Derby, is not to be forgotten, who had two hundred and twenty men in check-roll; feeding aged persons twice every day, sixty and odd, besides all comers thrice a week." And of Nicholas West, Bishop of Ely in 1532, the old chronicler records, "He kept continually in his house an hundred servants, giving to the one half of them 53s. 4d. the piece, yearly; to the other half, each 40s. the piece; to every one for his winter gown, four yards of broad-cloth, and for his summer coat three yards and a half. He daily gave at his gates, besides bread and drink, warm meat to two hundred poor people." For further information upon this point, and upon kindred subjects, I beg to refer my readers to Mc Dermott's "Merrie Days of England."

I will now pass on to speak more particularly of the relics sketched below; and first of the Salt-cellar.

In the good days of the olden times, when noble lords ate and drank at the same board with their rough and ready retainers, the Salt-cellar played no unimportant part at the baronial feast. It was the symbol of quality, the rubicon that must not be passed. Those who sat above the Salt were the guests and equals of the lordly host; those who sat below it were the serfs and vassals.

As these good old days are now numbered with the "long long ago," and as these relics of distinctive rank are now but rarely seen, I have thought that an engraving of an antique silver salt-cellar may be considered interesting. This Salt is in the possession of Mr. J. W. Howlett of Crownthorpe, in Norfolk, in whose family it has been preserved for many generations, and by whose kind permission the present sketch has been taken. It is half the size of the original.

The Howletts of Norfolk, though now numbered with the yeomen families, formerly held considerable property in the county, having landed possessions at Mattishall, Tuddenham, Hockering, &c., and several of the family are mentioned under the name of Hulot, in a Norfolk subsidy roll for 1 Edward III. (1327).^{*} The old salt-cellar consists of three distinct

* We learn from an old tract entitled "Cities Loyalty Displayed," published in 1661, that a May-pole was erected in the Strand in the reign of Charles II., 134 feet high.

* See the monthly number for November, 1865, of a very useful publication called "The East Anglian: or, Notes and Queries, &c.," edited by Samuel Tymms, F.S.A. &c., for a more detailed account of the Howlett family.

parts, each forming a whole, either separately or in conjunction: the three parts fitting exactly into each other, as shown in the engraving; on the lower shield the letters $\text{H}^T \text{M}$



Antique Salt Cellar.

are plainly visible. To those who are interested in old salt-cellars, old pyxes, old tankards, old grace-cups, old nefs, and old caskets, I may perhaps be allowed to recommend an inspection of the engravings in the supplement to the Illustrated London News for December 13, 1862; they will there find a very unique collection of these relics of antiquity, forwarded by various contributors to the South Kensington Exhibition; among them is an engraving of a fine salt-cellar, presented in 1493 by Walter Hill to New College, Oxford.

Intimately connected also with the customs of the lordly banquets of the olden times, is another relic in the shape of an antique silver knife handle. It is in the possession of G. A. Carthew, Esq. of East Dereham, who has kindly allowed the following engraving to be taken.

The sketch is full size, and is a representation of St. George fighting with the Dragon. It is probably one of the earliest existing delineations of that well-known legend; for it was not till the reign of Edward III. (1327 to 1377) that St. George was considered to be the patron saint of England; and this old knife handle is supposed to belong to the early part of the fifteenth century. It was Edward III. who built a chapel at Windsor in honour of St. George, and who also instituted the order

of the Garter, the insignia of which has a representation of St. George slaying the Dragon.

The history of St. George and the Dragon, like most other ancient legends, is somewhat involved in obscurity, and has obtained two or three slightly-varying versions in its descent to posterity. Some historians are of opinion that Saint George was a native of Cilicia or Cappadocia, and afterwards bishop of Alexandria; and that he suffered martyrdom at the hand of the pagans during the fourth century.

Our early Crusaders, it is generally believed, found his name mentioned in the calendars and martyrologies of the East. Among the Eastern Christians he was held in great esteem, and spoken of as Saint George the Victorious. He was also supposed to have assisted the Christians at the siege of Antioch, which led to his being adopted as the patron of soldiers; and afterwards, in the reign of Edward III., as before mentioned, he was installed as the patron of chivalry and the tutelar saint of England.

Other learned historians make a distinction between the St. George of history and the St. George of romance; the former being the St. George already described, the latter (the St. George of romance) being regarded as a native of England, of royal lineage, who was mysteriously conveyed away by an enchantress soon after his birth; and who, when he had attained to man's estate, engaged with and slew a monstrous dragon in Libya.

In a note to Spenser's "Faerie Queen" it is stated that as the Red-cross Knight was strengthened by the influence of the Well and the Tree of Life, so St. George was strengthened in his contest with the Dragon by the fruit of a goodly tree. But whether the learned in such matters can discern in the various representations of St. George and the Dragon any delineations of a fruit-bearing tree, I must leave to their researches. The exact amount of credence which is due to any of these legendary records I must also beg to leave to the varied imaginations of my readers.

H. WAGNER.



Knife Handle.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "A PRODIGAL SON," "SIR FELIX FOY, BART.," &c., &c.



CHAPTER VIII. ENGAGED.

MR. BLATHERWICK duly departed for London. Frank Hobson presently rejoined Miss Brown on the parade. She looked very charming. She had resumed her mermaid aspect. She

was fresh from the kiss of the ocean, her hair down streaming, drying in the sun. She had been successful at the Circulating Library, and was deep in a very admirable novel.

"What sort of novels do you like, Miss

Brown?" inquired Mr. Hobson. "Novels with love in them?"

"With plenty of love in them," she answered, laughing.

"Yes, I must say," remarked Frank Hobson, after a musing pause, "that love is very interesting; especially on such a day as this."

In the course of the afternoon he found himself calling her "Sophy" in lieu of Miss Brown as theretofore. And he found himself unrebuked for this change in his method of addressing the lady. It seemed to come naturally to both that he should call her "Sophy." She did not, however, style him "Frank"—as yet.

On the Wednesday Miss Brown brought to an end her stay at Beachville. On the same day Mr. Hobson found it imperatively necessary that he should return to London. Of course they journeyed together; in the second-class. "Because it's cheaper," said Sophy Brown, simply.

Mr. Hobson began to wish that they had gone by the Parliamentary train, so that they might have been longer on the road. "The worst of Beachville is, that it's too near London," he said. And presently he added, "I never before thought travelling such a delightful occupation. And I never knew before that the second-class carriages upon this line were so exquisitely comfortable. I'll never go first-class again. As for a light in the carriage, it's quite a mistake."

Quite so, Mr. Hobson, when you have at hand such brilliant lamps as Sophy Brown's eyes.

Mr. Hobson entered his chambers on the basement-floor in New Square, Lincoln's Inn. Somewhat to his surprise he there encountered his friend, Verulam Tomkisson. The two gentlemen interchanged greetings of the simple, informal nature favoured by Englishmen generally.

"Hullo, Tommy! Who'd have thought of seeing you?"

"Hullo, Franky! How are you?"

"So you've come back."

"Yes, I've come back."

"You didn't get so far as the Carpathians, then?"

"No, I didn't get so far as the Carpathians. The fact was, I found it couldn't be done; not for the price."

"Well, you're looking all right. Very brown."

"Yes, thanks; I'm all right. Boulogne's the deuce of a place for getting sunburnt. You don't look much amiss."

"No, I'm not much amiss."

"You've been away, of course?"

"Only to Beachville—off and on—for a few

days at a time." And then it did not seem for the moment that the two friends had much more to say to each other. "Well," Frank Hobson resumed after a pause, "any news?"

"Not much; only this," said Mr. Tomkisson, somewhat lugubriously: "that I've gone and been and done it this time."

"You don't mean that, Tommy? What—that widow—Smith?"

"The lady whom you are pleased to describe as that Widow Smith has consented to become the wife of yours truly." After which important announcement Mr. Tomkisson sighed.

"Well, you don't seem over cheerful about it, Tommy," remarked Frank Hobson.

"You ought to know,—if you don't, you will some day,—that marriage is no joke, Franky. In fact, the more I consider it, the less like a joke it seems to be. Altogether I'm inclined to consider it a deuced responsible business."

"I thought you were equal to any responsibility, Tommy?"

"Once I thought so too; that was before I had the pleasure of meeting with Mary Smith." And Mr. Tomkisson sighed again.

"Why, there's nothing wrong, is there? You're not sorry you ever met with Mary Smith?"

"No, there's nothing wrong; not exactly what one would call *wrong*. I'm not sorry that I went to Boulogne and there met with Mary Smith, if you mean that. Because, of course, I love her." It was not very fervidly spoken, however.

"Then what's the matter? You don't seem yourself."

"I'm not myself. I don't belong to myself, I'm Mary Smith's. Very happy and all that sort of thing. But there are drawbacks, even to happiness. You'll find it out yourself, old fellow, some day."

"But what's the particular drawback in the present case?"

"There's more than one drawback," said Mr. Tomkisson, shaking his head with an air of solemnity.

"Has Mary Smith got a temper?" Frank Hobson's thoughts probably recurred to Matilda Milner.

"Well, for that matter, she *has* a temper; most women have, in fact. But I don't refer to that. I don't object to temper. In fact, I rather like it; in moderation of course."

"There's nothing unpleasant as to the money part of the transaction, is there?"

"Don't call it a transaction, please. It doesn't sound nice; because it's strictly a love match, if you come to that." At this announcement Frank Hobson could not restrain

his laughter; Mr. Tomkisson, however, preserved the gravity of his demeanour.

"Of course a mercenary wretch like you, Franky, can't understand a marriage of pure affection."

"There is something wrong about the money," Frank Hobson said, confidently.

"I own to a slight disappointment in that respect."

"She hasn't as much as you expected?"

"Well, no, she hasn't; and part of what she has got she loses on a second marriage. Smith must have been a horrid tyrant. To think of his putting a sort of prohibitive duty on his widow's marrying again—the vindictive beast! And what gross ignorance of the true principles of political economy. He never could have deserved to have had such a pretty woman for his wife. To think of his persecuting her after his death in so merciless a way! Didn't he sufficiently afflict her while he was alive? Of course he did. But his brutality in robbing the poor thing of her money doesn't make any difference to me; that is, of course it makes a difference in point of income, but not in any other respect. It rather increases my love for her."

"Bravo, Tommy!" and Mr. Hobson clapped his hands as they do at the theatre after the enunciation of a striking sentiment.

"And fortunately she has other means which her late scoundrel of a husband couldn't touch, or else he would have laid violent hands upon them, never fear. It seems he was a dry-salter, whatever that may be. I shall always hate dry-salters henceforward, for his sake. She's a very charming woman; a man of your taste, Franky, will admire her extremely. I've got a photograph of her somewhere. I'll show it to you; only, of course, it doesn't do her any sort of justice." Mr. Tomkisson produced a *carte-de-visite*. Frank Hobson examined it carefully.

"Rather stout, isn't she?" he inquired.

"You must allow for the horrible exaggeration of photography. I don't myself think she's a bit too stout. I hate your skinny women; she's what I should call comfortable in point of figure."

"And about her age?"

"She's not so old-looking as that portrait makes her. Of course she isn't a child; or a school-girl. I'm not so very juvenile myself; nor you either, Franky, if you come to that. She owns to eight-and-twenty; and really I don't believe she's more; she doesn't look more; and she's a remarkably candid and simple-minded woman; very truth-speaking; I think she'd be above any deception about her age. I shouldn't say she was more than eight, or say nine-and-twenty."

"Somewhere between that and nine-and-thirty, no doubt," and Mr. Hobson returned the photograph to his friend. "I daresay she's better looking than that makes her out." And he muttered, "She may well be, without being a beauty either."

"I'm sure you'll admire her, Franky," said Mr. Tomkisson; "and I think we shall be no end of happy together." But there was a curious air of want of confidence about this expression of opinion: Mr. Tomkisson's manner was certainly less light-hearted than usual.

"There's no other drawback beside this little disappointment about the money, I hope, Tommy?" said Frank Hobson.

Mr. Tomkisson hesitated for a moment; then he said musingly: "There's a horrid word. I don't know how it got into use, or came to mean what it does; but it's always turning up, especially in the advertisements of the Times about situations wanted. I refer to the word 'incumbrances.'"

"Meaning children?"

"Yes; meaning children. There are such incumbrances in the present case, I rather regret to say."

"How many?"

"There are two little girls, I understand—very delightful children, and the image of their mother—who bear the name of Smith, and are at present the inmates of a Seminary for Young Ladies at Clapham. My darling Mary wants very much to have them at home with her, and I've promised to be a father to them; but I rather think, as a father, I shall keep them at school for the present."

"I suppose you didn't know about these children when you wrote to me from Boulogne?"

"Well, I didn't. Mary is a peculiarly delicate minded woman. She's rather reticent about her domestic affairs. It wasn't, indeed, until some days after I had informed her of my love for her, and she had accepted my suit, that I was made acquainted with the existence of these—I don't like the word although I use it—'incumbrances.' Of course it was too late then to make any objection, if I'd been ever so much inclined to make objection; and I wasn't so inclined. You can't get children out of the way by simply objecting to them."

"But, perhaps, if you'd known about them, you wouldn't have been in such a hurry to propose to the widow Smith?"

"I might or might not. I don't really see any good in putting supposititious cases of that sort. I don't want to argue. The case hasn't come on for hearing; and you're not the Vice-Chancellor. I didn't know about the chil-

dren, and I *did* propose. And I'm prepared to stand by that arrangement, and to convert the widow Smith into the wife of Verulam Tomkisson, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law, as soon as ever she likes."

"Well, you know, I offer you my sincerest congratulations, and all that kind of thing."

"You're very good."

"At the same time I should rather like to see you looking a little less gloomy over the business."

"You're an unreasonable person. I don't see that a man's bound to take a comic view of marriage. Perhaps I'm not, and never have been, the giddy trifter that you, with your shallow method of judging people and things, may have weakly imagined me to be. It may be news to you to learn that your friend Tomkisson is, *au fond*, a good deal of the philosopher, with no small infusion of the sage. That sounds rather like a receipt for stuffing, but never mind. I am at heart a serious man. While I do not shrink from, I yet do not fail to appreciate, the responsibilities of life. I may bear my burthens gracefully, but that doesn't prevent them from being as heavy as other people's. As for marriage, I have already informed you, I take grave views concerning it. If it's a joke, I can only say I don't see it—it does not occur to me in that light." After delivery of these observations with an air of pomp which had about it a tinge of burlesque, Mr. Tomkisson dropped into his more ordinary unrestrained style of talking. "You see, Franky, the man who marries has to make sacrifices," he said. "That's what it comes to."

"I don't see any especial sacrifices you are called upon to make."

"If I cared to be rude, I might say that I should have to give you up, you unconubial pagan; you know you're not fit for the society of respectable married people. However, I'll hold on to you as long as I can. But I daresay Mrs. T. won't tolerate you as I have. Wives, you know, always make a point of hating their husband's bachelor friends. They're jealous of them, I suppose. But the man who marries has to make other sacrifices at the altar of Hymen, besides his bachelor friends. His youth for one thing. You grow ten years older immediately after you've said 'I will,' and slid the ring on the third finger of your bride's left hand. And then the change in your life in other respects is enormous. You can't look at things in the same way, or think, or dress, or move about, or live in the same way. You're altogether an altered creature. You're not yourself; you're somebody else. You've lost your old happy-go-lucky style of proceeding.

You've put away your old don't-care-ness, as though it were a worn-out coat. And you're tied up tightly in a *do-care-ness* instead; a new sort of garment that is very glossy outside, but isn't nearly so comfortable altogether. And then—but bless my heart alive!" Mr. Tomkisson suddenly interrupted himself. "Why, what am I thinking about? What a selfish creature is man! Why, surely you went down to Beachville to marry your aunt, or your cousin, or some one, didn't you? I'm positive about it now I come to think of it. Come, tell us all about it. How did you prosper?"

Frank Hobson hesitated a little; then blushed; then said evasively,—

"Well, I've come back; and I'm not going to marry my aunt or my cousin."

"But there's some one else in the case!" cried Mr. Tomkisson. "I can see it in your face; I'd bet any money on it. No more betting after I'm married—another sacrifice! Come, tell us all about it, Franky. It's only fair. You've wormed everything out of me. Make a clean breast of it."

Thus urged, Frank Hobson could only speak out.

"I met a young lady at my aunt's. Her name was Miss Brown. I journeyed with her up to town this morning in a second-class carriage. We were alone. Half way I proposed to her. She accepted me. I'm an engaged man, therefore. The affianced husband of Miss Brown. She's——"

"Everything that's admirable, of course," cried Mr. Tomkisson, anxious to hinder any over-elaborate eulogium of the lady. "I congratulate you, Franky. Has she got any money?"

"She hasn't got a halfpenny so far as I know or care," said Frank Hobson, stoutly.

"Don't say so far as you care, because that sounds Quixotic," observed Tomkisson, quietly. "We all *care* about such things; although, at the same time, if we can't have them, we're prepared to do without them. At least, some of us are. I congratulate you, Franky. It's a wonderful relief to my mind to find that you're in the same boat as myself. Not that I'm especially selfish; quite the contrary. The feeling arises from a desire that every one should be as happy as I am, and more so, if possible. After all, you know, in spite of what I've been saying, perhaps marriage is the best thing for us, and will do us a world of good if we only give it a fair trial. At the same time,—though this is entirely between ourselves, mind,—I can't help thinking that it would have been more desirable if the widow Smith had been without incumbrances, and if the spinster Brown—don't frown, she is

a spinster, you know—if she had possessed a fortune, though it had been ever so small a one."

"Mine will be what's called a frugal marriage," said Frank Hobson.

"Awfully frugal. Never mind. That's the modern way of doing things. You commence trading, now-a-days, without owning a farthing of capital, and you leave off with a fortune. I wish you luck, Franky. What a pity we haven't got something to drink one another's health in."

Mr. Tomkisson seemed quite restored to his wonted good spirits by the thought of his friend's purposed marriage.

"Can't we dine together, Franky?" he inquired, "and talk over the whole business? And toast the future Mrs. Hobson, and the designate Mrs. Tomkisson, in bumpers?"

"Well, you see, I've promised to go as far as Islington in the evening. Sophy has gone to stay there a few days with a sort of aunt of hers; and I undertook to go and take tea there this evening and be introduced."

"Tea with a 'sort of aunt' at Islington doesn't sound very promising," remarked Mr. Tomkisson. "But, I've no doubt it's the proper thing to do. We must be weaned from bachelor ways gradually; broken in to matrimony by degrees. Yes, unquestionably; tea with a 'sort of aunt' at Islington must be uncommonly good training."

Concerning the important facts communicated by Frank Hobson to his friend Tomkisson, it is not necessary that much more should be said. Certain events, by their own plain significance, seem to render comment or dilatation altogether superfluous. Frank Hobson had proposed to Miss Brown, and been accepted. People are proposing, and other people are accepting every day. There was nothing in Frank Hobson's mode of proposal, or in Sophy Brown's mode of acceptance, that varied much from the prescribed formulæ in use on such occasions. Although this purports to be but a commonplace sort of chronicle, there are still circumstances too obviously ordinary to merit further notice at our hands beyond that of simple mention.

The proposal and acceptance completed, and Miss Brown a little recovered from the emotion natural to the situation,—though still somewhat flushed from the lover's ardour with which Mr. Hobson had signalled her acceptance of him—and still breathless: he had been circling her small waist with a mercilessly tight arm,—she said, gently:—

"I never thought you cared much for me, Mr. Hobson——"

"You must say, Frank, now," he interrupted.

"Well, Frank, then. I always thought it was Matilda you liked best."

Frank Hobson hastened to state, perhaps not quite ingenuously, that he had never liked Matilda; indeed, that he had rather abominated her from the first.

"I mean when you first came down to Beachville. And she's so good-looking" (this he denied flatly), "and so accomplished" ("Fiddlestick," he interposed), "and altogether so attractive" (but he wouldn't admit it for a moment); "and then she's so handsomely provided for——"

"Let her keep her money," he said. "Who wants it? I don't."

"And I'm so poor," continued Sophy Brown. Frank Hobson contradicted. She was anything but poor. She was prodigiously rich. She was worth her weight in gold. She was a treasure in herself—a pearl of great price—a diamond—a duck of diamonds—(whatever that may be)—and so on.

"I couldn't have wondered if you had liked her best," said Sophy Brown, at last bringing her sentence to a close.

"But I didn't like her best. I didn't, and I couldn't have liked her best while you were there, my own, my darling, my, &c., &c., &c. She may go to Hong-Kong for me! She may marry Barlow, or whom she will! Let her marry Barlow, and be happy with him!" He concluded the remark with some appearance of effort.

"Do you know," said Sophy Brown, "I think she really likes Mr. Barlow. I can't help thinking she's really engaged to Mr. Barlow. I shouldn't wonder if there was some private understanding between her and Mr. Barlow from the first. And all that talk about 'common objects' of the seashore meant——"

"Meant that they had objects in common—courtship and matrimony," said Frank Hobson, sharply.

Sophy thought him wonderfully clever. And he was prepared to maintain that she was the most delightful little woman in the world.

He was introduced to Miss Brown's "sort of aunt" at Islington, and was recognised by a small circle of tea-drinking relatives as the accepted lover of Miss Brown. He heard himself spoken of in association with that lady as the "engaged couple;" and he didn't wink, or wince, or shrink, or shudder, as he thought he should have done,—as he once would have done.

Love is a magician.

"Though how the young people are to live,

my dear, is more than I can tell you." Fortunately, perhaps, he did not hear the doubts as to his future involved in those words, whispered to her gossips by the "sort of aunt" at Islington.

"But what *will* Miss Hobson think? what *will* she say of me?" demanded Miss Brown anxiously of her lover.

"What does it matter what Miss Hobson thinks or says? She can't eat us."

After a time Miss Brown began to think it didn't matter, provided her Frank in truth loved her.

"And you *do*, Frank, really, *really*, **REALLY?**"

He answered her effectually, without speaking. Those doubts and cares and scruples vanish soonest that are kissed away.

"Well, I'm an engaged man," said Frank Hobson, as he went to bed; "but I feel pretty jolly under the circumstances altogether; for I do believe I'm engaged to the most charming little creature that could be found anywhere. And I don't care a bit for her not having any money; only perhaps I *do* wish that I was a little richer myself. But it's for her sake far more than my own; and if *she* isn't afraid of poverty, why, certainly, *I'm* not. I don't suppose we shall starve. I'll take care that *she* doesn't, at any rate. We shall get on fairly enough, I dare say. Something may turn up. I must make great efforts. I'll work like a horse, if necessary. And who knows? Perhaps old Aunt Fanny may do something for us. By-the-by, I must write to her to-morrow, and tell her all about it. It will be only proper to do that, for Sophy's sake and my own."

On the morrow, accordingly, Frank Hobson despatched a letter to his aunt Fanny at Beachville, informing her of all that had occurred. He wrote in a simple straightforward style, without disguise or *exouse* of any kind. "If she doesn't like it, I can't help it," he said to himself; "the thing's done now and can't be undone; and I wouldn't undo it if I could."

After formally announcing his intended marriage, he went on: "The event will probably not be long delayed. There are many reasons why a long engagement should be avoided. Sophy is, in fact, without a home until I can give her one, however humble. I cannot bear the idea of her going out as a governess. I am most anxious that she should be spared the many trials and vexations she would certainly have to endure in a career so altogether new to her. She has plenty of courage, and is, indeed, anxious to undertake

a situation for a time, rather than subject me to any embarrassment or inconvenience, and rather, she bids me state, than give occasion for any displeasure or charge of precipitancy on your part. But, my dear aunt, if this marriage is to be—and most certainly it will be: on that head I am quite determined—it is most advisable that it should take place as soon as possible. The sanction of such few relatives as remain to my future wife I have already obtained; you will, I trust, not defer yours. Sophy is very desirous to avoid displeasing you in any way, and requests me to add that she is very sensible of the great kindnesses she has received at your hands. You will, I trust, therefore, not withhold your approval; to do so would be simply to give us unnecessary pain. We shall for some time, I fear, be very poor; the fact, however, does not scare us; my small income must be adroitly managed and made to go as far as it will; for the rest I must look to an improvement in my professional position. I only know that no exertion shall be wanting on my part to increase my resources and so add to the happiness and comfort of my home."

"There; I don't think I can say any more than that," remarked Frank Hobson. "If the old lady persists in 'cutting up rough,' why she must. I've done all I know, for Sophy's sake more than my own, to make things pleasant between us. After all, it doesn't signify very much either way. Old Aunt Fanny's told me often enough that she means her money to go to Matilda—Matilda having more than she knows what to do with already. But gold's a magnet that attracts other gold to it. And such is life!" After which philosophical, if somewhat trite remark, he folded up his letter and posted it to Belle Vue Lawn, Beachville.

(To be continued.)

A TRIO OF FRENCH POETS.

MALFILÂTRE, GILBERT, CHÉNIER.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.

It may seem very audacious, after placing the names of a triumvirate at the head of this article, to commence the article itself with a reference to such another as that which Dryden has thus noticed. The grouping is not our own idea; nor, in adopting it from a distinguished French writer, do we at all pretend that our triumvirate of poets is equal to the other in renown. Had the verdict rested with a French jury, the result might have been different. There is scarcely any extent to which the *amour propre* of the French will not carry them in sounding the praises of

their own poets. Many of our literary friends across the Channel have, we dare say, in perusing the eulogium pronounced by Dryden, wondered at his arrogance or stupidity in excluding every French poet from his list; and have been ready with names fully equal, in their minds, to any of his three. An eminent French critic, in speaking of one of our triumvirate,—we take by no means the strongest of his expressions,—declares that if he imitated the ancients, it was only that he might become their rival; and that his constant aim, his ambition, in which he “quite succeeded,” was to constrain the French Muses to unite with the sweet accents of Racine the natural and ample grandeur of Homer, and the poetic simplicity of Theocritus. Well done our side! We cannot go so far; but in sober earnestness we believe that Malfilâtre, Gilbert, and Chénier were each gifted with true poetic inspiration. We believe, moreover, that in their somewhat similar histories, and in the poems which, each at an early age, they have left behind them, our readers might find the means of passing several hours agreeably.

Our object is not to enter largely on a critical dissection of the respective merits of these poets, nor to quote at any length from their works. We intend briefly to touch upon the stories of their respective lives, and possibly to illustrate them by a few extracts.

It is hard to picture to ourselves two persons, in many respects so similar, so unlike as Malfilâtre and Gilbert. Gilbert was of a most sanguine and yet morbid temperament. Enraged at the want of success of his earlier works, he betook himself to satire; and lashed the age professedly for its crimes and want of feeling, in reality because it did not appreciate himself. He thus obtained, in some measure, the object of his ambition, inasmuch as he acquired a notoriety after which he thirsted; but in doing so he naturally made himself many enemies. Their number and virulence, however, he exaggerated, and he was loud in his complaints that the whole press was in league against him. Malfilâtre, on the other hand, was of a gentle and confiding disposition. Amiable to all around him, he was universally popular. More in love with literature than with glory, he was far more anxious to deserve than to obtain applause. He, like Gilbert, was unfortunate, but he was never soured by adversity. In the midst of poverty and disease, his mind was ever calm and serene as before.

Jacques Charles Louis Malfilâtre was born at Caen in the year 1733. Caen has long been famed as one of the most literary towns in France, and for its educational establishments. But for the advantages thus provided

for him, the young Malfilâtre seemed destined to become an humble artisan—well for him, perhaps, had it been so! Be this, however, as it may, he became a pupil in the Jesuits' College, and there soon made rapid progress in his studies. Four years in succession he gained the principal prize offered for the best poem by the Academy of Rouen. One of these prize poems attracted great attention in the French metropolis, and was inserted in *Le Mercure de France* by M. Marmontel, the editor. This fact determined the destiny of the young poet. M. Lacombe, a great encourager of literary men, was so struck with the poem that he made inquiries about its author, and immediately invited him to Paris, an invitation which he at once gladly accepted. Before his final departure from Caen, an incident occurred which may possibly suggest a useful hint to some of our readers in their hour of need, and may at all events serve to amuse them. An intimate friend of Malfilâtre's was deeply in love with a fair damsel of surpassing beauty, but haughty, capricious, and a most determined coquette. After trying in vain all that reason and tenderness could suggest, our hero consulted his friend Malfilâtre, who immediately undertook the case. He supposed himself to have an object equally beautiful and equally beloved; adorned, however, by every quality which was wanting in her whom his friend admired. Between himself and this imaginary object of his affections he invented a long correspondence. Her letters he had copied by a strange hand, and a lovely picture was soon drawn of what two lovers ought to be. By chance, or design, one of these letters fell into the hands of her who had in reality caused it to be written. She was greatly struck, and ardently desired to see the whole correspondence, which was immediately placed in her hands; and which so affected her that, for a time at least, she became all that her admirer could desire.

Soon after his arrival in Paris, the young Malfilâtre, at the suggestion and under the protection of his patron, undertook and completed his principal work, a translation of Virgil. This work at once replenished his exhausted exchequer, and his first thought was to invite his parents to leave Caen and to come up and share his good fortune. In a few months, however, his new expenditure proved too much for him; his parents returned home, and Malfilâtre was left once more without a sou. Under the pressure of poverty he completed a portion of his “*Narcissus*,” which was shown by a friend to M. de Savine, the good Bishop of Viviers, who at once conceived the strongest desire to see the

author, and went to visit him. "I found this most amiable young man," writes the bishop, "in the horrors of destitution, in constant apprehension of being arrested for debt and cast into prison." By the advice of the bishop and some other friends, he retired to an apartment which they took for him at Chaillot, where, under the assumed name of Laforet, he finished his "Narcissus." Soon afterwards he fell dangerously ill, and one day, as he lay on his sick-bed, he saw to his horror one of his creditors from Paris, a Mme. Lanoue, an upholstress, enter his apartment. He instantly gave himself up for lost, when the noble-hearted woman—one of those persons who redeem our nature from the sweeping denunciations of satirists and misanthropes—thus addressed him:—"Cheer up. I come not to ask for my money, but to take you to my house in Paris, where you shall receive all the attention of which you so sadly stand in need." This second invitation to the metropolis he joyfully accepted, and for two or three months, at the house of his kind benefactress, he was the object of the most tender and untiring care. His feeble frame, however, had received a shock which no human kindness could reach, and, at the house of Mme. Lanoue, he died March 6, 1767, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Thus, notwithstanding what has been lately urged to the contrary in a popular French periodical—thus, we believe, ended *Malfilâtre*. The writer, who asserts that he died in easy circumstances, had not the same means of judging as had Gilbert, who was for several years his contemporary, and who left this testimony concerning him—

La faim mit au tombeau Malfilâtre ignoré.

Gilbert himself, if not equal with *Malfilâtre* in renown, was more than equal with him in fate. Take *Malfilâtre* at his worst. *La faim*, his distresses at Chaillot, and his closing sufferings at the house of Mme. Lanoue—all these were "light afflictions" compared with those in the midst of which the youthful Gilbert breathed his last.

Nicolas Joseph Laurent Gilbert was born at Fontenoy-le-Château (Lorraine) in 1751. He, like *Malfilâtre*, was born of poor parents. Like him, too, he received a good education, thanks to the noble institutions of his country; and having finished his studies, without however giving any promise of his future distinction, he also betook himself to Paris. The hint which we threw out above respecting *Malfilâtre*, that possibly "had he been by fate decreed some simple shepherd swain, more peaceful hours he then had known"—this hint the morbid mind of Gilbert was not slow

to take in his own case, and he thus ungratefully refers to the efforts made by his parents to raise him above themselves in the rank of intellectual beings.

Malheur à ceux dont je suis né.

*Père aveugle et barbare ! impitoyable mère !
Pauvres, vous fallait il mettre au jour un enfant,
Qui n'héritait de vous qu'une affreuse indigence ?
Encor si vous m'eussiez laissé votre ignorance !
J'aurai vécu paisible en cultivant mon champ :
Mais vous avez nourri les feux de mon génie.*

A man who could thus brutally express himself concerning what men of ordinary mould would regard as matter calling for the deepest gratitude,—such a man must necessarily come across in life much to worry and depress him. Whether it is that men of morbid minds exaggerate the trials to which, in common with others, they are exposed, or whether it may be that their evil genius has some secret authority for hitting them on the raw, we do not know; but so it is, beyond a doubt, that the history of such men would lead us to suspect that a special agency was set in motion against them. Both before and after his arrival in Paris, he, of all men least fitted to endure them, was subjected to the most ludicrous and yet mortifying trials. In his native town he was offered a certain remuneration for a course of literary lectures to be delivered at the town-hall. At first no one attended, and Gilbert was in despair. At length, one day, to his intense delight, he found a crowd assembled, and his exultation knew no bounds. "The wings of poetry and enthusiasm lifted him into the third heaven, and his eloquence rushed forth in torrents." All of a sudden, one of his hearers rose and approached him. Gilbert expected that, overpowered by what he had heard, the good man was on his way to express, in some unwonted way, his admiration and delight. But he was mistaken. "Pardon, monsieur," said the man, whispering in his ear, "est-ce que vous n'allez pas bientôt montrer les figures de cire ?" The admiring audience thought that Gilbert was a showman of wax-works—an exhibition at that day very much in vogue—and that the splendid oration of a quarter of an hour was merely a magnificent but unintelligible preface to the great entertainment of the evening. Gilbert instantly vacated his chair, never to resume it.

Disgusted at his reception in the provinces, Gilbert set out for Paris, good fortune having thrown him in the way of La Dauphine Marie Antoinette, who graciously received an ode which he addressed to her on her marriage. It was an evil day for Paris, but one favourable to the fame and prospects of young Gilbert. The Encyclopedists were enthroned in

every department. The salons, the press, the Academy, the theatres, owned their sway. Voltaire and the Duke de Fronsac were the objects of all but universal idolatry. All honour to him! Gilbert boldly and at once entered the lists against them, well-nigh single-handed; and so keenly felt was the force of his biting sarcasms and withering satire that every effort which threats and entreaties could devise was immediately set to work in order to divert him from his course. All was in vain. "Attempts to seduce him," says one of his biographers, "he answered with contempt; insults and threats by launching forth fresh satires." Nor ought it to detract from our belief in the sincerity of Gilbert, that his exertions not only earned for him a high reputation among those whose good opinion was worth having, but were highly satisfactory as regarded the state of his finances. Charmed with his manful and successful onslaught on infidelity and irreligion, the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. de Beaumont, the King, Le Mercure de France,—which already, as we have seen, had befriended Malfilâtre,—and several others, including ladies of the court, settled separate pensions upon young Gilbert, and thus placed him not only beyond the reach of want, but even in circumstances of moderate affluence.

But in the midst of his successes his evil genius was at his side. Trials which Malfilâtre would have patiently endured, if not accepted as his due, stung Gilbert to the very quick. If ever a man, too, was wounded in the house of his friends, he was. The palace of the archbishop, his kind and generous patron, was, within a few short months, the scene of two calamities, one of which would have served a far less sensitive man for his life. One day, as he was coming out of the archbishop's house, he met a gentleman going in who did not know him. Something in the appearance of Gilbert struck the stranger, and immediately on entering he turned to the archbishop and said, "Ce jeune homme paraît vigoureux." Gilbert overheard these words, and tarried a moment in the hopes of hearing more. Listeners seldom hear good of themselves, and it is easier to fancy than to describe the storm of agony and anger which raged in the soul of our young poet as he rushed from the door, after hearing his destiny thus supposed:—"Votre grandeur a sans doute l'intention de le choisir pour valet-de-chambre." One is forcibly reminded of a similar stab received by one of our own distinguished but unfortunate countrymen—one in many respects not unlike Gilbert—when his aspirations after wealth and honours were rewarded by an offer of a funkey's situation

in the Mansion House of the Lord Mayor of London.

On another occasion, Gilbert received and accepted, with the utmost delight, an invitation to dinner at the archbishop's. On arriving at the appointed hour, he was further charmed at being ushered into a salon already crowded "avec une assemblée brillante et titrée." On dinner being announced, Gilbert fancied that he was gazed at by several of the guests with a sort of suspicious curiosity. Nor was he mistaken. Again imagine if you can his state of mind when one of the company approached him, and whispered in his ear that he had made a mistake: that it was not to the archbishop's, but to some inferior table that he was invited. He instantly quitted the room, burning with shame and indignation. Here, again, we are reminded of one of our countrymen, for whom, under somewhat similar circumstances, we remember not to have felt half the sympathy which we are sure poor Gilbert's mortification must excite. It is now many years since a man in humble life, calling himself a Plymouth Brother, paid a visit at the house of a neighbour whose rank and circumstances were very different from his own. After much "flow of soul," the needs of the body must be cared for even by Plymouth Brethren, and our friend was requested, in the kindest manner, by the master of the house to refresh himself at the table of the upper servants of the establishment. He did so, but he did so in a state of most unspiritual pride and indignation. Of his state of mind we should have known nothing but for a letter which he published in a religious newspaper, complaining vehemently of the wordly pride which suggested such a distinction, and which placed one humble brother in the faith at the table of the servants of another of more exalted station. Unfortunately for the writer, his letter appeared, and at its foot a very sensible and caustic note by the editor. He simply hinted that the pride seemed all on the side of his correspondent. He reminded him that while he raised no objection whatever to the separation of the servants from their master, he railed at the worldly-mindedness which had placed himself at the inferior instead of the superior table.

To return to Gilbert. We should be quite prepared to expect that a temperament like his was not likely to last long; that, with a mind for ever wasting his physical energies, he would, under any circumstances, at an early age have "shuffled off this mortal coil." But a more sudden fate awaited him. In the midst of increasing fame and of improving finances, a sudden fall from his own horse in-

flicted such fearful injuries on him, that, after various unsuccessful efforts to save him, within a few days he breathed his last in the year 1780, at the early age of twenty-nine.

Various controversies, warm, as is often the case, in the inverse ratio of their importance, have been recorded respecting several circumstances connected with his end. Whether, after a severe operation which he certainly underwent, he died at an hospital or at his own abode, is a question still *sub judice*, nor do we think it worth while to weigh the conflicting evidence and sum up the case. Among the points on which every witness seems agreed is a curious fact, the interest of which reaches farther than the immediate object with which it is recorded. In proof of the comparatively prosperous state of Gilbert's finances, various legacies bequeathed by him are mentioned. Among these is one of ten louis to a young soldier named Bernadotte, who was afterwards the King of Sweden. One other circumstance, and one only, can we notice; one which on all hands is admitted to be true. As his end approached, in a paroxysm of delirium, Gilbert rose from his sick-bed and, rushing forth into the streets, sought the house of the archbishop. Notwithstanding the awful change in his appearance, his dishevelled hair, and the utter disarrangement of his attire, he was at once recognised by the servants as the man who had lately been their guest. No force nor entreaty could keep him from rushing into the presence of the archbishop, who received him with the utmost calmness, tenderness, and compassion. But it would be a mere loss of time, and a tax on the patience of our readers, were we to detail the expressions of horror and excitement with which Gilbert for a long time put to the sorest test the kindly feelings of the archbishop. He cried aloud for the sacraments of the Church, which he fancied, in his ravings, had been denied him by the curé of the parish. His agony and entreaties were heart-rending. For a long time he turned a deaf ear to the meek words of wisdom and encouragement which fell from the good prelate, who deeply pitied him and addressed him in the most touching terms. At length, sobbing aloud and embracing the knees of the archbishop, he swooned away, and was carried home, where, in a few hours, he breathed his last. Before his end he had lucid intervals, and in one of these composed and wrote with a pencil the beautiful and well-known little poem, "*Derniers moments d'un jeune Poète.*" He wrote it on a dirty scrap of paper, which was found, after his death, clasped in his right hand. Two lines of that little poem formed the last words he uttered.

An hour before his death, after his nurse had supposed his spirit to have fled, he suddenly started up and exclaimed:—

Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,
J'apparus un jour, et Je meurs.

One can scarcely avoid suspecting that his reception at the archbishop's still rankled in his bosom, and suggested to him the idea that his whole life had been one banquet, at which he himself had been a despised guest.

Of André de Chénier, the last-named of our triumvirate, our space forbids us to say much, though his story furnishes more abundant matter than those we have already noticed. His father was *attaché* to the French embassy at Constantinople, where he married a young Greek lady, Mademoiselle Santi Homaka, sister of the grandmother of M. Thiers. Here all his children, four sons and one daughter, were born. André, the third son, was born 30th October, 1762. The only daughter became Madame Latour Saint-Izeet, and died as lately as the year 1853. After various diplomatic changes, Madame Chénier left her husband in Africa as *chargé d'affaires* at the court of the Emperor of Morocco, and arrived with her five children in Paris in the year 1773. Here she placed her four sons at college, where André remained till 1779. His progress, especially in Greek, was very marked; and the years 1780 and 1781 he passed in a state of literary calm, to which, in stormy days which followed, he looked back with longing eyes, and which he has touchingly described as the happiest portion of his life. Soon afterwards he came over to London, in connection with the French embassy; and here he passed several years. In 1790 he returned to Paris, where we need not attempt to describe the state of things which awaited him. It is impossible to say whether, by any line of conduct, he could have saved himself from the impending storm. Utter confusion was the order of the day. Friends and foes of the Revolution suffered alike. One day Robespierre sent victims to the guillotine, and the next was himself upon the scaffold. Chénier boldly took his line as an enemy of the Revolution. The letter in which Louis XVI. appealed to his subjects after his condemnation was composed by him, and exists to this day in his handwriting, with some verbal corrections in that of the noble-hearted Malesherbes. On every occasion Chénier declared himself the foe of cruelty and oppression. We confess to having entertained the suspicion that his residence in our happy country had in no small degree contributed to this result. Our national vanity had pictured him, as he walked our tranquil streets and breathed our

free air, inwardly struck with admiration of us and of our institutions, and vowing that on his return to France he would, even to the death if it were necessary, advocate those principles which had made England what she was, "great, glorious, and free." This illusion was, however, greatly dissipated, when we came to another part of his description, in which he viciously imputes to us nearly every national fault and foible.

At the time that he was forming this opinion of us, Chénier, we are told, spent his evenings either at the clubs or in some English drawing-room thrown open to receive him. It is, moreover, probable that he learned more while here than he was himself aware, or than, at all events, he cared to own. For a considerable time he openly professed his principles, and did so with impunity. At length his hour approached. At the house of a friend, and under circumstances which do him infinite credit, André Chénier was arrested. A Monsieur Pastoret had disappeared, at the mysterious summons of Robespierre, and his house and family were at once naturally under the surveillance of the myrmidons of le lieutenant de la police. Unmindful of danger, Chénier openly proceeded to visit the bereaved family of his friend, and soon reaped the consequences by finding himself, first in the prison of the Luxembourg, and in a day or two after within the drearier and more fatal confines of Saint Lazare. There he was not called on to tarry long. The time of his sojourn there, and many circumstances connected with it, will well repay any of our readers who happen not to be familiar with them, and who may care to search them out. In his prison-house he found himself quite at home, surrounded as he was by nearly the very circle whom he was wont to meet in the salons of his mother. His cheerfulness and his sympathy for others never for a moment forsook him. Here he met Mademoiselle de Coigny, and to her he addressed, in his poem "La Jeune Captive," some of the most touching stanzas he ever composed:—

Blanche et Jeune Colombe, aimable prisonnière,
Quel injuste ennemi te cache à la lumière, &c.

She escaped, and lived happily till the year 1820. In company with his friend Roucher he was summoned to the guillotine on July 25, 1794, two days before Robespierre expiated his atrocities at the same spot. On the road from prison to death Chénier and his friend were perfectly unmoved, and employed themselves in capping verses. We would fain hope that a good deal of this was bravado, and that in the hidden chambers of the soul more suitable occupations were going on. But this is not our province, and we have no wish to

enter on it. Two days more, and André Chénier would have been secure. Had he only survived Robespierre, he might have survived almost to the present day. This thought added intensely to the bitter sorrows of his parents. But such thoughts are vain. Better is it, as far as possible, to bear our troubles as they have occurred, than to add to their bitterness by speculating on how they might be avoided.
J. H. W.

"THE COMEDY OF ERRORS."

IN the curious little volume published in London in the year 1598, and entitled "Palladis Tamia, or Wit's Treasury, being the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth, by Francis Meres, Master of Arts of both Universities," Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors" is enumerated with other of his plays as among the most excellent of dramatic works then known. "As Plautus and Seneca," writes Mr. Meres, "are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so Shakspeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage." Further, this first eulogist of our bard avers that "the Muses would speak with Shakspeare's fine filed phrase if they would speak English." "The Comedy of Errors" is again alluded to in Thomas Decker's "News from Hell," published in 1605. It was not printed, however, earlier than in the folio collection of Shakspeare's plays in 1623. It has generally been accounted an early play, by reason of the frequent occurrence in it of the measure known from the time of Chaucer as "rime dogerel:" a characteristic to be observed in only two other of the poet's plays, "Love's Labour's Lost" and "The Taming of the Shrew," although common enough in the earlier English drama. For the story of his "Comedy of Errors" Shakspeare was clearly indebted to "The Menæchmi" of Plautus.

From the "Accounts of the Revels at Court in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I.," edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham, and published by the Shakspeare Society in 1842, it appears that the "Plaie of Errors" was performed by his Majesty's players in the banqueting house, Whitehall, on "Inosents night," 1604; the author's name, it may be noted, being entered as *Shaxberd* in the "List of the poets w^{ch} made the plaies." This is the earliest record of the representation of the comedy upon the stage. It had however, without doubt, been performed some years previously; or how could Mr. F. Meres have been in a position to pronounce upon its merits?

With what measure of favour the work on its first production was viewed by "the

general" at the public theatres, or by the royal and courtly spectators in Whitehall, cannot, of course, now be stated. From the length of time, however, which elapsed after the Restoration and the re-opening of the theatres before "The Comedy of Errors" crept back again into theatrical life, it may be inferred, at any rate, that no such traditions of great success were extant in regard to it, as would have rendered it obligatory upon the managers of the period to reproduce the play at the earliest possible opportunity. Other works of the poet, more or less tinkered and tampered with by the players, had resumed, with more or less speed, their place upon the stage; but it is not until the year 1734 that any trace can be found of the revival of "The Comedy of Errors;" and even then the work came before its audience in a very questionable shape.

At Covent Garden Theatre, in October, 1734, after the performance of Mr. Banks' tragedy of "The Unhappy Favourite," was produced a comedy in two acts, alleged to be "taken from Plautus and Shakspeare," and entitled "See if You Like It," or "Tis all a Mistake." This play, there can be no doubt, was founded upon "The Comedy of Errors;" but the adaptation was not printed, and, having been performed a few nights, disappeared from the theatre, its success, probably, not being very substantial.

On the 11th November, 1741, "The Comedy of Errors" was produced at Drury Lane, and represented some four or five times during the season. These are stated to have been the only occasions on which the play has ever been performed at Drury Lane Theatre. As no mention is made of adaptation in this instance, and the comedy formed the main entertainment of the evening, it may be assumed that the original text was followed pretty closely, without much curtailment or alteration. The names of the players engaged in the performance have not been ascertained. Kirkman, in his "Life of Macklin," enters *Dromio of Syracuse* in that actor's list of parts. But of his manner of representing the character no account has come down to us.

Some twenty years pass before we find the comedy again in possession of the stage. It is now called "The Twins," and is played for one night only, the 24th April, 1762, at Covent Garden, for the benefit of Mr. Hull, who performed the part of *Ægeon*. The bills of the day announced that the play had not been acted "for thirty years;" the statement having reference, probably, to the version called "See if you Like It," produced in 1734. Mr. Hull was a favourite actor of old men; but is chiefly memorable as being the founder of the

charitable institution known as the Theatrical Fund for the relief of Distressed Actors. Included in the cast was Mrs. Vincent, famous for her good looks and good singing as *Polly* in "The Beggars' Opera," and of whom Churchill wrote in his "Rosciad":—

Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace arrayed
She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay once more knows *Polly* for his own.

Concerning the comic actor Shuter, who was probably the *Dromio of Syracuse* of the performance, the poet makes less flattering mention:

Shuter, who never cared a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in;
Who aimed at wit, though, levelled in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark, &c., &c.

In 1779, at the same theatre, "The Comedy of Errors" was reproduced, with alterations, and played seven times, being repeated the following season. The version, not differing probably very much from that performed in 1762, was by Hull, the actor, and was published in 1779 and again in 1793. Among the performers employed were Lewis, the comedian; Quick, a very popular and whimsical actor, and the original *Tony Lumpkin*; and the beautiful Mrs. Hartley, whose charms Sir Joshua's lustrous brush recorded in a most admirable portrait.

Another version of the play, in three acts, called "The Twins, or Which is Which," by one Mr. Woods, was published in 1780 by Mr. Cadell, in Edinburgh. The adapter, in his preface, pleaded that his work had become necessary, inasmuch as the length and repetitions of the original play had been found to produce "an intricacy that perplexes and a sameness that tires an audience;" and he further stated that his abbreviated version had been performed as an afterpiece with much approbation. It does not appear, however, that Mr. Woods' adaptation ever found its way to the London stage.

In 1793, still at Covent Garden, the comedy was again revived on the 3rd June, for the benefit of Brandon, the box-keeper. Pope was *Antipholus of Syracuse*; Holman was *Antipholus of Ephesus*; Hull was again *Ægeon*; the two *Dromios* were represented by Quick and Munden; while Mrs. Mattocks and Mrs. Esten were the *Adriana* and the *Luciana* of the night. After this performance, the comedy was again neglected until 1798, when one Rees, an actor famed for his powers of mimicry, took a benefit at Covent Garden, and played *Dromio of Ephesus*, with the object of showing how closely he could imitate the voice and manner of Munden, who performed the other *Dromio*. Good mimics generally make bad

actors, and Mr. Rees was no exception to this rule. He could imitate very well; but then he could not originate at all. He could give an entertainment, but he could not act. On one occasion his mimicry of Mr. Philip Astley, of the Royal Amphitheatre, so irritated that equestrian performer that he laid violent hands upon his imitator, who subsequently brought an action and recovered damages for the assault.

In 1808, and again in 1811, we find "The Comedy of Errors" repeated, Munden being still the *Dromio of Syracuse*, his brother of *Ephesus* being now undertaken by Blanchard, a very good comic actor, though in this particular instance it was laid to his charge that he was unsuited to the part by reason of his height being considerably in excess of Munden's, so that the chance of one *Dromio* being mistaken for the other was greatly reduced, and the illusion necessary to the success of the play thereby much injured. "The two *Antipholus*'s, these two so like," were represented now by Messrs. Pope and Charles Kemble, now by Messrs. Jones and Brunton. The play was acted according to Hull's adaptation, expressly revised by John Kemble, and published in 1811.

Munden's *Dromio* was no doubt a very admirable performance. To this actor, although he makes no mention of his appearance in this particular part, it will be remembered that Lamb has devoted one of his "Elia" essays. "In the grand grotesque of farce," he writes, "Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth." Mr. Serjeant Talfourd described him as the most classical of actors: as being in high farce what Kemble was in high tragedy. The lines of the two artists, he admitted, were sufficiently distinct; but he discovered the same elements in both; "the same directness of purpose, the same singleness of aim, the same concentration of power, the same iron casing of inflexible manner, the same statue-like precision of gesture, movement, and attitude. . . . There is something solid, sterling, almost adamant, in the building-up of his grotesque characters. . . . When he fixes his wonder-working face in any of its most amazing varieties, it looks as if the picture were carved out from a rock by Nature in a sportive vein, and might last for ever. . . . His most fantastical gestures are the grand ideal of farce. . . . His expressions of feeling and bursts of enthusiasm are among the most genuine which we have ever felt." Munden was a pupil of Shuter; but he surpassed his preceptor in variety. His *Old Dornton*, in "The Road to Ruin," of which character he was the original representative, exhibited a pathetic power rare among comic actors.

Though often wildly extravagant in farce, his performances in high comedy were accounted natural and artistic, while marked with a forcible individuality.

Ten years later we find very prevalent a curious fancy for converting Shakspeare's plays into ballad operas. The excuse of the managers for these proceedings was probably the fact that employment had to be found for such charming singers as Miss Stephens and Miss M. Tree, in addition to the regular dramatic company of the theatre, at a time when the repertory of English opera was very limited. The adapter, Mr. Frederick Reynolds, pleaded as his apology for laying sacrilegious hands upon Shakspeare the fact that he was thus the means of restoring to the stage plays that had been long neglected, and would not otherwise than in this musical form have been presented to the public at all. Thus "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Twelfth Night," and, in due course, "The Comedy of Errors," came to be operated upon (no pun was contemplated) by Mr. Reynolds, and performed as operas. With its musical additions the play during two seasons was repeated some forty nights. The *Dromios* were now Messrs. W. Farren and Liston. Their masters were Messrs. Jones and Duruset. Miss Stephens—"Kitty Stephens," as the fond public loved to call her—was *Adriana*; Miss Tree *Luciana*. The music was composed, adapted, and arranged by Bishop. The words of the interpolated songs were selected chiefly from the other works of Shakspeare. The labours of the adapter were for the most part confined to writing cues to enable the singers, with some show of appropriateness, to introduce their songs. Thus *Adriana* lets fall the name Barbara, and forthwith sings "the willow song" from "Othello." *Luciana* speaks of "fancy," and then comes the favourite duet, nightly encoored, "Tell me where is fancy bred," from "The Merchant of Venice." *Antipholus of Ephesus* recollects that he dreamt of St. Withold (St. Withold at Ephesus!), and then favours his audience with *Edgar's* song in "King Lear," beginning "Saint Withold footed thrice the world." *Luciana* mentions Philomel, and then sings concerning the nightingale. Presently *Adriana* speaks of "morn's tuneful harbinger," and proceeds to warble "Hark! the lark!" On the same simple fashion other songs and concerted pieces were unceremoniously dragged into the play: the audience, finding no absurdity in the proceeding, it would seem, but applauding lustily, as indeed they could hardly help doing, so exquisite was the vocalism of Miss Stephens and Miss Tree. "The Comedy of Errors" arranged as an opera was a great

success, notwithstanding the denunciations of the purists and the scoldings of the critics.

To come down to more recent times, we find that performances of "The Comedy of Errors" took place at Sadler's Wells during the seventeen years' tenancy of that theatre by Mr. Phelps; that indefatigable Shakspearian manager having indeed put upon his small stage altogether some thirty-two out of Shakspeare's thirty-seven plays; in every instance resorting to the original text in preference to any adaptation, however ingenious or attractive. At the Tercentenary Festival, held at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1864, "The Comedy of Errors" was performed in the temporary theatre erected for the occasion, the actors engaged being the members of the Princess's company, under the management of Mr. Vining. The representatives of the two *Dromios* were the Messrs. Webb, comic actors and brothers, whose strong personal resemblance was of singular advantage to the performance, and probably suggested in the first instance their assumption of the characters. They had previously appeared with success at the Princess's Theatre, and, allowing for some needless extravagance of manner and grotesqueness of costume, may be commended for the cleverness and hearty drollery of their performance. The brothers are now playing at Drury Lane. The version of the comedy in which they appear is from the original text, with large curtailments, but without interpolations, musical or otherwise.

It will be noted that, upon the whole, the representations of this play have been somewhat few and far between; and but for the exceptional fact of two comedians being of the same family and enjoying a like trick of feature, it would hardly at the present day find any place upon the modern stage. It is essentially farcical in its humour. As Coleridge says, "A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the licence allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations;" and an old-established convention has determined that farce shall not constitute the staple of an English dramatic entertainment. Accordingly, we now find the play taking but a secondary place in the play-bill: played as an after-piece, indeed; yet surely proving a very amusing and mirthful conclusion to the theatrical pleasures of the evening.

Perhaps what has further tended to hinder frequent repetition of the play has been the fact that it offers no prominent parts for the stars of the stage. It has never, therefore, been what we may call "a players' play." It will be seen in running through, as we have been doing, the list of the chief actors who

have from time to time appeared in it, that not many great theatrical names are associated with the performances of the play. While it requires much skilful and accomplished acting, it has been found to afford the players no great opportunities for acquiring fame or applause. It does not, therefore, either attract the aspirant nor reward the veteran comedian. Then there are physical difficulties inseparable from the representation of the play which the player, however adroit, may well have difficulty in surmounting. He must abandon his personal identity: that is not much. But it is demanded of him that he should assume an aspect which must be in some sort common to himself and to a brother performer. *Antipholus* and *Dromio of Ephesus* should resemble closely in look, voice, gait, gesture, form, and stature *Antipholus* and *Dromio of Syracuse*. The dresser, by careful costuming and making-up, and clever use of the false colour, false hair, and other appliances of the 'tiring-room, may do much in furtherance of the required deception; but he cannot add to or deduct from a man's inches either of weight or girth, re-mould limbs, or re-cast features. Shakspeare, it may be observed, by giving twin servants to the play in addition to the twin masters, has just doubled the difficulty under which the original plot of *Plautus* laboured; "increasing the perplexity," as a critic has observed, "but at the same time increasing the improbability," and it may be added, magnifying very much the dilemma of the actors, who may find members of their troop sufficiently alike to appear as one set of twins, while they may be exceedingly embarrassed to produce from among their number the other set with any kind of resemblance between them, however suited to the parts the players may be in other respects. Hazlitt found in reading the play, from the sameness of their names as well as from their being so constantly taken for each other, that it was difficult without a painful effort of attention to keep the characters distinct in the mind; and he apprehended that on the stage (it does not appear that he ever saw the play acted) "either the complete similarity of their persons and dress must produce the same perplexity when they first enter, or the identity of appearance which the story supposes will be destroyed." There is more danger of the latter alternative, however, than of the former. As a rule, the audience are compelled to be satisfied with a tolerable resemblance between the brothers, and to supply with their fancy the unavoidable discrepancy. In the case of the brothers Webb, however, the spectator has every reason to be satisfied. Here is, at any rate, one set of twins like enough to go "hand in hand, not one before the other."



DORETTE.

I.

THE girls beneath the linden trees
 Danced at the close of day;
 My love was there—the summer breeze
 Fluttered her ribbons gay,
 And tossed her tresses golden-brown,
 The saucy, sweet coquette!
 The prettiest girl in all the town—
 The curé's niece, Dorette.

II.

I heard them chattering as they sped
 Home through the moonlit street—
 "Dorette will be the last to wed,
 For all she is so sweet!"
 "But Love," methought, "will come one day—
 Although he tarrieth yet—
 For all your tricks he'll make you pay
 A reckoning then, Dorette!"

III.

All summer long I fished and sailed—
 I thought of her no more!
 A whisper came her cheek had paled—
 I steered my craft in shore;
 I landed—twixt the port and town,
 The curé's niece I met—
 That night before the sun went down,
 She was my own Dorette!

EVELYN FOREST.

A LEGEND OF AMSTERDAM.

PART THE FIRST.

MYNHEER VAN DER HELDT was a wealthy merchant of Amsterdam. A gloomy pile of buildings near the Keyser's Graght comprised his warehouses, whence many a goodly bale of merchandise left the Haarl Poort, or was borne out into the Zuyder Zee to add to the wealth of the great house of Van der Heldt. Mynheer was counted wealthy even in that city of merchant princes; but he was of a morose and taciturn disposition to such a degree that even his opulence failed to conciliate the respect of his fellow citizens. The merchant of the Keyser's Graght was not liked. On the contrary, he was universally feared and shunned. And yet, when people were asked to assign a reason for a feeling in which all seemed to share, there was no tangible explanation of it to be had. Men so pressed would admit that Van der Heldt was not without his good qualities. He heard mass regularly in the Wester Kerk which adjoined his warehouse; he was no gloomy fatalist, who set the offices of religion at defiance. Nor was he a close man. The parish priest found him no niggard giver. Few who asked him for relief asked in vain. He had performed many acts of personal kindness. More than one of the clerks in his office had been admitted by him as destitute boys without character. When these turned out well, he took a kindly interest in their welfare; when otherwise, he merely shook his head, and forbore to take any steps to bring them to justice. When I add to these anecdotes that the merchant was not ill-favoured, my readers will wonder, as most strangers who visited Amsterdam at that time did wonder, what was the cause of his unpopularity. As for the townsmen, they never thought much about it, unless when expressly asked, and would generally at last defend themselves from further questioning by saying, "Maybe he has the evil eye!"

And yet the secret was one which admitted of a much easier solution. Mynheer Van der Heldt was an unhappy man; and among an easy-going, cheerful set of men like the Dutch, an unhappy man was an anomaly—a barbarian. They couldn't understand him. He

was an intruder. If you ask why Mynheer Van der Heldt was an unhappy man, I fear I shall get beyond my metaphysical tether. For if I were to reply, that he was so because he was feared and shunned, I should be stating the truth; but then, should I not be arguing in a circle? It would never do to say that the mysterious merchant was disliked because he was unhappy, and unhappy because he was disliked. Yet I hardly know how to relate the simple facts of the case, without making some such illogical admission. Certain it is that the great trial of Van der Heldt's life—the thing that embittered his existence—was his utter loneliness of soul; he yearned with all the ardour of a passionate nature for human sympathy; but he yearned in vain. If you ask me to explain the phenomenon, and forbid me to assign his melancholy as the cause, I fear I must perforce content myself with saying that so it was.

One November evening Mynheer Van der Heldt was seated in his parlour, indulging, as was his wont after business hours, in a gloomy reverie, when the aged domestic who waited upon his person, announced that a stranger craved his hospitality. Hospitality was a virtue which the merchant affected in common with the generality of his countrymen. He accordingly ordered him to be admitted, and prepared to play the host.

The stranger was a tall dark man, apparently a Spaniard, if one might judge from the ample cloak that fell in folds from his shoulders, and the flapping hat which he raised as he entered the apartment. He was clothed from head to foot in black. Van der Heldt, who was a keen observer of human nature, gave him the penetrating glance, with which he was wont to "take the measure" of his fellows; and which, by the bye, may have contributed to gain for him the reputation of having the evil eye; and yet he was puzzled to draw as rapid a conclusion from his observations as was his habit. At one moment he found himself mentally pronouncing his guest sinister and repulsive in countenance, albeit commanding in form; at the next he could not deny that his face bore traces of past beauty of a high order, and that there was a fascination about his eye which it seemed almost impossible to resist. When the stranger entered into conversation, he experienced the same mingled feelings; but as the evening advanced, and the talk grew freer on either side, Van der Heldt found the repulsive element rapidly decreasing, and the attractive as rapidly expanding. He had just come to the conclusion that his guest was a highly agreeable companion, and one withal possessed of a considerable knowledge of the

world, and of human nature, when the conversation took a turn which connects it with the present history.

There had been a pause; and as though there had been a charm in the stranger's voice, the old gloomy train of thought which his advent had dispelled, was rapidly beginning to steal again over the soul of the merchant, under the influence of the renewed silence.

"Mynheer Van der Heldt," said the stranger at length; "shall I read you the secret of your life?"

The merchant looked up in some surprise; but, perhaps mechanically, perhaps as wondering what would follow, nodded assent.

"When I came hither, you were, according to your wont, dwelling on the loneliness by which you are surrounded. You are rich, but you are not happy. Am I right?"

Van der Heldt again nodded assent.

"You would give much, I trow, much of this wealth, could you buy therewith the happiness possessed by the humblest of your fellow citizens—the happiness of loving and of being loved?"

Again the merchant made a gesture of assent.

"And yet when you came to Amsterdam ten summers back to inherit the business of the cousin you had never seen, you looked more to enjoying life among your fellows, than to increasing the wealth he left you. Is it not so?"

Van der Heldt made no reply. The stranger continued.

"And you doubtless remember the physician's daughter who lighted up the Wester Kerk with her presence, making it brighter in your eyes than you thought anything could be in this gloomy city? You remember the trouble you took to gain her ear, and after weary months, the scorn with which she received you? Human love was not to be for Mynheer Van der Heldt."

The merchant started to his feet, and wildly confronted his guest.

"Who, sir, I ask, are you? And by what means become you acquainted, as you appear to be, with the inmost secrets of my heart?—I demand an answer."

The stranger laughed a scornful laugh.

"Have I moved you, most imperturbable of hosts? Nay, then, an you will but hear me out, I swear that, ere I quit this chamber, I will reveal to the full both my name, and the means by which I became acquainted with what I know of your history. Nay, then, if you will not hear me further——"

The rest of the stranger's sentence was lost in the crash of a mighty peal of thunder. A

storm had burst over the city. The water seemed to dash in torrents down the narrow streets, beyond which it might be heard wildly mingling with the waters of the Keyser's Graght. When a temporary lull succeeded, the stranger was still speaking.

"I have here a document," he said; "the signing of which would secure for you all you desire. Sign it, but before two witnesses, and I swear that whatsoever you desire in the way of human sympathy and love shall be yours to the full." And as he spoke he drew forth a parchment, and tossed it carelessly to the merchant.

Van der Heldt unrolled it—with trembling fingers, and this is what met his astonished gaze:—

"I, Willibald Van der Heldt, do by these presents seal and deliver up my soul to Satan, on condition that he do procure for me the full enjoyment of human sympathy and affection, together with the esteem and consideration of my fellow citizens, without any diminution of my temporal wealth and prosperity. The whole to be null and void, if at any time I have cause to complain that these conditions aforesaid have not been carried out to my satisfaction."

As he read, a guilty purpose took possession of the soul of the unhappy merchant—a purpose which he combated, it is true, but so weakly that it did but grow the stronger the while he dallied with it.

"And if, sir stranger," he said, "I were to sign this document—not now, not now, but at any future time—how could I place it in your hands to test the truth of its promises?"

The stranger smiled.

"I leave your city to-morrow," he said; "and I must carry the parchment with me; take to-night to consider. To-morrow sign it before witnesses, and leave it at the office addressed to 'Don Antonio de Calzan, to be called for.' It will reach me."

So saying, he turned round, and quitting the apartment, strode out into the tempest.

Next morning a tall gentleman of foreign aspect, attired in black, presented himself at the office of Mynheer Van der Heldt. "Did your master leave a parcel addressed to Don Antonio de Calzan?" he inquired. The clerk answered in the affirmative.

From that day the affairs of Mynheer Van der Heldt underwent a strange alteration. How it came about, the musty old folio whence I have dug this history is silent, but certain it is that not long after the great talk among

the Amsterdam people was the approaching marriage of the wealthy merchant. Willibald had found a lady—young, rich, and beautiful—who, unlike the physician's daughter, returned his passion. For the first time in his life he loved and was beloved. For a long time he abandoned himself to the exquisite sensations which so novel a situation called forth. But dreaming, however sweet, must at length give place to action. The merchant set forth to see Margaret's father, and obtain his consent to their union. He did so in some trepidation, for Mynheer Steenwyk—a merchant like himself—and he had never been on friendly relations. In fact, the general feeling of dislike in which Van der Heldt had been held was in his case enhanced by its object being a successful rival in commerce. Such was the man whom Willibald now sought out to ask him to intrust to his keeping her whom he was known to value more than life itself. He went, however; and left the house the accepted suitor of Margaret Steenwyk.

The marriage took place with all the *éclat* that usually attaches to alliances between wealthy houses, and as the merchant led his lovely bride from the altar, the gossips of Amsterdam began to discover all manner of good qualities in the fortunate bridegroom.

Willibald's marriage seemed to alter his whole nature. He no longer shunned society: on the contrary, he sought it. And strange to say, his presence was no longer shunned. Mynheer Van der Heldt was voted "a very good fellow" by those who had been foremost in his condemnation. In short, "all went merry as a marriage-bell," and before long, there were few more popular men in Amsterdam than the merchant of the Keyser's Gracht.

In due time Margaret gave birth to a son. Van der Heldt experienced all the pleasures of paternity. He was never tired of playing with the little Philip, for so the child was named after his maternal grandfather. He was now no longer alone in the world. He had a wife to light up his home, and a son to carry forward his name to posterity. The merchant was happy.

Time went by, and other sons and daughters were given him. Van der Heldt loved each one of them with all the long pent-up tenderness of his heart; but Philip, now a fine stalwart boy of five, Philip to whom he looked to inherit the bulk of his wealth, to carry on his business after him, and to perpetuate his name, was undoubtedly his favourite child.

There were few happier homes—so the world said—than Van der Heldt's; it was a very mirror of domestic peace and contentment.

Not a wish of the husband's but was anticipated by the most loving and faithful of wives; not a desire of the wife but was read in her eyes by her affectionate husband, and granted ere her lips could frame the request. And there were few more fortunate men—that same world said—than the head of that smiling household. Deeply beloved by his wife and children, he was universally respected in the city. All sought his friendship. And all this while the affairs of Willibald were in as flourishing a condition as were his affections. In the seventh year of this new life, Mynheer Steenwyk died, bequeathing the bulk of his wealth, and his business to his little grandson and namesake, Philip, with a handsome legacy to Van der Heldt and each of the other children, the residue being left to his daughter. Mynheer Steenwyk was a cautious old man, with an eye to contingencies; that had been the character he bore in commerce, and in the hour of death his prevailing characteristics manifested themselves. His will was a perfect mine of provisos; it bristled all over with possible contingencies. Suffice it to say, that Philip's share was, in the event of his death, to pass on to the second son; and, if he died, to the third, supposing, of course, that either of these died childless. After that, it was to pass in similar rotation to any future sons born to Willibald Van der Heldt by his present wife, Margaret, or by any future wife, a provision which showed the great esteem in which Steenwyk had come to hold his son-in-law. If the supply of sons failed, it was to pass to Van der Heldt himself for his lifetime, and thence, at his demise, to whatsoever daughters he might leave, in equal portions, the business, in that case, being disposed of to swell the capital. Lastly, if Van der Heldt died without leaving descendant of any kind, the whole was to revert to a distant cousin of the testator, whose chances, to say the least of it, were fully as distant as his relationship.

Behold then Mynheer Van der Heldt the father of an heir to one of the most extensive businesses in Amsterdam, and this in addition to all his other good fortune, pecuniary and domestic.

So time rolled on, and the tenth year found Willibald, the father of two more sons, to render the distant cousin's chances yet more distant. There for awhile we must leave him in the enjoyment of his domestic happiness, while we open up a fresh vein of history from out the pages of this musty old folio.

PART THE SECOND.

Saint Michael, the prince of the heavenly host, (so runs the story,) called to him on a

certain day the inferior angels, and assigned to each the work appointed for him upon earth. "Go," he said to one, "and seek out the most miserable man upon earth, and minister to him." The angel obeyed joyfully, and straightway winged his bright course towards this earth of ours, intent upon his charitable errand. How it fared with him I know not; whether he sped his rapid flight from place to place, inquiring of his brother spirits as to who might be the legitimate object of the archangel's solicitude, or whether an unerring instinct, such as we may believe to appertain to the higher order of created intelligences, drew him at once to the sphere of his appointed labours; this the folio says not, nor does it behove me to be wiser than my authority. Certain it is that about this time the angel drew near to the abode of Mynheer Van der Heldt.

It was just such another evening as that ten years before, when the Spanish stranger had sought the hospitality of the merchant. Angry thunders growled and muttered overhead, the water dashed in torrents down the narrow streets, beyond which it might be heard wildly mingling with the waters of the Keyser's Graght. Van der Heldt was seated in his parlour as before, and alone. Margaret and the children were on a visit to a relation at Gouda, and the good merchant was endeavouring to lighten the tedium of this his first separation from wife and children, that had endured beyond three or four days, by inditing a letter to his wife. He was about to seal the missive when, as before, a stranger was announced, who craved his hospitality.

"Admit him instantly!" he said, cheerfully; "and throw more logs on to the fire, Fleta; this is not a night for a dog to be out."

The stranger entered. He was a mere youth, and his garb bespoke him to be a student. Van der Heldt gave him a hearty welcome, partly because he was hospitable by nature, partly because he was glad of anybody's company in the absence of his family. He would have preferred an older companion, it is true, and one whose converse would promise more variety and humour than that of a young scholastic; but be he who he might, his company was better than nothing; and so weird a night as this might safely be adjudged a boon beforehand.

I cannot repeat the conversation that passed that evening for the simple reason that, not being an eye (or rather ear) witness of the events I record, but merely a transcriber of certain passages to be found in a certain old parchment folio, I must necessarily depend on that record for my information; and as

the historian unknown who penned it is silent, I cannot choose but to be equally reticent. That the merchant took a vast liking to the young stranger I can affirm, and being somewhat lonely, as I have hinted, in the absence of his family, he pressed him to stay under his roof for some days.

Now I never could manage a mystery—all events to my own satisfaction—so, on the principle that discretion is the better part of valour, I may as well say without more ado what, by the bye, I believe I have said already, that the young student was none other than the angel, who had come, in the exercise of his commission, to seek out Mynheer Van der Heldt. I say, in the exercise of his commission; nor must you be surprised that, being sent to seek the most miserable, he had singled out apparently the most happy of men. For, as my authority argues at some length, and supports with all the ardour of a schoolman; and as my readers will doubtless admit, without requiring painful demonstration, the angels do not see things with our eyes, and all the fictitious happiness of the merchant was more than counterbalanced by the fact that it had been purchased at so terrible a price.

This being the case he set himself to work to bring the merchant to a better mind. Watching his opportunity, he told his astonished host that he knew of the signing of the document which had wrought so strange a revolution in his life. How he pressed the matter home to his conscience I know not, but at length he succeeded in persuading Willibald, who had not entered a church for years, to go and reveal his crime to a certain priest in the solitude of the confessional.

"There," he said, "it may be that you can be loosed even from this fearful bondage, and regain the birthright which you so recklessly sold, bartering eternity for time."

The merchant obeyed, though not without the intensest anguish. It might be that for him there could be no forgiveness. It might be—and the thought was torture to a mind constituted like his—that the stranger, offended at his rebellion, would withdraw his influence in anger, and that the peace and happiness of his home might give place to domestic feuds and sorrow of his sowing. But at length grace prevailed. Willibald was a sincere penitent.

The day came. He entered the confessional and recounted one by one the sins of his life. Many and many a confession had the good priest heard, but none like this; and he trembled with fear and perplexity as the fearful crime of Willibald unfolded itself before him. Could such a sin as this be pardoned? What if this were the unpardonable sin?

Could he dare pronounce absolution over such? And he thought of Esau who sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, and afterwards found no room for repentance, though he sought it carefully and with tears.

It was then that the angel caused the worthy priest to fall into a kind of trance, during which he remained in a deep stupor, unconscious of existence. Then too he took his place in the confessional.

"Is there any hope for such an one as I, my father?" asked the merchant, his utterance half-choked with sobs.

There was a pause, during which the beating of the penitent's heart was painfully audible. Then a voice, apparently that of the priest, replied,

"There is hope, my son, but the way is steep and thorny. You have sold your baptismal birthright. There is no way to regain it but by a second baptism of blood, such as few would dare to face. A baptism before which the fiery trials of the martyrs are but a mere pastime. But first I will ask you, has the enemy of souls kept faithfully his part of the compact? Have you ever had cause to complain of the manner in which he carried out the conditions?"

"Never, my father."

"He has given you then the full enjoyment of human sympathy and affection for which you craved, together with the esteem and consideration of your fellow citizens?"

The merchant assented.

"And this without any diminution of your temporal wealth and prosperity?"

Again Willibald replied in the affirmative.

"Listen then, my son. If you hold to this compact, he will continue to keep faith with you. You will have all you now enjoy to the end. But if you would be released from it, it must be by surrendering freely and from the heart, every atom of the human sympathy for which you bartered your immortal soul. Are you able to do this?"

Again there was a pause, during which the beating of the merchant's heart alone broke the fearful silence. Margaret, Philip, all the children, their happy, peaceful home, all these stood before him, and in stern contrast, the unhappy, discontented life of his youth. Could he abandon all these to welcome back again that old, hated existence? But, again, could he brave an eternity of misery, a misery perhaps shared in by those for whom he had sacrificed his soul?

No, he thought, I must flee from wife and children. I must face the world alone—ALONE. In a life of penitence I can at least shield those beloved beings by my prayers.

"Are you able to do this, my son? If not,

return to your home; there is no repentance for you. What a man soweth that shall he also reap. I seek not to force your will. It is free. Here is the document you so rashly signed. It matters not how I became possessed of it. Embrace the sacrifice, and I will tear it in shreds before you. Shrink from it, and I must return it to him whose it is. Do you embrace it."

"I do."

Faint and trembling, and yet, with a strange unwonted peace at his heart, Mynheer Van der Heldt returned to his house. It was late, and, wearied with his emotions, he sought his couch. Early next morning he was up and busied with preparations for his departure. He would quit this house ere his family returned, quit it without a word to wife or child. It was better so. His place among men should know him no more.

Thus an hour passed, when there was a violent knocking at the door. It was a messenger with special despatches from Gouda. The plague was raging there. The merchant's family had sickened.

The sacrifice had been accepted.

Time would fail me to tell how Mynheer Van der Heldt journeyed to Gouda. He had no hope. He knew that the fiat had gone forth, and he submitted to the Divine will. And yet, though his heart was racked with agony, there reigned in it a peace that had never been there in the days of his prosperity. Suffice it to say, that the merchant arrived at Gouda but to find his worst fears realised; Philip was the first victim. In his delirium he conceived a wild antipathy to his father, which added terribly to his load of sorrow. The happy, loving Margaret sunk next. And then, one by one, all the rest. One only lingered—a boy. Was it possible that he would be spared? Willibald crushed the hope within him. He felt it could not be; and yet the boy seemed to rally. He recovered. As soon as possible Van der Heldt returned to Amsterdam.

But for that one boy he was alone in the world, alone, as in the old, hateful days. His affairs, too, took a turn. A confidential clerk absconded with considerable wealth. One or two heavy failures shook the credit of his house. Cold looks met him once again when he went abroad. To crown all, as the winter advanced, his boy grew weaker and weaker, and in the bright spring-tide he went to join his brothers and sisters in the land beyond.

Willibald was alone. The sacrifice was completed!

He bowed to the stroke. Henceforth he would live alone to the God he had once so

fearfully denied. So he set his affairs in order, disposed of his business, made large donations to the poor, and ceded to the distant cousin all the property he had inherited from his father-in-law. Then he turned his back for ever upon Amsterdam.

At Zwolle, in the province of Overysell, there stood a monastery of holy men, who were called "The Brothers of the Common Life." It was famed in the surrounding country as having produced many learned and devout men, among them the celebrated Thomas à Kempis. Thither went Mynheer Van der Heldt, and threw in his lot with the brethren. And there he lived and laboured many years, long after the inhabitants of Amsterdam had forgotten all about the merchant and his varying fortunes. Brother Willibald, says the folio, enjoyed a reputation for great peace of mind, and a love of silence. He sought but little the society of his brethren in recreation time, but was ever affable when others made any advances towards him. And the chronicler notes that he not only found peace and the answer of a good conscience, in the quiet rounds of monastic duty, but that even that which he was once fain to buy at so fearful a price was not withheld from him by a beneficent Providence. He lived to enjoy in a singular degree the sympathy and affection of those among whom he sojourned, and he died respected and lamented.

THE YEAR'S CROWN.

FAIR would I stay thee, from thy fragrant tresses,
To pluck, fair queen, the last and sweetest rose !
Fain would I linger where this fine air blesses
The golden woodlands, ling'ring while it blows
As loth to say farewell ! Bright Autumn, fain
Would love delay thee, but the wish is vain !

Fly the swift hours which hurry off the swallows
And leave the robin to his roundelay ;
Which drive the humming flies from where the
swallows *

Wave o'er the river murmuring on its way ;
Not fondest words may stay them, no regret
Brings back an hour from blissful suns once set :

Fair was Spring's morn and fair the eve of Summer,
The old world lilac perfume of young May,
Yet fairer now to us is each fresh comer,
Each hour that trips down Autumn's fruit-hung way :
We grudge each day's still death, each leaf that falleth
The twilight sigh that softly Winter calleth.

'Tis ever so with life ; its loveliest season
Is just the one we hurry through to-day ;
Regret for other days were surely treason
In men who soon farewell to all must say :
Use but to-day aright ; it brings its weal :
Beck not of woes the future may reveal.

* *Salix*, willows. Vide Keats' poem, "To Autumn."

The truest peace earth holds for toil or trouble
Lies all around us—in the leafy glades
Red with frost's first breath, in the yellow stubble
Touched with pink lustre when the short day fades,
The ruddy fruitage, each pale fleecy cloud
That woos the West to find a gorgeous shroud.

Yet hast thou memories, Autumn, for the twilight
Of happy meetings, joyful smiles, where corn
Waves on the hill-side, or the pencilled eyebright †
Stirs in the breeze from purpled uplands borne :
Pensive we loiter by the well-known tryst,
And watch the golden fields by sunset kissed.

Here for each soul the Future takes a glory,
And Hope may dream of triumphs yet to come ;
Lovers here meet to tell "the old old story,"
Draw tight the knots ne'er e'en by death undone ;
Here, too, when day dies—dies, alas ! too soon ;—
More lovely floats above the Autumn moon.

Soft falls her mellow flood, its radiance streameth
O'er park and hamlet wrapped in deep repose ;
Yonder the brook a thread of silver gleameth,
The forest here in solemn splendour shows :
A land of silent glamour far and near
Owns Autumn queen of all the beauteous year !

M. G. WATKINS.

A MOAN FROM THE WEATHER-OFFICE.

I AM, if you please, a young man in the Weather-Office. I've got to look after the rain-gauge, and I want to see whether I can get a little sympathy out of the public or not. At the call of duty I am ready to be reasonably scorched, or frozen, or starved, and I can do some extra work without expecting to be called a hero. But here have I, with only a British constitution, had to toil this last twelvemonths through Indian heat in summer, and tropic rains in October, with cold blasts that made my teeth shake ; through a warm winter which, if it brought out strawberries and geraniums at Christmas, melted me down into a state of sop and rheumatism, and lastly through frost and snow in what lunatics are pleased to call the merry month of May—very merry indeed, with everybody wrapped up in great-coats, and the rain drifting horizontally across the park like smoke.

Very well, you say, Mr. Public, you can't help all this. You pay for the rain-gauge, and expect some person to look after it. I don't suppose you can help it, but do you know, Mr. P., how much extra rain and cloud I've had to register this last eight months, and all for your good ? No, and you don't care either ; and this is what breaks my heart. To speak the plain truth, you, Mr. P., are in general profoundly ignorant about the weather ; you begin your conversation with it because you are rather a stupid

† *Eyebright*, the *Euphrasia officinalis*, a common flower on hillside pastures.

sort of person, and don't know what else to say; you grumble at the weather generally, just as you grumble at everything; but I don't believe you ever know how much rain falls on your garden from one year's end to the other. You talk about the weather, indeed! just you come among us for half an hour, and we'll take it out of you a little, I can tell you.

Let me pause, as a gentleman often says, in a tragic novel, when about to detail his private reasons for doing something for which he ought to have been hanged,—let me fondly linger on the last few days of rest I ever enjoyed before I proceed to tell of my winter's troubles.

It was in that delicious September when even in England the rain-gauge rested from its labours. All over the face of the land was baked like a crusty brick. One man in our office reported that he went out fishing, and that when he got to the fish-pond he couldn't find it! Another thought it rather good that he had lost his way by mistaking a meadow for a highway, both being burned to precisely the same hue. All, except one incurable growler, argued that this was just what was wanted. It did not particularly matter to us that corn was short in the straw, and cattle disease spreading far and wide through the heat. There was always something for farmers to grumble at in the weather, so we agreed to go out and enjoy ourselves. The growler said it was sure to rain as soon as we started. He'd just mislaid his only good umbrella (which, by the bye, he'd nearly worn out by carrying it every day in the settled conviction that it *would* rain before evening), and that was a certain way of "bringing down the splash;" but we voted him a donkey and went our ways.

I started for the north. I didn't throw myself into a cab, or roll into the railway station, or jump into a carriage, as people often say they do, though I never believe them. Not being a "matchless voltigeur," or an "incomparable acrobat," I think it more consistent with fact to say, that after declining the services of a smeary party in the street, who very gratuitously called out "'Ansom?" I got into a "four-wheeler" cab, which carried me to the station, and that I there took a seat in a train which carried me out of town.

Of course the train was late in starting; now-a-days every train is late; of course, also, it was behind-hand at every station, and the farther we got from London the worse it was. We were only an hour after time when we got to York. But this is just what one expects from a railway company; no one hopes for fair play at *their* hands. Had such a thing

happened without any reasonable cause of delay, to one of the old mail coaches, the driver would have got off his box and committed suicide.

All the way as I came the land gaped and thirsted for water; the rushes grew rank and high above the pools; the streams had shrunk to mere runlets; the rivers were bordered with green and yellow scum, and the dust lay inches thick on the roads. I saunter by the Ouse, and come to the conclusion that it must be very pleasant to be a fish in such weather, for they are quite at their ease; a few youthful scamps or bedouins come up now and then, and lazily suck in a vagrant fly, but the old parties lie quietly lurking in the cool depths, if cool they can be in this weather, knowing that while this heat lasts their food will almost drop into their mouths.

Hot as it is, I cannot resist a stroll through the sweet old city. The spirit of the past is on every side at York. Despite the waste made by time, it is still the city of Serapis and Mithras, to which kings came to pay tribute, where the first Christmas ever kept in England was held, and where the great Edward III. gave his hand to Philippa of Hainault. I wander through the beautiful grounds of its museum, by the picturesque Monk Bar, and Walmgate Bar with its quaint barbican, by the old, old churches, especially by the famous porch of St. Margaret's, and I ask myself if these can be the work of the same race of men who build our hideous, brutal railway bridges, our tasteless white brick and stucco streets, who design our outrageously ugly, stiff, staring statues, and who defile Westminster Abbey and Guildhall with their lugubrious caricatures. I reach the noble minster, and stand face to face with one of the loftiest and most perfect monuments of human genius, for when we have named Cologne, Lincoln, and Salisbury, we have well-nigh told of all that can vie, ancient or modern, with York. I feel as if I were looking on the bones of a giant, or the manuscript of the "Iliad" or "Macbeth." I gaze on its marygold and kaleidoscope windows, and think how well the two centuries and a half which the matchless structure required, were spent. As to all about the slabs and cenotaphs, the horn of Ulphus, and the old seals where the ladies and gentlemen seem all afflicted with squint, knock-knees, and tumours of the limbs,—are they not written in the guide-book? Because, if not, they ought to be.

And now we speed north, past the horrible valley of the Tyne, where for miles and miles everything is buried in a smoke like that of the pit of Acheron, till we pause at Morpeth,

with no good will, for the best inn is but a wretched affair. The shabby walls haven't seen paint or paper for twenty years; the worn, stained old four-post bedstead, and dingy hangings; the fluffy, ragged carpet, and rickety wash-hand stand, are not inviting. I sally out and find the street filled with the most ragged, dirty, brawling children in the county. Poverty and decay seem to have fastened on the place. There is not a cheerful looking house, not a single trim maid-servant to be seen. I stare at a quaint little stone image of a man on a tower in the market-place, and the people stare at me; I ask who he is, and nobody can tell me; I look in the directory, and as usual, find everything but what I want to find; so I am glad when it is time to start for Rothbury by the old coach.

Away over hill and dale, for there is no level ground. Far to the right lies the sea, dark yet gleaming, like a great band of newly rolled lead; the air seems alive with insects. Hot as it is, there are travellers enough; we put people down only to take others up, the driver unstraps and straps the luggage, observing each time that "it's arl reet noo," which does not prove quite correct upon one occasion, as we are stopped by a piercing shriek, and on looking back see a lady without her hat, standing in the middle of the road, and gesticulating wildly. "A portmanteau has farlen off, sor," and the brave little woman has jumped out, while the coach was going full speed, to tell us. Once more it's "arl reet;" we wind along by the bonny Coquet, pass the Gothic country-house of one of England's great, self-made men, Sir William Armstrong, and reach the thatched-roofed inn with its great horsing-stone and creaking old sign-post.

I begin to feel quite easy in my mind. I think I shall still have a few days of rest. It hasn't rained since the sheep-shearing. Forty years, the fisherman tells me, he has lived here, "and niver saw owt like it, sor;" but it's been a grand harvest, and "niver was better won, sor." Besides, the look of the place is delicious. You can walk about the streets in your shirt-sleeves and a long pipe in your mouth, if you like. There is nobody in a hurry here. Quiet folks make quiet trips to see the famous battle-fields, the peel towers, and the barrows; or climb the hills—not to seek fresh air, for the air is so pure that people only die of whiskey and old age—but to get rid of their superfluous energy, and gather bilberries. There is a man leaning against a half-door, and smoking a pipe; he has done so ever since I came, and I feel sure he has done so

for many years past. The only busy folks are the boys, pitching quoits amid cries of "had thee jaw, Jim," and "let me pitch fiirst." If I had a friend, I would say to him, "My friend, let us join in the rustic sports of the village, and drink the beer of Bass;" but I haven't got a friend, and I can't get any pale ale, so I go fishing instead.

I fish the Coquet till I come where you must strip the weed off the backs of the trout when you catch them, which isn't often, and where you can at times see their shadows on the pebbles. But there isn't much sport; there is hardly any bearing up against the relentless heat, and a solitary angler who has given in, looks as if he marvellously envied the white-breasted water-ouzel who merrily dives and splashes in the heather-coloured stream, and the impudent, noisy crows and lapwings, marching about as if they enjoyed the horrible glare and dust.

Away over the grand old moors. The fern is withering in the drought, and the beauty is fled from the heather, except where here and there by some northern slope or sheltered runlet, it opens its sweet magenta blossoms to the breeze; but I don't look for flowers now. I know that the dog-rose and campion are gone from the hedge, and that the pimpernel and saxifrage have died out on the moor. Still the honeysuckle waves softly in the hot air, and the daisy unfolds its humble charms by the hedgebank; the meadow saffron displays its pale blue flowers, and the heather bell has not yet closed its shrine against the visits of the fairies. But, with these exceptions, the beauty of the season has fled; brambles and great red hips, briony berries and crabs have taken the place of the flowery tribe. Yet the bee works as hard as in a bright June day, gathering from the heather store for his dark-coloured honey; the flies buzz incessantly in my face, and the cattle are standing in the river. I pass by woods fragrant with the glorious smell of the fir, and hedges full of wild cherry and crab-trees, till I cast anchor by Rothley ponds, where I fish all day. But the fish don't see it in the same light as I do; the bottom is full of feed, the weeds have risen to a height never known before. Not Jamie Baillie, the senior wrangler of fishers, nor Stewart, nor Mavin, could fill a creel to-day. Fish, when they take it into their heads, are, as a wrathful Scot remarked under similar circumstances, "jist the maist obstinate brutes in the warld, forbye being daimed cooards, ye ken." The keeper tells me there is not even a puddle on the moors, and that neither man nor dog can stand it; so I give up fishing to seek the shade, and as evening draws on, go further west, past noble heath

woods and marvellously trim cottages quiet
Cambo.

I take up my abode at a teetotal inn in a teetotal village. I regale myself on tea and what figures in the bill as "ginger-bear." There is no brawling and swearing here, so at nine o'clock I betake myself to my room, with the certainty that I shall not be kept awake by hearing "My Pretty Jane," or "Annie Laurie," growled and roared out by half a dozen hoarse throats, the proprietors of which would be much better off at home, and I begin to think that for such folks the Maine Liquor Law would not work so badly. My bed-room is about thirty feet square on each side; the two gigantic bedsteads are quite lost in it. My first impression is that there must be a ghost in the place, the second that in either bed I shall be swallowed up bodily and lost. But I sleep gloriously, eat a famous "breefest," provide myself with a "sanguage," for so the landlady puts them down in the bill, and start.

I can hear nothing of the rain, and the general impression is that it will never rain any more, so that I need not worry about going back to the treadmill yet; and I go, instead, to Rothley, where, thanks to the kind-hearted proprietor, I fish all day, hook fine trout which I appropriate, and hook still finer, who appropriate my tackle instead, laying about them with such fury when caught, that they seem all the time to be either in mid-air or on the top of the water, which they thrash into a complete boil. I look upon them as mad, and say so. But evening comes on, and I must start; the mist is gathering fast, and soon shrouds the Cheviots from sight. Never was mist seen of such a quality as this year's growth; it hangs to the bushes like wool, and lies so thick in the valleys that you might take it up with a spoon; so I only pause to gather a few gigantic mushrooms, for this year the fungi have grown to the most extravagant size ever heard of, and then, weary and hungry, I reach the cheery little inn at Rothbury.

Everybody that talks at all is talking about the drought. From the Tweed to the Tyne, from the German Ocean to the Cumberland hills, this storm-beaten county where often in October the corn lies green and soaked with rain, and where by rights the snow should soon show on the mountain-tops, looks as if it had been baked in a furnace, and at every breeze the fiery hot dust rises like a mist. I express my approval of this state of matters, and the people look upon me as demented. Some person volunteers the information that if the country is hot and dry, the sea-side is still hotter and drier; that

nobody can be on the sands at mid-day without danger of sun-stroke. I am grateful and cannot refrain from offering up my gratitude on the spot itself, so I decide to start for Scarborough. I bid farewell to the bonny Coquet, as the kind-hearted Northumberland people (and kinder hearts never beat) delight to call it, look for the last time on the wonderful man smoking his pipe still and leaning against the half-door, and leave quiet old Rothbury, never more to see it as I see it now. Ere a twelvemonth has passed away, the navy will break in upon the rest of these peaceful folks, working like a berserker six days in the week, and fighting, swearing, and drinking all through the seventh by way of resting himself; the railway will wind like a huge anaconda along the sleepy vale, and then the railway company, who would not spare the most holy or venerable thing left to us, will launch on the devoted village a crowd of cheap excursionists; the young to yell, race on donkeys, and pelt stones; the grown-up to swear, play bad music, treat the drunken players, and deface everything they can lay their mischievous hands upon, as they did at Wroxeter, Matlock, Llangollen, and a hundred other places.

Ah! happy days! As I loaf about at Scarborough, staring at the noble bay and the old castle wall, at the gay-coloured cobbles, painted white, yellow, and blue, at the lofty old dark brick houses, and the marvellous little cottages by the sea-side; at the paved and flagged courts with grass growing in them, at the awful flights of steps, and the postillions on one horse—I feel such joys are too bright to last. Not even authentic intelligence that pear-trees are blossoming in no end of places, that strawberries are in full bloom, that horse-chestnut trees are coming out with a second set of leaves, and that the mercury in a famous thermometer has filled the tube, as if it would burst it out of sheer spite at being so worried by the heat, can give me peace. My hour is at hand.

Alas! only too soon the south-west wind began to moan sorrowfully round the cottage-windows. By October the treadmill was at full work, and now began a winter, I suppose, without parallel. Troublesome people wanted rain, and they got it. They had been saying that all through England *the rivers had been shrinking for ages, and of late more rapidly than ever; that England was exhausting her stock of water as quickly and recklessly as her coal*, and that our only salvation was a good deluge now and then. I hope they were satisfied when it did come. In one short month I registered nearly six inches of rain, a quantity which, with proper management, might

have lasted nearly half-a-year; and scarcely had the murky torrents ceased, than it grew so cold that I predicted snow, which, I admit, was a mistake, for it rained harder than ever. How I did work to be sure for six months straight on end, during which time there fell, as the Registrar-General will tell you, almost nineteen inches of rain: more than an average year's consumption—that is to say, an inch of rain meaning a fall of rather more than a hundred tons per acre; this quantity for the six months would amount, on a space like St. Paul's Churchyard, to about as much water as would fill the Great Eastern. Oh! it was a nice time for the rain-gauge. I wish you, Mr. Public, knew what it was to register week after week, "Sunday, cloudy throughout; Monday, generally cloudy till evening, then clear; Tuesday, generally overcast; Wednesday overcast, during the morning the rain fell heavily; Thursday, heavy rain, mingled with hail, fell at intervals; Friday, heavy showers of rain fell frequently; Saturday, the rain fell heavily for several hours." The rain seemed to get into everything, even into people's tempers. There was a tremendous snow-storm in January, which did a considerable amount of mischief, and I had the misery of stating that "the specific gravity of this snow was more than double its usual volume." A foot of fresh-fallen snow, when melted, generally produces an inch of water, but this fall yielded nearly three times as much.

I should have thought respectable people, brought up to a civilised kind of life, wouldn't have stood this without a general growl. It is all very well for burly countrymen, born to dwell on the top of Snowdon or Langdale Pike, who make a point of never wearing either great-coat or flannel when the thermometer is at zero, to say they don't care about the weather. It is all very well for a monster of resolution, like Dr. Johnson, to say that man can easily make himself "superior to the seasons, and may set at defiance the morning mist and the evening damp, the blasts of the east and the clouds of the south." I, myself, if I had been a salvagee from the rain-pelted coasts of Mull or Argyll, might have rather liked it; I might have found some relief from my toils in the cheerful prospect out-of-doors; it would have reminded me of "hame" and "auld lang syne, sir." But I consider I have no more connection by blood with a muscular Christian of this kind than I have with a bull; and as to Dr. Johnson, he was an old humbug, and took good care never to try the experiment himself.

I therefore had quite come to the resolution that if I couldn't have it out with the public on my one sore point, I would cave in and

croak at once; the total apathy shown at even nineteen inches of rain had quite warmed me up. I should have felt more composed if once a week or so the papers had abused the elements. But no: everybody seemed quite content that we should be worked to death, and that they should be drowned. I am writing this on a miserably cold morning in June, with the brutal rain coming down in torrents; a week hence no one will remember what sort of a day it was. A short time ago the thermometer rose at a bound to above seventy-nine degrees, and in sixty hours fell to twenty-seven degrees. If you mention this to anyone, he says, "Dear me, did it, indeed?" and that's all he knows about it: a pretty state of matters for people who are always talking about the weather.

A MODEL VILLAGE.

ALL who have read one of the latest stories by Edmond About—and the English readers of "Madelon" are numerous—will remember the very strong contrast between scenes depicted in that book. We are taken from the boudoir of the Parisian "Anonyma" to a dull little town in far away Alsace, and inducted into the mysteries of model farming, and into other arts practised for the good of the community by the excellent but sceptical Monsieur Honoré, the wise man of the place. It is difficult to believe that in describing the character of M. Honoré and that of the work which he originated and carried on, Edmond About drew upon his own fancy alone. And if anything he had heard of suggested to him the idea which in "Madelon" he has amplified and elaborated, it was probably the work which M. Auguste Guyard began some three years since at the village of Frotey-lez-Vesoul, in the province of Franche-Comté.

That work and its originator have attracted the attention even of those Parisians whose world is their own capital. A character designed (with alterations) from M. Guyard figured in a dramatic piece by Octave Feuillet, produced not long ago; and explanatory articles upon the *commune-modèle* at Frotey have appeared in the *Débats*, the *Siècle*, the *Presse*, and many other French newspapers. But I believe no sketch of the history of the undertaking has appeared, for what M. Guyard has himself written upon the subject is a journal full of details rather than a sketch. It is a sketch, and that alone, that I shall now endeavour to make, and it is a "round unvarnished tale" that I desire to deliver. I will confine myself entirely to a narration of facts, leaving others to decide—upon the merits of the case—the points at issue between M. Guyard and

those members of the Church party who have felt obliged to oppose him. The originator of the work at Frotey, which is intended to serve as a model for other villages in France, has been, let us say at starting, for years a consistent *philosophe*, and those who are sorry that he rejects the doctrines of the Church are doubly sorry in that he is a man so instructed, so amiable, so unselfish.

It was in 1863 that M. Guyard—then, as now, living in a quiet house in the faubourg of the old aristocracy, engaged in writing and teaching—conceived the idea of transforming his native village into a *commune-modèle*, or model parish; that is, he wished to extend to the villagers of France such advantages as English villagers enjoy, and to add to these certain plans which he himself had devised for their improvement.

Frotey-lez-Vesoul lies to the south-west of the hills of the Vosges, and is situated in the province of Franche-Comté, or, to speak more particularly, in the department of the Haute Saône. To the inhabitants of this village M. Guyard addressed—I think it was very early in 1863—a letter explaining his desire to introduce certain reforms, if they were willing for him to do so. The letter was well received; and in April Monsieur Guyard went down to Frotey to establish prizes for regular attendance at the parish schools; attention to education being one of the first of his principles. He founded at the same time a museum of natural history and a free library, and he presented the villagers with several agricultural implements of the latest fashion. Returning to Paris he determined to issue further letters “Aux Gens de Frotey,” and in them to explain the objects of his undertaking, and to chronicle its success or failure. Frotey was the place upon which he was to experiment: his wish was that many other villages should be similarly improved, and that so the flow of the country population to Paris might be lessened. He would provide for the peasants in their own homes the advantages of city life, and from the temptations of city life they should be free.

In August, 1863, M. Guyard went down for the second time to Frotey, and was present at the celebration in that village of the Fête de l'Empereur. There were then distributed by the wife of the Baron Tharran, prefect of the Haute Saône, those crosses of honour and prizes which were to be the reward for good conduct among the pupils, old and young. There were prizes for obedience, perseverance, order, cleanliness; and, over and above the prizes, the best behaved young man and the best behaved girl in the village were crowned with wreaths of

lilies and roses, and declared the *Lilien* and the *Rosière* of their year. It should be mentioned also that M. Guyard then established the plan of paying a moderate sum to each child who came to school regularly, as a reward for industry and, more especially, as a recompense for the time which might otherwise have been spent in manual and more immediately money-getting work.

At this time M. Guyard received letters from several eminent persons, expressing approval of his undertaking. I will not trouble the reader with the high-flown compliments which too often mark a Frenchman's letters. But this one short note of Lamartine's may be read with interest:—

“MON CHER MONSIEUR GUYARD,—Je vous retrouve avec bonheur à la tête d'une entreprise toute civilisatrice, dans vos ‘Lettres aux Gens de Frotey’ que vous voulez bien m'adresser. Je me souviendrai toujours avec plaisir et reconnaissance des travaux si utiles et si honorables pour vous, consacrés par vous au *Bien Public* de Mâcon en 1847 et 1848. Votre nom est devenu ainsi pour moi le nom d'un compatriote et d'un ami, recevez-en l'assurance, et croyez que partout où vous le placerez pour diriger le peuple dans la voie du bien et du beau, vous me trouverez uni de zèle et d'amitié dans la même pensée. La politique, aujourd'hui, c'est le peuple; faisons le bon, et nous la ferons belle.

“ALPH. DE LAMARTINE.”

I will add that Lamartine sent at the same time a portrait of himself and a complete edition of his works as a present to the parish. The gift will be variously estimated: by M. Guyard it is very highly prized.

For many months the curate of Frotey and M. Guyard were on very friendly terms, the curate approving the work which the Parisian man of letters had set himself to do. But speaking one day in public, M. Guyard touched in unorthodox language on the abstruse question of eternal punishment. The curate heard of it, and was sincerely grieved. The Bishop of Besançon also heard of it, and communicated with the curate upon the subject. The result was that the village clergyman felt himself called upon to protest against M. Guyard; and in his church, while M. Guyard and his family happened to be sitting there, he denounced the founder of the model-parish as “an impious man, worse than Voltaire.” M. Guyard regretted to lose the co-operation of a man of influence, and, as I wish to believe, of good intentions; but there was now a gulf between them which nothing could bridge. M. Guyard addressed to the curate a long and

elaborate letter, in which he complained of the course the curate had adopted, and defended his own disbelief in the eternity of punishment by references to the Fathers and to some modern churchmen. But it was of little use; the curate refused to admit to a first communion those young people who wore the cross of merit which M. Guyard and his friend and supporter, Suleyman Khan, the Persian *chargé d'affaires*, had given to the best behaved among the young villagers, and M. Guyard declared that, "Catholicism, as it is understood at Frotey and Besançon, is not compatible with modern civilisation."

In subsequent visits M. Guyard undertook different works for the benefit of the inhabitants of Frotey. He commenced a plantation of fruit-trees in waste but fertile ground in the parish; and the plantation will, it is hoped, be a source of considerable riches to the villagers. He established for adults courses of lectures on subjects of general or local interest: now some practical farmer, who could say well what he had to say, would discourse upon the best methods of agriculture; now some wise man from Paris, his head brimming over with the ideas of the day, would tell the villagers something of natural history. M. Guyard's own views on natural history seem to accord with those propounded by Darwin, though they are in advance of them; probably, however, they were more directly derived from a book written conjointly by M. Pouchet (the director of the Natural History Museum at Rouen) and the director of the Museum at Marseilles. These gentlemen believe in the spontaneous generation of infusoria, as opposed to the theory propounded by some members of the French Academy, of the universal presence of invisible germs.*

During 1864 M. Guyard found it necessary to establish a branch academy for the convenience of residents in Paris. There had been one at Frotey, it will be understood, ever since M. Guyard took the village by the hand, and its members consisted of the first supporters of the work and of the *Lisèns* and *Boisiers* of their year. To the Paris Academy many eminent persons belong, and the Empress herself is regarded as a member, because she never sent back the diploma which the president ventured to forward to her. Under the auspices of the branch academy an annual fête takes place. The first was given in 1864; the second on the 30th of June, 1865, in the Pré Catelan, Bois de Boulogne. "On that day," says a correspondent of mine who was

present at the festival, "you saw a more than usually varied throng passing up the Champs Elysées to the precincts of the Bois. They went in at the entrance to the Pré Catelan: men of title, poets, journalists, women of the world, good old villagers and pretty young ones from Frotey—whom the Chemin de Fer de l'Est had brought up free of charge. There were rows of stalls within the enclosure, as at an English charitable bazaar, and the stalls were presided over by very young ladies, who were all dressed in white: these were assisted by the stewards of the fête, who hawked about the wares of the stall-keepers. A military band was in attendance, by the permission of the commandant of Paris. In an elegant little theatre several artistes of high attainments were assembled, and towards the close of the afternoon a concert was given here. There was also a lottery in which the Emperor, having been supplied with tickets, won a prize, as he always does in French lotteries. On the green, dancing was carried on with great *verve*, and everybody seemed delighted with the fête."

The third fête was held towards the end of May in the present year, when several eminent men delivered speeches, explaining fully the object of the work, and the desire of its promoters to carry on similar undertakings elsewhere.

I do not know that there is anything more that English readers would thank me to tell about the fortunes of the *commune-modèle*. But I ought perhaps to remark, what may indeed be apparent enough without my saying it, that I do not attach any very great importance to the work at Frotey, *per se*. It is rather because M. Guyard has sounded the first call to village improvement—because the example set by Frotey will in all probability be followed by many country parishes in France—because if that example be indeed largely followed, country life (domestic, social, intellectual) in those fair wide provinces from the Channel to the Mediterranean will be greatly changed—that I have ventured to occupy a few columns with this story of the beginning.

T. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE THAMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—In a late number of "ONCE A WEEK" * was an interesting article on the Thames.

The writer may perhaps be glad to know that the Dutchman, Hans in Kelder, who accompanied the royal party when they went on the frozen river was the yet unborn child of the Princess Anne.

This somewhat coarse joke may have been due to the King, who probably brought it from its native soil, viz., Holland. I remain, your obedient servant,

CHARLES CH. BLACK.

South Kensington Museum, Sept. 14, 1866.

* M. Pouchet's smaller work, "L'Univers," may be read with interest by those, and they are not few, who care for scientific discussion.

* See p. 128.



CONQUEST-FLUSHED, like a warrior bold,
On his mettlesome steed, October brown,
Over the hills, the valleys adown,
Rideth ;
Trampling the rustling leaves of gold
As his steed he onward guideth.

At every tramp of his charger's hoof
He buries a treasure and mutters a charm,
And the wandering wind a jubilant psalm
Singeth ;
Whilst mischievous frost-sprites stand aloof,
Nor harm the seed that he flingeth.

But the night-stars whisper to him who wakes
A deeper meaning than dreamers can read,
"Life shall arise from the buried seed ;
Then know,
That Death gives Life for the Life he takes,
As Nature doth forth-show."

Over lakes and rivers he shakes his spear,
And the angler stands where the river rolls past,
And the purple mountains deep shadows cast
In the tide ;
And he sees far down in the waters clear
The speckled troutlets glide.

Tramp through the orchard, each bough low bends,
Laden with treasure October to greet,
Eager its blushing wealth at his feet
To pour ;
For the kindly smile that on all he sends
Hath made him a king twice o'er.

Then when the fire crackles and logs bright blaze,
And Hallowe'en nuts are burning slow,
And mirrors to maidens their lovers show,
Fill up !
And drain to jolly October's praise,
In ale that he's kissed, a parting cup.

JULIA GODDARD.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "A PRODIGAL SON," "SIR FELIX FOY, BART.," &c., &c.

**CHAPTER IX. FIVE MINUTES' TALK.**

THE day after he had thus addressed his aunt, Frank Hobson, entering his chambers in New Square, found himself welcomed by his friend Tomkisson with extraordinary en-

thusiasm—with clappings of hands, the waving of a hat, of a handkerchief tied flag-wise to a walking-stick, and noisy shouts of applause.

"What is the matter?" he very naturally inquired.

"Bravo! Hurrah! See the conquering hero comes! Three cheers for Hobson!" cried Mr. Tomkisson, in a state of great excitement.

"What *do* you mean? Are you mad, Tommy?"

"I wish you joy, old fellow."

"Is *that* all? You wished me joy the other day; and I wished *you* joy too. Why this absurd ebullition of excitement? What have you been drinking?"

"Bah!" cried Mr. Tomkisson; "my congratulations of the other day were folly compared to my present rejoicings. A man can get a wife when he will—sooner than he wants, sometimes. There are millions of wives about in the world. To get a wife is one thing; but to get a BRIEF!—what am I saying, *briefs*? BRIEFS!—they're vastly different affairs. What do you think of this, and this, and this?" and Mr. Tomkisson lifted up, one by one, large legal-looking blocks of foolscap paper, neatly folded, and endorsed in legible round-hand.

Frank Hobson turned quite pale; then said, suddenly,—

"Oh, they can't be for me. It's some mistake; they must be meant for the other Hobson—'Central Criminal' Hobson—confound the fellow's luck!"

"There's no mistake, my Francisco!" cried Tomkisson. "It's all right; here's your name in full—'Mr. Francis Hobson. With you Mr. Windybag, Q.C. Jibb v. Jossy. Brief for the Infant Defendants. In the Vice-Chancellor's Court.' Catch 'Central Criminal' Hobson in the Vice-Chancellor's Court!"

"It does really seem as if it was meant for me," said Frank Hobson, breathing quickly.

"It's all right, Franky; the luck's turned at last; I always said it would. And here's a cheque for the fees. That's what I call business—for the fees, including the clerk. I begin to wish I was your clerk. You're a wonderful fellow, Franky; you'll prosper prodigiously. The eyes of England are upon you. You'll be Lord Chancellor. At any rate you'll get a County Court, directly there's a change of Government. Your fortune's made."

"What, because I've got a brief after an awful interval?" Frank Hobson began to think his friend's excitement somewhat exaggerated.

"Away with this idiotic affectation of *sang froid*!" shouted Mr. Tomkisson. "Look where the brief comes from—look where they all come from! Read the name at the bottom of them, and then—stand on your head, or turn a summersault, or do credit in some way to the startling importance of the occasion!"

"'Blatherwick, Austin Friars,'" Frank Hobson read. "Upon my word, it's really

very kind of old Blatherwick," and he sat down in his arm-chair.

Mr. Tomkisson stamped on the floor.

"Is *that* all you're going to say? Is *that* all you're going to do?" he demanded, vehemently. "I'm really ashamed of you, Mr. Francis Hobson. At your age to be affecting this swell, haw-haw, dreary-drawly undemonstrativeness! Or can it be that you don't really know who Blatherwick of Austin Friars is?"

"Yes, I know him well enough; and a very jolly old fellow he is, too. I met him down at Beachville, and we got on together capitally."

"And you never said a word about it! You can't be in your right senses, or you can't really know who old Blatherwick is. The audacity of speaking of him as a jolly old cock! as though he were the conventional sort of old man to be picked up in every public-house."

"What do you mean? Why all this fuss about him?"

"What atrocious ignorance! You think he's merely a common-place attorney who's taken a fancy to you. Francisco, I blush for you! Blatherwick is a power—an influence—an engine—an organ—a centre upon which a whole system revolves—the fly-wheel in a vast political machinery! Blatherwick is the agent and representative of the great True Blue Party! Blatherwick can do anything. He can bring *you* into Parliament; he can bring *me* into Parliament; he can bring Brown, Jones, and Robinson, one and all into Parliament. He has capital at command, interest, authority. All the business of the True Blue Party passes through his hands. He transacts all their affairs. He *is* the True Blue Party when anybody has got anything to say to it, or wants anything from it, or to do anything for it. If any borough wants a True Blue candidate, Blatherwick is sent for, and produces one forthwith. If any True Blue candidate wants a seat he goes to Blatherwick, and Blatherwick finds him one. Perhaps it costs money; perhaps it's a very close shave, a sharp contest; perhaps there may be here and there a ten-pounder, whose political convictions are so nicely balanced that unless something weighty is slipped into his palm he has no bias towards either candidate, and can't, therefore, find his way to the polling booth anyhow. Blatherwick manages to secure that hesitating ten-pounder—Blatherwick manages it all. Blatherwick makes everything smooth and pleasant: without troubling anyone, or committing anyone, or appearing himself to take any more active share in the business than that of steadily consuming hot brown brandy and water at every available opportunity."

"Yes, that's the man!" said Frank Hobson.

"And yet you'd never heard of his political importance! The luck—sheer luck—that some men have! Ah! if old Blatherwick had but met with me! I flatter myself he would have received appreciation at my hands; he would have found himself in the presence of a congenial spirit; he would have obtained recognition of his singular merits; and would, I fancy, have found pleasure in the society of one hardly less fertile in ingenuity than himself—hardly less ready in resources and prompt in action. But it was not to be! Still, as he didn't meet with me, I'm glad he met with you, my Franky. Your fortune's made. Blatherwick's a sure card. The game is with you. Business will crowd in upon you. Briefs will fall in cartloads at your feet. Parliamentary practice will be yours. Enormous fees and endless refreshers. The barrister's heaven opens before you. Step in and enjoy yourself. Again I wish you joy, Franky. Long life and prosperity to you. Such is the prayer of your humble servant and affectionate friend, Verulam Tomkisson. How dry one gets with talking! Couldn't we possibly have something to drink?—I should really like to do honour to old Blatherwick and the occasion."

"I hope your notions about him are not extravagant."

"Of course they're not. Ask anyone. Consult whom you will, you'll hear the same story about him."

"I'd no notion of his importance. But then I've never taken much interest in political matters."

"Always take interest in political matters. It's the bounden duty of a barrister to do so. Let him choose his party and stick to it, and his party will stick to him, and give him a place some day. I'm thoroughly True Blue myself, though I admit I haven't got much by it at present. All in good time. Tomkisson is great, and will prevail. May his triumph be fixed for as early a date as possible!"

Frank Hobson duly informed Sophy Brown of the bright hopes he entertained arising out of Mr. Blatherwick's briefs. Sophy did not quite understand the matter. But she was pleased: for a very good reason; she saw that he was pleased.

"We only want now a letter from Miss Hobson. I wonder she hasn't written. I'm afraid she's very angry with us."

"No matter if she is," said Frank Hobson.

Still, he thought it rather curious that his aunt had not written. What could old aunt Fanny be about?

A letter from "old aunt Fanny"—as Miss Hobson was somewhat irreverently designated by her nephew—was received at last, after the delay of a few posts. Like most things, however, which, by tardiness in arrival, have over-excited expectations, the letter when it did come was found to be less satisfactory in effect than had been anticipated.

"It's neither one thing nor the other, remarked Frank Hobson, as he read and re-read the missive. "She doesn't say whether she approves or not. I suppose she hasn't made up her mind. I like people to make up their minds at once, one way or the other; and then one knows how to deal with them. And there's an air of mystery about the whole thing I don't at all understand. What can have happened at Beachville to make her write in this curious way?" And he handed the letter to Sophy Brown, to see if her feminine acumen could extract from it more information and satisfaction than were permitted to his masculine obtuseness.

"We really ought to be grateful, Frank," said Miss Brown, having completed perusal of the letter; "it is clear, for one thing, that Miss Hobson doesn't *dis*-approve of our engagement."

"Why doesn't she say so then distinctly? I hate being left to guess at people's meanings."

"Wasn't I left to guess at your meaning at Beachville, sir? And I guessed wrong. I thought that Matilda——"

"I don't want to hear anything about Matilda. If my meaning wasn't clear to you at first, probably it arose from that bashfulness and confusion in the presence of his heart's idol, which is natural to man."

"Oh, Frank!"

"And I spoke out pretty plainly at last in the railway carriage. Didn't I?"

"You took advantage of an unprotected female! And in the surprise of the moment I was weak enough to say 'yes'—if I did say 'yes.' I'm sure I don't know now what I did say."

"You said and did everything that was right, and proper, and charming, and graceful. How could such a darling say or do anything that was otherwise?"

After this, there was much absurd conduct and speech of a fond and fatuous nature—it is the privilege of lovers to be preposterous—which it is wholly unnecessary for me to particularise. Study the next pair of enamoured persons you may happen to fall in with. Very much after the manner of their going on did Frank Hobson and his Sophy talk and demean themselves. So occupied were they with each other that they permitted Miss Hob-

son's letter to be crumpled up into a pipe-light, and to fall upon the floor at their feet.

Its contents were as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRANK,—I have received your letter, and it has occasioned me, I must own, some surprise. But certain circumstances that have occurred here have so disturbed and distressed me, that I am in no fit state now to discuss with you your plans for the future. I will only say that I firmly trust all may be ordered for the best. More I cannot now write. My hand shakes too much. I am altogether too unnerved and upset. It is really quite a painful effort to me to put pen to paper. I am far more fit for my bed than to be sitting at my desk, writing—scrawling, rather—this note. Presently I trust I may be calmer and better. Meanwhile, I am waiting the arrival of my good friend Dr. Robinson, for whom I have sent. I have also to prepare myself for an interview with dear Mr. Blenkinsop. You must, therefore, excuse me adding more just now. And I cannot promise to resume my pen very immediately. Still, I have many things to say to you. I don't know, however, that I can trust myself to write about these. It would be very much better if I could see you. I know how valuable your time is—how much engaged you must be just now, but I should really esteem it a favour if you could run down here, if only for a few hours; or perhaps it would be better if you come again to stay from Saturday to Monday. In that case, you must come here *direct*, without going to the Royal. I have a spare room now at your service. Hoping soon to see you, I remain, my dear Frank,

"Your affectionate aunt,

"FANNY HOBSON."

A brief postscript was added—one of some importance, all things considered. It ran thus simply: "*Kind love to Sophy.*"

Presently the lovers—refreshed apparently by their inane proceedings—resumed discussion of Miss Hobson's letter.

"It's very strange that there's not a word in it about Matilda," Miss Brown remarked.

"Well, I don't see that," said Frank Hobson. "Matilda's got nothing to do with it."

"She might have sent a message: a few words of congratulation. People generally do send congratulations when they learn of an engagement. But perhaps, she expected a formal letter from me, announcing the fact to her. I wish now I'd written to her. She was really kind to me, in her way, at Beachville."

"*In her way!*" Frank Hobson repeated.

"Yes. I know Matilda's way. I expect she's in an awful rage. I dare say she can't bear the notion of my having preferred anyone to herself."

"What vain creatures men are!" exclaimed Sophy. "Depend upon it she's never given a thought to the matter. You don't suppose, sir, she ever cared a bit about you? not the least tiny bit. Why should she?"

"Perhaps not. All the same, I'll be bound to say, she doesn't approve of your caring about me."

"As if I did!" interjected Sophy.

"Or of my caring about you," pursued Mr. Hobson.

"I don't believe you do."

"Don't you, Mrs. Saucebox? Very likely she doesn't care the least tiny bit, as you say, about me, and would have rejected me if I had made her an offer; not that I ever dreamt of doing so." (Oh! Mr. Hobson! Mr. Hobson! How about that letter you wrote and afterwards destroyed?) "But that's no reason why she should approve of my making an offer to you. That's always the way with women."

"Is it, indeed, sir?" quoth Miss Sophy, mockingly. "Much you know about them."

"Though they mayn't care for a man themselves, they highly disapprove of his caring for any but them. I haven't a doubt that, as I said before, Matilda's in an awful rage. She's pacing about, talking in her emphatic way, and wondering what Frank can *possibly* see in Sophy, and what Sophy can *possibly* see in Frank, and declaring to everybody that the poor creatures must *starve*, having *absolutely* no means *whatever*—*none whatever*."

This was a passable imitation of Miss Milner's manner, and Sophy Brown could not but honour it with her laughter and applause.

"But *must* you go to Beachville, Frank?" she inquired soon afterwards.

"Well, Aunt Fanny seems to wish it. I suppose I must."

"Well, I suppose so, too; though I can't bear the thought of your going away. The idea of our being separated makes me quite sad. You'll come back as soon as ever you can?"

"I shall stay from the Saturday to the Monday only."

"And I wanted you to take me to the Temple Church on Sunday! How provoking. But it can't be helped. Oh! if there were to be an accident on the railway!" And at the mere thought Miss Brown turned quite pale.

"You silly darling!" And in some fond way he succeeded in allaying her fears.

It was mid-day. Frank Hobson, some-

how, found himself walking in the Strand. Suddenly he discovered in front of him a familiar figure. He quickened his steps. Yes. There could be no mistake about it. The man before him, and now beside him, though he had exchanged his white cravat for a black silk handkerchief with little white spots upon it, was the Reverend George Barlow.

Without much thinking what he was doing Frank Hobson tapped his friend on the shoulder. You should have seen how the clergyman started; he seemed rather to spring away some three feet, uttering a cry of alarm.

It's an unfair practical joke to tap a man unexpectedly on the shoulder. Suppose he happens, from peculiar circumstances, to be apprehensive of taps on the shoulder of an unfriendly and formal character. The thing is then really cruel; goes beyond jesting, far.

"Hullo, Barlow!"

"What, is it you, Hobson?" The clergyman looked rather white in the face: was panting for breath. Yet it was evidently a relief to him to find he had been tapped on the shoulder by Frank Hobson, rather than by any other person less amicably disposed.

"Why, what do you do here? I thought you were at Beachville," said Frank Hobson.

"I'm up in town for a day or two only; that is to say, perhaps I shall not return to Beachville very immediately," Mr. Barlow explained, with some hesitation.

"Indeed! By the way, Barlow, I've a word or two to say to you. There's a sort of an explanation due to you. It ought to have been made before, perhaps; but it isn't too late, now."

"Well. I rather wanted to have five minutes' talk with you, if we could manage it. But I don't much like standing about here, for many reasons."

Mr. Hobson, thereupon, led the way through Bell Yard and across Serle Street to his chambers in New Square.

"There's little chance of interruption here," he said. So they sat down and made themselves comfortable.

"You remember one night my meeting you on the parade at Beachville, Barlow?" Frank Hobson commenced. "It was on a Sunday night, I rather think. You were smoking, and I had been—well, we'll say refreshing myself with brandy and water at the Royal."

"Yes. I remember it distinctly," said Mr. Barlow, wondering what was to follow this prelude.

"Perhaps I had taken more brandy and water than was good for me."

"I think there can be no doubt about that."

"Well, I avow the thing frankly. Don't make an ungenerous use of the admission. I *had* taken more brandy and water than was good for me. Still, I knew what I was about."

"Possibly."

"We had some talk together."

"Well, you talked a good deal."

"Mention was made, among other things, of the names of Miss Milner and of Miss Brown, then staying at Beachville with my aunt, Miss Hobson. Some sort of admiration was expressed—by both of us, I rather think—for those ladies; but for one of them more especially. You stated plainly that you had views in regard to Matilda Milner and her fortune."

"I should be sorry to contradict you, Hobson. But I can't say that I recollect making any statement of the kind."

"You *must* have said it, Barlow. I couldn't have invented it, could I?"

To this question Mr. Barlow made no reply.

"And I," resumed Frank Hobson, "ventured to make a similar statement. I also, at that time, entertained, or thought I entertained, views in regard to Matilda Milner and her fortune. There thus arose between us a disagreeable collision of views: the more disagreeable by reason of our old acquaintance, and the friendly footing upon which we stood in regard to each other. We resolved to settle the matter in a perfectly amicable and simple manner. We tossed."

"That is to say, you tossed."

"However that may be, *you* lost. Matilda Milner fell to my share. You were to console yourself with the other lady, or as might seem good to you."

"I remember something of this. You settled everything your own way. I was to do *this*, and you were to do *that*. But you don't suppose I ever gave another thought to your absurd conduct on that occasion?"

"It's as to that I have desired to be informed, Barlow. I remembered your old sporting propensities at the University."

"I must entreat that you will not again refer to them."

"And it seemed to me possible that, with your well-known sportsman-like love of fair-play and straightforward conduct, you might have thought of carrying out that arrangement in its integrity."

"I never thought of anything so monstrous."

"You haven't considered—you don't consider yourself bound by it?"

"Most certainly not."

"Nor in any way affected by it?"

"Not in the remotest degree."

"Then, if it wasn't binding upon you, Barlow, it naturally follows that it wasn't binding upon me."

"That is my view of it. I regard it as a tipsy frolic of which you ought to be quite ashamed."

"It was a tipsy frolic; there is no other term for it; and I am ashamed of it."

"And which ought, therefore, to be forgotten," said Mr. Barlow, with an air of generosity, "like any other indiscretion a man may have committed and afterwards repented of and atoned for."

"Your sporting propensities, for instance? I am very glad to hear you say so, Barlow. That was very much my own opinion of it. I am happy to find we are agreed. And, now, let it be a bargain between us. Henceforth you will forbear all mention of that absurd evening, and I will undertake to forget that you were ever known as 'Betting Barlow' at the University."

"That's a bargain between us." Thereupon they shook hands formally.

"I was especially anxious to see you on this subject, because I have seen reason to alter my plans considerably," said Mr. Hobson.

"Indeed."

"Yes. I have absolutely renounced all views in regard to Miss Milner."

"Well, perhaps that's only what might be expected, all things considered."

"My affections are now wholly fixed upon Miss Brown. I am, in point of fact, engaged to be married to Miss Brown."

"I congratulate you sincerely, I'm sure. I wish you both happiness."

"There's no doubt we shall be enormously happy, Barlow. I weighed carefully the merits of Miss Matilda Milner with her fortune and Sophy Brown without any. I decided at last in favour of the latter."

"Miss Brown is a very charming young lady."

"Quite right. Now, frankly, Barlow, between friends, did you ever, before or after the night of the tipsy frolic and the tossing, did you ever entertain views in that quarter?"

"Frankly, I never did."

"And you approve wholly of my choice?"

Mr. Barlow laughed curiously. Then he said: "I approve wholly. Not that my approval can matter much. As for your choice, I suppose we may call it *HOBSON'S CHOICE*!" And he laughed again.

"I hate any jokes that involve playing upon a man's surname. They always seem to me exceedingly bad taste," said Frank Hobson, rather angrily.

"What I mean is," Mr. Barlow explained,

"that you couldn't have chosen Miss Milner, because, the truth is, she was already chosen."

"I don't understand."

"Look here. This is what I wanted to show you, and to talk to you about."

Mr. Barlow took from his pocket-book an oblong slip of paper, partly printed, partly written upon. It purported to be an extract from the Registry of Marriages in the Parish of Prawnford, and set forth the marriage of George Barlow, bachelor, of full age, and Matilda Milner, spinster, also of full age. The marriage, it appeared, had been solemnised at Prawnford Church some weeks earlier than the date to which we have now brought this narrative.

"You don't mean that?" said Frank Hobson in a low voice, after a pause.

Mr. Barlow, by way of reply, simply nodded his head.

"Then when I went down to Beachville for the first time," Frank Hobson began—

"This marriage had already taken place."

Frank Hobson whistled; then laughed. "Certainly, as you say, *HOBSON'S CHOICE* was all that was left to me. You managed it very quietly between you, I must say."

"Very quietly. We thought it best to do so. We went over one morning to Prawnford Church—"

"When you were supposed to be searching for common objects?"

"Precisely. That was how it was managed."

"I confess I never dreamt of anything of that kind. But what occasion was there for so much secrecy? What need was there for your being so mysterious?"

"It was Matilda's wish," said Mr. Barlow. "Of course I could but comply. Her will is my law."

"No doubt of it," observed Frank Hobson, drily. "Still, I don't quite understand. Have you left Matilda at Beachville?"

"No; she's now at the Grosvenor Hotel. To tell you the truth, I was obliged to quit Beachville. I had been discovered there—I don't mind your knowing, Hobson—by, in fact, certain people to whom I owe money. They have quite persecuted me. They evince a curious distrust of me. Though, of course, they will receive what is due to them—eventually—all in good time; I don't see that there's any particular occasion for hurry. So, to avoid their importunities, it became imperatively necessary for me to quit Beachville. Matilda was very unwilling that I should go alone. She couldn't endure the notion of our being separated. So we came up to town together. Otherwise it had been our intention

to preserve the secret of our union some little time longer."

"But why?"

"I can only tell you that Matilda thought it best to do so."

"And what does my aunt—Miss Hobson—think of it all?"

"Ah, that's just what we want to know. That's what I want you to tell me. That's why I was so anxious to have a talk with you. I don't know at all what Miss Hobson will think of our proceedings. Matilda is inclined to imagine that she will be very angry—in the first instance, at any rate. Now, what's your notion, Hobson?"

"Candidly, I don't think my aunt will like it much."

"Just so. That's Matilda's notion. She fancies Miss Hobson will be greatly disappointed."

"And yet, I know Miss Hobson entertains a high opinion of you."

"It's more than I deserve, I fear." To this Frank Hobson assented with rather ungracious alacrity. Mr. Barlow continued, "Miss Hobson was always most kind, yet I believe she was in favour of a very different plan for the disposal of Matilda's hand. Indeed, I'm given to understand she was anxious to arrange a marriage between you and your cousin."

"Well, I remember she said something about it one day. But of course that's altogether out of the question now."

"Of course, of course. Are you likely to see your aunt soon?"

"I think of running down to Beachville again next Saturday."

"Would it be too much to ask you, on Matilda's account not less than my own—in fact, it is by her desire I make this application to you—to do what you can for us with Miss Hobson? Help us to regain her favour, and make what excuses for us you can?"

"Well, Barlow," said Frank Hobson, promptly; "if a good word from me will do any good, it shall certainly be spoken."

"Thank you, thank you. We shall be really much indebted to you, Hobson."

"But you must remember I've got my own peace to make. My aunt knows of my engagement with Sophy Brown, but it remains to be seen what she thinks of it."

"Matilda will be so pleased to hear of your prospect of happiness."

"No doubt." But Mr. Hobson did not look quite convinced.

"She will, of course, write to congratulate Miss Brown. I know she entertains an extreme affection for her, and if you should be going near the Grosvenor—especially *after* you

have been to Beachville—will you kindly look in? Matilda will be so pleased. We lunch between one and two generally, and we shall expect you anxiously, my dear Hobson—*after* you have been to Beachville. You will give us a long account of your interview with Miss Hobson. Matilda will be delighted. And now I must really say good-bye. Good-bye, Hobson. Cousin Hobson, in fact, I may say, for we're cousins now by marriage. How very fortunate I happened to meet you to-day!" And then Barlow took his leave.

"And so Barlow's actually married to Matilda," mused Mr. Hobson. "Well, I'm sure I wish him joy of her. It's the natural result, I suppose, of 'common objects.' Still, I can't understand why they were so awfully sly about it. Matilda's doing, evidently. I've no doubt she orders Barlow about as though he were a poodle. I suppose a poor man married to a rich wife has to be very humble and obedient. Altogether, I think I'm well out of the business. Some women seem to be inherently sly, and cunning, and secret in their goings-on. Matilda must be a woman of that sort. It isn't a romantic love of mystery in her case. She's not given to sentiment, I'm sure. It arises from a cat-like love of stealthiness and concealment. If I believed in the doctrine of metempsychosis—which I don't—I should maintain that Matilda was a cat before she was a woman, and will eventually transmigrate into her feline form again. Barlow will wake up some fine morning and find himself married to a tigress. Poor Barlow!"

(To be continued.)

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

At 2 p.m., June 15th, 18—, a party of eight of us, accompanied by Paolo, a Maltese servant, landed from H.M.S. — at Jaffa (Joppe), with the intention of visiting Jerusalem. Our first business was to procure horses and mules for ourselves and baggage, which we managed to obtain at thirty piastres each for the journey. In about an hour we were ready for a start, and set off in company with two priests, belonging to the Latin convent at Jerusalem, and Mr. Finn, the consul there, who had come down with a previous party of officers, and was now going back.

Our road led us past some of the famous gardens of Jaffa, watered by the *na'ura*, or Persian wheel, and which produce in abundance bananas, pomegranates, oranges, and other more common fruits. In spring-time the delicious perfume of such a variety of blossom forms an agreeable contrast with the stench of the tanneries, and it is to be hoped

that Simon, the tanner, whose house is pointed out by the local guides, really did reside (as they suppose) at a considerable distance beyond his strong-scented business premises. Leaving the gardens behind us, we came upon a magnificent plain, growing plenty of corn, which was now fit for cutting. Here and there, on the way to Ramleh, the plain is varied by sandy ridges. We reached that place by 7 p.m., having taken nearly four hours to do fifteen miles. We put up at a convent, and procured some dinner. Afterwards we went to the top of an old square tower, and had a fine view of the country. It was difficult to say whether the tower was a minaret, or the campanile of a fine old church that had been turned into a mosque, as was the custom with the Moslems. Its Christian origin is the more probable, since, close by it, are the remains of a large convent, of which part of the cloisters only now remain, with many deep vaults in the quadrangle of the building. The ascent to the top was by a spiral stone staircase, containing 126 steps, in rather a good state of preservation. The tower is about 100 feet in height, and is a conspicuous landmark over the surrounding country. "The view from the top is inexpressibly grand. The plain of Sharon, from the mountains of Judæa and Samaria to the sea, and from the foot of Carmel to the sandy deserts of Philistia, lies spread out like an illuminated map." *

Our quarters in the convent were not so comfortable as we could have wished, though better on the whole than one usually finds when travelling in the Holy Land. Mosquitos, fleas, and other little animals, even more troublesome and voracious, drove us to seek rest and repose on the roof. Before three the next morning we resolved to move on, and after some little difficulty in loading our mules and finding our horses, we started from Ramleh, with our friends, the priests and consul. We picked our way carefully through amongst the people sleeping in all directions in the streets, and got on the high road, which was still flat for about six or eight miles, with a slight rise now and then. We came to the hills looking down upon Wady 'Aly, along a very rough road, and descended to Kuriet el 'Ainub, the village where the famous mountain robber Abu Gosh used to reside, and where it is said that Ibrahim Pasha—(as Jack calls him, Abraham Parker)—on his return from Damascus, burnt 500 women and children in the church, which remains a ruin to this day.

We were very much disappointed with the first sight of the Holy City, as, instead of the

venerable old place we expected to see, it presented the appearance of a strongly fortified modern town, with nothing ancient about it except here and there an occasional piece of ruined wall. We entered by the Jaffa Gate, and took up our quarters at Mr. Mashallum's hotel, near the Damascus Gate, a very good and clean house, generally patronised by travellers. After a little rest and refreshment we sallied out in search of a Turkish bath, where we might get cleansed from the dust contracted on the road, and have the stiffness shampooed out of our weary limbs. We found one near the Grand Mosque, in one of the bazaars, and soon obtained the desired relief. We were so much refreshed that we started off at once with our guide on a sight-seeing expedition. We first went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which covers Mount Calvary, the tomb of our Lord, and the garden where the Marys watched. With every disposition to follow the maxim of Padre Francesco Cassini, who has written the latest work (a very good one) on the subject, that "it is better to believe too much than too little," we listened very patiently and attentively to our guide, whilst he exhibited for our admiration and reverence the stone on which the body of our Saviour was washed when taken down from the cross, the spot where Mary Magdalene and Mary his mother watched his body; the stone on which the angel Gabriel sat when he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre; the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre—the sepulchre itself, twenty-six feet long and eighteen broad, covered with a white marble slab, cracked across; two stones found in it when first opened; a part of the stone pillar to which our Saviour was tied when he was scourged; the grotto in which (after being scourged) he was confined before his crucifixion; the place where the officer (Longinus) who pierced his side with a spear performed penance, and the stone on which he knelt, with the marks of his knees upon it; the place where they divided his garments; the grotto of S. Helena where the three crosses were found, a piece of the stone on which Jesus sat when the crown of thorns was placed on his head; the place where they nailed him to the cross, with a painting of the operation; the holes in Mount Calvary, in which the three crosses were fixed, covered over with plates of silver-gilt; the rent in the rock near the tomb of Godfrey de Bouillon; the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, the sword and spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon, besides numerous paintings.

We were next escorted to the place where Peter was imprisoned, then passed down the Via Dolorosa, up which our Saviour carried

* "The Land and the Book," p. 580.

his cross, and passed the house of Veronica, the woman who wiped his face, and were shown the handkerchief with the (supposed) print of his face upon it. We stopped at each of the "stations" along the street, and had pointed out to us the place where Simon helped to carry the cross, the first place where Jesus fell, the arch on which Pilate wrote "Ecce homo," the place where our Saviour was scourged, now the site of a chapel, the house of Dives, the site of Herod's house, &c. Next morning, under the guidance of Thomaso, we proceeded to the remains of the old wall and gate, through which Jesus is supposed to have carried the cross, on the way to Calvary. We then visited the Armenian convent, and were shown the place where S. James was beheaded, which is carefully enclosed and protected by beautiful doors inlaid with tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl. Six silver lamps are constantly burning before a picture of his head. This is said to be the richest church in Jerusalem; a space in front of the altar, nineteen by eight paces, is covered with the most beautiful mosaic work, three of the stones having been brought from Sinai, Tabor, and the Jordan; the rest of the floor is marble. We then strolled on past the site of the house of Caiaphas, and the place where Peter denied his master, the exact spot having a young tree planted upon it. We were then taken to the lepers' quarter, and a more miserable set of objects than those we there beheld it is impossible to conceive. Fancy a host of beggars, "sans eyes, sans nose, sans hair, sans everything!" Fancy human beings holding up arms without hands, and vainly attempting to gurgle articulate sounds through throats without palates! It was a heart-rending and a sickening sight. Well would it be if they were still required to stand apart, and give warning of their approach by crying, "Unclean! unclean!" We returned by the Jews' quarter, which we found very dirty and close.

Although we had had but a cursory glance at Jerusalem, our limited period of leave compelled us to hurry over our visit. It is, therefore, impossible to attempt anything like a detailed description of the city and its various buildings. We had no time to test the accuracy of our guide's descriptive remarks at the time, which were dotted down in our pocket-books, and a lapse of more than eighteen years does not improve one's memory.

After breakfast we mounted our horses, and passed out of the Damascus Gate for the Mount of Olives, passing the site of the destruction of the Assyrians, and also the part of the wall which the Crusaders scaled in their attempt to take Jerusalem; they are both at

the north-east corner of the city, between the Damascus and S. Stephen's gates, leading down to the brook Kedron in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. A square hole cut in the stone where the first martyr was stoned to death was pointed out to us on the way. We crossed the Kedron (now dry) by a small bridge, and visited the tomb of the Virgin, and those of her father and mother, Joachim and Anna, in a deep cave on each side of a flight of steps leading down to the body of the church, which contains both the tombs and their chapels. We found a priest (Greek) in attendance, who sprinkled us with rose water. Ascending to the Mount of Olives we went into the garden of Gethsemane, and visited the place where our Saviour wept when foretelling the destruction of the city, and the cave where he sweated "great drops of blood, falling down to the ground." Here there was the following inscription in commemoration of the event:—"HIC FACTUS EST SUDOR EJUS SICUT GUTTÆ SANGUINIS DECURRENTES IN TERRAM."

The garden is surrounded by a low stone wall, nearly square, and had in it about fourteen very old olive trees, and six younger ones. It is on the west side of the Mount of Olives, and facing Jerusalem, near the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The Greeks point out another site for Gethsemane, and maintain that theirs is the true garden. The author of "The Land and the Book" thinks that both are wrong, the position of either of them being too near the city. He is inclined, therefore, "to place the garden in the secluded vale several hundred yards to the north-east of the present Gethsemane, and hidden (as he hopes, for ever) from the idolatrous intrusion of all sects and denominations."

We ascended to the Mount of Olives by a good road, and visited the Church of the Ascension, a small circular chapel, built on the summit of the mountain. This is considered holy by the Moslems, and there is a recess on the side towards Mecca in which they pray: in fact, many of the holy places have these recesses, and are all respected by the Moslems. From the top of a turret near this chapel we had a good view of the city, and could see a part of the Dead Sea and the Valley of the Jordan. On our descent we visited the places where they say the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed were composed, the first a little to the southward of the summit, and the other a little further down the hill on the road to Siloam, near to which are the tombs of the prophets. The entrance to these tombs is small, and opens into many mysterious recesses cut out of the solid rock.

Crossing the Kedron again, we visited the Pool of Siloam and the Fountain of the Virgin, which are large excavations or tanks cut out of the rock. One was quite open and nearly dry, and the other is entered by a narrow passage or opening, a sort of tunnel connecting the two, through which the water flows. The open pool seemed to be nearly 100 feet long by 30, and about 20 feet in depth. Having inspected the tombs of Absalom and Zechariah we went round by Mount Moriah, and up the valley of Hinnom, "the valley of slaughter" (Jer. xix. 12). Our guide showed us the place where it is said Solomon was anointed; a large square excavation used formerly as a tank. Close by was a large Turkish burial ground, where many women were sitting about the tombs. "The potter's field," or "field of blood," is on the west side of this valley. There are an immense number of tombs along the south side, of all sizes and shapes, hewn into the face of the rock, and amongst them the "tombs of the kings," and the "tombs of the judges." These are large caves, very deep, and never have been fully explored. We completed the circuit of the city, and returned to our inn by the Damascus Gate.

I forgot to mention that the Tower of David at the Jaffa Gate is most probably the Hippicus of Josephus. Judging from the outside appearance of the building, it is highly probable that the measurements would agree minutely with the description given by that exact historian. One of the three walls of Jerusalem, according to Josephus, "began on the north, at the tower called Hippicus. . . . (This tower) so named from King Herod's friend, was square; its length and breadth each twenty-five cubits, and its height thirty, and it had no vacancy in it. Over this solid building, which was composed of great stones united together, there was a reservoir twenty cubits deep, over which there was a house of two stories, whose height was twenty-five cubits, and divided into several parts; over which were battlements of two cubits, and turrets all round of three cubits high, inasmuch that the entire height added together amounted to fourscore cubits." ("Wars," iv. 2, 3.) The huge stones (roughly cut, and deeply bevelled round the edges,) of which the lower part of the present tower is built, added to its size and shape, render it highly probable that it is one of Herod's construction.

Our return to the inn was the signal for a general and loud dispute between our servant and all the horse and donkey-dealers that Jerusalem could boast of. One of the horses which Omar Beg had furnished us with at Jaffa turned out to be such a miserable brute, that the victim of our party, who had been

condemned to ride it, insisted upon having another instead of it. Omar refused, and after a great squabble, took the whole of the horses away, leaving us to hunt up others for our projected trip to the Jordan. The scheik, too, who was to have provided us with a guard, took advantage of the dispute and got up another on his own account. He wanted to charge us 450 piastres instead of what we had agreed to pay him; we soon settled that, however, by declining to avail ourselves of his services and resolving to go without a guard at all. We mustered nine in all, and were well armed and able to take care of ourselves. It may be advisable to warn intending tourists that the people of the country are a set of scoundrels, who try to cheat you in every way.

On Friday, the 18th of June, after breakfast, we amused ourselves by having our arms tattooed with various devices, and by buying a few relics commemorative of our visit to Jerusalem. The chaffering for horses took up a great deal of precious time, but was at last brought to a close by Amen-Ben-Daoud (a horse-dealer, and lineal descendant of David) contracting to supply us with thirteen horses and mules at 45 piastres each for three days, to take us to the Jordan, Dead Sea, and the convent of Mar Saba. Our friend the scheik was sorely disappointed when we told him that his protection was not required, and that we would not allow ourselves to be imposed upon. He came down to 200 piastres, but we told him we could take care of ourselves, and would not give him one; he began to threaten and storm, but we only laughed at him and left him, probably to try on the same little game with the next batch of pilgrims.

On our return through Jerusalem, we obtained pilgrims' certificates from the Latin convent, of which the following is a copy:—

"In Dei Nomine, Amen.

"Omnibus et singulis præsentis literarum inspecturis, lecturis, vel legi audituris fidem, notumque facimus Nos Terræ Sanctæ Custos Dnum . . . Jerusalem feliciter pervenisse die decima sexta mensis Junii, inde subsequētibz diebus præcipua Sanctuaria, in quibus Mundi Salvator dilectum populum suum, imo et totius humani generis perditam congeriem ab inferi servitute misericorditer liberavit, utpote Calvarium, ubi Cruci affixus, devicta morte, Coeli januas nobis aperuit; SS. Sepulchrum, ubi Sacrosanctum ejus corpus reconditum, triduo ante suam gloriosissimam Resurrectionem quievit, ac tandem ea omnia Sacra Palestinæ Loca grossibus Domini, ac Beatissimæ ejus Matris Mariæ consecrata, a Religiosis nostris, et Peregrinis visitari solita,

visitasse. In quorum fidem has scripturas officii nostri sigillo munitas per Secretarium expediri mandavimus. Datis apud S. Civitatem Jerusalem ex Venerabili nostro Conventu SS. Salvatoris, Die 21 mensis Junii, anno D. 1847. De Mandato Reverendiss. in Christo Patris, F. P. Tournan a Bugellis, Mission. Aþlicus et Secretarius Terræ Sanctæ."

"WITHOUT HOPE OF CHANGE."

TENNYSON'S MARIANA.

DAYS when I lived a happy maid,
When we three little sisters play'd,
Bright days that knew no touch of shade;

Come back, ye days, or ever I
From out the rose-grown balcony
Had look'd upon him passing by,

And burn'd with the unbidden flame,
That made me shudder at his name,
Flush at his praise, nor brook his blame.

I loved him, all my girlhood through
Across my soul his presence grew,
Thro' thought of him each thought I drew.

Of him I dream'd; my dreams were sweet,—
In dreams we ever seem'd to meet,—
Waking I listen'd for his feet.

At length he came, woe worth the day!
Woo'd Margaret, and bore away,
Plighted to be his own for aye.

All slowly now my hours crept,
And yet I mourn'd not, neither wept;
Within myself my grief I kept.

I lived, my lot was very hard,
From him I loved for ever barr'd,—
Loving unloved my life was marr'd;

I kept no count of that dull time,
My beauty faded from its prime,
And then (O God, forgive the crime)

Despairing evermore I said,
"I would that Margaret were dead!"
She died, my prayer was answered.

He came, I saw him yet again,
I strove to win him, all in vain;
'Edith he chose—it turn'd my brain.

Edith is his, my blackest spell
Can work them naught but what is well;
For me, I live in present hell.

There is what time I would repent,
But all in vain my knees are bent;—
Ah me! my day of grace is spent.

I see the dreaded shadow come,
But know not horror of the tomb,—
I feel my everlasting doom.

J. C. H. J.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH.

FAR away in the wild northern country of long days and short summers, where the weary winter lasts for full nine months of twilight, with no sunrise or sunset to mark its monotonous course,—in the wildest part of this wild land wandered a traveller on foot

and alone. He carried a long staff in his hand, a rough knapsack strapped upon his back, and his weary step, and the toil-worn expression of his features, denoted the length and difficulty of his journey, though the bright sparkle of his dark-blue eye seemed almost to repudiate the idea of fatigue. The cold light of the north shone upon him as he toiled along, climbing the steep ascent of a rocky hill, from the summit of which he would enjoy, as well he knew, the spectacle of a strangely-majestic scene. Towering northwards were grand lines of snow-capped cliffs, taking those exaggerated pointed forms peculiar to the Norwegian coast; while on his left hand, and far below, stretched the ocean, with its fringe of irregular firds. Inland lay more hills—mysterious, fanciful hills, with dark chasms and abrupt precipices; conical outlines, almost ghastly in their clear distinctness, standing like giants against the sky, which illumined them faintly with the reflection of the pale yellow flickering light which glowed in the north-west.

We have not time to trace our traveller's previous career in detail. An overwhelming grief had clouded his early life, and the cold hand of sorrow still lay heavy and dead against his heart. He fought against it manfully for a time, but was at last driven to be a voluntary exile from England, and had sought a temporary home amongst the rough but kindly natives of this unfrequented country, who, if they showed no great sympathy for him, at least asked no questions, tortured him with no curiosity, and left him free to wander at his will. And silence and liberty were the greatest alleviation to his troubled mind. His nerves were finely strung, and the misplaced sympathy of his ordinary acquaintance drove him almost to madness. Here, the calmness of nature harmonised with and soothed him, while the fine clear magnetic air of the north gave strength and elasticity to his frame, and excited and kindled his imagination till it almost overpowered the depressing influences of the sad episode of his early life.

Twice or more before he had walked far and fast on purpose to reach this particular mountain rock, to enjoy, in undisturbed solitude, the wonderful mysterious beauty of the aurora borealis in its fullest dignity. It filled his heart with poetry, and awoke fresh and higher thoughts in his soul; and now, as for the third time he stood on the top, panting with his struggle up the almost perpendicular steepness of the last twenty yards, he felt that he would be again rewarded, for the aurora promised to be of unusual grandeur, and was already shooting its fiery light along the cloudless sky. Long and earnestly he watched it; the utter stillness, save for the occasional wild

cry of some bird, and the almost whispered murmur of the waves amongst the beetling crags far, far below, added to the awe of the scene.

Soon a new sound fell upon his ears—but so faint, so distant, that at first he doubted whether his fancy had not created it by giving a voice to that soft murmur of the sea. Nearer it came, and nearer—sweet, soft, and gentle; but so beautiful, so enchantingly beautiful, that it might have been the voice of angels. Nearer still, as though borne on a breath of air; music, but unlike all earthly music: such pathos, such harmony, such exquisite tones never fell on mortal ears before. Scarcely daring to breathe lest he should lose a note of the melody, our traveller listened as the lovely sounds became clearer and clearer. Intently he strained his eyes over the wide expanse of ocean as the divine sound gathered more and more force, now swelling on his ear, and now dying away to faintness, but never ceasing; and as he gazed on the spot whence the music seemed to emanate, his eye caught a gleam of light. He could scarcely tell whether it had been there the moment before or whether it had that instant appeared, it was so pale, so uncertain—like a glimmering star. But as he watched it it grew brighter, larger, and more distinct, spreading softly over the surface of the water. What could it be? There was no land in that direction, nothing but the boundless sea, stretching away to the region of eternal ice. It was not the sun, rising to begin its unbroken but short-lived course of summer. It was no reflection from the aurora. It was entirely inexplicable, as it floated there, not quite on the horizon, for a dark blue line of sea lay between it and the sky: but from it the music certainly came.

But what a change in the notes of the music! From the softest harmony it turned into a wailing dirge of inexpressible agony and despair. For several seconds that sound of unutterable sorrow wrung our traveller's heart, and made his blood run cold. Then suddenly it ceased entirely, the light vanished, there was total silence, and once more the accustomed murmur of the waves on the crags was the only sound that broke the stillness of the air.

Our traveller was transfixed—so deeply had the melody, and particularly the heart-rending sadness of the dirge-like notes, impressed itself on his susceptible spirit! Long he sat and pondered on this strange vision of the north; earnestly he desired to hear again the wildly beautiful tones which had stirred his soul to its depths; but in vain he waited. All nature was wrapped in silence, and nothing but the heavy flap of a passing eagle's wings

gave token that other life than his own existed in that lonely spot.

At length he roused himself, and bent his steps in the direction of the rough shed, which he now called his home. After some miles of weary walking, he met two or three carioles, and hailing their occupants, one of them stopped; and instantly our traveller commenced telling him of what he had heard and seen. No sooner, however, had he come to the point of his having actually seen that gleaming light, than the man put his hands on his ears, and, screaming with a look of horror—"Do not tell me—do not tell me; you are lost!"—he tore madly after his companions, and was out of sight and hearing before another word could be said.

Still more impressed by the man's evident alarm, the Englishman sought on all sides an explanation of the cause of his terror. But none of the peasants would talk to him on the subject; all avoided it; some declared at once they knew nothing of it, others endeavoured to laugh it off: and, at any rate, though for two months more he continued to live on in the same place, and often and often re-visited the rock whence he had heard the supernatural music, never once during that time did he hear or see anything in any way whatever that had reference to what had occurred to him there before.

Some months afterwards, as he was visiting a learned friend in Bergen, and one who was deeply read in traditionary lore, he mentioned the circumstance to him. In an instant the Professor's face glowed with delight.

"Have you then, in real truth, seen the golden light, my friend?" he exclaimed, with the warmest interest. "You are, indeed, fortunate. Many a time have I, when at Trontheim, explored the coast, passing whole nights on the rocks in the hope of realising this most beautiful legend. And you, by mere chance, have seen it!"

"Then you, perhaps, can tell me the history of the legend," said the Englishman, delighted at having at length found the clue of the mystery.

"That I both can and will," said the Professor; "and I do not wonder that you were unable to learn what you seek to know; for it is so long—hundreds of years, I believe—since the music was last heard, that the tradition has been almost forgotten, and indeed is probably known to very few besides those who live on these shores, and they have reasons, which you shall hear, for avoiding the subject."

"Pray tell me the whole history," said the traveller.

"Most willingly, my friend," answered the Professor. "Know, then, that soon after the misty days of Odin there lived a monarch, young, beautiful, and good, elected to the throne for his virtues by subjects who appreciated them. But it was in a dark day for him, for his great merits, tried and tempered by adversity, were not proof against the temptations of prosperity. At first his people were captivated by the modesty with which he bore his greatness, by the hearty friendliness of his bearing, by his courteous condescension, and the gay and gallant festivity of his court. But pleasure ate into his soul and enervated his iron constitution; feasting was ever the order of the day; luxury and revelling, outdoing the Halls of Walhalla, ruled the royal dwelling. Duties were abandoned, arms were laid aside, that beauty, music, and merriment might take their place. In vain the wise old warriors remonstrated, in vain they detailed before the laughing monarch the evils that would ensue. He bade the music play, and bid the courtiers—young and reckless as himself—listen to those soft tones, and not to the raven croak of those who sought to make him waste his days in toil and trouble, instead of drinking mead and metheglin from the beaker and the bowl.

"But the evil day came! The foe was in the land. Swiftly the word rang forth—the cry to arms resounded;—but resounded in whose ears? Those enervated arms were too weak to wield the sabre and the battle-axe as their fathers had done of yore; those alone who would stand up like true men for their country's rights and freedom were those whom the infirmities of age rendered dependant on the younger men—their sons, whose sole skill lay in singing, dancing, drinking, and feasting, and who vowed, with their king, that the secret of life was enjoyment, that toil was a sin, and pleasure alone was worth the trouble of pursuing. And what was their strength as defenders of their country? Again the cry rang out that the foe was coming nearer, and then indeed the king took steps for his preservation. He commanded a golden galley to be built, that should hold himself and his boon companions, and all the maidens with the sweetest voices, that with them he might sail away, and seek a peaceful island, whereon they might rest in luxury, and wear out life in dreamy happiness. One wild night of frantic revelry and mirth was the king's adieu to his subjects. Next morning saw the foe on the hills around, and far away on the horizon the gleam of the never-setting sun caught the topmost points of the masts—golden like the rest—of the royal galley.

"No mortal eye saw the end of that galley.

Never more were the pleasure-seeking monarch and his crew heard of by mortal ear. But more than once that light has been seen to float on the surface of the sea, and each time, in the middle of the very sweetest song of all, that wild dirge has rung through the air, and that, they say, is the wail of the gallant and gay, now weary and worn, seeking the land they can never reach, and compelled to wander ceaselessly about those shores in their ill-fated galley. Its appearance is considered the precursor of some fearful storm or great national calamity."

"That, then," said the Englishman, who had listened breathlessly to the narrative, "accounts for the terror of the Norwegian peasant when I told him to what I had been listening."

"Yes," said the Professor; "and tradition further says that to him who actually sees the glowing light, and also to him to whom he first tells of what he has seen, some fearful evil is impending."

"Sadness and sorrow are past to me," said the wanderer, with a sigh. "They have done their worst. The brightness of my life is gone—gone with the golden galley beneath the silent sea!"

HE AND I.



ANDIDLY,
do you believe in love

at first sight, Amy?"

A young man asked the question, looking up from the novel he was reading. And a young girl, probably his cousin, blushed as she replied, "She did not know."

I forget what else passed. They were only fellow-travellers in a railway-carriage. My friend, Mrs. Murray, who was taking me to her home, called my attention to some place of interest we were passing, and the young man resumed his book.

But the question recurred to me; and as I leaned back in my corner I tried to answer it for myself, and to solve a little mystery that puzzled me.

Three times had I met a gentleman, a handsome young man, tall, dark, and listless. We had never spoken, but his notice of

me had attracted my attention. At a ball he followed me about, changed colour when our eyes met, but did not seek an introduction.

At a concert he had stared me almost out of countenance, yet gravely, almost respectfully.

At a pic-nic—the last time I had seen him—he was happy, laughing and talking till he saw me, when his manner became constrained, and in a few minutes he left the party.

There was a strange fascination in his large dark eyes, and I wondered if I should ever meet him again.

He must have had some reason for noticing me so strangely, for I was not pretty. No, no! It could not be love at first sight, could it?

We arrived at The Meadows late in the evening. Mrs. Murray introduced me to her daughter Lydia, a lady some fifteen years older than myself. She was the only child at home. Mr. John was married, and had the rectory. George, the eldest son, was travelling abroad.

Mrs. Murray and my mother had been school-friends, but had been separated for years, and so were comparative strangers till they met again in society, and Mrs. Murray asked me to spend two or three months with her in the country, to recruit my strength after the fatigue of a London season.

The day after our arrival Lydia showed me over the house and grounds. Harold, Mr. John's eldest child, eight years old, came with us.

The conservatory door was locked. Miss Murray left us to fetch the key. Harold remained talking.

"I shall have this horrid old place pulled down!" he said, pulling at some ivy that clustered round the turret. He looked at me as though expecting an answer, then resumed: "Pa says, if *he* has it he shan't stay at the church. He shall pull this down; if *he* don't, I shall."

"But this is your uncle's place," said I.

"My uncle! He won't live long. My ma says uncle George is a bad man—a wicked man. Don't you think he is a wicked man?"

"No," said I, though I knew nothing of him. "Little boys—" I began impressively; but his aunt returned, and the conversation ended.

"The place would be very different if poor George were here," said Lydia, sadly.

"Does he never live here?" I inquired.

Miss Murray looked at me keenly. "Live here! No, never. He *stays* for a week or two sometimes."

"Perhaps some day he will marry and settle."

"Never!" said Lydia, stooping to pick a flower. "Have you not heard about him?"

"Heard what?" said I.

"I shall not be a raven, and tell you. You will learn soon enough."

Harold was standing in the doorway looking back at us. He had large brown eyes, and something in them made me fancy I had seen him before, though I knew I had not.

So there was a secret in the family—some mystery about the eldest son. Perhaps I was wrong, but I did wish to find it out; indeed I did.

I had been at The Meadows nearly a month before an opportunity occurred. Then I paid a visit to the rectory, taking my work, that I might spend the day there. Mrs. Murray, I fancied, got tired of having to entertain me, and Lydia liked to have some time to herself.

Mrs. John and I were friends, so could speak freely to each other.

"Are you engaged?" said Mrs. John.

"No," said I, fancying she alluded to an opal and diamond ring I always wore.

"Some girls are, so young. How old are you?"

"Eighteen. Not so *very* young."

"No, not so very young," said Mrs. John, meditatively. "I was only seventeen when I was engaged."

"That was very young to marry."

"Oh, I was more than that when I married. Mamma could not bear the idea—a second son, you know. It was *not* a good match then; but I always said I would marry for love. *Now* they are pleased enough; for poor George is really nobody; only he keeps John out of the place at present. Eventually Harold must have the estate. It is entailed."

"But there is an elder brother?" said I.

"To my husband? Yes; but since that affair of his he will never marry, and John comes next. Sad affair, that! I always pity poor George."

Mrs. John said this very comfortably, in the same way one pities a tradesman for having to reduce the price of his goods, while rejoicing in the opportunity of buying them cheaply.

"Is he very unhappy?"

As I said this I hated myself for asking it. I know if I had been right (as some would say, "commonly honest,") I should have declined to hear anything Lydia would not tell me. Like a good child I should have said, "Thank you, I must not listen. He would not like it;" but "*misère!*" as a French friend of mine used to exclaim, I am one of Eve's

true daughters, and the temptation was irresistible. I yielded to curiosity.

"Well, yes;" said Mrs. John, "for the

world is not charitable. Of course *we* know the truth, and we don't really condemn him. But he takes it to heart (perhaps to conscience,



and that is as bad), though it may be a shadow, after all—it may be."

Mrs. John emphasised the last three words, and her straight lips again made a corresponding line to the faint straight eyebrows that met over her nose, and disappeared behind

the set curls arranged on either side of her face.

"It is a pity he should mind a shadow——"

I spoke awkwardly, conscious of trespassing on a forbidden subject.

Mrs. John looked up at me. "I thought

all the world knew his history," she said; "quite romantic it is, and sad. You know he was a surgeon. Before his father had this property left him by his brother, the boys were brought up to professions. My husband to the church, to take this living. George chose to be a surgeon, so he became one; and clever, too, I believe—very clever. Well, he had good expectations, so was in a good deal of society; and in the course of his practice met a young lady whom he liked; in fact, fell in love with. I suppose she returned the affection, for they were engaged (this was before I was married). Well, Miss Chester, Colonel Chester's daughter, was rich; at least, her father was rich; the estates were left by will in this way: if Colonel Chester died without boys, but leaving a daughter, that daughter might inherit; but, if there was a son, all landed property was to go to the son, however young; and only some dower to be paid to Miss Chester. An unlucky kind of arrangement, wasn't it? Well, Colonel Chester had but this one daughter till he married again; then he had *one son*. Well, that child was born after George was engaged to Miss Chester; and when it was a year, or perhaps eighteen months old, it became ill—some childish illness, and—the child died."

I echoed Mrs. John's interjection, "Well?"

"Well? don't you see. George had attended it; was it not awkward? George had never been a favourite with the Colonel, and he became suspicious, and had his prescriptions looked at, and the matter judged by other physicians; for Colonel Chester is an old man, and just mad at losing the child. They said it was right enough, quite right—medical men always hang together, you know—but the child had not died of any acute disease; it had died of an over-dose of medicine. It was, of course, the chemist's fault, but—you see how it stands—awkward for poor George."

"He could not help it," said I.

"My dear, he was there three times a-day to see the child (and Miss Chester), and the child died; the little child died. The world is not charitable!"

"Nor are you," thought I, but I only said, "And Miss Chester?"

"Her father told George what he suspected of him. He, of course, gave her up on the spot. I don't know what became of her. George will never marry, *impossible*; but he wanders about like a ghost, and I do pity him. It was a great temptation for a young man without means. He had not succeeded to The Meadows then, you know. It was a great temptation."

"A little child!" said I.

Mrs. John seemed surprised and half-alarmed at the distress I could not help feeling, so probably betraying; in justification of herself, she added: "It was very awkward for him—very—and people *will* judge; and, my dear, the fact remains, whether it was the chemist or not," said Mrs. John, before taking up her baby from the sofa where it had been sleeping. "The fact remains," said Mrs. John, stroking baby's ruddy cheek and fat arm, "though babies live through a great deal, *this little child died!*"

Two shadows fell across the window. Mrs. John had turned to take her baby to the nursery, and did not observe them till she was just leaving the room. Then she said—"Talk of an angel, and you are sure to see its wings!" She stood in the doorway a moment, and nodded and smiled before closing the door and retiring. Her husband entered the room by the window that opened to the lawn. After him came another gentleman. I looked up, and recognised the mysterious gentleman of the concert, the ball, and the pic-nic.

"Ah! Miss Christensen!" said Mr. John; "let me introduce you to my brother George. This young lady is at your house, George, with your mother."

Mr. Murray bowed, and his colour changed as he watched me collect my work and materials, and prepare to leave the room.

"Pray don't let me frighten you away," he said. "I shall be home soon."

They were such common-place words, but my face crimsoned, and I was glad when Mrs. John came in. She was smiling most affectionately, and apparently had forgotten the conversation that I would have given anything not to have shared. She noticed my confusion, but did not know I had met him before; nor did she notice that his hand trembled when at parting it touched mine, but it did. I knew now whose eyes I had recognised when I saw Harold.

When I returned home, Mrs. Murray was expecting her son, for his man and luggage were there already.

"It is just like him," said Lydia; "he comes and goes like Will o' the Wisp; perhaps you may induce him to stay a little longer this time."

Again I blushed.

"Did I offend you, dear?" said Lydia kindly, and she passed her arm round my shoulders, and we walked up and down the terrace together.

"No," said I, "not in the least; if I influence Mr. Murray at all, it will be to drive him away."

Then I told her of our meetings, but of course I was careful in what I said. "He is

very strange and moody at times, my dear ; you must not notice him."

In the evening he came home, but he was not strange or moody, and during the whole six weeks he stayed I found him rather the reverse—pleasant, kind, considerate. He was always waiting on his mother, going about with Lydia, and rather avoiding me, still in a kind, gentlemanly way. So matters went on, till one evening I stood on the lawn with baby in my arms. It was a glorious sunset; the brothers returned from their walk, and came to my side. Mr. George Murray had a rose-bud in his hand, and held it to the child. The little thing laughed and talked at it in baby fashion, and stretched out her little hand to take it from him. Her hand touched his. He trembled, dropped the bud, and turned away. Mr. John was good-natured, and, I believe, sincerely fond of his brother; he took the child from my arms, smiled sympathisingly at George, and ran into the house to his wife, who had been spending the whole day with us. Mr. George looked very handsome with the sunshine lurking in his soft glossy beard, the rest of his face in deep shadow from the broad brim of the felt hat he wore pressed close on his brow. I was sorry for him, but I did not dare break the silence, though it was awkward, and we were quite alone. We came back to the house side by side; as we passed the drawing-room window we heard Mrs. John's cold voice say precisely,—

"Any one would think they were lovers!"

He looked keenly in my face. I am afraid a blush was there. He passed on to the library: and when I rose the next morning I heard that he was gone. Lydia was distressed and out of spirits. We wandered together over the house and grounds, and walked with Mrs. Murray to the rectory, where she always spent the first days of George's absence. When we returned, I went with Lydia to her brother's room to put away the many pretty things she had arranged to welcome him when he came home.

"He has not stayed so long for years," said Lydia, as she disconsolately collected the pipes that had been left scattered on a side-table. "I can't think what sent him away again so suddenly, poor fellow!"

I did not speak; I dared not tell her Mrs. John's remark then. So I sat, idly looking from the window, and Lydia busied herself with the dressing-table. There were some papers there, left all together just as they had been sorted out to take. Mr. George must have gone off in a hurry at last, and so have forgotten them. Lydia looked through them listlessly, saying, "Perhaps I must send them on?" Suddenly her hand stopped turning

the crisp leaves, and an exclamation burst from her lips. I rose and looked over her shoulder. In her hand she held a small square paper, that might once have been a leaf in a sketch-book. On it a girl's head had been roughly drawn in pencil. The hair waved off the temples, the eyes looked up anxiously, pleadingly. The lips were slightly apart. Round the throat a little ribbon was tied, and on the ribbon hung a small locket. Beneath the drawing the letters D. C. were written, and these two words, "Kyrie Eleison." It was not an artist's sketch; it was the drawing of a hand that loved. Lydia held up the sketch, and placed her finger on the looking-glass before us. The reflection was reproduced in the sketch. I turned away, for it was my own reflection that I saw, and I was sorry to have stumbled on another of his secrets. But my heart bounded, and a new life seemed to come to my soul. Lydia put her arm round me and kissed me.

"My dear, a red rose; mind, a full, rich crimson rose, from the second standard in the large conservatory, and your long white dress."

It was Lydia that spoke; she had come to bid me good-bye for the afternoon. She was called from home, she said. I must excuse her and try to amuse myself. A bright bloom was on her cheek, and she looked quite young again, though she was dressed soberly in black with only a violet ribbon to relieve it. Those delicious hours of solitude, if solitude it could be called! No, no; it was life! new life! a happiness too great to realise—luxurious; a holy future, in a sweet uncertainty and shadowy brightness. One figure, one face, in a thousand reflections, precluded the idea of solitude. I was companioned by the future. The evening came, so quickly. I must dress for Lydia's return. The rose was plucked. I was fastening it in my hair when she came softly to my room. She had been crying, though evidently she tried to compose herself.

"My dear," she said, drawing me down to the sofa at her side; "do you think we are responsible for the evil we unconsciously bring on others?"

"Certainly not," said I, my mind going to George and his mistake.

She leant her head upon my shoulder, and a tear dropped on my hand, as she whispered,

"I have done you a real wrong. I have been a Judas to you, and betrayed you by a kiss!"

I did not know myself or my weakness; actually I was ill. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. John thought I had taken cold. Lydia knew differently. She kept my secret and nursed me kindly. When I was recovering she told me it was Miss Chester's portrait I had seen; D. C. was not Dora Christensen, but Delicia Chester.

It was my resemblance to Miss Chester that had brought me so much notice from Mr. Murray. I hated myself for the mistake, and my hatred only increased the evil. For weeks I lay ill at The Meadows.

Lydia would blame herself for showing me the portrait. But we both felt that there is a mystery in sequence—circumstance must follow circumstance. One link cannot be severed in the chain of fate. And the weary days of illness and convalescence passed on; and after a time my mother took me across the Channel to Dieppe. We were *en route* for Geneva; but I was weak, and we waited at Dieppe for a few days to rest. We used to watch the steamers come in. It was the autumn, and there were not a great many passengers. As the boat neared the shore the day before we intended to leave, I recognised a pair of dark eyes looking up at me. Mr. George Murray was on board. I fainted. When I recovered, Lydia was bending over me, and though we were in an open carriage in the public road, she kissed me as she said,

"Silly girl!"

We did not leave Dieppe that day. In the evening Lydia and I walked out together, to have a chat, she said, about old times; but that seemed scarcely her intention, for when we were alone together she was unusually silent. We were on the pier. I sat down to rest, and Lydia, with some unintelligible excuse, left me. I leaned against the parapet, watching a boat come in. The tide was dead ahead; the wind only a cross wind, so the task of bringing her in was not an easy one. It was only a fishing-boat; four men were in it; each had an oar; still, as they passed the crucifix at either side, each raised his hat and signed the cross upon his breast, and seemed to breathe a prayer.

"Do they lose or gain by that act?"

I started so when I heard the question. It was Mr. Murray who put it.

"They lose a wave," said I. "It is a question."

"They believe they gain. It may be superstition; still I think there is some reality in their idea. The loss is a gain. The boat is a trifle longer in getting in;—each man is nearer to his home."

I did not understand, for my brain was stupid, and I felt ashamed at seeing him again: but he said no more about the boat or the men, though we watched them out of sight. Then he sat down at my side. I felt his brown eyes on me; but what passed next I can never write. It is only for him and me. The minutes passed on, each bearing away a pain from my heart. He told me he had come to Dieppe on purpose to see me, and with the

remainder of his life endeavour to banish the remembrance of the mistake that had cost me so much. And I could only weep and weep, till Lydia came back to put his hand in mine, and ask if I would be her sister.

It is all told now. A month after, we left Dieppe; and were married by special licence before he took me home to The Meadows his wife. Mrs. Murray was glad to welcome me, and have her eldest boy near her, happy—though Mrs. John was not so pleased as she might have been. And George and I talk freely of the past: and I, too, have learnt to sympathise in Miss Chester's sorrow, when she wrote those two sad words beneath the sketch Colonel Chester permitted him to make from her a few days before her death.

Some day I am to travel, and stop in Madeira, to visit the English cemetery and see her grave. Still he carries the sketch; but the mystery is gone between us, and we are very strangely happy—He and I. He does not tremble at *my* baby, though often I see the little fingers twine round his; indeed, I think he likes to feel the strange soft touch of baby's cheek against his own. M. B.

WHAT WE OWE TO THE SUN.

AMONG the vast number of important subjects of scientific research that are crowded into the philosophical history of the past half century, there stands out prominently the beautiful discovery of a general law embracing and influencing all the various branches of physics and chemistry;—the law of the "Conservation of Force," or as it has been termed, the "Conservation of Energy."

Either of these titles strike an unscientific mind as so deep and abstruse that we are fearful lest the reader, after glancing at the first paragraph, should suspect what follows to be far beyond his depth, and hence pass these columns by unread. It is therefore needful to assure him—or her, if we are fortunate enough to secure the attention of any "whom pleasure has not made too busy to be wise"—that nothing will be found in them requiring more than the most ordinary intelligence for its comprehension; while we can promise that some few matters will be found which, if not so generally interesting, are certainly quite as startling as the thrilling incidents of a sensation story.

The first enunciator of the great principle, one of the phases of which we are about to speak of, was one Julius Robert Mayer, a physician, and formerly town-doctor to the town of Heilbronn, in Germany. He was led to speculate on the intimate relation between one class of natural forces and another, from

the simple accident of bleeding a feverish patient at Java, some five-and-twenty years ago. The varying colours of venous and arterial blood directed his attention to the theory of respiration; in the respiration of animals he saw the origin of their muscular power; and the comparison of animals to thermic machines suggested to him the important principle with which his name will now for ever be connected. He worked away for many years in silence and obscurity; his labours passing unnoticed even by his own countrymen, and remaining unknown in this country till they were recognised and brought into notice by Professor Tyndall. At length his mind gave way; he became insane, and was placed in a lunatic asylum. Happily he recovered, and he is now, or was two or three years ago, a cultivator of vineyards in his native town.

In connection with this subject of inquiry, it has happened, as it frequently has with other subjects, that the same train of thought, the same course of research, has presented itself independently, though simultaneously, to different minds far removed from possible intercourse; and so, while rendering tribute to the sagacity of the German philosopher, we must not omit to recognise the labours of our own countrymen, Joule, Grove, and others, who, while yet ignorant of Mayer's investigations, conceived principles and worked out results nearly identical with his.

"The great philosophical doctrine of the present era of science," as the Conservation of Energy has been worthily styled, teaches us that the activity which we see manifested in all the natural forces is a constant quantity of the universe, or in other words, that there is a certain definite amount of *force* distributed through nature which is invariable in amount, and which we can neither add to nor take from; but which can be converted over and over again from one form to another: that any force in nature when it performs any work loses or exhausts its power to perform the same work a second time; but while the force in one form disappears, it reappears in another form in which it is capable of doing an amount of work equivalent to that it performed in its previous form.

But what do we mean by force? The simplest definition of the term is that which describes it as something which produces or resists motion. When we think of force we think at once of something moved or moving: when we throw a ball into the air, we say the force of our muscles has caused its motion: when an apple drops from a tree, we say the force of gravity caused the fall: a sailing ship we say is moved by the force of the wind,

and a railway train by the force of steam. The most general and simplest force is gravity, the force that attracts a body to the earth; it can be made to perform all kinds of mechanical work: we drive clocks and small machines by means of falling weights, and falling water, by turning a mill, may be converted to a variety of practical purposes: let us suppose it to be made to lift a hammer by means of pins or cams fixed around the circumference of a water-wheel. Now, suppose the hammer to weigh a hundredweight, and suppose we want to raise it a foot high, reason will tell us, and experiment will infallibly prove to us, that to effect this, we must let one hundredweight of water fall down a foot: suppose we want to raise the hammer two feet, we must let a hundredweight of water fall two foot, or, what is the same thing, let two hundredweight of water fall through one foot, or four hundredweight through six inches. It matters not what machinery, what pulleys, ropes, or levers we employ between the water and the hammer; to raise a pound a foot we must let a pound fall a foot: we cannot *create* the most infinitesimal amount of force, any more than we can *create* the smallest particle of matter. This simple and manifest consideration is an effectual antidote to any disordered mind afflicted with the idea of the possibility of making a perpetual motion. If we could create the smallest amount of force, perpetual motion would be possible; but no power of man and no machine can generate force; it can be turned from one shape and quality to another; chemical forces and the forces of electricity and magnetism—which all obey the grand law of "conservation," though we have not space here to allude to their relations—may be called into action, and converted into other forces; but the all pervading law obtains; force cannot be got from nothing. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. But while the doctrine of the conservation of force teaches that we cannot create force, it also demonstrates that we cannot annihilate it. If it be true of force that *nil fit ex nihilo*, it is equally true that *nil fit ad nihilum*, and this leads to the most beautiful of the deductions of this philosophy.

It would obviously be thought that when we have once extracted a certain amount of work from any given amount of force, that the force had expended itself, and is consequently lost. When we raise a hammer and strike a blow therewith, we might naturally suppose the force expended on the blow to be destroyed. But we are told that force is never lost; it is changed, but never destroyed. What then becomes of it? Reverting to our example of a water-wheel lifting a hammer, let us suppose this hammer to be rapidly

lifted and let fall a considerable number of times, in its descent striking a piece of iron placed on an anvil beneath it. We should find that after a few blows the iron would become warm, and eventually, if the blows be rapid and powerful, red hot. Two or three of the tremendous strokes of a steam-hammer will render a mass of iron so hot as to become as soft as lead. In cold weather we beat our hands together and they become warm, our flesh tingles with warmth if we receive a blow. When cannon-shots are fired against an iron target they fall down hissing hot, and it is a common thing to see a flash of light, even in broad day, accompany the stroke; we have seen a case in which the ball and target were actually melted and soldered together by the force of the concussion. We rub together two pieces of stick and fire is kindled, or strike flint on steel and sparks are emitted. And what do we gather from these examples? Why, the evident fact that motion when interrupted becomes converted into heat; or, in other words, that mechanical force is changed into heat when its mechanical work is done. When the motion of a moving body, be it a falling stone or a flying bullet, a clapping hand or a striking hammer, is arrested, the motion of the mass is transferred to a motion of the molecules or particles composing it, and this molecular motion is heat.* This is the foundation of the beautiful "mechanical theory of heat," that has of late years, and deservedly, claimed so large a share of scientific attention. Mathematical formulæ have been deduced from it, and the numerical relation between work done and heat generated, and *vice versa*, accurately calculated; a quantity has thus been found which has been termed the "mechanical equivalent of heat," and from which we learn that the amount of heat which is necessary to raise the temperature of a pound of water one degree of the centigrade scale, is equivalent to the mechanical force which would lift the same pound of water to a height of about fourteen hundred feet. Curious and valuable are the inferences deduced by computation from the knowledge of this relation between work or motion and heat, not the least startling of which is that which informs us that if the motion of our earth, 68,000 miles an hour, were suddenly stopped, an amount of heat would be developed sufficient to heat a globe of lead the size of the earth to a temperature of 690,000 degrees, an intensity of heat 200 times as great as that re-

quired to melt iron! so that the mere motion of the earth embraces the conditions for the fulfilment of the prophecy, "that the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works therein be burned up."

As motion or force is convertible into heat, so, conversely, is heat convertible into force. This is a fact so palpably evident from our every-day experience of the vast amount of work performed by steam power, generated by heat, that it needs no elucidation or commentary. But it is not so evident at first sight that the various other forces we call into service, such as falling water, the force of winds, and above all muscular power, owe their various energies to heat, although we hope to make it clear before closing this paper.

To assert that we can neither travel in a railway train nor sail in a ship, mow a field or grind its corn in a wind or water mill, hew down a tree or build a house, propel a cricket ball or run after it, row a race or climb a mountain; or, in short, perform any operation requiring any description of force or energy without first drawing on the sun for a necessary supply of such energy, sounds more maniacal than philosophical; and if we had put forth such an assertion without the sustaining testimony of scientific conclusions, the reader would have strong reasons for doubting our sanity. Let us then briefly review the grounds for such a comprehensive statement.

By the heat of the sun the moisture of the earth and the waters of the sea are drawn up in the form of aqueous vapour and transported to distant localities, there to descend in the form of rain and give rise to the multitude of streams and rivers which, either by their motion from higher stations to lower, or by their tidal action, give us the force we turn to our account through the agency of water mills or other appliances. The same solar rays, by heating the atmosphere of different parts of the earth's surface to different temperatures, disturbs its equilibrium condition, and thus, communicating motion to it, give us the important natural power that we recognise in the winds. The connection between the sun and a steam engine seems not quite so clear to an unscientific mind, nevertheless it is satisfactorily demonstrable. The force of steam we derive from heated and vaporised water, and we obtain the necessary heat from the combustion of fuel; hence, the origin of the motive force of steam is to be traced to the chemical forces of the fuel and the oxygen with which the fuel in process of combustion combines. But whence does the fuel derive its force? We answer, from the sun, "the inexhaustible source of physical

* We had occasion to allude briefly to this scientific principle in a recent article on the sudden apparition of a new star in the heavens ("A Celestial Surprise," *Once a Week*, No. 30, N.S.); we now treat it a little more fully.

energy, the continually wound-up spring which is the source of all terrestrial activity."

"Nature," says Mayer, as translated by Professor Tyndall, "has proposed to herself the task of storing up the light which streams earthward from the sun—of converting the most volatile of all powers into a rigid form, and thus preserving it for her uses. To this end she has overspread the earth with organisms, which, living, take into them the solar light, and by the consumption of its energy generate incessantly chemical forces."

"These organisms are *plants*. The vegetable world constitutes the reservoir in which the fugitive solar rays are fixed, suitably deposited, and rendered ready for useful application. With this provision the existence of the human race is also inseparably connected. The reducing action of the sun's rays on organic and inorganic substances is well known: this reduction takes place most copiously in full sun-light, less copiously in the shade, and is entirely absent in darkness, and even in candle-light. The reduction is a conversion of one force into another—of mechanical effect into chemical tension."

And so the mighty force that we employ to transport ourselves and our merchandise with superhuman speed from town to town, from shore to shore, and to drive the vast engines of our stupendous factories, is in reality nothing else than the solar energy that came to our earth thousands, ay, millions, of years ago, and that has been "conserved" in fossil form for our use till now. And a blessing, indeed, has that sunlight, that then fell upon the spot of the globe that now constitutes our favoured land, been to the race that since has peopled it. No small portion of the wealth, prosperity, and greatness our country enjoys is due to the buried energy of our coal-fields. From these we annually dig nearly a hundred million tons of coal, the combustion of which is equal to the work that could be performed by a hundred and twenty millions of horses working incessantly, day and night, throughout a whole year. Where will the "force" of England be when this store is exhausted?

From machine power we pass to muscular power: and this brings us to the climax of our subject. Between the steam-engine and the living body there is the closest analogy: all muscular motions strictly obey the most rigid mechanical laws: the propulsive power of the heart drives the blood through the vessels according to the laws of hydraulics: the nutritive materials upon which life depends are no more nor less than combustible substances, which actually undergo a slow combustion, and enter into the same combination with atmospheric oxygen as the fuel in

a fire; the conversion of food into work is effected by the same process as that which turns coal or wood into motive force. The work done by a man must be in just proportion to the food he eats; we might as well try to drive a steam-engine without fuel as to extract work from the body without food; and where food is taken, and no corresponding work performed, excessive bodily heat is generated and radiated from the body to the surrounding atmosphere, to be taken up and reconverted into force by other animal or vegetable bodies. All food taken into the body, and not worked out, might just as well, for all the good it does anybody, be put on the fire, and the heat to which it will ultimately be turned got from it by the simple process of burning it. Taking food without turning it into work—muscular action of some kind—amounts to the same thing as burning fuel and generating steam in an engine, and then blowing it off without turning it to account. And our fuel, like the fuel of the furnace, is the produce of the sun's heat and light. Corn and wine and the fruits of the earth we have from the sun. The grasses of the field, too, contain nutriment for man: but as our digestive organs are too delicate to extract the small quantity of useful matter they contain from the large excess of the insoluble, we submit these vegetables to the powerful digestion of the ox or other animal: permit the nourishment to collect in the animal's flesh; and so procure it in a convenient and agreeable form for ourselves.

The food, then, that we eat, the liquors we drink, ay, even the clothing we wear, formed, as it is, from the skins of herbaceous animals, the fibres of plants, or the web of leaf-eating worms; the fuel that lights and warms our dwellings, and the steam-power that transports us from them to distant lands, and furnishes our mechanicians with a miracle-working means for the achievement of their curious arts; all result from the light and heat diffused through the universe by its "all animating and pulsating heart." In very truth are we the "children of the sun."

The relation of our subject and our title ends here. But the searching minds of the exponents of this new philosophy, not content with such a limit to their researches, have gone further; so far as to seek the primary cause of the sun's wondrous energy: to ascertain the origin and sustentation of its light and heat. Their resulting hypothesis is so simple and apparently valid, that we close our remarks with a brief *résumé* of it.

We are all of us acquainted with the phenomena variously known as "falling stars," "shooting stars" or "meteors," so frequently

witnessed in the early nights of August and November. Now these meteoric bodies are believed to be small masses of planetary matter, pervading the solar system by myriads, in the neighbourhood of the sun, and coming at times within the range of the earth's attraction, when, by friction against its atmosphere, they are raised to a temperature of incandescence, and caused to emit light and heat. And there is another phenomenon, of which we have all heard, but which is not so frequently seen in this country, *i.e.* the zodiacal light, which, when seen, has the appearance of a lenticular-shaped envelope or atmosphere of vast extent surrounding the sun. This has been supposed to consist of a vast mass of small meteoric bodies, circulating in a ring or zone about the sun; and since these move in a resisting medium, and are subject to the powerful influence of the sun's attraction, they must continually approach and be drawn on to it. According to the principles of thermo-dynamics, heat must be generated with an intensity proportional to the mass and velocity of the falling bodies. A 32lb. cannon-ball, falling from an infinite height to the earth, would produce such heat by the concussion as to raise the temperature of the ball 280,000 degrees. If the same ball fell upon the sun it would, owing to the greater force of gravity upon the sun, acquire such a velocity as to elevate its temperature 1800 million degrees. When we consider the immense number of cosmical masses that are, in all probability, streaming on to the sun, and the heat thereby occasioned, we have little difficulty in comprehending how, upon the above hypothesis, the solar furnace is maintained in action. If our earth were to fall upon the sun it would constitute sufficient solar fuel to supply about a century's consumption; and yet if its bulk were distributed over the surface, it would not sensibly increase its size, for the earth thrown into the sun would be as a pea thrown into half-a-dozen gallons of water.

J. CARPENTER.

BATTLE ABBEY.

ON the 14th of October, 1066, was fought the great fight which delivered England to William the Conqueror, but indeed one must be a resident in East Sussex fully to appreciate the significance of Battle. Every hamlet in the neighbourhood bears the tradition of that conquest from across the sea, whereby the Saxon gave place to the Norman, estates changed hands, and architecture and other arts received a new impress. We pass over the story of the combat, known to every

school-child, merely quoting Professor Airy to the effect that the position occupied by Harold commanded the only pass inland from Hastings, for to the east were broad woods and deep marshes, and to the west the great Anderida forest still covered the country; and a defeat would have been all but irreparable by the Normans. But they were *not* defeated, and the bare hill, which is now rich with picturesque cultivation, witnessed the overthrow of the Saxon power, whose haughty lingering grief is so wonderfully described by Sir Walter Scott, in "Ivanhoe;" and here the Conqueror set himself to build an abbey, in commemoration of the event, setting the high altar of the Church upon the spot where Harold's standard and lifeless body were found after the victory was won.

He was not able to do it at once, for his seat upon the throne of England was anything but stable, and he had to quell continual outbreaks among the people; and no wonder, when one remembers how he parcelled out their lands among his Norman lords. It was only in 1071 that he found leisure to begin, and this he is supposed to have done by erecting a temporary church and residences for four monks, under what now forms the walls of the abbey precincts. These temporary buildings were finished in about a year. He had now to set up his boundary fence and prepare his materials; all of which took time in those days. In fencing in the abbey leucate or district, which was about three miles in diameter, and in the subsequent erection of the abbey itself, many hundred workmen, both British and foreign, were employed; and for them dwellings had to be built, most of which were just outside the enclosure, for there is great reason to believe that there was no village on the spot, but that "the country close around was a rude and desolate waste covered with heath, with here and there a bushy thorn and perhaps a stunted tree." It is worth noticing how different was the system of labour in those days; there were no great contractors, no Petos and Brasseys, to move a little army of navvies from place to place; the artisans appear to have been fairly transplanted, they and their families; their houses were arranged in regular streets, and the "Chronicle of Battel Abbey" gives a list of them, with the names and occupations of the tenants, and the rent paid by each. These men formed the inhabitants of the new town; 115 of them were called burgesses; they paid 100 shillings to each new abbot when such came to be elected, and their causes were tried by the abbot and monks. We may imagine them from the first gathered about the small knot of eccle-

nastics, who were living quite in a small way on the site of the future monastery. The next thing was to cast about for stone, and

we are told that the monks recommended the king to choose another site, since from the woody nature of the surrounding district, stone



Battle Abbey: the Gateway.

was not easily to be got. But he told them wood could be cleared away, and that "his ships had no longer anything to do, so that with these he would fetch stone from his own country for the purpose; the stone dug in the neighbourhood of Caen being for building purposes far superior to any other." And this he began to do; but before he had brought much over, "it was," according to the Chronicle, "graciously revealed to some religious matron resident in Battel or its neighbourhood, that, by digging at a particular spot, which had been supernaturally indicated to her in a dream, plenty of good building-stone would be found."

Sufficient for the purpose being found, it gave rise to the belief "that it had been placed there at the time of the Creation, for the special purpose of facilitating the erection of this abbey." The architect is stated to have been a monk of the Norman monastery of Marmoutier, called William Faber, and he also selected the first four monks from the same Benedictine abbey. Faber is said to

have been originally a smith, as his name implies, and the Chronicle accounts for his becoming a monk by saying that he was accidentally employed to fabricate arrows for the brothers, who were fond of hunting; and that his ingenuity brought him into so much notice that he determined to abandon his craft, and become a monk. Owing to the delay in commencing the permanent buildings, the abbey was not finished until about three years after the Conqueror's death, and the dedication of the church did not take place until William Rufus had been eight years upon the throne. The king himself and the principal part of the barons of the kingdom were present at the ceremony, as well as eight bishops. The king was staying at Hastings at the time, on his way to Normandy, and he gave various advowsons of churches to the new abbey, the pallium or royal robe in which William the Conqueror was crowned, and as an additional bequest from the same source, the feretrum or portable altar which the Conqueror had brought to this country with him, and on

which he was accustomed during his expeditions to celebrate mass; also the sword used by him at the battle of Hastings.

The abbey, as thus finished, must have been an immense pile of building, yet not so large as those of Durham or Bury St. Edmunds, according to scale plans exhibited at the recent Archæological meeting; it was quadrangular, the church forming the north side of the cloister, but various parts of the buildings projected beyond the square. The beautiful gateway through which we now enter is of much later date, being of the 15th century, and almost perfect. Of the ancient monastery, part forms the home of the Duke of Cleveland; part is in massive, picturesque ruin; and part, alas! has been removed. As no one is likely to visit this famous place without the ordinary well-written guides, it is hardly of any use in this paper to describe every portion of it; suffice it to say that the great hall, built by one of the last abbots, is still in perfect order; the open roof is new, but a good copy of the old one, and the apartment forms a magnificent vestibule to the Duke's house. The drawing-room, entered from the great hall, is a most singular and beautiful apartment; it has a double vaulted stone roof, supported by a range of three round central pillars, the groins of which are richly gilded, and by beams supported by corbels on the walls. It is fifty feet long and twenty-two feet wide, and is supposed to have formed part of the abbot's house. The offices of the present house are also vaulted, and are singularly picturesque. In the garden the line of the old cloisters is clearly to be traced; they enclosed a square of eighty feet.

The visitor will find a great pile of ruin, with a high gable end, to the east of the house. It used to be called the refectory, but is now declared to be the dormitory; it is roofless, but the apertures of each window are nearly perfect; there was one to each stall or cell, and a square recess in the next wall is said to have held the cresset which lighted the place at night; while the master of the novices slept in the south-west angle, and had an ornamental little window all to himself. This long apartment had once a beautifully carved roof, constructed of the English *querous pedunculata*, then common in Sussex, of which the roof of Westminster Hall is also formed. It was taken down by the first Lord Montague, to whom the abbey was given at the Reformation, and removed to Cowdray House, where it probably perished in the great fire. Underneath the dormitory are very handsome vaulted rooms, said to be the library and recreation room. One of these has a fireplace, the only trace of one in the old abbey; yet how damp

and cold are the sea mists that blow over here from Dungeness and Beachy Head!

There is one part of Battle Abbey which the curious visitor will not find, and that is the kitchen; but it must have been very large, for the monks are mentioned as "never more than sixty," and each monk had several servants or retainers of some description. The kitchen was taken down in 1685, as appears from an old account-book of the steward at the time, in which he gives a statement of his receipts from the sale of the stone and other materials of which this kitchen was constructed. In the years 1686-7-8 these statements are of frequent occurrence, and the sale of the materials of the old kitchen appears from the entries there made to have realised a considerable sum. The stone was sold at four or five shillings a cartload.

The splendid church of the abbey was also destroyed, and its situation and form was left very much to conjecture, until the excavations carried on by Sir Godfrey Vassall Webster in 1817. Nothing now remains but the walls and piers of a crypt at the east end, in which were three chapels, the piscina and niches of each of which are still well preserved. The steps which on either side led to the upper church are still in their places, but they lead from the hollow, not on to the pavement of the gorgeous temple, but on to the smooth green turf, and rocks, planted with ferns and ivy, which adorn the Duke's garden. We possess various notices of this vanished edifice: how in the year 1120 it was roofed with lead under Abbot Ralph; how Abbot Warner, who succeeded him, provided many costly vessels of gold and silver, as well as vestments; how, according to the roll of receipts and disbursements of Dominus Richard, sacristan of the abbey in 1423, extensive repairs and decorations were done to the church in that year. It was dedicated to St. Martin, the soldier-saint who became bishop of Tours, and "so strictly was the anniversary of St. Martin's required to be kept, not only at Battle, but in all the parishes, the churches of which were in the patronage of the abbot and convent, that William Bottoner, of Ixning, in Suffolk, was compelled to do penance in the chapel of that parish for daring to plough on that day. The year in which this happened is not stated."

The abbey church of Battle, like the abbey church of Westminster, was a sanctuary. Any criminal taking refuge there was protected. The monastery was one of the twenty-six British mitred abbeys; from the time of the first regular Parliament until its dissolution, its abbots were invariably summoned to the upper house as spiritual peers. Battle

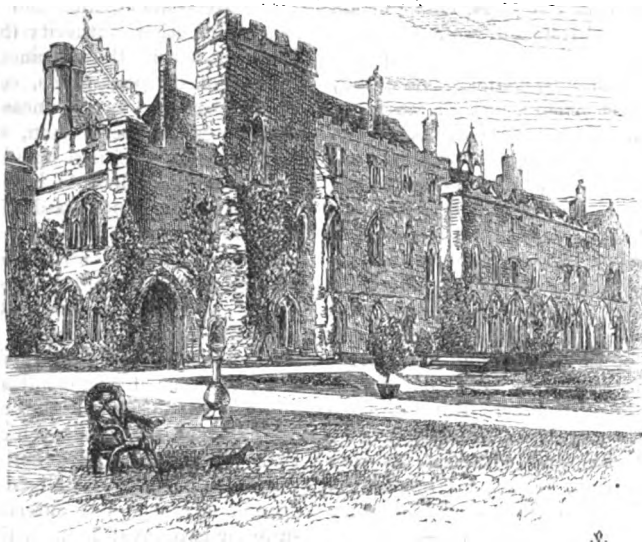
Abbey was the third in rank, those of St. Alban's and Edmondsbury alone having precedence. The sacristan of the church was a monk of much importance, he took charge of the vessels and furniture both of church and convent. In some monasteries he kept the keys of the different altars, and placed them every night in the almy, unlocking them again in the morning, between the hours of seven and eight, that they might be ready for the monks. At Battle, the office was

held either by a priest or deacon, and was very considerably endowed. He also took charge of the charters of the abbey. Will it be believed that in 1834 the Webster who then owned Battle Abbey sold the ninety-seven volumes containing these charters, registers, rent-rolls, and other invaluable documents, to a bookseller? The latter sold them for 1200*l.* to Sir Thomas Phillips, of Bromsgrove. This was worse than the cutting down of trees, though many of the fine trees which adorned the southern gardens have also disappeared, sacrificed to the same ruthless necessities.

It is singular that the annual expenditure of the house, so far as it is discoverable by searches of the rolls, invariably exceeded their receipts! But both sides are not always given; sometimes the sum total of receipts only, at others the sum total of expenditure only, is given. In the earliest of the rolls, the disbursements for the maintenance of the household for one year amount to 625*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.*; what year is not mentioned, but it was probably towards the close of the 13th century. The receipts for the year are not stated, but the account concludes with the remark that the expenditure exceeded that of the preceding year by 11*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.*

In 1383 the receipts amounted to the extraordinary sum of 1244*l.*, but the other side is not given. Between 1387 and 1410, how-

ever, we possess a schedule which shows the monks to have been always spending a little more than they got. It was the cellarer who looked to the supply of meat and drink; he had sole charge of the cellar, the kitchen, and the refectory. In 1385 he laid in a quantity of fish from London, eels, stookfish, and salmon, both red and white; also



The Cloisters, Battle Abbey.

a considerable quantity of wine, two pipes being bought at Canterbury and one in London. Beside this purchased fish, a liberal supply of fresh-water fish existed in the abbey stew-ponds; they had also extensive vineyards in Battle, and in 1365 the receipt of moneys from the "wyneyarde of the Rectory of Hawkerste" occurs as an item. Receipts for money for apples and pears are frequent in the treasury roll of abbey account, from which we may infer extensive orchards. Three are distinctly mentioned: nineteen acres of land near the monastery were planted with cherry trees, and called the cherry gardens. The pomarium is also frequently alluded to. The victualling of these centres of human life, when means of transport were so few, must have required great forethought. Even in the middle of the last century the town of Warwick ordered its pepper and mustard from London by a man who travelled thither on horseback; and a family picture, whose safe transport was a matter of difficulty, came down in an empty coffin!

When travelling, the abbot and monks had the free use of all the roads passing through the king's lands, and in regard to the rape of Hastings they were allowed the further

privilege of taking venison for the use of the abbey as it was wanted, and generally through the forest district of Sussex when passing through; and of capturing, by means of dogs or in any other more convenient way, any kind of wild animals that might chance to come in their way. They had also all manner of little privileges in regard to the woods; might take fuel, turn out hogs, fell a certain number of trees, and from the profit of divers royal lands, they received the fourth penny and twenty-five eggs at Easter. Then they had all wrecks cast ashore, and all sturgeons taken within the limits of Dengemaries on the Kentish coast, the tongue of the sturgeon being deemed a great dainty, and often served up at royal tables. In the time of Henry the Third the abbot and monks granted a lease of all wrecks cast on shore between certain limits. At this time the king appointed for the daily use of the monks a kind of bread called *simnel-bread*, made of the very finest wheat flour; of this each monk had thirty-six ounces daily, and in Lent one-fourth more, for charitable purposes. But the same monarch visited them both before and after the Battle of Lewes, and when on his way thither with his army, he levied large contributions upon them, so that a contemporary poet thus describes the spoliation:—

Namque monasterium quod Bellum vocatur,
Turba ævientium quæ nunc conturbatur,
Immisericorditer bonis spoliatur.

The abbot of Battle had a town house, or inn, as it was usually called in London. It was opposite to St. Olave's, Southwark. The district in Southwark called Battle Bridge is supposed to derive its name from this circumstance. When Stow wrote his "Survey of London," this inn had become a common hostelry for travellers, and bore the sign of the Walnut Tree. It was on the banks of the Thames, and had walks and gardens. Here the abbots lived when attending Parliament.

These dignitaries possessed great local privileges, one of which was independence of the Bishop of Chichester; this led to serious disputes between these prelates and some of the earlier abbots, which were only settled by the interposition of the Crown. "A narrative of one of these discussions, which occurred in the year 1148, between Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, and Abbot Walter de Lucy, and which was carried on for some time with considerable rancour on both sides, and at last decided in favour of the abbot by a reference to King Stephen, occupies many pages of the abbey chronicles." The abbot was for the most part appointed by the king from other religious houses, without the Battle Abbey monks having any voice in the matter, and

his powers were backed up by the royal will. He had the right, whether summoned or not, of attending and giving evidence in any cause or matter, in which his own affairs, or the affairs of the abbey, were at all implicated. He had the right of visitation in all the churches in the patronage of the abbey, and could hold courts like the bishop himself. "The residents within the leuga acknowledged no other authority than his; no one dwelling within the precincts of the abbey, or any of its possessions, could implead, or hunt, or exercise any business or calling without his special permission, and all waifs or strays, or things found upon the abbey lands by chance, were held to be his, and he could not be again dispossessed of them." When he went to Court at Easter, Whitsuntide, or Christmas, he was entitled to claim for himself and two attendant monks, two loaves and a pint and a half of wine at the expense of the king, and the same at the cost of the public; also three dishes of fish, and two whole and ten pieces of wax candles; and when the abbot visited any of the churches in the patronage of the abbey, which he did once a year, each incumbent, beside the pension which he paid, was obliged to receive him into his house and to entertain him and his suite for two days; in fact, they were billeted on the local priest. But the most extraordinary of the privileges possessed by the Abbots of Battle, was that of pardoning any condemned criminal they might meet with on a journey in any part of the kingdom, and setting him free, even though he might be on the way to execution. An instance of the exercise of this prerogative is recorded in the Chronicle of Evesham. It is there stated that the Abbot of Battel (which must have been either Robert de Bello or his successor Hamo de Offington, but probably the former), while on his way to London in the year 1364, met a felon condemned to be hung, within the liberty of the King's Marshalsea, possibly near to his own residence, and liberated him from the penalty of death. At this act of the abbot, the king, Edward the Third, and some of his nobles, took great exception, but upon plea, the charter giving this power to the abbot was produced, and the right confirmed.

It must not, however, be thought that our lively ancestors always put up with the abbot's claims. Many documents exist showing the proceedings taken at different times against parties rebelling against any of such rights and privileges, and in 1368 proceedings were compelled to be taken against William de Etchingham to enforce the performance of a claim for services in the manor of Whittington, which were due to the abbey, by grant

from John Plantagenet, surnamed of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, to whom they had previously belonged. This William was a great lord in these parts, and built the beautiful church at Etchingham, which has lately been restored with great care and taste.

The revenues of this abbey had been much diminished before its dissolution; and though it had once possessed a very extensive and valuable collection of books and manuscripts, the selection of its different abbots, who were some of them very learned men, these seem to have been sacrificed in some way of which no record remains, for at the dissolution the library is represented as being of the most miserable description. The commissioners employed to report on the state and value of the effects of the monastery, also describe the church vestments and implements of the household as utterly worthless, and according to one of them, Richard Layton by name, "The stuffe is like the persons." But grave suspicions must rest against the veracity of reports got up in the interest of confiscation—such as those put forth by Fuller and Bonner; "for," says the Rev. Edward Turner, of Lewes, "surely it may fairly be assumed that Henry VIII. would not have granted life-pensions to them upon their surrendering this far-famed abbey and its revenues to him, if they had been as profligate in their conduct as these two historians represent them. He is much more likely to have exulted in the opportunity, which such a state of things would have offered, of discharging them unprovided for and in disgrace."

The deed of surrender is dated May, 1538, and is among the Cottonian manuscripts in the British Museum. The bulk of the properties, possessions, rights, liberties, and privileges which thus passed to the king, was granted by him to Sir Anthony Brown, "his Master of the Horse and special favourite, who had married Alice, the daughter of Sir John Gage, one of the commissioners appointed to report on the state of the abbey and to obtain its surrender. He it probably was that first converted into a residence, for himself and his family, the part of the conventual buildings now occupied as a dwelling-house." The abbey estates continued in the Montague family until the year 1719, when they were sold to the Websters, with whom they remained until the late sale to the present owner, the Duke of Cleveland. It is singular that the Montagues were Roman Catholics, and remained so until the death of the last heir, who was drowned about 1790, in the Rhine, at the very time when his noble old mansion of Cowdray was burnt down.

Any one familiar with the untouched strength

and antiquity of Warwick Castle, must feel disappointment at the degree of change which three centuries have produced here. The noble gate still remains almost in its pristine integrity, to bear witness to the former beauty of the pile; but the church is gone; the two-storied guest-house, of which a drawing remains, was taken down some time in the last century, and only the two towers and the cellars exist. The cloisters have not one stone left upon another; though fragments of their arched moulding adhere to the back part of the Duke's house. The great dormitory is unroofed; the infirmary has clean vanished. What remains is the great hall, the vaulted drawing-room, and the suite of old offices ribbed with stone. The massive building to the south is the new library, fitted up by the Duke of Cleveland. The walls, however, are of the date of Sir Anthony Brown, who appears to have raised them up without ever finishing the room, which is seventy-six feet long. The Duke pierced the present windows, covered it with a good roof, carved oak within and handsome lead work above. The whole pile, new and old, is truly magnificent; the great lawn stretches away in front; the gardens, full of flowers, to the south and east; from the terrace we see the wooded slopes between Battle and the sea; in the distance the long blue line of Beachy Head. Charmingly beautiful was and is the site of the dwelling of these monks of old.

Some notice of the parish church, the history of which is closely connected with that of the monastery, may not prove uninteresting here. The town of Battle being entirely created during the building of the abbey, by the settlement of the necessary artisans, it was of course natural that the inhabitants should worship at the abbey church. But as their numbers increased, this became inconvenient to the monks, and a chapel was built for the people just outside the abbey gates, and dedicated to St. Mary, some time during the authority of Abbot Ralph; that is, between 1107 and 1124. This chapel was looked upon as a part of the abbey, and its altar was treated as an abbey altar. The chaplain was not at first a monk, but he was considered as a member of the establishment, and "so well acquainted had he the opportunity of becoming with the affairs of the convent, that the incumbency was never bestowed on any one that would not engage to reside upon it, and to take the duty arising out of it himself." At a later period the chapel was served by a priest of the house, under the direction of the abbot and monks.

There was much uncomfotableness a few years after the erection of this chapel between the townsfolk and the monks, because the

latter seized on the chapel revenues for the expenses of lighting the abbey church, and principally for supplying wax-tapers for the high altar. Complaint being made to Abbot Odo, he put an end to the misappropriation. The existing church is of later date, the style being Transitional, with decorated windows, from which the glory of painted glass has mostly disappeared. Of the two side aisles the southern altar was dedicated to St. Mary, the northern to St. Catherine, whose image in stained glass still remains in the window. The walls were richly decorated with mural paintings, but these, when discovered some years since, were re-whitewashed, because the people did not like them. They are supposed to be of the 13th century. Water-colour copies were made on a small scale, and were exhibited by the Dean on the occasion of the late archaeological meeting; of some, the design is really beautiful; they relate to the mysteries of the Incarnation, the fate of the soul, &c. In some instances the souls wear Norman helmets.

To the north of the chancel is one very fine tomb, that of Sir Anthony Brown, the first lay lord of Battle. It is of marble, which once was white; some traces of gold and colour yet remain. Beneath its canopy are the effigies of Sir Anthony and his first wife, Alice; "the date of Sir Anthony's death is left blank, a proof that the tomb was erected by himself during his life-time." In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford a programme is preserved of the pageant connected with the funeral. It appears to have emanated from the Herald's College, and gives a good idea of the pomp with which such ceremonies were then conducted. "He ended his lyfe," says an inscription on a portrait of Sir Anthony, "the 6th of May in the second year of King Edward VI., 1548, at Byfleet House in Surrey, by him buylded, and lyeth buried at Battle, in Sussex, by Dame Alyce, his first wyfe, where he began a stately edifice, synce proceeded in by his sonne and heyre, Anthony, Viscount Montague."

In the programme directions are given that he shall be carried "ffrom London to Croydon, ffrom thence to Godestonne, ffrom thence to Grynstede," &c. Then follows an account of the expense of the provision of the gorgeous accompaniments of the procession:—"Ffurst the standard," put down at 33s. 4d.; then banner of armes, the pennons, crosse with mantells and helmet, sword, so many dozen of *scouchens* in buckram, paper in mettall and paper in collar; the charges to Mr. Garter for his duty, with black gowne and clothes, and for the herauld for to give attendance every daye. The day after the burial the cote of

armes, the terge, sword, helmet, and crest are to be offered to the altar; and the dead man to be "left alone in his glory."

The incumbent of Battle is usually called the Dean, and he claims and exercises the same exemptions as those which were accorded to the abbey church. He has full power of spiritual jurisdiction within the liberty of the district to which he is appointed, and is not under the bishop. The origin of the title is conventual; and the office began very early in the greater monasteries, especially those of the Benedictines. Just as in every tithing there was a justice or civil dean appointed for the subordinate administration of justice, so the inmates of Benedictine convents were divided into deaneries or sets of ten, one of whom was chosen dean, whose duty it was to preside over and keep peace among the other nine. His was no slight charge, for we are told by Kennett, the author of "Parochial Antiquities," that it was the dean's duty to keep an account of all the manual operations of those under his charge; and to suffer none to leave their station or to omit their particular duty without his express leave. He was also obliged to visit their cells, or dormitories, every night, to attend them at their meals, and to guide their consciences, direct their studies, and regulate their conversation. Where the monastery was sufficiently large to require several deans, the senior dean had a special preeminence. We find a deed among the Battle Abbey charters, of the date 1250, which is headed "Professio Decani de Bello," and records the oath taken by one Ricardus, Decanus Capellæ Sanctæ Mariæ de Bello, that he will observe canonical obedience and fealty to the abbot and convent, submit to all their rules and regulations; and diligently and faithfully abide by the composition made between the Church of Chichester and the Chapel of St. Mary, "in omnibus articulis." This oath was administered to him in the abbey chapter-house, with all the house present. Whether Ricardus became a dean by virtue of this appointment, or whether he had been previously one of the abbey deans, does not appear. At the dissolution the incumbent continued to be called dean, and to preside over the local spiritual court; some of the rights exercised by the abbot passed to him, such as the holding of a court for the probate of wills, and for the transaction of other ecclesiastical business occurring within the same district. The present incumbent retains the old title, being presented by the lay abbot, the Duke of Cleveland. The deanery, in which he resides, close to the church, is a fine old brick building, of Tudor architecture.

BESSIE R. PARKER.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "A PRODIGAL SON," "SIR FELIX FOY, BART.," &c., &c.



CHAPTER X. MISS HOBSON SPEAKS HER MIND.

"WHAT do you think has happened?" said Frank Hobson to Sophy Brown. "But you'll never guess." And then he informed her of

the marriage of Mr. Barlow and Miss Milner. "Doesn't that astonish you?" he asked, in conclusion.

But Miss Brown protested that she was not in the least astonished. "In fact, it's rather

what I expected," she said. "Nothing Matilda could do would surprise me. I believe her to be capable of anything. Of course," she hastened to add, "I don't mean anything that was downright wicked."

"I always thought that Matilda rather venerated the proprieties," interposed Frank Hobson.

"But anything that was odd or mysterious I'm sure she wouldn't shrink from if she had a motive to serve."

"I begin to suspect from your abusing her that you're jealous of her."

"At any rate I never was in love, or thought myself in love with her," said Miss Brown, with roguish quickness.

"Nor I," said Frank Hobson, with perhaps more courage than veracity.

"Oh! Frank!"

On Saturday morning Frank Hobson started for Beachville. On the preceding evening he had taken leave of Sophy Brown. You would have thought by the effusiveness of their farewells that he had been going to Australia for three years at least, instead of to Beachville for three days only.

"I wonder how old Aunt Fanny will receive me," Mr. Hobson said to himself as he journeyed down to Beachville. "I suppose I must be prepared for a long lecture about my imprudence and rashness, and all that. I shall be regarded no doubt as having committed a sort of criminal offence. That's the world's view of a fellow's marrying a girl without any money. Aunt Fanny will shake her head, and look very solemn, and deplore my folly, and tell me I ought to have done ever so much better. And then I shall be asked severely how I intend to live? and what I expect will become of me in the probable event of a family resulting from my marriage? Really, I think people might defer regarding one as a pauper until one begins to beg of them. There's one thing in my favour, however: Matilda's strange proceedings will have given my aunt something else to think about; I shall not have undivided attention attracted to my misdeeds."

As the reader has been apprised, it was rather Miss Hobson's way to be formal, and stately, and unbending; she moved about slowly and somewhat rigidly, with a full consciousness of her own importance. She did not so much greet her guests and visitors as permit them to greet her: graciously accepting their salutations. It can hardly be said that she shook hands with them; but she graciously extended her hand at the end of a rather stiff arm, and permitted them to shake it if they so insisted or were in such way disposed.

Mr. Hobson was in possession of ample experience of his aunt's majesty of demeanour. He prepared himself for a reception more than ordinarily chilling in its nature, all the circumstances of the case being considered.

He was shown into the drawing-room of the house in Belle Vue Lawn. A few moments' pause. Then was heard the noisy rustling of silken skirts, and Miss Hobson entered the room.

"My dear Frank, how good of you to come! How glad I am to see you!" said the lady, with unexpected cordiality, and she shook hands with her nephew warmly; more than that, she actually drew him towards her, and kissed him on the cheek: very greatly to his amazement. ("I don't believe Aunt Fanny's done such a thing since I first went to school!" he said to himself.)

"And how is dear little Sophy?" Miss Hobson inquired, with an air of very tender interest.

"She's very well, thank you. She charged me to convey to you all sorts of affectionate and appropriate messages. Pray imagine them to be delivered." Miss Hobson smiled and nodded her head.

"I congratulate you, Frank, on your choice. At least you've chosen a very nice, and good, and pretty little woman for your wife. Of course, so far as money is concerned, you can't be said to have done very well."

("Now it's coming," thought Frank Hobson; "now for a show-up of my indiscretion.")

"But it's far better," Miss Hobson went on, sententiously, "to marry a woman whom you can love, let her be ever so poor, than to tie yourself to a creature whom it would be impossible to respect, though she possessed all the money in the world!"

Frank Hobson looked a little amazed. This statement coming from the lips of Miss Hobson sounded very new, and strange, and violent.

"You've heard about Matilda?" she asked.

"Yes; I met Barlow. He told me."

"Were you not very much astonished?"

"I confess I was, rather. They were certainly very shy and quiet about their proceedings."

"Sly? Quiet? I call their conduct singularly treacherous and disgraceful. I can use no other words. They ought to be ashamed of themselves. Certainly they were, both of them, old enough to know better. Why, Matilda must be thirty if she's a day! It's not as if they were boy and girl. They haven't the excuse of youth. They ought to be ashamed of themselves," Miss Hobson repeated, solemnly.

"No doubt they took you very much by surprise."

"Surprise, my dear Frank? I was shocked—disgusted! I would have given a thousand pounds rather than that such a thing should have happened. Think of the scandal! Think of the talking there's been throughout Beachville! Of course it doesn't so much matter about the visitors. But the residents! I shall never dare to hold up my head amongst them again. I haven't yet dared to show my face out of doors. Of course it will be said that I was privy to the whole thing. I—who hadn't the slightest conception of what was going on! Never was woman more shamefully tricked and deceived than I have been! I grow quite mad when I think of it! But you've had no lunch, of course." Miss Hobson interrupted herself, and she rang the bell, and desired Mogford to bring the tray into the dining-room.

"I never saw Aunt Fanny so 'worked up' before," thought Mr. Hobson, as he helped himself to sherry. Then he said, "I always fancied Mr. Barlow was rather a favourite of yours, aunt."

"I have always considered him a man of ability, Frank," Miss Hobson replied, gravely. "And I still think him so. Certainly he was one of the finest readers we have ever had in Beachville. It was really a treat to hear him read the Lessons. Mr. Blenkinsop is a dear good man—a really excellent person; but I have never gone so far as to admire his delivery. It has always seemed to me a great deal too monotonous: what people generally call *humdrum*. Now, Mr. Barlow really read well; and his sermons were certainly clever; though his manner in the pulpit, I must say, was occasionally somewhat affected and theatrical. No: I have never questioned his ability. I admit I have derived much satisfaction from his discourses. In that respect, indeed, he has satisfied the Beachville people generally. He was much admired and followed. During the season, St. Jude's was exceeding well attended whenever he preached. That he should have behaved as he has behaved, I must say, has grievously disappointed me. Especially after the attentions he received in this house. He was always welcomed. He dined here regularly once a week. And I was always careful to provide a nice dinner for him. He can't say he was ever treated unhandsoinely. I have gone myself, often and often, at considerable inconvenience, round to the poulterer's and the fishmonger's to make sure that everything was nice, and as it should be, and fit for him to sit down to. I can't bear that men should have a bad dinner in my house; because I know

how particular they are about what they eat,—especially clergymen. I must say, though I say it with reluctance, that he has not behaved well towards me. He has indeed been very ungrateful and treacherous."

("Can the old lady have entertained a notion that Barlow came here to see *her*? With views as to *her* hand and fortune?" Frank Hobson asked himself. "It almost looks like it. She's not so old but what she might have thought of changing her name if a clergyman made a point of requesting it. Perhaps he began in that way; and then, on the arrival of Matilda, transferred his affections from the aunt to the niece. Decidedly, I'm afraid Barlow hasn't behaved well.")

"Of course, it's been the talk of the place," Miss Hobson resumed; "and will be so for a long time to come; and some of the tradespeople are very angry about it. I understand Mr. Barlow owes a great deal of money in Beachville. Why, he actually borrowed ten pounds of Mogford! Goodness knows whether the man will ever see his money again. I don't suppose Mr. Barlow will dare to show his face here for a long time to come. I told Mogford that he was a fool for his pains: that it's no part of a servant's business to be lending money, let who will ask him. But of course I shall not let the poor fellow suffer in the end for his good nature. Mr. Barlow managed to take in wiser people than poor Mogford. The town is really very angry about it. They talk of an Indignation Meeting in the Assembly Rooms, and writing to the Bishop,—and I don't know what all. Mr. Blenkinsop, I need hardly say, is deeply distressed. He's been here now for more than thirty years, and never recollects such a scandalous thing happening in the place before. He's been most kind and unremitting in his attention to me since the affair came out. He's been a real comfort to me. I don't know what I should have done without him."

("There's a Mrs. Blenkinsop, I know," meditated Frank Hobson, "or else I should begin to suspect Blenkinsop of entertaining 'views.'")

"Still, much as I blame Mr. Barlow," Miss Hobson continued; "ungratefully and unhandsoinely as I think he has behaved; the conduct of Matilda seems to me ten times worse. For I always maintain that wickedness is so much more reprehensible in a woman than in a man." Miss Hobson did not proceed to explain her real sentiments on the subject, which were to the effect that whereas evil-doing was in some sort the special mission of man—the coarseness and ill-disposition of his nature, inevitably so resulting,—the lapses of the gentler sex had always about them elements of surprise and

suddenness, requiring explanation before they could be comprehended. To err, according to Miss Hobson's way of thinking, was, not so much human, as masculine,—and therefore unwomanly. The failings of her own sex were to her more unintelligible,—and consequently more unpardonable. She was much inclined, therefore, to lay stress upon the misdoings of Miss Milner.

"To think that I should have cherished such a serpent in my bosom!" said Miss Hobson, dramatically; "and that all the kindness I lavished upon her should be met in this shameful way! It makes me quite ill to think of it! But there—I believe that woman to be capable of anything. She's quite steeped in cunning and treachery. And bold? My dear Frank, Matilda's absolutely brazen-faced. It's all her doing, depend upon it. She was at the bottom of it all. Poor Mr. Barlow,—I look upon him with pity, comparatively, when I consider the grossness of Matilda's conduct. He was a mere puppet in her hands. He only moved as she bade him. He had no voice of his own. He was surrendered altogether to her. Poor man! I suppose, being in embarrassed circumstances, he was tempted by her fortune. But if I'd been a man—I thank Heaven I'm not, however—but if I had been, I wouldn't have married Matilda Milner,—not if she'd possessed untold gold: that I wouldn't! Millions of money wouldn't have tempted me. And, after all, she's not nearly so rich as many people imagine. Comfortably provided for, of course; but not much more than that."

"And yet, I fancied, aunt, at one time," said Frank Hobson, with hesitation, "you rather wished me to—"

"And if I did, Frank," Miss Hobson interrupted, quickly, "I'm pretty certain the idea had already occurred to you. But of course I did not know Matilda's real character at that time. We neither of us did. There's *that* to be said for us. I only thought that, all things being considered—her money and your limited means—and supposing that you fancied each other—the match might not be undesirable upon the whole. You ought to be thankful, however, that you've been spared such an entanglement. You would have been wretched for life. Happily it has been so ordered that you have chosen very differently: a dear, good, amiable girl, who, I am sure, will make you happy. Money she hasn't got, it's true. But a sweet disposition is far above money, Frank."

"I think so, too, aunt. We shall not be well off; but still, I daresay we shall manage to get on tolerably well. We intend to be very economical; and I'm going to work very hard."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Miss Hobson, "and some day,—not immediately,—but some

day, I may be able to be of use to you. I say I *may*. You mustn't consider it in the light of a promise. I haven't much money; but such as I have, I shall take care is properly disposed of. I've already been talking to my lawyer about a new will. When I'm gone there will be many little valuables left, which perhaps will be worth having. I shall take care that everything is clearly settled and arranged. And of one thing I'm very certain: Matilda Milner—Matilda Barlow I suppose I must now call her—shall not be one penny the richer by my death!"

Mr. Hobson was silent: beyond a slight murmur of gratitude when his aunt hinted at a testamentary disposition in his favour. He forbore all expression of opinion as to the arrangements proposed to the disadvantage of Mrs. Barlow.

"I shall feel more at ease," said Miss Hobson, "when I've duly signed and sealed, and made sure that that odious woman will not be the gainer by my death. And as I said before, Frank, I may then be able to be of more use to you than I have yet been,—or than I at one time ever intended to be."

"Well, aunt, I'm sure you'll do what's right, and kind, and proper, under all the circumstances," said Frank Hobson. (He felt it was necessary for him to say something upon this expression of Miss Hobson's kindly intentions in regard to him.) "We'll consider all that settled, please, and not say any more about such melancholy subjects as wills and deaths. I'm sure I hope you'll live long and happily, to see perhaps—who knows? a host of little grand nieces and nephews, playing about at Beachville. Don't talk about your dying, aunt. You'll be with us many a year yet, I trust. At any rate, I don't want to be building or speculating upon any such sad event. It will be bad enough when it comes."

This was heartily spoken, and Miss Hobson was touched by it. There came even a glister, as of tears, about her eyes. She pressed his hand as she said: "You're a good fellow, Frank. There's no meanness about you. The Hobsons haven't generally been mean. I don't know, I'm sure, how Matilda came to be so grasping. She didn't get it from the Hobsons. I suppose the Milners were grasping. As for my living long, I hope it may be as you say. But I'm little better than an invalid. I have to be very careful. I can't trust myself out of Dr. Robinson's hands for many days together. Still, I may drag on a little time yet; longer perhaps than Matilda fancied. She made sure I was going. And—would you believe it?—she actually called on Dr. Robinson privately to ascertain from him the real state of my health, and as to the pro-

babilities of my surviving! Did you ever know anything so heartless? I found it out quite by chance, in the course of conversation with Dr. Robinson. And not content with that, she actually went to my lawyer here, Mr. Feetham, and tried to extract from him particulars as to my property, and the real nature of the will he had made for me: coolly asked him, indeed, for a copy of the will! But of course Feetham was a match for her—wouldn't listen to her. I never knew anything so disgraceful. And it wasn't as if she was poor. She's comfortably provided for, as I've already said—as you very well know. It wasn't as if I didn't treat her well. I made her quite at home in this house. She had the best spare bed-room. I even took the large *cheval* glass out of my own room, and put it in hers to make her comfortable—girls like a large glass, you know. And she had my best port-wine every day after dinner. I quite put myself out of the way to do honour to her. If she'd been my own daughter, I couldn't have treated her with more affectionate care. I took a seat at church expressly for her, and my bill at Harness's the livery-stables, is just double, during the last two months, what it usually is: I was for ever taking her drives, and was really anxious that she should see all that there is to be seen about Beachville and its neighbourhood. And this is the return for all the trouble I've taken, and the expense I've been put to! I may well feel angry. She gets privately married to Barlow at Prawnford church! She knew I should not approve of such a match. I suppose the truth wouldn't have come out at all if Barlow hadn't been compelled to quit the place. His London creditors had found him out, and come down after him. So he goes away,—and she goes with him, and leaves me a note, informing me of her marriage, and asking me to forgive her 'little deception,' as she calls it. But—forgive her, I never will!"

"Not immediately perhaps," said Mr. Hobson. He remembered he had promised Barlow to do something in the way of pleading his cause, though he had not found Miss Hobson very disposed to listen to any such pleading. "Not now perhaps. You are, just now—naturally I must say—indignant at Matilda's want of candour. But by-and-by——"

"Don't ask me, Frank. I will never see her again. Never!" And Miss Hobson said this so solemnly that her nephew felt it was quite useless for him to urge anything more on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Barlow.

"I read Matilda's note five times over. I couldn't believe my eyes at first. Then I ordered a fly, and drove over to Prawnford church, and saw the entry in the books. It

was most scandalous. I was very angry, as you may suppose. The first thing I did when I got home was to send away Matilda's aquarium. I couldn't bear the sight of it. I told Mogford he might have it in his pantry if he liked; or cook might keep it in the kitchen; but let it remain in the drawing-room, *I would not*. I was quite determined upon that. I don't know what's become of it. I haven't asked, and don't want to know. I shall be just as well pleased if they've thrown it into the sea. Of course, afterwards I saw Mr. Blenkinsop, and Dr. Robinson, and Mr. Feetham. And so I became acquainted with all I've been telling you. It's a most shameful story. How a woman who's had anything like a decent bringing-up could act in such a way is more than I can tell you. But Matilda was all treachery and deceit; even pretending to be pleased at certain little attentions you seemed to be paying her."

"She pretended *that*, did she?"

"Yes, to throw me off my guard. She suspected probably that I had thought once of a match between you and her. And she even had the audacity to say on one occasion, in her patronizing way, that it would be an excellent thing for Sophy Brown, if Mr. Barlow would take a fancy to her. And at that very time she was herself married to Mr. Barlow! Did you ever know anything so shameless? It's quite shocking to me to think that she ever remained a night under my roof. I don't know when I shall get over it. It puts me all of a tremble. Thank you, Frank. It must be only half a glass." (Mr. Hobson had been pressing sherry, as a remedy, upon his aunt). "You know if people were to read in a book of such a thing happening, they wouldn't believe it. I'm quite sure they wouldn't. Her meanness and cunning seem to me to be beyond anything I ever heard of. Why, she even went away without giving anything to the servants! Don't tell me that she forgot it. People don't forget those sort of things. It was her meanness,—downright meanness. She was too stingy to give Mogford even a shilling. And she never spared the servants. She gave a great deal of trouble in a house. She was forever ringing her bell; required a great deal of attention; far more than I do myself. But there, she's gone now. I wash my hands of her. I'll take good care she never darkens my door again. I'm afraid you'll think me very tiresome with my long story. But it really does me good to speak my mind out about Matilda. I feel ever so much the better for having had my say out. Still I won't keep you any longer. Your time is but short at the seaside, and I daresay you'll like to

make the most of it. You'll like to get a blow on the pier before dinner I've no doubt. Men generally like a walk before dinner."

"Won't you be persuaded to take a turn, aunt? It would do you good," said Frank.

"Well, I really think a turn in the fresh air *would* do me good, Frank. I'll put on my bonnet."

Mr. Hobson must have been high in favour to have enjoyed the privilege of his aunt's company during his promenade upon Beachville pier. Such a distinction was conferred upon few. It was a sedate sort of saunter they enjoyed. But Miss Hobson had talked away her wrath for the time. She said little more about Matilda Milner's malefactions. She discussed rather her nephew's future plans, and discoursed upon house-rent and furnishing, and was urgent in recommending an ironmonger at whose shop kitchen-utensils could be procured at wholesale prices.

"As for the trousseau, you know, Frank," said Miss Hobson; "*I* intend to see about that. And I'll take care that little Sophy has a nice one. You may depend upon that."

I think if Mr. Tomkisson could have seen his friend thus engaged, he would have applauded and approved vehemently; for it decidedly looked as though Mr. Hobson was "cultivating his aunt" very effectually.

They returned from their walk to a very nicely chosen dinner. It seemed almost as though the cares hitherto lavished upon the tastes of Mr. Barlow were in future to be placed at the service of Frank Hobson.

After dinner Miss Hobson withdrew to the drawing-room. She declared herself a little tired with her walk: she so seldom walked; and frankly avowed she should take a nap before tea. "So you needn't hurry, Frank," she said; "and if you want any more wine, you've only to ring. Mogford will get you whatever you want."

Shortly after the withdrawal of Miss Hobson, Mogford entered. Although the bell had not been rung, there was an important and confidential air about Mogford as he placed a pint decanter on the table.

"I thought you might perhaps like to try *this*, sir," he said persuasively, in a voice little above a whisper. "It's Madeiry,—prime and old. We've only a few pints of it left. I know gentlemen are fond of Madeiry generally, so I ventured upon decanting it. Missus values it; but I think, for her own drinking, she prefers the brown sherry. Ladies do, mostly; it's stronger and sweeter; and they don't care for dryness; they think its acidity. I *know* this is the real thing, sir, if you're at all fond of Madeiry."

Mogford lingered with an expression of

deep interest while the wine was tested and approved.

"Excellent," quoth Mr. Hobson; "very choice and delicate." He spoke as one deeply learned in wines. His connoisseur manner as he sipped, and swallowed, and smacked his lips, was really impressive. It would have done good to the heart of any butler who took an interest in the cellar under his charge.

"I thought it would about suit you," said Mogford smiling; and still he lingered, while Frank Hobson refilled his glass.

"We've had some queer doings in Beachville since you was here last, sir," Mogford ventured to observe.

"Ah! So I hear."

"Wonderful queer doings—quite the talk of the place. I suppose you was rather surprised, sir, when you heard that Mr. Barlow and Miss Milner had made a match of it on the quiet?"

"Well, I own I *was* surprised, Mogford."

"Took us all by surprise, sir; that's the fact. I don't mind saying that I thought there was a *something* going on. But I didn't think it was *that*; not quite that." Then after a moment Mogford continued: "Mr. Barlow was a friend of yours, was he not, sir?"

"Well, Mogford, I knew something of him a long time ago. But I hadn't met him for years until I found him down here the other day."

"Just so, sir. And might I be so bold as to ask, sir, if you think him *safe*?"

"*Safe*? How do you mean, Mogford?"

"Well, the fact is, sir, there was a little money transaction between Mr. Barlow and me. I hold his I.O.U. for ten pounds, in fact. It isn't a thing I'd have mentioned, sir, only that Mr. Barlow went away so sudden, and there's so much talk in the place about his owing a good bit of money, and not daring to show his face here again. You see, sir, a man don't like to lose ten pounds, if he can help it, and I own I'm a little anxious about it. I hope you don't think I'm taking a liberty in speaking to you on the subject."

"Oh dear no, Mogford." And then it occurred to Frank Hobson that possibly Mogford's chances of obtaining repayment of his loan were not particularly good. Barlow was not very likely to be at Beachville again for some little time to come; and it was pretty clear that he was in a somewhat embarrassed state. Probably there were many creditors whose claims upon him were of a more urgent nature than Mogford's. It would be rather hard to omit to pay the butler his ten pounds. Still, it was on the cards that Mr. Barlow might be guilty of such an omission.

"I should think that eventually you'll get your money, Mogford," Frank Hobson said, with hesitation, as though he had not much confidence in the opinion he expressed. Mogford looked rather lugubrious.

"Of course, I shouldn't have lent it to Mr. Barlow if I had known about him—what I know now, sir. But I was rather took by surprise. Still, I didn't think there was anything so very strange about it. Any gentleman may run short occasionally, you see, sir."

"No doubt, Mogford, no doubt." At the same time Mr. Hobson tried to look as though he had himself no personal experience of the "run short" condition.

"And Mr. Barlow was then, you see, sir, well-established in the place; Mr. Blenkinsop's curate, and much admired and run after. He preached an excellent sermon. I went to hear him once or twice myself, sir. And he was a good judge of a glass of wine; a very good judge, sir; especially port, sir; clergymen mostly like port, I think, sir. He was made a great deal of in Beachville, sir; dined at the best houses; and then—you'll excuse me for mentioning it, sir—but others noticed it besides me, sir; and it was certainly talked about at one time as if there was something in it,—I did think at one time," Mr. Mogford bent down his head and spoke in a whisper, "that there was a chance of his coming to be *master* in this house."

"Indeed!" said Frank Hobson, rather uneasily; for he felt that to be talking scandal of the lady of the house—not to mention her being his aunt—in her own dining-room with her own servant was a proceeding of an unpleasantly treacherous character.

"Yes," Mogford continued; "it was before Miss Milner come, sir. And his attentions to Missus was decidedly what you may call *marked*, sir. And it didn't seem to me as if she objected, sir. Quite the contrary. Indeed——"

But Frank Hobson hindered the further flow of Mr. Mogford's opinions and revelations.

"You know, Mogford, I can't listen to any stories of that kind about my aunt," he said rather stiffly.

"No, of course not, sir," Mogford acquiesced. "No offence, I hope, sir."

"Oh, dear, no."

"Would you like a little more Madeiry, sir?"

"Not to-day, Mogford, thank you."

And so Mr. Hobson's interview with his aunt's butler was brought to a close.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A GERMAN JUBILEE.

DOUBTLESS several of our readers may not be aware of the fact that there is anything of importance connected with the 18th more particularly than with any other day of October; but when the date of the year, 1813, is affixed to that of the month, most will remember that day to be the anniversary of the great triumph gained by Germany over the common enemy, the great Napoleon, at Leipzig.

The city of Leipzig, the chief town of Saxony, lies in an enormous plain named after itself, varied towards the west by marsh lands. A promenade leads to the town. It was, therefore, easy for the allied Saxons and Prussians to prevent Napoleon from making his entry into the town itself, as the narrow *allée* is soon barricaded by a handful of brave men, but it is much more difficult, and demands a far greater knowledge of tactics, to pursue with safety an army over such a large tract of land as the plain of Leipzig.

Bernadotte, Napoleon's old comrade in arms, said with truth, in an "Essay on the Art of War," "One can hardly understand how a man who has commanded in thirty battles could have placed his army in such a bad position as Napoleon did on that day." By nine o'clock on that eventful morning the contending armies had begun the day's work. Amongst Bonaparte's bravest warriors may be numbered St. Cyr, Bertrand, Reynier, Victor, and Poniatowski; but with theirs and their leader's combined valour they proved no match that day for Blücher, familiarly called "Marshal Forward" on account of his bravery; in fact, the great defeat which Napoleon sustained that day was only a foretaste of the greater one which befell him two years later, in which Wellington and Blücher, the latter of whom was then seventy-three years of age, shone conspicuously.

By the evening all hope of the French proving victorious was over, and Napoleon had to make the best of his way back to France, through a hostile country, with the remnant of his once fine army. It suffices to say that 20,000 men, 200 pieces of cannon, and innumerable weapons, fell into the enemy's hands. Thousands were drowned in crossing the Elster, in which was found subsequently the corpse of Prince Poniatowski, who, as he had nearly reached the opposite bank, was struck by a cannon-ball. The loss of the French army was estimated at 80,000, while that of the allied army only amounted to 50,000. Napoleon did not dare to set foot east of the Rhine again, and at the beginning of the new year the allied flags waved west of the Rhine, on French ground.

All Germany unites in a mutual celebration of this, for itself, most glorious and happy victory; not only Leipzig, but all the principal towns of Germany—Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Frankfort, Mayence, and many of the lesser ones—for instance, Heidelberg and Darmstadt, in which latter town I was staying during the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary, now three years ago. But as what happened on that day is repeated every autumn, I will describe the leading features of the festival.

Early on the morning of the 18th of October even the soundest sleepers are awoken by peals of bells in every direction ringing out joyously. At intervals, guns may be heard booming in the distance, to make the day more imposing. I arose and dressed as quickly as I could, not to lose anything of what might be going on; and after a cheerful breakfast, during which frequent allusions were made, by my hostesses and a pleasant party of fellow guests, to the great day of which we were reminded by a return of the anniversary, I hurried out with some of my kind friends, who were anxious to show me the beauties of their pretty town of Darmstadt in its festive garb. We walked through the principal streets,—the Rhein and Necker Strassen,—admiring the tastily-decorated houses, belonging mostly to wealthy burghers, and here and there we stopped, attracted by an unusual display of festoons and flowers, to say nothing of flags and banners.

The Grand Ducal Castle was not behind-hand, neither were the churches, in celebrating the joyous day. Gay flags were streaming everywhere in the morning breeze. The streets and market-place were full of life. Instead of the eager business-like bustle of every-day life, a quiet, joyous, pleasant expression was visible on every face; the Darmstadtians all, like ourselves, were sauntering about for the purpose of seeing and admiring all the wonders of the town. At about twelve o'clock a procession took place in honour of the day. It consisted of a large number of young girls and youths. The former led the way, and were dressed in white, with garlands of flowers in their hair. They carried baskets of roses and leaves, which they strewed on the ground. Their waists were encircled by blue sashes. The youths followed next: they each had a laurel-wreath, symbolic of what their grandfathers had done, and a white ribbon on the left shoulder. A band followed, playing some inspiring airs from the popular songs of "Fatherland," "The Rhine," &c. The procession wended its way round the town, and then filed into the *Stadt Kirche*, where a short and impressive service was held, the burden of the sermon being gratitude for their free-

dom from the yoke of France; after which the members of the procession dispersed, with peals of merry laughter, to their several homes. All the afternoon there were amusements for the poorer classes; the theatre was thrown open at the expense of the Grand Duke, and representations of comedies and farces were going on all the day. Occasionally pieces of paper, which at first seemed to a stranger very mysterious, were wafted hither and thither in the air; if you had been lucky enough to catch one, you would have found that it contained some doggerel verses anything but flattering to the memory of the great vanquished hero.

In the evening bonfires might be seen blazing on all the hill-tops of the Taunus, the Melibocus, and the Frankenstein, fed till a late hour by the eager hands of peasants and burghers, both young and old. Illuminations and fireworks ascended on high, and seemed to vie with the very stars in brightness. Thus the whole of *Vaterland*, from the shores of the Baltic to the mountainous valleys of Switzerland, and from the Rhine to the frontiers of Poland, presents one universal scene of light and joy, in memory of the battle that rid the patriotic German people of their Corsican oppressor. Everywhere the patriotic songs of Theodor Arndt greeted my listening ear, mostly exciting the brave spirits of his countrymen on behalf of liberty, or else extolling the brave women who took their share in the great national fight for hearth and home, by cutting off their hair and selling their jewels to supply the troops with money and provisions. On that occasion even the children were not idle; they busied themselves in preparing lint for their countrymen's wounds, and contributed their mites towards supplies of wine to comfort and sustain the wounded.

Thus the German people annually celebrate the return of the day which restored them again to that liberty for which they willingly risked their hearths and homes. It is now impossible to say whether or not this custom will be continued, since the Prussian campaign of 1866 and the successful aggrandisement of Count Bismark at the expense of the German people; but I may say with certainty that if it be dropped, the lovers of the ideal will have reason to grieve, as well as that people to whom such an annual celebration has hitherto proved, at least, a great bond of union. W. L. M.

LOGRIS.

For the benefit of the lovers of Arthurian romance recently rendered so popular by the Laureate and other writers, it may be worth while to trace how the name of Logris, applied

to England proper by the Welsh or native Britons in the time of the Saxons, and still in use among that primitive race, took its rise.

The word Logris would seem to have been derived from Liguria, and was used solely to designate all that portion of our island opened to the visitations of the Saxons, Ambrons, or Ligurians, as that people were indifferently termed. The word Ambron, it may here be noted, signified *fierce*. That, however, was only its secondary meaning, as "Camber latterly signified a thief, and Briganticus a turbulent man. The original word is probably the same with Camber, which makes Cambri and Cambrones in the plural." In thus dealing with the above terms and their derivations, as given by a high historical authority, a light new to many may at the same time be thrown on the true root of the Saxon name itself, the origin of the race which it designates, and the popular ideas concerning both.

"The Saxons," says our authority, "have been derived from very different parts of the globe; India, the north of Asia, and the forests of Germany: and their appellation has been referred to very different causes,—the name of their Indian progenitor, the plundering disposition of their Asiatic fathers, and the short hooked weapons of their warriors. But the true origin of the Saxons and the genuine derivation of their name seem clearly to be these." Here follows a list of the names of tribes with which we need not encumber our page, all equally Gallic, Celtic, or Gaelic—for the terms are identical in meaning, though different in form; Latin authors are quoted in proof of the Gallic origin of the Saxons; and the fact is adduced that, so late as the first century, one nation on the east of Germany was found to be actually speaking the language of Gaul, and another to the north using a dialect resembling the British. "Of these tribes," the writer continues, "the most noted were the Si-Cambri and Cimbri. The denominations of both declare their origin, and show them to have been derived from the common stock of Celtæ, and to be of the same Celtic kindred with the Cimbri of our own Somersetshire, and the Cymbri or Cambrians of our own Wales." Immediately to the south of these were the Suissones, or Saxons, also of Gaul. These last are confidently asserted to have taken their name from the position of their capital on a river—the river Axona of Cæsar—the stream at Soissons, now called the Aisne, having anciently been called the Axon. To refer once more to the term Ambron, that name is said to be peculiarly Celtic, having, as our authority strikingly remarks, "been common to the Saxons beyond the Elbe and the Ligurians of Cisalpine Gaul, as both found to their surprise on the ir-

ruption of the former into Italy with the Cimbri." Geoffry of Monmouth, it may be remembered, who so lamentably overlaid the historical portions of his work with the most glaring though amusing fictions, was yet correct in his use of this word Ambron, by which he especially designates the Saxon.

Here we come at once to what appears to be conclusive evidence as to the origin and employment of the word Logris. In addition to the remarkable historical passage quoted above in reference to the unexpected meeting of the kindred tribes of Saxons and Ligurians, "what is equally surprising," says our author, "and has been equally unnoticed by the critics, the Welsh distinguish England by the name of Loegr or Liguria, even to this day."

Those who may, at first sight, possibly demur to this exposition as to the origin of the word Logris as used in the legends, on the ground that England was scarcely yet Saxon England in the days of Arthur, will quickly recall the fact that the Arthurian romancists, by whom the word is put into the mouths of the British subjects of that king, were none of them contemporary with the son of the great Uther, the Pendragon, or "head king" of Wales. The use of the word Logris by the various writers of that series of charming fictions, is in itself a proof that the term must in their own later day have been one in common use among the native Britons within the Welsh border.

Such, then, was the ancestry of the "Logris" of the books of "King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table." In that collection of wondrous legends, all linked one within another in almost inextricable confusion, but in most of which will be found something of the beauty born of the "courtesy and gentleness" of those days of long-past chivalry, may be read how Sir Launcelot of the Lake saved the life of one Sir Meliot de Logres. There, too, may be learned how Sir Launcelot, after his great sin, when he had "run wood" for two years "distraught out of his wit," came by adventure to the city of Corbin, and "ran through the town to the castle;" which castle belonged to King Pelles, the "king of the foreign country," and there "laid him down by a well and slept." There was he found by Dame Elaine, his own true wife, the daughter of King Pelles, she "who had borne Galahad, Sir Launcelot's son." This lovely legends tells, moreover, how Sir Launcelot felt himself rebuked by the doleful plight to which he had brought himself, crying ever "'Now, for Christ's dear love, keep it secret, for I am sore ashamed that I have been thus miscarried, for I am banished out of the country of Logris for ever,'—that is to say, out of the country of England. . . . And then after this, King Pelles with ten knights, and

Dame Elaine with twenty ladies, rode into the castle of Bliaunt, that stood in an island enclosed with iron, with a fair water, deep and large. And when they were there, Sir Launcelot let call it the Joyous Ile, and there he was called none other but Le Chevalier mal Fet, the knight that hath trespassed. Then Sir Launcelot let make him a shield all of sables, and a queen crowned in the midst all of silver, and a knight, clean armed, kneeling before her; and every day once, for any mirths that all the ladies might make him, he would look towards the realm of Logris, where as King Arthur and Queen Guenever were; and then would he fall on a weeping as though his heart should break." ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

WORKHOUSE BOHEMIANS.

THE ratepayer in country parishes will certainly be astonished, if he is not amused, at the revelations just made by a Report on Vagrancy, lately issued by the Poor Law Board. He is apt to look upon a "cadger" as a poor footsore creature, only too thankful for a cold potato, and that he is without friends or hope in this life, but he will open his eyes to the fact that he is a member of a secret fraternity, possessing a perfect organisation,—a means of communication with his fellows as perfect as the natives possessed in the Indian Mutiny, and a hidden means of marking our houses, which may make some nervous people uncomfortable. It is not pleasant to have our outer walls branded, even if it be only with a circle, with a cross inside, or a simple dot. It is not as bad, certainly, as having a D burnt into one's back; but even one's domiciliary skin, if we may so speak, is tender under such circumstances. At all events, we don't care about their speaking, as we shall presently show they do, either with good or evil report, of the unconscious inmates. Workhouses, however, are like public bodies—have neither souls to be saved nor bodies to be kicked, and none of us much care what is said about them, least of all by tramps.

And what is a "tramp?" asks the reader; and well he may ask, for he is an unknown animal, living in our midst, partaking of our substance, yet never working for it; speaking a language understood only by himself; casting his skin at certain irregular intervals, as certain creatures do when they become infested with parasites; a slave to every one, yet calling no man master. The casual "tramp" or "cadger," as just brought to light by Her Majesty's Poor Law Commissioners, is certainly a new study of humanity—a class interposed, as it were, between the working-men and the middle-class, yet touch-

ing neither class, touching nothing in our social organisation, unless it be now and then the criminal class. The "cadger," then, is the tinker who pretends to look out for a job of work at our back-doors; the small huxter, who holds out a sheet of paper to sell; the slattern woman who hawks lace;—any disguise, in fact, under which they can approach a house in order to beg or steal. So far we are all pretty familiar with this low-caste whining animal, as he, or she, appears when ordered off the premises. We no more know where he goes to at night, than we know where the starlings go. They have their holes, like the foxes; but now we are informed where those holes are, and who pays for them. Your "cadger" has no idea of lying out in the cold. We need show no pity to the tattered wretch who tells us that he knows not where to lay his head, for he knows full well. He can pick you out the softest workhouse bed for many a mile round, and he can tell you where the best breakfast is to be obtained, and possibly the best suit of clothes, and all at your expense, if you be a ratepayer, good reader. His place of refuge, then, is the casual-ward of the workhouse. After he has made a good meal by begging food during the day, as the night approaches he wends his way to the workhouse, and demands admittance as a casual. Bed and supper he will have, and breakfast in the morning. In return he fills the beds with vermin, curses and blasphemes until late at night, and in the morning, if his clothes are particularly filthy and ragged, he tears them up into pieces as small as your hand, and demands—in the name of public decency—new ones, which the master must give him.

Strange that men and women should prefer to live such a life to honest work. Possibly many of them are forced to pursue it through adverse circumstances; but there are many who set out in life resolved never to do a stroke of work if they can help it, but to live a parasitical life upon the work of others. It is this class which excites our astonishment. That a man shall beg when he has no work to do, need excite no surprise; but that a man shall determine to do no work, but beg instead, is certainly wonderful. And it is the more wonderful when we read of the kind of relief they get in some casual-wards;—a basin of gruel and a piece of dry bread as a repast, and a bed of bare boards, mitigated with straw, with a few rugs, full of vermin, as covering, is certainly not cheer such as one would think would invite the most depraved; but we know, as a matter of fact, that such hospitality is accepted, and that the people who put up with it, form a distinct community, well known to each other, travel from union to union with

the greatest regularity, have a language of their own, and possess a very speedy means of communication one with another, both inside and outside the walls of the union.

The master of the Shiffnal workhouse draws in a few words the portrait of the new species of mankind under notice. He says "they are generally covered with filthy rags, without shirt, stockings, or shoes. Many have the itch, and a great proportion, on being searched on admittance, have concealed about them provisions sufficient for some days. The same person frequently obtains orders for admission under different names, and not unfrequently, from want of memory or other causes, gives on his admission a name different to that given to the relieving-officer not an hour before. They sometimes obtain orders from the relieving-officer between six and seven o'clock, get them countersigned by the police constable, and then stop at public-houses in the town until between eleven and twelve, when they come to the workhouse and disturb the inmates by violently shouting and kicking at the outer doors. The early part of the night in the ward is spent in giving each other an account of the previous day's route, friends, and successes, inquiring after companions, and repeating obscene and disgusting tales and songs." This is the class of people who have completely monopolised, we are informed, the casual wards, intended to relieve wayfarers journeying from one part of the country to another in search of work. As a matter of course, the latter will not herd with such characters. "When they have been in the ward a short time they will make complaints respecting the conversation of the other inmates, and beg to be allowed to leave, stating that they would prefer walking all night, or sleeping under ricks or hedges, rather than to be shut up with such characters." Having the ward almost entirely to themselves, they use it as a means of communication with their friends. The Pall Mall Gazette proposed the other day, that in order to get over the difficulty of running all over town to deliver visiting cards, a kind of central changing-house, fitted up with pigeon-holes, should be established, where once or twice a-week the paste-board dropper should call, see the cards left for him, and respond by dropping a return card. The "cadger" has long put this idea in practice upon the walls of the casual wards throughout the kingdom. Hereon he inscribes his route, expresses his likes and dislikes, and indulges in opinions about men and things, especially workhouse things, which are highly amusing. Here are some of them :—

Taffy the Sanctus was here on the 28th of September, 1865.

Yankey Ben, with Hungerford Tom and Stockport Ginger. The oakum was tried to be burned here on the 28th of October by Messrs. John Whittington, Joseph Walker, Thos. Pickering, James Hawthornwaite.

Wild Scotty, the celebrated king of the cadgers, is in Newgate in London, going to be hanged by the neck till he is dead. This is a great fact. Written by his mate.

Such, and other wall inscriptions, telling us of arson, robbery, and murder, gave a good picture of the tendencies of the tramp class; there can be little doubt that they are all on the verge of the criminal class, and many of them have passed it. The mischief of the present system of indiscriminate relief to such wretches is, that it enables them to carry on their game of plunder and roguery under the mask of poverty. If the law refused to entertain this class, they would speedily become absorbed into the criminal classes, and be dealt with and punished according to law. As it is, they have time and rest afforded them to carry out their schemes of plunder. Whilst these tramps have the most unbounded disgust for work, and go through life with the intention of living upon the labouring people who pay the rates, they have a lively sense of comfort, such as it is, and keenly discriminate between different workhouses with respect to the accommodation to be found within them. For instance, Ludlow union is thus tabooed.

Beware of Ludlow—bare boards—no chuck.

On the other hand, the northern counties are in great favour :—

Bowney will not have none of Prince Charles this winter. He is bound for Westmorland and Cumberland. All pudding cans in that county: no dirty rags and boards.

A man, who signs himself Westminster Cockney, seems to be eaten up with ennui :—

I don't know where to go, to put over the time untill Christmas, but there is too dry service in Yorkshire to please me; I shall take my likeness to Bristol for the next two months.

Sometimes these wall inscriptions are turned in anger against members of the fraternity. Here is a remarkable example :—

The Yorkshire Rodneys—(tramps have names well known in the county like other people)—coming down into Cheshire to spoil the splendid country, after filling their guts with good cheese and bacon.

Or this again :—

Boys, look here! There's Long Lank working at Warrington for two or three rags of clothes, and taking the bread out of another's mouth.

There is something very mysterious about this announcement. Could Long Lank have been what in cadger's lingo is termed a tear up? and is it possible that after destroying his

clothes he was weak enough to work out the value of the new ones given to him? When a "cadger" finds his rags too hot to hold him, he gets a change in a very expeditious manner, by simply tearing them up into small pieces; and as the master of the union dare not violate public decency by turning him out naked, as a matter of course he gets new garments. In lunatic asylums the attendants have to do with similarly mischievous persons, but they conquer them by dressing them in stout canvas, which is fastened on them with padlocks. If the tramps remained in the workhouse this plan would be found to work a cure; but, as they cannot be compelled to stop, the master either circumvents them by dressing them up in old sacks, making perfect guys of them, or they are taken before a magistrate, and sent to prison. For instance, in the report before us we find many such statements as these made by the masters of workhouses:—"19th September, 1863. I had two men who tore up their own clothes; we had to take them to a magistrate's residence about two miles, and all the way they kept using the most blasphemous and obscene language possible, and declared that if they were convicted they would pull off the clothes that I had given them and go naked;" and, adds the master, "had they not been handcuffed, they would have done so." Here is another still more singular entry:—"21st of October, 1863. Four youths, aged about seventeen and eighteen, tore up their clothes all but their neckerchiefs, and these they kept wearing round their throats. The police took them off and found 1s. 9d. in copper monies concealed there." It appears that "tear-ups" destroy their clothing for the purpose of getting sent to prison. They are informed, we suppose, that the diet in gaol is better than in the workhouse, at least in the casual ward; and they are right. The tramp has so monopolised these places of refuge, intended for the indigent poor moving from place to place in search of work, that the guardians have schemed to reduce the relief to the barest possible form of nourishment, in order to drive the professional tramp away. In many unions they give nothing but skilley, or water gruel, with a little dry bread, and for bed nothing but bare boards covered with a little straw. There is no uniformity, however, in the relief given. In some places bread, cheese, and beer are given; in others, pea-soup and milk, whilst the beds are supplied with mattresses, and the "cadger" has a fire to warm and dry himself. This diversity in treatment is of course noted by the fraternity, and they do not fail to let those who come after them know the cheer they are likely to get. There is

one "cadger" who, under the name of "Bow Street," has left poetical effusions in half the workhouses in England. He is such a character that it is a pity some Charles Lamb of the century does not study him. His fund of humour is inexhaustible. For instance, on the walls of a casual ward he has ironically inscribed the following:—

What 'noble institutions these Poor-law Unions are; and how they succour distress, open arms.—Yes, over the left; plenty of pump, but little grub, and a nice warm breakfast in the morning. Don't you wish you may get it?

But it is in rhyme that this jolly beggar excels. What a pity it is he never took to writing songs for the popular music-halls. His poetry is quite up to their mark:—

My unfortunate friends, pray look around,
And tell me for what is this place renowned?
The room is large, but the windows are small;
But that don't matter at all at all.
A pint of skilley for your supper to drink,
But of sleep you cannot get a wink.
You may lay on the boards or the chilly floor,
About as warm as a North American shore.
The old bed is full of fleas all alive;
I killed in number about five times five.
They are not poor but all thoroughbred,
And before morning you will wish they were all dead.
And by this and by that, it plainly is clear,
This is the worst relief in all Staffordshire.

The vindictive nature of the "cadger" is the worst feature of his case. No one expects gratitude. The master of the workhouse is always abused the moment the "cadger" gets outside the workhouse doors; he threatens to "rip him up," or to "do" for him in some other equally agreeable manner. But, in many cases, he is not satisfied with words. The greater portion of the incendiary fires occurring in rural districts may be traced to these tramps, who avenge themselves for any fancied neglect on the part of the master of a workhouse, or for a refusal of food by a farmer, by immediately firing his stacks or barns. It is clearly an injustice to place honest vagrants on the same footing as these worthless ruffians. We have no right to relieve a man who has, probably, contributed in better times to the relief of others, in the same manner as we treat fellows who have never done a stroke of work in their lifetime, and never intend to do one. As long, however, as the present indiscriminate system of relief is in force, the wayfarer will be confounded with the professional tramp, and he will be treated in the same manner; in other words, the workhouse ward, instead of being made a place of succour, will be invested with every repulsive feature possible, short of denying the barest necessities of life. It is proposed

to sort, if we may so term it, the vagrants applying to be admitted to the casual ward, and this may be done by reverting to an old plan of Mr. Charles Buller, who thought this duty might be deputed to a police-officer. This worthy is generally gifted with a pretty keen eye for a professional tramp, and would be enabled to separate him from the company of honest men. The surveillance of the police is hateful to the cadger, and he invariably avoids the union where it is put in force, as it still is in some districts. Indeed, in this respect, the want of uniformity in the administration of the Poor Law is remarkable, and, as a consequence, some casual wards are thronged, whilst others are avoided. The "cadger" often has in his possession a list of all the good and bad unions in the country, and he threads his way among them according to his likings. Northumberland and Cumberland, and some of the Welsh counties, are viewed with a very favourable eye by tramps; and well they may be, for the accommodation they afford is very liberal compared with that given by others. Some of the harder unions are denounced on the walls of the workhouses in no measured terms; for instance, there is Congleton Union, near Sandbach, which is thus denounced:—

Oh, Sandbach, thou art no catch,
For, like heavy bread, a d—d bad batch.
A nice new suit for all tear-ups,
And stones to crack for refractory pups.

Whilst the Seisden Union, at Trysull, seems, on the authority of the Casual Bard, "Bow Street," to be a very delectable place of rest by the terms in which he speaks of it on its walls to his brother cadgers:—

Dry bread in the morning, ditto at night,
Keep up your pecker, and make it all right;
Certainly the meals are paltry and mean,
But the beds are nice and clean;
Men don't tear these sheets, beds, or rugs,
For there are neither lice, fleas, or bugs
At this little clean union at Trysull.
But still at this place there is a drawback,
And now I will put you on the right track;
For I would as soon lodge here as in Piccadilly,
If along with the bread they gave a drop of skilley
At this clean little union at Trysull.
So I tell you again, treat the place with respect,
And instead of abusing pray do it protect,
For to lodge here one night is certainly a treat,
At this clean little union at Trysull.

There is certainly some touch of gratitude about this "Bow Street," and he evidently appreciates the delights of clean sheets; but as they have the honour of eliciting so poetical a notice, we may guess that they are a rarity, and that freedom from vermin is an exception. But what must we think of a system of relief which forces an honest man to partake of such

inhospitable quarters? Can we wonder that he prefers to sleep under hedges and hayricks? It is proposed that the unfortunate traveller should be altogether separated from the Bow Street fraternity, and lodged and fed in a better manner. If the money spent upon tramps were economised by refusing relief to the able-bodied unless they worked out its value, we might treat the honest poor traveller to something a little better than skilley. We need not fear that the tramp will starve. In the course of the day he gets more victuals than many a labourer does during the whole week; indeed, he often throws it away when he gets to the workhouse. We need have no compassion for such vagabonds; but our pity is increased for those who, by the present working of the Poor Law, are obliged to submit to associate with them.

We have the evidence of many of the masters of unions to the fact that upwards of seventy per cent. of the casuals are professional vagrants, and the constable who acts as the relieving-officer of the Congleton Union gives us a little more light with respect to their composite character. He says:—"On searching them I generally find about 1½d. in money (the rest has been spent in the public-house before making the application), a good supply of bread, cheese, and other eatables, tobacco, one or two knives, constructed so as they could easily be used for housebreaking, a memorandum-book, which contains a list of the principal towns, unions, &c." Another officer, at the Corwin Union, more clearly identifies the "cadger" as belonging to the felon class, as he says, "Several of the applicants have been taken here upon different charges, as housebreaking, larcenies, malicious damage." Can anything be more disgraceful to our Poor-Law system than that the casual wards should be monopolised by such characters simulating destitution? And whilst they travel under the false colours of the distressed, they are often actually plotting plunder. The walls of the workhouse, if they could speak, would be able to tell many a tale of petty larceny and housebreaking concocted within their hearing. Without the walls they use symbolic signs. Mr. Rawlinson, in his report to the Board of Health, says, "There is a sort of blackguard literature, and the initiated understand each other by slang (cant) terms, by pantomime signs, and by hieroglyphics. The vagrants' marks may be seen in Havant, on corners of streets, on door-posts, on house-steps. Simple as these chalk-lines appear, they inform the succeeding vagrants of all they require to know, and a few white scratches may say 'be importunate' or 'pass on.'" It certainly is startling to hear that our tendencies, bene-

volent or otherwise, are made known outside our houses; but it is only benevolence of the broken victuals or the halfpenny kind that is noticed. We have no doubt that Miss Burdett Coutts' outer walls, for instance, by no means give indications of the charitable lady within; not even the hieroglyphic for "religious, but tidy on the whole," would be found. We are told, but we have had no ocular proof of the fact, that walls at the entrances to towns are covered with these symbols—partly indicative of the nature of the lodgings to be had, and partly giving signs of the disposition of the householders in the neighbourhood. We are told that the "cadger" never makes any of these marks upon the walls of the metropolis, feeling that the people are too knowing for them, and possibly feeling that the police can interpret these signs, and another and stronger reason being that cadgers are more looked after there than they are in the country. The town "cadger" generally gets himself up as a Lancashire operative, mangled by machinery, or a sailor with frost-bitten limbs. Indeed, the monstrosities one meets with in the more fashionable thoroughfares pretty clearly show that the London "cadger" is an artist of the highest class. There is a woman who walks up and down Regent Street bent double; the wonder is how she can exist in such a position five minutes. There is another young girl afflicted with St. Vitus's-dance, which becomes furious when the girl finds that she is noticed. We have no doubt that both of these women are

well known to the cadgers' halls of St. Giles's, and we are quite certain that they must be millionnaires among their kind.

But in speaking of these artists among the profession, we are travelling a little out of our record. The wandering "cadger" is generally a well-nourished vagabond, who depends upon his rags and tatters to excite sympathy; and a pretty considerable amount of endurance and self-denial they must at times experience, in order to draw forth the coppers of the sympathising public. We all know the shipwrecked sailors, for instance, that never seem cast ashore except in frosty weather, when their feet seem perished on the bare flags. However much these vagabonds put on here for a purpose, it is consoling to know that they really suffer during the performance. For instance, let us quote one more poem from the "cadger," Bow Street, who has evidently earned his beggar's wages hardly.

Before you close your eyes to sleep, boys, pray for fine weather,

For human hearts need sun as well as corn and oats;

For this rain of late, and at present, too, is too bad altogether,

Considering the state of our old shoes, and the thinness of our coats.

In this place there is a stove, but it is very seldom lighted,

In fact to make you comfortable they don't intend to try;

And the clerk of the weather-office must surely be shortsighted,

Or he would see the benefit of sunny days as well as you or I.

THE ROUGH OLD SQUIRE'S YOUNG BRIDE.



I.

THROUGH the whole of a run, and a capital one,
We galloped along side by side;
And she was as gay as the flowers in May,
The rough old squire's young bride!

II.

We met to the tune of the "View Hallo!"
On that calm grey hunting morn;
We shook hands, as we knew that a fox was in view,
By the notes on the master's horn.

III.

And now, hurray! for he's "Go-one away,"
And we are after him too;
I, side by side with the squire's young bride,
And we hunted him close and true.

IV.

They're in that farm-yard. What, a check? Hold hard!
No, 'tis nothing! Hark for'ard, away!
We shall see her ride, the squire's young bride,
For she goes like a bird, as they say.

V.

A neat little ditch, and a neat little bank,
And a neat little fence to get through;
She's on it, and over, and into the clover,
And then—why, I'm over it too!

VI.

"Hold up!" cries a rider, his legs getting wider,
As his horse takes the whole at a bound;
He clears it in style, but his rider meanwhile
Has measured his length on the ground.

VII.

Then onward we go, with a fresh "Tally-ho!"
And a nice little brook right before us;
For'ard we ride, take the brook in our stride,
With a crack of the whip for a chorus.



"Make for the Gate, and Keep his Head Straight."

VIII.

A double oak railing, a nasty strong paling,
Seemed likely to hinder our ride;
"Make for the gate, and keep his head straight,"
Called out the squire's young bride.

IX.

"Over? Well done! Well, this is a run!"—
But what is that ominous sound?
Without any warning, all further flight scorn-
ing,
The old fox has just gone to ground!

X.

Dig him out! dig him out! Where's the magical
lout,
Who's always at hand with a spade?
"A very good run, sir?" "But I'm almost done,
sir,
What capital sport he has made!"

XI.

We turned and we talked, and we stood and we walked,
And our friendship made very good way;
But "We've some way to go," and "they are very
slow,"
And "they won't get that fox out to-day!"

XII.

So we quietly started, and very soon parted,
Myself and the squire's young bride;
And we hoped that the day was not far away
That would find us again side by side.

• • • • •

XIII.

But two years and more had passed by before
I could join the old pack for a ride;
And I asked of the men, as I met them again,
"And where is the squire's young bride?"

xiv.

"Oh dear! she is dead," some one carelessly said,
 "She was hurt, I believe, by a fall;
 And never got round—but, hark! they have found,
 And, by Jove! they are off, one and all."

xv.

When I wished her good-by, 'neath the soft evening
 sky,
 In that capital hunting weather,—
 How little I guessed, as her hand I then pressed,
 We had had our last run together.

LIFE IN DONEGAL.

At the end of summer, that curious creature, the Cockney, undergoes a process corresponding partially to the hibernation of the mole, and partially to the passage of the herring. He departs, usually in a shoal (an excursion train), from his wonted habitation, and seeks out a retired spot where he may burrow for a brief period in retirement. Extraordinary is it to observe how an animal naturally so gregarious, at this one season begins to yearn for quiet, to "babble of green fields," and find unlimited interest in legends of Swiss chalets which combine alpine solitude with well-kept tables, and splendid apartments with charges of four francs a-day.

At other times of the year, however, the aspirations of the Londoner for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," partakes of the visionary character of the wishes for the blessings of a private station to be heard from the lips of statesmen who at the same time retain office to the last hour they can do so with decency. The Londoner talks in raptures of rural joys, of the smell of hay fields and sound of murmuring brooks, and sighs at odd moments with his wife for

Some bright little isle of our own
 In the blue summer ocean, far off and alone;

but at the bottom of his soul he prefers Hyde Park to the Garden of the Hesperides, and very judiciously stops for nine months of the year in Brompton or Bayswater accordingly.

If it should happen to any parent with a mind thus well-regulated, to possess a son troubled with a strong desire to emigrate to Upper Canada or New Zealand, we should recommend, as the best possible remedy, that the youth should be induced to make a short and easy trial of how he really likes solitude, by spending six months or so in the county of Donegal. If he pass through that ordeal, and return to London still talking of the delights of living out of the world, then let him go by all means to the Antipodes, or the society of those sweet creatures which brave Sir S. Baker met about Gondokoro. He has certainly a "call" from St. Anthony.

Donègal (not Donègal, dear brother Cockneys, as you are sure to pronounce it) is a vast shire some forty miles long at the N.W. angle of that island of whose history and geography you know less than of those of Kamtschatka. Donegal is large, and Donegal is beautiful in a certain wild desolate style. There is a magnificent rock-bound coast to the north, and a bay like the Bristol Channel swarming with fish to the south, and plenty of mountains and salmon rivers, and a few woods here and there; altogether a county which in England people would walk over and talk over perpetually. But it is in Ireland, and at the outermost and most inaccessible rim of Ireland. So who cares for its beauty or its wildness? Few tourists ever hear of it. Beyond the immediate corner of the little county town nearest to the rest of the world, there is hardly a resident gentleman. Half of it is a vast district, thinly inhabited by the poorest of poor Irish-speaking cottiers; and, if the Ordnance Surveyors were not beyond suspicion, we should entertain private doubts whether the villages marked sparsely in the map were not fancifully introduced, as in Hudibras' days, when

Geographers on Africk's downs
 Stuck elephants for want of towns.

Here is a true sketch of life in Donegal, at the service of the before-named young aspirants for the backwoods.

A small house (there is not a large one in the county, we imagine) bright enough, but somewhat dilapidated and oddly contrasting with the pretty London furniture imported by its occupants, grounds undulated and wooded, with a salmon river and a little subsidiary torrent through them. Behind, a noble range of seven mountains. In front, a mile or two away, the sea. Of course, all very beautiful and charming. Very delightful was it in spring to ramble through the pine-wood with the ground so blue with blue-bells as to look like bits of sky fallen through the trees. Very soothing was it to lie beside the river in summer among the heather and flowering fern and sweet orchids, and listen to the roar of the waterfall, and watch the golden salmon leaping up the rocks. Very sweet was it, late in the long midsummer twilight night, to wander on through the valley after the sun had gone down behind the purple *Sieebengebirge*, and when every herb and flower, broom and gorse, and pine-tree and honeysuckle, exhaled their perfume as flowers only breathe in the soft, rich, Irish atmosphere. These were pleasant things. Then there were sports for such as loved them; that large portion of English humanity which never thoroughly

enjoys Nature unless it have a chance to strike out a few of her living beauties; to entrap one or two of the golden salmon darting among the deep dark pools; to stretch lifeless the playful brown hare leaping among the grass; to fill the boat with shuddering, gasping creatures, dragged by the net from the depths of the sea. There were abundance of all these sports in Donegal. Above all, the sea-fishing,—a curious scene.

The bay, much like the bay of Spezzia, save for Irish greys in lieu of Italian blues and purples, was at some seasons literally swarming with fish. First there came the little silvery sprats, in such shoals that the fishermen could scarcely haul in their nets into their boats, and soon stood up to their knees in the living mass. Many a time have we watched pictures like Raphael's cartoon, where a "miraculous draught" was hauled to land. On the shore stood women and children, whole villagefuls, bearing every species of dish, plate, kettle and basket, and bag, hat, shawl, pillow-case, to bear away a share of the spoil. After long starvation on scanty oatmeal and diseased potatoes, very welcome was the ocean's gift of plenteous meals. Sprats (or, as those who were supposed to speak English called them, "sprit")—sprit for breakfast, sprit for dinner, sprit for supper, sprit laid up in salt in heaps in the houses—sprit, sprit, sprit. Everything was redolent of sprit. The villages smelt of it; the men and women's Sunday clothes (kept in the receptacles of the salted sprits) were odorous half-a-mile off. There was no end of the sprit. Then, when nobody could eat any more, great tumuli of sprit were made before the fishermen's houses, like Danish "kitchen-middens," where the sprits slowly decayed, and then, at the last stage, were dug out, all shining with phosphorus, and spread over the potato fields as manure. Horrible stench!

Then, after the sprit, came the mackerel, and when the mackerel appeared in the bay, the porpoises came, and sometimes a school of small whales. Great was the excitement. Mackerel fishing was animated enough; the pretty green and purple fish leaping up as fast as the hooks were thrown, so that we have seen fourteen dozen caught in an hour or two with a couple of lines. But the most curious sight to one unaccustomed to such things, was the long-line fishing. A cord, about eight hundred yards long, was suspended in the sea from two corks, and left for about an hour alone, the boats rowing away. From every yard or two of the cord hung a short line, with a hook and bait attached, thus forming, doubtless, to the poor

fishes a whole festoon of irresistible attractions. When the boat returned, one cork was shipped, and then the hauling-in began. Such monsters as there were! Here a cod; next a great conger eel, violently struggling, and curling, and entangling all the line; here a beautiful red-gold fish of the roach kind, whose true name we know not (the Irish call it a Brazy), whose colours, as it came out of the water, were like the setting sun for beauty; then a huge hake, four feet long; then starfish, and sea-mice, and blubbers, which the fishermen turned angrily away; then a splendid turbot (such as Charles would value at a pound), to be sold presently on the shore for a shilling; then more eels, and brazies, and mackerel and starfish, and a hideous monster, called erroneously, a sun-fish, with great ogre-eyes, and a mouth forming the semi-circle of his nearly circular figure. We open this mouth, and half-way about his equator there is a sort of valve which lifts readily, and behold! we look down all the way to his tail—and pop him back in the water directly. Altogether there are some dozen of fine turbots, and beside them three or four hundred-weight of coarser fish.

Such are the amusements of Donegal; but as the time goes on these excitements are somewhat counterbalanced. Those heroines of old novels who lived for weeks in noisome dungeons without change of raiment, and came out as fresh as roses, with nicely-brushed hair and clean white muslin robes, were very much on a par with those modern heroes of books of travel who live in Norway or the steppes of Tartary on a few handfuls of meal and bad water, and all the time retain the most enchanting spirits, and view life as altogether delightful. When Baker tells us that he was satisfied to die of starvation and fever, after achieving his glorious discovery, but only wished that he might be permitted to eat a chop and drink a glass of Allsopp before he died; and when he hints that, after living for months on something very like the food of the Prodigal Son, the doubt did steal over him whether Solomon was *quite* justified in preferring "a dry morsel where love is, to a stalled ox and hatred therewith;" when, we say, Baker tells us these things, we all feel he is a man and a brother. The ethereal hero, on the other hand, who discovers no Sources of anything, but professes to live a life of rapture unbroken by the interruption of meals—that hero we feel to be simply superhuman. His place would be on Olympus; only on Olympus ambrosia and nectar were served with sufficient regularity.

In Donegal, when we dwelt there at least, there were diseased potatoes; there was bread

innocent of barm; there was salt beef of the worst possible quality, and (when there was no fresh fish) there was precisely nothing else, always excepting salt sprit, of which the very name was abomination. "Man wants but little here below," I am aware; but certainly most of us want a few things beside bad salt beef and diseased potatoes. Sometimes one has an illness or a bad accident (as happened to the writer, falling over the river-bank and snapping the tendon Achilles, the doctor being forty miles off), one wants the common remedies for a cold, and not a lozenge or a pot of jelly is to be had; above all, one wants ink, books, and paper, and none are to be procured short of a pilgrimage. The post must be sent for some dozen English miles. It rains, it snows, it blows. Shall the poor boy and pony be sent so far this wild weather (which lasts for a week together), on the chance that one of the few friends who still remember we exist, has shown pity on us and written us a letter?

Everybody thinks letters a bore in London. In ordinary English country places or pleasant spots abroad, whence we too may send our budget of news, letters are among the common pleasures of every day; but let anybody who believes in the disinterestedness of correspondents go and live in some utterly out-of-the-way place, whence his letters can bear nothing but egotism, and observe how his postbag's contents dwindle and shrink, fine by degrees and beautifully less, till he begins to look on the agent who forwards his Times as the only faithful friend he has in the world. But what is the use even of the Times when he is so far from all the interests of the world, and has not a single acquaintance with whom to speak of the Times? We would venture to wager a large sum that not three copies of the world-famous Thunderer are dispatched to Donegal, and a small one that there is not a single subscriber in the county.

Such are the *pros.* and *cons.* of living at the northernmost angle of Ireland. If the reader will undertake the trial, and come from it not cured of all disposition to dwell henceforth in "the uttermost parts of the earth," we shall be extremely surprised. "Better twenty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF IRON.

PART I.

"THE family of Iron, the ancient family of iron!" exclaim the miners of Wales, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, and Dannemora in Sweden; "don't talk to us about iron, for with us it is as common as dust: we find it in the earth, upon the earth, and under the earth: it is

here, and there, and everywhere. We don't want any long-winded articles on iron; we know all about it; you are only carrying coals to Newcastle."

That iron is as common as dust in your several districts—that it is your daily companion—that it is necessary for your well-being, I readily allow; and yet it is possible you may not be altogether cognisant of the nature and worth of the Ancient House of Iron. The words of a distinguished novelist in reference to a man of genius may, in a sense, be applicable to you, in your appreciation of iron. "A man of genius may be for ten years our next-door neighbour; he may dine with us every day, his face and voice may be familiar; and yet we are astonished to hear him spoken of as a man of genius. We thought him an ordinary man." So with the illustrious family of which I am now speaking.

"Illustrious family!" you ironically say. "Pshaw! we are not so green as you imagine. Iron is of quite an ordinary stock; it is neither handsome nor illustrious."

Give me your ear for a few minutes, ye hardy miners, and possibly you will, by-and-by, speak more respectfully of your valuable friend.

"What is iron?" some of my non-mining readers may also ask. "Do the miners find iron ready for use in the bowels of the earth?"

No, my friends, certainly not: although they find there the stone from which iron is manufactured; for iron in its rough state is merely a common-looking brownish stone, embedded in, or stratified with, the rock-formations of the earth; yet it is a metal, a compound metal, the constituent parts of which are iron, carbon, clay, silica, alumina, phosphorus, sulphur, arsenic, oxide of manganese, and a few other adventitious substances. The proportion of the metal to the impurities varies according to the nature of the ironstone: the clay carbonate of Wales contains about 35 per cent. of metal; the Lanarkshire ore about 54 per cent.; while the red hæmatite of Lancashire, Wales, and Ireland, and the magnetic iron ore of Sweden, contain upwards of 90 per cent. of

• Chemical composition of Lanarkshire Ore.

Protoxide of Iron	53.95
Carbonic Acid	35.17
Silica	1.46
Alumina	0.63
Lime	3.33
Magnesia	1.77
Peroxide of Iron	0.23
Bituminous Matter	5.03
Moisture and Loss	1.41
	100.00

The reader will do well to consult the "Encyclopædia Britannica," eighth edition, article "Iron."

metal. Thus the family are distinguished for their chemical properties.

I will now speak of the weight or specific gravity of iron.

"Specific gravity," some of my readers may observe; "what do you mean by specific gravity?" Well: specific gravity is a term used to express the weight of a given bulk of any solid or liquid, as compared with some other body: thus, taking water as the standard, gold is nearly twenty times heavier than water; lead is nearly twelve times heavier, and iron about eight times heavier. Hence, as regards weight, our friend makes a respectable figure.

The colour of iron varies according to purity and outward circumstances. Pure iron, as obtained by the chemist, is of a dusky-grey colour; when found in stratified bands in the coal measures of Staffordshire, the ore is of a greyish-brown; when wrought by hammering, of a bluish-white; at other times it is black, brown, red, orange, yellow, silvery, green, bluish-green, and grass-green. Hence the members of the family of iron are even more variable in their colour than the scions of the House of Flint, as described in a previous article.*

The next points for our consideration are the structure and texture of the family. In these particulars also they are by no means constant and uniform.

The structure, or external appearance of the ores, necessarily depends upon the manner in which they are found in the rock-system of the crust of the earth. They occur crystallised, massive, arenaceous or sandy, and argillaceous or clayey.

The greater portion of ironstone used in England is the clay carbonate, the external appearance of which is that of bands or beds, interstratified with coal, and found in close proximity to the mountain limestone; these beds vary from a few inches to fifty feet in thickness. The structure of the arenaceous iron ore is either that of pieces of irregular size and form intermingled with deposits of gravel, or of thin crystalline bands in the sandstone quarries.

In Sweden and Lapland the iron ore is met with in the wondrous form of a massive mountain, as at Taberg in Småland, and at Tornea in Lapland: the former being one entire mass of magnetic iron, 400 feet high and three miles in circumference. The mines at Dannemora are also rich in magnetic iron, and are much valued for the superior quality of the ore. The iron ore of Sweden and Lapland excels the English ore in several respects: its grain is much finer, being almost as fine

as steel; in quality it is tougher, and will split without rending; hence it is used for hatchets, hooks, and edge-tools in general. The marketable value of the Swedish bar-iron exceeds that of the English and Scotch bar-iron; for while the latter averages about £6 per ton, the former commands from £12 to £13 per ton.

Another form in which iron ore is found is that of round balls, known as red and brown hæmatite; it also occurs in nodules at Borowdale in Cumberland, and in crystalline masses at Siegen in Prussia.

If the structure or external appearance of the iron ore is subject to great variation, so also is the texture, or internal arrangement of its individual particles. But in order that my readers may the more readily comprehend this division of the subject, I will speak of the manufacture of iron in its several stages.

As soon as the members of this ancient family are, by the action of gunpowder, dislodged and conveyed in buckets from their native resting-places to *terra firma*, they are put in kilns, to undergo the process of *roasting*, as the iron-masters facetiously term this procedure, in order to purify them as much as possible from their natural alliances with clay, silica, sulphur, &c., preparatory to a second and more fiery trial, viz., the ordeal of the blast-furnace.

In the good old days of our forefathers the family are supposed to have been exempted from this additional fiery process, as the iron ore in those primitive times was smelted with charcoal prepared from wood (and even now the superiority of the Swedish iron to the British is in a measure owing to the circumstance that it is smelted with charcoal only); but in these scientific days the luckless family are for the most part smelted with coke and limestone, in the devouring heat of the blast-furnace.

Never did the ingenuity of man devise a more fiery and searching ordeal for an expatriated race than that which is inflicted by this furnace. A glimpse of it is enough to give us the horrors. Picture to your imagination, my friends, a huge building of masonry, about fifty feet high, externally resembling a truncated pyramid. Within this masonry there is a cavity, somewhat in the shape of an egg, about thirty feet high and twelve feet wide in its broadest part. In the sides there are large arched recesses, in which are the openings into the furnace for the admission of the blast, and for running-out the metal and cinder. The hot air is conveyed to the furnace by a pipe, one end of which is in the arched recess, and the other in a cylinder con-

* See Vol. I., New Series, page 719.

taining a piston, which is worked by a steam-engine upon the principle of a common pump, with this difference, that *heated air* instead of water is forced through the pipe. By this means a blast of tremendous power is supplied to the furnace at the will of the engineer. At the top of the cavity or furnace is a cylindrical erection of brick-work called the tunnel-head, for protecting the workmen from the heated gases, and having one or more doors, through which the charges of ore, fuel, and flux are thrown into the furnace.

See! see! the iron-founders are commencing operations. The workmen are pouring into the cavity bucketfuls of ore and limestone, with coal or coke (the coke is preferable to coal even in the hot blast); they kindle the fire, the furnace grows hot, the victims groan, the heat increases, the hot air is driven through the pipe, and a roar louder than the loudest thunder bursts forth from the inmost cavity of the furnace. The hard-hearted sons of Vulcan show no signs of remorse; on the contrary, they ply their art with redoubled energy, their faces are lighted up with evident satisfaction, and for about two hours they expose the iron ore to the full force of the cruel blast. The blast at length has done its work, the furnace is tapped, and lo! a red-hot sow and pigs issue from the fiery aperture.

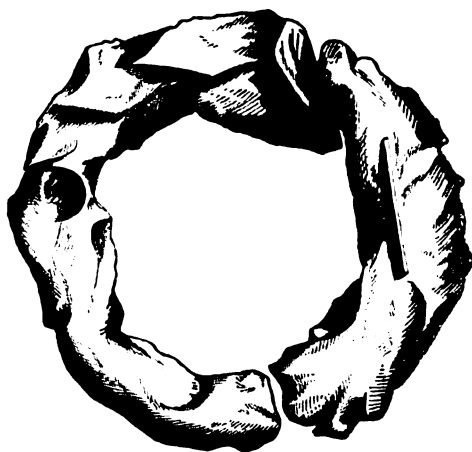
"A sow and pigs!" exclaims the agriculturist; "what strange names they give to their work; I am well acquainted with sows and pigs, but I never saw any in this fashion." It is the manufacture of pig-iron, my friends, of which I am speaking, and I will endeavour to describe more minutely the process by which this pig-iron is manufactured.

The intense heat of the furnace softens the ore and limestone, the limestone parts with its carbonic acid, which combines with the silica and clay of the ironstone, and thus forms a liquid slag; this slag floats on the top of the furnace and runs over, through openings provided for the purpose. The disengaged metallic particles of the ore, slowly descending by their weight through the fur-

nace, become deoxidised and fused; and at last, after imbibing a portion of carbon, they settle down in the hearth, whence they are run off through an aperture in the dam-stone, into moulds or channels of sand; the central channel being technically called the *sow*, and the side channels the *pigs*; hence the term pig-iron is applied to the first rough cast-iron.

The pig-iron thus obtained is usually too impure for general purposes; it has, therefore, to be re-fused, in

Iron Brooch.



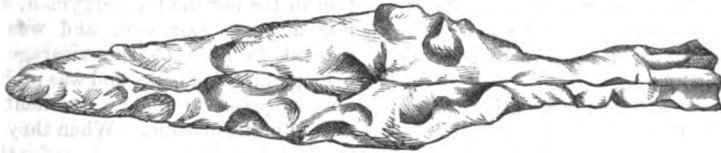
order that portions of carbon, silica, phosphorus, and other impurities may be driven off. A single re-fusion changes the iron into what is called "No. 2 pig," or grey iron. A second re-fusion converts it into "No. 3," or mottled iron; and a third re-melting changes it into refined iron, in which state it is exposed to an intense heat in a refining furnace, in order that it may be deprived of another portion of the much-persecuted carbon, and be converted into malleable or wrought iron.

Further trials still await this ill-used family: they are next cut into small pieces and thrust into another furnace, called a reverberatory furnace, the heat of which is most intense; here they are constantly stirred about by a cruel man termed a *puddler*, in order that every portion of their limbs may be exposed to the full force of the flames. In this sad plight they collect themselves, as if for self preservation, into round masses or *blooms*; but alas! this expedient only leads to further cruelties. The watchful puddler now seizes upon them with his iron tools, drags them from the furnace, and exposes them, while hot and tender, to the action of a ponderous hammer, which mercilessly beats their bruised sides, forces their particles into a closer union, and imparts to them an oblong shape, in order that they may be the better fitted to undergo another torture, viz., that of *rolling*. Yes, the blooms while hot are passed through several sets of rollers, till at length they are crushed into the shape of a long thin bar, and made tough, soft, and unfusible.

The internal arrangement of the individual particles of the family now take the form of

heaps of boiled rice, with the grain enlarged, and hence their texture is named *granular*: a quality of metal used where great hardness is required, as for the tops of railway bars, &c. Again, in order that these members of the iron family may render good service to

our gallant tars, they are cut into proper lengths by huge shears, thrust into another furnace called a *balling* furnace, remelted, taken out when at a white heat, and again passed through a series of rollers, till five or six of the original bars are firmly welded



Iron Spear-head.

together. By this process their texture is greatly improved, their particles have a fracture, like a piece of cane, and their quality is called fibrous; they are now capable of resisting a great strain, hence in the form of chains and anchors they are useful to the sons of Neptune.

"Surely," my readers exclaim, "the troubles of this much-persecuted family have at length come to an end." Alas! by no means. The hard-hearted iron-masters having played their part, another set of tyrants

step forward, and subject the members of the House of Iron to fresh torments. The steel-manufacturers now lay violent hands upon them, and they are cast into a conical brick building of singular construction. The internal part consists of two oblong troughs, about fourteen feet long and two or three deep and wide: the bottoms of the troughs are covered with powdered charcoal to the depth of two or three inches; bars of iron are laid upon this charcoal, then another stratum of charcoal and a new layer of bars, till the



Iron Knife.

troughs are filled: every aperture is then closed, and the iron and charcoal are exposed to an intense heat for a week, till the poor family are literally covered with blisters; and in this sad plight they are drawn out of the furnace, and facetiously called *blistered steel*.

Miserable iron! Blistered and bruised, they are again broken into small pieces, placed in a crucible of clay, thrust into an air-furnace, remelted, and once more beaten with a heavy forge-hammer, or poured into moulds, and from thenceforth they are known either as shear-steel or cast-steel. Oh, much-afflicted family! thy texture may well vary according to the intensity of thy trials.

Such are the various processes by which the ore has been manufactured into cast-iron, the cast-iron into wrought-iron, and the wrought-iron into steel. But I cannot conclude this division of my subject without mentioning that latterly new plans have been invented for the smelting of the iron ore, more especially that known as the Bessemer Process, by which the iron from the blast-furnace flows

into a cylindrical vessel, and immediately passes into the condition of cast-steel of ordinary character; and by continuing this process any quality of steel may be obtained. Mr. Bessemer adds a small per-centage of manganese to the hæmatite ore; and on so large a scale does he carry on the manufacture of steel, that the Bessemer steel-works are capable of producing every week six thousand tons of metal. But for full information upon this process I must refer the readers of *ONCE A WEEK* to a paper read by Mr. H. Bessemer, "On the Manufacture of Cast Steel," before the members of the British Association in September, 1865. This steel is found to be most serviceable for rails, and will probably supplant the ordinary iron rails now used on the permanent way of railways.

I will now briefly advert to the usefulness of the House of Iron. To the men of our own time the utility of iron is too apparent to require any lengthened remarks. To this ancient family we are indebted for our knives and forks; for our needles, scissors, spades, hoes,

rakes, harrows, ploughs, and every description of agricultural implement.

By the architect and mechanic, the cotton lord and the engineer, the scions of the family are held in hourly request. Now they form a stately building, now they span the torrent stream, now they card and spin the flax and wool, now they regulate the movements of a watch: in truth, nothing either useful or ornamental is wrought or brought to perfection without the aid of iron.

By the men of a former generation the usefulness of the House of Iron was also duly acknowledged in the shape of swords, spears, and lance heads; and so highly did they prize these iron weapons, that the warriors of former days are now found resting in their graves with their iron arms around them.

In proof of this statement we have given a sketch of an iron spear-head, an iron knife, and an iron buckle or brooch; all of which, as well as an urn composed of earth, were found in a tumulus, in the glebe land adjoining the churchyard in the parish of Wilby, in Norfolk.

These interesting relics of ancient days are in the possession of the Rev. Julius Valpy, Rector of Elsing, in Norfolk, through whose kindness the present sketches have been taken.

The iron spear-head must evidently have belonged to a chief of great prowess and strength, as the sketch is only one-fourth of its actual size. The antiquary will notice the piece of wood still remaining in the socket, as evidential of its original construction.

The iron knife is full size, and the remains of the wooden handle in which the knife was inserted may still be seen; the iron blade is much corroded with rust, and seems to be rapidly crumbling away; for, although perfect when first found, it is now in three pieces, as seen in the sketch.

The iron brooch, given at the head of page 440, is also full size, and is a relic well deserving the attention of the antiquary. Like the knife, it was perfect when found, but it is now divided into three parts, and is similarly corroded with rust. The archæologist will observe in this sketch the bronze groove in which the tongue of the brooch formerly worked. Whether these antiquities be Danish or Anglo-Saxon is a question I must leave to the judgment of the members of the British Archæological Association. The name of the village where they were found, Wilby (a habitation near the sea, according to the Danish idiom), may favour their Norse origin. The sketch of the urn, the age of which I am also unable to determine, will be given in the second and concluding part of this essay.

H. WRIGHT.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

The careful insect 'midst his work I view,
Now from the flowers extracts the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures loads his little thighs,
And steers his distant journey through the skies.

GAY.

A CERTAIN bishop went to hold a confirmation in the parish of a clergyman, whose living was a very poor one, and was hospitably pressed to dine at the vicarage. This the bishop consented to do, and was probably agreeably surprised to find an excellent dinner and a good bottle of wine. When they were alone, the bishop, with some apology for the question, asked his entertainer how he could afford to give so good a dinner and such an excellent bottle of wine on so poor an income as he had. "I will show your lordship," said the clergyman, "if you will walk with me into my garden." On arriving there, he pointed out a considerable number of bee-hives, and said, "With the produce of those hives I am able to give your lordship the dinner you have had, and also to lay by a little money at the end of the year."

Now there can be no doubt that if the good vicar's system of managing his bees was more generally followed than it is, in a short time cottagers would not only be able to pay the rent of their cottages from the produce of their hives, but would be in a much more prosperous condition than many of them are at present. Instead of this being the case, it has been too much the practice, in order to procure a little ready money, for cottagers in the autumn to suffocate their bees, and thus destroy the very source of that profit they might derive under a different course of management.

Now a hive of bees should be considered as a sum of money deposited in a savings bank—it will pay good interest if the original stock is preserved. In fact, if properly managed, bees ought to pay a cottager's rent, and much more than that if he has three or four hives.

There is no occasion to kill a single bee in a hive if the owner of it will content himself with a certain portion of the honey contained in it. Recollect that a hive probably contains 30,000 working bees, industrious insects, who are at work both night and day. If these are destroyed, and it is great cruelty to do so, your stock of bees cannot be increased; whereas by allowing them to swarm, another hive is added to your stock.

We will suppose that a cottager has his original hive, and a swarm from it in the middle or end of May. Let him then adopt the following plan. Place a small straw cap on the hive, having previously cut a hole at the top of the hive three or four inches across, the cap having a small bit of glass inserted in it, which

will serve to show when it is filled with comb and honey. When this is the case, take the cap carefully off, carry it to a little distance, and place it on the ground, the bottom upwards, and with a bunch of nettles whisk off the bees as they appear on the surface. They will soon return to the parent hive, and thus not a single bee need be destroyed. A fresh cap should be in readiness to be placed on the hive, except, indeed, the first should be removed late in the season. In that case the hole should be covered by a piece of slate or tile, and plastered over with mortar. If the first cap is filled and removed early in the season, say the end of May, or beginning of June, a second cap may be filled, provided the season is a very favourable one. The bee owner will thus have a very profitable return, and retain his original stock of hives. Should he indeed wish to increase it, he may wait for an early swarm, and when this has been secured, he may place a cap on the hive which has given him a swarm, and if it is a good season he may expect to have it filled. I have also placed a cap on a very early swarm and also had it filled, in which case the honey in it is particularly fine and white.

I should also mention that the situations most favourable for bees are those in which lime-trees and Dutch clover abound, and also those in the neighbourhood of heather, although the honey from these shrubs is generally of a dark colour, and does not command so high a price as that from lime-trees and clover.

Some years ago I was a very extensive and also a very successful bee owner, and I will now give a short account of the method I adopted with them.

In the first place, I invariably placed the entrance to the hive towards the setting sun, and for the following reasons:—

1. If placed to the rising sun they are tempted to leave the hive while the dew is on the flowers, and thus get their wings wetted, and are consequently unable to fly back to the hive; and I have frequently found numbers of them either dead or chilled with cold on the ground near the hives.

2. Bees work late in the evening, and if the hive is placed to receive the rays of a setting sun, they readily find their way back to it—a great advantage.

3. If the hive is placed towards the setting sun, the bees leave their hive later in the morning, when the dew is off the flowers, and thus escape the destruction which attends the early workers. Perhaps no country produces more honey and wax than Russia, and the reason is obvious. No sun rouses them from their torpid and almost frozen state, consequently but little of their honey is consumed.

But a sudden spring at last arrives, when they burst forth, strong and vigorous, and soon fill their hives with wax and honey.

4. I have a dislike to bee houses. They are much too warm, and rouse the bees from their torpid state, and induce them to quit their hives at too early a period of the year.

5. Hives should not be placed on a permanent bottom, but on an extra one which can readily be lifted up with the hive upon it. This will enable the bee owner to ascertain whether there is much or little honey in it. One circumstance should be carefully observed with respect to such hives, and that is to feed them constantly until the return of Spring enables them to collect honey. They will be very grateful for such supply of food, as without it they would probably perish. Now, I have constantly given them coarse honey, thinned with a small quantity of beer or water, and poured it from the hole on the top of the hive amongst them. This does not hurt them, and they immediately set to work to remove the honey which may stick to the bees, and not a particle of it is lost.

A narrow tin trough, about a foot and a-half long, may also be readily procured, and when filled with food should be inserted through the hole of entrance to the hive. This perhaps is a preferable way of feeding the bees, and should often be repeated.

If bees hang in clusters, as they often will do on the outside of the hive late in the season, and show no disposition to work, it is evident that there is a want of room for them in the hive. Three or four rings should then be cut from the bottom of a hive, and the overloaded hive then placed on it, and the junction plastered over with clay or mortar. The bees which hung idly outside will then return to the parent hive and begin to work. This is a useful hint to bee-keepers.

6. Wasps, slugs, and snails, and occasionally mice, are great enemies to bees. The entrance, therefore, to the hive should be contracted in the autumn, when these pests of bees generally begin their depredations. This may best be done by inserting a round stick, about as thick as the end of a little finger, into the entrance of the hive, and plastering it over with clay. The stick may be then drawn out, leaving a hole which a single bee may guard, as they will do, against a wasp, and too small to allow of the entrance of a snail or slug. And this reminds me of an interesting fact to prove the sagacity of bees. A large slug had made its way into a hive which had too large an opening, and was soon stung to death by the bees. It remained, of course, at the bottom of the hive, the bees being unable to remove it. As they are very cleanly insects,

they covered it over with a coarse substance they collect called Propolis, which effectually prevented any offensive smell, and did not interfere with their progress about the hive. In the same hive, and through the same wide hole, a brown-shelled snail had entered, and while crawling about he was stung, and retreated into his shell. Instead of covering it over with propolis, they contented themselves with merely fixing the edges of the shell to the bottom board, and thus saved themselves the trouble of covering it all over as they did with the slug. Bees, in fact, have more ingenuity and sense than is generally supposed. I had a weak hive, with too large an opening, which was attacked by wasps; in order to protect themselves from these attacks, they contracted the entrance by building up a wall of propolis, leaving only an entrance for one bee at a time, and thus secured themselves from any depredations.

I have been often asked whether bees work at night. They certainly do, as in looking at them in a glass hive by means of a lighted candle, I have always found them to be apparently busy in various ways. A swarm put into an empty straw hive, quite new, late in the evening, will have a considerable quantity of comb completed by the next morning.

It is hoped that this short account of what my long experience leads me to think is the best mode of managing bees and rendering them profitable to the bee owner, especially the cottager, will neither be found uninteresting or uninteresting. I trust also that it may tend to prevent the wholesale slaughter of these industrious and remarkably curious insects—curious in their habits, intelligence, and instincts.

Then, cheerful bee, come, freely come,
And travel round my woodbine bower;
Delight me with thy wandering hum,
And rouse me from my musing hour;
Oh! try no more those tedious fields—
Come taste the sweets my garden yields;
The treasures of each blooming mine,
The bud—the blossom—all are thine.

EDWARD JESSE.

A DAY AT SALZBURG AND BERCHTESGADEN.

SALZBURG is built between two rocky and lofty hills, between which, bisecting the city, rushes the river Salza, chalky and discoloured with the refuse of the salt pans of Hallein. Of these hills one is crowned by a castle, quaintly towered and gabled, round whose base cluster a few ash-trees and planes; amid the green leafage here and there points of grey and purple rock "crop" out and catch the light; while looking at the side away from the sun we see the same rocks casting patches of cool

shadow, whose depths are sometimes disturbed by a thread of pale-blue smoke from the city below. The other hill, the Capuchinberg, so called from the monastery on its summit, is more wooded, and is covered, save at its precipitous sides, by masses of beech, ash, and pine; through the foliage, and on the very brow of the mountain, the white and grey roofs of the monastery peep out, looking down watchfully upon the city; and the berg or mountain, where the foliage nears the precipitous cliffs at its sides, is girdled by a low grey wall, rising and falling, projecting or retiring, according to the varying levels of the mountain, pointed at angles by quaint turrets with peaked roofs, which project slightly beyond the wall itself. From these turrets you may drop a stone into the Salza, which flows by a hundred feet below, sailed over by no boat save an occasional barge, salt-laden, steered with seeming difficulty by two stupendous rudders. The position of the city, nestling between these two hills, is peculiarly picturesque, and in many respects surpasses Edinburgh, in some respects its rival; but to make the comparison tolerable, it must have been Edinburgh before the railroad invaded it; suffice it to say that Salzburg has a river where the other city has a railroad. The other hill, Hohen-Salzburg, rises abruptly above the city, and behind it, a few miles off, tower lofty mountain ranges, the Noric Alps, the foremost being the legend-teeming Untersberg, blue, purple, and streaked with red-iron colour. Turning to the left side of the city, the icecaps of the mountains of the South Tyrol, hard and clear against the sky, point the landscape, and "make the heart leap up," thus completing the picture. The city being very fair and shining (*Λαμπρός*) glistens from its many white and grey buildings, amid which point upwards many cupolas and lantern-towers of metal, with slate roofs of a rich nut-brown colour. Salzburg has one great defect, however: it has only two bridges, both plain, nay, ugly. The houses rise almost from the brink of the stream, tall, white, and yellow, with grey flat roofs; in their upper stories are arcades, the supporting pillars being of the red marble, common here. In the interior of the older inns these arcades are common; and the Drei Allirten, from a magnificent garret of which I am writing these lines, has a long open gallery of this kind, the pillars being of the materials above mentioned, and the roof vaulted.

A word on the Drei Allirten and its landlord. The hostel is old-fashioned and roomy, has a vast amount of staircase, and a dark narrow entrance from the street like the older Tyrolean inns; the landlord is jovial and plump, and does the sacred duties of host with care and

cordiality, and the three weeks spent under his roof will be long pleasantly remembered. Alas! he has now built unto himself a vast Hôtel de l'Europe outside the city, and the picturesque Allirten is deserted.

The early history of Salzburg is difficult, but it presents one peculiarity, that the city, though continually destroyed, always rose from its ashes with renewed life and beauty. Said to have been founded by Hadrian under the name of Juvavia, it became the most flourishing city of Noricum. In the reign of Martian the city was overrun by Attila and the Goths; and after the storm had swept past, Maximus, a Christian priest, with fifty followers, settled here for a time; but in a few years they perished at the hands of Odoacer, as the inscription on the rocks above the cloister of St. Peter tells: "A.D., 477, Odoacer rex Rutheriorum, Gepidæ Gothi, Hungari, et Heruli contra ecclesiam Dei servientes beatum Maximum cum sociis 50 in hoc spelæo latitantibus ob confess. fidei trucidatos præcipitarunt." Their bodies were buried where they fell, and there St. Rupert built a church, called the Poliandron, the first germ of the monastery of St. Peter. Some fifty years afterwards, in which successive barbarian chiefs laid it waste, the city rose from its ashes, or was refounded by St. Rupert, a Scotchman by descent, who came from his see of Worms to convert the province of Noricum to Christianity, and it was at his advent that the churches and monasteries were founded, and the seed of the future fame of the city planted. Amongst these, the Nonnberg, over which he appointed his sister Ehrentrude abbess, is eminent. St. Rupert, "after immense labours and a life of great sanctity," thus narrates an old black-letter chronicle which I picked up in Salzburg, "the day of his death having been made known to him by divine admonition, came to his church, and while celebrating mass on the 27th March, 623, and saying, 'Lord, into thy hands I commit my soul,' in his 100th year he fell asleep, and as his spirit fled was heard the music of angels." The same chronicle relates of his successor Vitalis the following legend:—"A hardened sinner, after the death of St. Vitalis, refused to believe, whereupon he was taken to the saint's grave, and forthwith a white lily burst into bloom through the solid marble." Of the fortunes of the city under the archbishops, a sway partly military and partly ecclesiastical, it is difficult to get materials to tell; but it became the fairest and strongest city in all Germany, and was called the Little Rome. In the year 1802 the province was assigned to Ferdinand, Duke of Tuscany, and again in 1805 it was allotted by treaty to Austria, who surrendered it to Napoleon in 1809; he in

turn gave it to Bavaria in 1810, who held it till 1814, when it was again allotted to Austria. The city is rich in celebrated names: Paracelsus, Haydn, and Mozart lived here; and the memory of the latter is preserved outwardly to the eye by Schwanthaler's statue, and to the ear by some sweet bells which at sunrise and sunset chime out harmonies composed by Mozart himself. He, however, made his fame more in Vienna and Prag than in Salzburg.

And now to the heights above, the Hohen-Salzburg, or citadel. It is a fortress of strength and picturesqueness, and with many portoullises, massive walls, quaint roofs, gables, and buttresses. It is used as a barrack, and little of its former splendour remains save two state apartments in the very highest tower, the walls of which are painted in blue with gold bosses, and there are three curious spiral columns of red marble; on the other side of the castle we descend upon the Nonnberg, whose church is the oldest in Salzburg. A portion of an older church, containing some early frescoes of bishops and cardinals and an altar, is to be seen, built by the early Christians about the year 300; but as there is no access of light, the frescoes are difficult to see with the help only of a single tallow candle. In the modern portion of the church there is a "winged" altar-piece in a side-chapel, and a group of saints with figures of St. Barbara and Ehrentrude, its first abbess, in the style of Van Eyck, and of great merit. The church was built about 1100, but has a mixture of later styles; at the west end are some ancient pillars of red marble, now worn and grey, with capitals of peculiar form; and besides there is a perfect crypt, where service is performed occasionally; and depart not without noting the carving of the scrolls on the doorway of the church. The nunnery joins the church, the nuns entering to attend the services through a glass doorway above the organ-loft; this admits them to a latticed gallery, where they may be heard unseen. The church is so rich in colour and architecture that many an artist came here, and often, as we sat at our work sketching the quaint capitals, we heard the pattering of the nuns' prayers, and with one mellow voice leading the chant, rapidly caught up in a sweet minor, their voices chimed in with our labours.

Then, as the light of afternoon fades, we come out upon the terrace to rest awhile at the seat under the walnut-tree; above frowns the fortress, below the valley smiles, dotted with farm-houses and orchards, and backed by the Untersberg and more distant mountains; epithets add not to description, but the beauty of this view, seen between sundown and twilight, is one of the fairest in Europe. But soon the blue fades into grey, the mists

arise, and the night breeze springs up, we light our cigars, and passing through the archway descend to the city, now enveloped in shadow.

Berchtesgaden, the far-famed gem of this region, and the Königssee, are so well-known that it would be superfluous to say much about them here; and yet, though possessing every variety of scenery, mountain and glacier, rock and precipice, frowning forests and swift river, there is something of the "cockney" element about it like there is about Interlachen; and so let us hasten on to the Königssee, a lake surrounded on all sides by mountains so steep that embarking or landing is no easy matter, save at two spots. At one of these, joining a party of Austrians, whose kindness is kindly remembered, we take a boat and are rowed to St. Bartholomä, a narrow strip of land at the other end of the lake. Here there is a small hunting-lodge of the Duke of Bavaria (for we have crossed the frontier in coming from Salzburg), and we disembark to lunch and eat "saibling," a fish resembling char and trout, outside of a pale slate colour, and inside a bright rose.

The lodge, used temporarily as an hotel, supplies the needful refreshments; and these are, as we shall see, of one uniform kind, that is to say, "saibling" in various forms. The lodge is adorned by many pictures of gigantic "saibling" taken in the lake at different periods, and including every variety from the "saibling" *ferocissimus* down to the delicate-flavoured fish supplied for our lunch. With many others we sit down at small tables under the plane-trees, and discuss "saibling" and hock, mid waving trees and lapping waters. The word "saibling" is on every lip, and is borne hither and thither on the wind. Guests have eaten, guests are eating, and guests are landing, about to eat "saibling," and hand-maidens, with coquettish black silk head-dresses of kerchiefs falling in lappets on the shoulder, are yet bringing in dishes of "saibling" for hungry guests, while through the flickering shadows cast by the trees on the lake, ever and anon is seen or heard the leap of an unusually lively "saibling," yet free in his native lake, saying plainly, as the spokesman, of his myriad fellows, "Here we are, the 'saiblings' of the Königssee, the world-famed 'saiblings';' what you have eaten were naught: we are the old original 'saiblings';' catch us, we are ready; s—s—s—'saiblings', s—s!" Having finished our light lunch, and the lady (whom I have not as yet mentioned) having sipped her coffee, and we having lit our cigars, we embark once more in our rickety flat-bottomed tub, and try to "trim the boat and sit steady." We succeed, and gliding

over the deep green waters, we re-land after an hour's row, and, taking a cordial farewell of our Austrian friends, go upon our separate roads home.

The salt mines of Berchtesgaden are visited without difficulty, nor should the visit be omitted. The price of a ticket is forty-five kreuzers, equal to 1s. 4d. of English money, and is purchased at the Zeckinghaus, the office at the entrance of the mine, which by the way is entered horizontally. Here you don a dress of course serge, a coalheaver's hat, and a leathern apron; while ladies, putting off crinoline, are clad in a black tunic and belt, with cap of black cloth edged with blue, which falls jauntily on one side of the brow. The absence of crinoline, I had forgot to mention, is supplied by snow-white trousers. This costume is necessitated by the narrowness of the mine passages.

The assumption of masculine costume by ladies is a set-off to the bargee-like dress assigned to the male visitors, and the field for "chaff" is about equally divided; so, after a pause of a few minutes caused by the ladies' reluctance to come out from their dressing-room into the garish light of day, we, ladies and men, assemble on the "place" outside, and soon come to a tacit agreement, that if the female costume is scanty, that of the males is ridiculous, and thus finally, with our mutual respect not a whit lessened, start, lamp in hand, into the mine, while a guide leads and a guide brings up the rear of our procession. We pass up a long narrow gallery lined with stone, and just wide enough to allow one person to pass at a time. Under our feet are trams for trucks, and at the side in pipes we hear the brine rushing. This passage having traversed for a quarter of a mile, we pass up a staircase of similar width, and enter a long gallery, the walls on either side consisting of salt and earth in proportion, the salt glittering slightly under the rays of our lamps, and soon we come upon veins of salt-stone, brick red, and resembling embedded trunks of trees. Then we enter a second gallery through solid salt-stone, red, white, and veiny; then along more galleries similar to the last, till we emerge into a vast amphitheatre, vast and unappreciable in size, though lit up by some two hundred tallow-candles, which seem only to heighten the gloom. In the centre of this hall there is a lake of brine, across which we are rowed, the plashing of the oars re-echoing funereally the while. We hear a waterfall, and fancy we are drifting towards it, but it is naught but a fountain; then, laughing at our fears, we land upon the other side. Down another gallery, where, from a cupboard in the rock,

our guide provides each with a leathern semi-glove for the right hand, and now we transfer our lamps to our left hands. We halt at

a dark pit, which we descend by means of a "rutschweg," a sloping shaft with a wooden sloping beam, across which we take our seats



Salzburg.

one behind the other and saddle-fashion, in our right hand holding the guiding-rope. The guide takes his seat; we ours behind him in parties of four, and as soon as he gives the word and withdraws the "catch," we slide down rapidly, till we are "brought up" suddenly at the bottom of the pit, where the shaft ceases to be steep. Then we rise to greet with laughter the descent into this "avernus" of the next party. It was for this part of the mine that the apron and glove were required. The vast Tartarian hall, lit with many lamps, into which we have descended, is a worked-out pit. The guide rapidly explains to us, and we pass into galleries, where we see some pure white salt-stone, a rarer kind, and finally, having been presented with specimens of salt-stone, we place ourselves upon trucks at the entrance of a sloping way out of the mine, and are carried down into daylight at a fearful pace, seeming to avoid broken heads and crushed

legs at each turning. Then moulting our costumes, and giving our thanks and douceurs, we go in high feather upon our several ways.

Cælum non animum, &c., is in the main true; and yet a country like the Tyrol or the Salzkammergut, beautiful among the beautiful, will disperse many a cobweb caused it may be by the cares of the parish, the labour of the forum, literary, mercantile, or otherwise. To see day by day vast forests, rushing rivers, and ice-capped mountains is a true fillip to a weary mind. The early dawn cold and grey, or veiled in white mists slowly rising untransparent, till they are broken up into picturesque films by the sun's rays, previous to their final dispersal; meadows covered with a myriad blossoms, repeating in hues the mysterious blue of distant mountains; orchards luxuriant with fruit, and casting delicate shadows on the turf beneath, fail not to give a new sense of beauty, new sources of pleasure. Then the pine-forests, their spear-points seen

just above the mists, here and there glittering under the early sunshine; the pale gleaming lake with lines of silver from projecting promontories, the river rapid and white with glacier streams, and the ice-caps of mountains so far off, and yet seemingly so near. It is no slight luxury to rush down *en dishabille*, to plunge into the lake, and to return invigorated to your coffee and delicate loaves, served under the shadow only of a deep-eaved roof by a handmaiden whose head is adorned with a head-dress of black silk, simple yet bewitching, and who at every meal wishes you "zum gute speisen" with an air that never fails to send you to your food with a zest you never felt before. And lastly, a luxury is your hearty host, who makes a point of coming in during dinner with a few polite and friendly words to see that his guest is well-attended to,—so different to the style of the Charing Cross "misanmanageress," of whom we have heard in the columns of the Times.

THE TUN UNVISITED.

(VIDE WORDSWORTH'S "YARROW UNVISITED.")

OF Heidelberg we oft had read,
And of its many glories;
And often to ourselves we said,
These are but idle stories;
But still there is that Tun that holds
Three hundred thousand bottles,
And what a sight that Tun must be
To thirsty travelling throattles!
And so, we said, we'll take the train
Before the one for Basel,
And go and have at Heidelberg
A look at Tun and Castle:
And so we went and took the train
Before the one for Basel,
And did our merry best to get
A glimpse of Tun and Castle.

Along the Linden avenue
We went, admiring greatly
On either side the gardens bright,
The houses new and stately.
Yet this, said we, Love would not choose
His honeymoon to spend in,
And Age would seek a calmer nook
His latter hours to end in.

Still up the winding path we went,
And down the sun came pouring,
And ever and aye an upward glance
The ladies turn'd, imploring;
And we who find there's room to get
Wiser as we grow older,
The knapsack we had borne in hand
Strapped fairly to our shoulder.

We clomb the mountain still, still looked
All vainly for the top on't,
We only saw the shaggy sides,
The trees and viny crop on't.
At last, said we, the train will be
Soon coming in for Basel,
And we shall surely lose our day
If we should gain the castle;

And after all, although it makes
A gasthof keeper's handle,
Can we believe the game can be
Worth all this waste of candle? *
Be Heidelberg unseen, unknown,
Its Tun and all that's by it;
We have a Barclay's of our own,
Oh! why should we decry it?

A noble river is the Rhine,
We have its course unravelled,
And all from Bonn to Bacharach
A-foot its shores have travelled.
Let's leave a sight in Germany
That when we tell beholders
We have not seen it, they may shrug,
With pitying look, their shoulders.

Sunrise is grand from mountain tops,
We've seen it from the Righi's;
But then we missed its gorgeous set,
For we were down at Weggis:
We've hailed the lake whose shores repeat
The story of the apple,
And yet we miss'd—ah! woful miss—
The glorious William's Chapel.

We take, with philosophic mind,
Like sagest Samuel Weller,
Whatever beverage we find
Remaining in the cellar: †
We eat with grace the doubtful steak,
And glory in the mustard;
Nor spoil our dinner with a sigh
For oyster sauce and custard.

Then why should we, who take what sun
Or shade our pathway mottles,
Lament we missed a Tun that holds
Three hundred thousand bottles?
Sore words seemed these to folk who came
Resolved for Tun and Castle:—
—We turn'd about and down we went,
And took the train for Basel.

G. J. DE WILDE.

OTHELLO'S COSTUME.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I see in your last week's number of "ONCE A WEEK" an article on "Othello's Costume." I happened to pick up, a few years ago, an old edition of Shakespeare's Plays, called Bell's Edition, 1773. It is dedicated to Garrick, and is regulated from the Prompt Book of Drury Lane Theatre. In the frontispiece to Othello there is an engraving of the Moor in full costume, conversing with Iago. Othello is there represented as a black-a-moor, with a Turkish turban and plume of feathers: a flowing robe, low at the neck, with short sleeves hanging loose just above the wrist. He appears also to have an embroidered tunic under it, with a handsome sash. He has not, however, Turkish trowsers, but apparently breeches, reaching considerably below the knee, and silk stockings. He seems also to have pearl drops in his ears.

I am, sir, yours,

H. W.

* "Le jeu, vaut-il la chandelle?"—French query.

† "Oh! wery well, sir," replied Sam; "we shan't be bankrupt, and we shan't make our fortune. We eats our biled mutton without capers, and don't care for horse-radiah ven we can get beef."—*The Pickwick Papers*.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "A PRODIGAL SON," "SIR FELIX FOY, BART.," &c., &c.



CHAPTER XI. MR. AND MRS. BARLOW.

FRANK HOBSON'S brief sojourn at Beachville passed off pleasantly enough. His aunt made much of him, and was disposed to parade her approval of him and his proceedings by

way of demonstrating her censure of the evil deeds of Miss Milner. In vain did he seek to obtain any relaxation of Miss Hobson's severity in regard to that young lady and her husband. "Don't speak of them, Frank,"

Miss Hobson would say. "Pray don't. I'd rather not even think of them. I've quite done with them; and I should prefer never to hear their names mentioned again. I don't want to be reminded of unpleasant things. I am only sorry that I should be in any way connected with people who can conduct themselves so disgracefully. I say 'people,' but of course I more especially refer to Matilda. I attribute everything to her, and I entertain quite a horror of her. As for poor Mr. Barlow, I look upon him rather with contempt and pity than anything else. How could he consent to be a puppet in the hands of that woman?"

Now when a lady permits herself to speak of another lady as "that woman," it is pretty clear that a desperate feeling of animosity has arisen between them. The only way then is to keep the twain as far asunder as possible, and to avoid mention of the name of one in the presence of the other, unless you particularly desire to fire a train and to occasion a great fulmination. So Mr. Hobson threw up his brief in the matter of Mr. and Mrs. Barlow; it was quite hopeless for him to continue his pleadings on their behalf; for the court—in which Miss Hobson represented the presiding judge—was too insuperably prejudiced against them. Thenceforward it was evident there was to be a feud between his aunt and his cousin; and to exert himself further in favour of the latter would be to forfeit altogether the good opinion of the former. If he was bound to choose with which party he would side, Mr. Hobson came to the conclusion that, for many reasons, it was expedient for him to espouse the cause of his aunt rather than that of Mrs. Barlow. "After all," he said to himself, "Matilda has no sort of claim upon me. I don't see that she behaved particularly well to me. Certainly, at one time, for purposes of her own, she held out a sort of encouragement to me. She was nearly trifling with my young affections" (here he grinned), "only a happier kind of fate was reserved for me. No; the Barlows must go their own ways. I stand by old Aunt Fanny—for Sophy's sake as well as my own. And so that matter's settled." After which reflection he sought no more to mitigate the asperity of his aunt's sentiments in relation to Matilda and her husband.

Returning to London on the Monday morning, he was charged to convey to his affianced bride a present from Miss Hobson, consisting of a bracelet of Beachville agates and pebbles set in gold. This, with many expressions of his aunt's love and good wishes, he was bidden to hand to Miss Brown, who declared herself charmed with the gift—most grateful for Miss

Hobson's kindness. For his own part, Mr. Hobson was inclined to regard the bracelet with rather disparaging eyes. "I never find I care much for sea-side jewels," he said.

"Oh, Frank, they're sweetly pretty," avowed Sophy.

"But they're in the nature of 'common objects.' And 'common objects' always remind me of Matilda."

"I declare you're for ever thinking of Matilda, Frank. I shall grow quite jealous."

"Shall you? I'm going to call on her at the Grosvenor Hotel. You'd better come with me. Will you? She'll be so delighted to see us. So full of congratulations to dear Sophy." (Here followed a little mimicry of Mrs. Barlow's staccato manner.) "Besides, she'll want to know all that Aunt Fanny says about her. But I think she'll find a little of that will be quite enough for her. I haven't a very favourable account to give her."

"Don't stay longer than you can help, Frank."

"You may be sure I shan't."

"May I? I've a great mind to go with you."

"You want to see Barlow. I think you always had a sort of quiet tenderness for Barlow."

"You may go by yourself, then. You'll have a dreadful long mercenary sort of talk, I know—about Miss Hobson's money, and Matilda's money. Fortunately you can't talk about mine, for I haven't got any. And you really don't admire my bracelet? How ungrateful! I feel quite ashamed of you."

"It isn't half good enough. Now, if it had been diamonds instead of Beachville pebbles, it would have been about the thing."

"The idea of my wearing diamonds! You extravagant creature! The wife of a poor barrister wearing diamonds, and dining on hashed mutton! It would be too absurd!"

"We'll consider it as an instalment on account: a tolerable beginning—old Aunt Fanny will do better next time, perhaps; she'll advance by easy stages from Beachville pebbles to precious stones. Why shouldn't you wear diamonds? Could they adorn a more fascinating young person—a fairer brow—a slenderer wrist—a daintier neck?"

"Don't be a goose, Frank."

"I should think the hashed mutton prime venison, and the dinner sherry real nectar—"

"We shan't be able to afford sherry, sir."

"Not even dinner sherry? Well, then, the Chiswick ale. I suppose that will be within our means, you little scrow. But let me complete my observation. I should regard

the hashed mutton as prime venison, and the Chiswick ale as genuine nectar, if I could see you on the other side of the dinner table adorned with diamonds. I should feel myself quite up in the clouds, hobnobbing with a goddess—one of the best behaved in the heathen mythology—and immensely enjoying the occupation."

After a little more nonsensical talk of this kind with Miss Brown, Frank Hobson went forth to call upon the Barlows at the Grosvenor Hotel.

He paced up and down the palatial hall of that establishment, marvelling, as people do marvel, pacing the halls of large hotels, at the splendid proportions and gorgeous fitting up ~~and admiring himself, as~~

her fair hair; while about the solid repose of her manner there was a certain charm which Mr. Hobson did not fail to appreciate.

("She's really a remarkably fine woman," he said to himself.) She smiled upon him. Perhaps she perceived and was not displeased by his admiring contemplation. She liked admiration. Most women do.

"It's very good of you, Frank, occupied as you must be just now, to find time for visiting a poor parson's wife," she said.

("She doesn't look much like a poor parson's wife, however," thought Frank Hobson.) To the peculiar circumstances attending her marriage Mrs. Barlow did not allude.

"I am so sorry George should be out," she continued. And then she asked, a little
"You've just come from Beachville, you?"

"I went down on Saturday, and have
back."

"How did you leave Aunt Fanny?
hardly ask. She's very angry with
myself, I suppose?"
"afraid I must say that she is very

"I feared she would find the little
we practised upon her very hard to
But it was done for the best. I
you had your own peace to make.
us, of course, of your engagement to
Was she angry about that, also?"

"I'm bound to say she has taken a
pardonable view of the case altogether.
pressed herself very kindly in regard to
Mrs. Barlow looked a little disap-

"Naturally you were too full of your own
to be able to think much about ours.
told me you had promised to exert
on our behalf. But I explained to
we could hardly expect it. Naturally
to think in the first instance about
and Sophy."

"Well, I said what I could for you, Matilda.
But it wasn't of much avail."

"And of course you couldn't help bearing
in mind that every word you said for us was,
in a measure, spoken against your own inter-
ests."

"I don't quite understand."

"It's pretty clear, too, Frank," Mrs. Barlow explained, rather tartly. "If we've
offended Aunt Fanny, of course she'll leave her
money to you. If we're restored to favour, I
suppose we shall receive a share of whatever
she leaves behind her. By so much, then, in
that case, you will be a sufferer."

This cut and dried plan for disposing of Miss
Hobson's property did not sound very plea-
santly in her nephew's ears.

continued, "Pray take a chair. Pray put
down your hat. I'm so pleased to see you."

She smiled upon him with a gracious calm-
ness. Her cool white fingers pressed his
hand, sedately welcoming him. She seemed
perfectly undisturbed—thoroughly collected
and self-possessed. She spoke in her old pre-
cisely-articulate way. The confusion that
sometimes prettily suffuses the brow and flushes
the cheek, and incommodes the utterance of
the newly-married did not trouble Matilda
Barlow in any way. But it must be said for
her that she looked very handsome: a massive
statuesque blonde, most tastefully attired in
rich blue silk, very ample in its folds, with a
simple blue ribbon twisted among the bands of

"Surely it will be time enough, by-and-by, Matilda," he said, "to think about the division of Aunt Fanny's money."

"That's all very well for you, Frank, who are now high in her favour," and Mrs. Barlow laughed acridly. "But Aunt Fanny's health is very precarious. It's really the *duty* of her relatives to concern themselves about the disposal of her property."

"I don't see that her health is so very precarious," Frank Hobson said bluntly. "I think there's a good deal of fancy about her delicate health. It's my belief that she's as hearty a woman for her years as one's likely to see anywhere."

Mrs. Barlow shook her head. "I'm of a different opinion," she said.

"You heard nothing from Dr. Robinson to justify you in that opinion."

"Does *she* know I went to Dr. Robinson? How *very* provoking. It must have seemed so strange."

"Yes. She thought it strange, and rather worse, perhaps. For my part, I maintain she's just as likely to live to be a hundred as any one I know. And I'm sure I hope she may."

Mrs. Barlow mused for a little while.

"I may have been wrong," she said. "But I confess I thought her sinking. It was for that reason I impressed upon George the importance of our marriage being kept a secret. For I knew she wouldn't like it. To tell you the plain truth, Frank, I believe she really wanted George herself."

"Well, I don't know anything about that, Matilda," said Frank Hobson.

"But when George left Beachville we were necessarily obliged to disclose the fact of our marriage. He *would* have me go with him. We almost quarrelled about the thing. It was very unfortunate. And I suppose we have offended her now quite past forgiveness. However, it's all happened very luckily *for you*, Frank. I know she intended to leave everything to me at one time. But *now* it will all go to you." And Mrs. Barlow sighed somewhat deeply.

"You seem to think a good deal about money, Matilda. Surely you've got enough of your own." Frank Hobson began to weary of his "mercenary sort of talk" with his cousin, as Sophy Brown had described it by anticipation. It had proved more mercenary in its nature than he had quite been prepared for.

"Frank, it's my belief," said Mrs. Barlow, "and she spoke with the air of one wholly convinced—"it's my belief that one can't have too much money."

After this, there seemed little more to be

said—at any rate in that respect. Frank Hobson rose.

"I'm afraid I've been detaining you."

"Not at all. I was very busy with these papers when you came in. But they can wait."

"I suppose there's little chance of my seeing Barlow."

"Very little, I fear."

"You don't expect him home immediately?"

"Well, no. To tell you the truth, Frank, he's not staying at the Grosvenor at present."

"Not staying here? Where is he, then?"

"Well, he's away for a few days." And Mrs. Barlow looked a little disturbed.

"Why, you've not quarrelled—you're not separated already?" demanded Frank Hobson, in an explosion of surprise.

"Hush, Frank. Not quite so loud. Waiters and people are always going to and fro in the corridors here. No. We're not separated. That is to say, we're not separated in the way you mean. But probably you are aware that George is a good deal in debt?"

"Well—Yes. I have heard as much."

"I was not aware of it at the time of our marriage, or else—" But Mrs. Barlow did not complete her sentence. "George was certainly wanting in candour in that respect as in some others—for instance, his expectations from Lord Stoneacre. I now know that he is not so nearly related—I have looked in the peerage—as he at one time led me to believe."

("Can she ever have fancied that she had a chance of becoming Lady Stoneacre?" Frank Hobson asked himself.)

"However," she resumed, "I won't dwell upon that now. I was saying that George is a good deal in debt. He owes money at Beachville and in London. His creditors have been very pertinacious in following him. And, in point of fact, he was arrested on Saturday."

Frank Hobson whistled. "And he's not been released? He's still locked up?"

"He's still locked up. He's in some dreadful place near Chancery Lane."

"Cursitor Street?"

"Yes. That's the name of the street, I believe."

"You haven't been to see him, then?"

"How *could* I go to such a place, Frank?" demanded Mrs. Barlow, surprised that anything of the kind should be expected of her. "No, I sent down to him yesterday his dressing-case and some clean things. And he sends word that, altogether, he's pretty comfortable. And meanwhile I'm endeavouring to come to some arrangement with his creditors."

"Well, I should say that the ~~best~~ ^{best} you

can come to some such arrangement the happier it will be for poor Barlow."

"Yes; of course. I was going carefully through the accounts when you came in. I think I've got a pretty accurate list of his liabilities made out now. But I find it doesn't do to be in too great a hurry in these cases."

"Well. Probably Barlow will think the more hurry the better. It can't be very pleasant for him to be locked up in Cursitor Street."

"That's very true. But I must consider myself as well as George. You know he hasn't treated me quite fairly. He insisted on our marriage being disclosed, and really that's done all the mischief. The creditors are very grasping: but they may over-reach themselves. They think because I'm George's wife, and happen to have some money of my own—it's *entirely* under my own control, Frank—that I shall at once pay all his debts in full, in order to obtain his release. But they may find themselves mistaken; they don't know whom they've got to deal with. ("They don't, indeed," murmured Frank Hobson.) "They may find that I can be as obstinate as *they* can. I shall offer them a moderate sum—a fair composition—and if they don't choose to take it—they may do their worst. I'm in no hurry. They shall not tire me out."

"But all this time, poor Barlow will be locked up!"

"There's no help for it, Frank. And he's only himself to thank for it. Why did he get into debt? Is it fair that his creditors should be paid out of my money? But, fair or not, they certainly shall not be so paid. I offer them a fair composition: say two shillings in the pound, or something like that. They may take that or nothing. If they decline my offer, I wash my hands of the whole business. I've done with it; and George may go through the court."

"Poor George!"

"But he's brought it entirely on himself. If there's anybody to be pitied, I'm sure it should be *me* rather than George. The trouble and annoyance and anxiety this business has been to me, you've no notion, Frank!"

"Well, if you were locked up I should pity you, Matilda. But you see you're not. So I can't help giving all my pity to George, poor fellow."

"I'm willing to do all I can for him. More than many women would do, I'm sure."

"I don't know about that, Matilda."

"What else *could* I do? short of paying his debts in full? *That*, of course, is out of the question."

"I do believe that if it were my case, and

I were to be locked up, Sophy would never rest till she had me out. She'd sell the clothes off her back, and the shoes off her feet, aye, and the hair off her head, I do believe, but she would have me out."

"Oh, yes. We all know that Sophy is—" she checked herself; then said, "a dear, good little girl." Probably she had at first contemplated a less flattering description of Mr. Hobson's choice.

"And I love her with all my soul! Bless her!" cried Frank Hobson, with unaccustomed fervour.

"You're to be congratulated, I'm sure, on having won such a treasure!" said Mrs. Barlow, rather drily. "Are you *sure* you won't take any lunch?" This was her first hint of an offer of that refectation.

"Not any, thank you." And he rose to go. "Well, Matilda," he said, as he stood at the door, "as you hold the purse-strings, and it all seems to rest with you, I do hope you'll do all you can to get Barlow out of prison."

"Of course I shall, Frank: short of anything foolish. I don't see that there's any occasion for my making an absurd sacrifice. George can hardly expect me to do that."

"I don't think Sophy, in such a case, would consider any sacrifice absurd."

"Poor dear Sophy, She's no notion of the value of money, I'm afraid."

"I'm afraid not. At any rate, she thinks there are some things of more value than money."

"Yes, but then she's never known, poor child, what it is to have any money."

"If the knowledge is to make much change in her, I hope she may never know what it is to have any money. But we won't discuss it any more, Matilda. I'll only say I shall be very glad to see George free again. And I shall be very happy to serve him if I can. Will it be any use my going round and talking to the creditors?"

"Thank you, Frank. But I don't think I need trouble you. Mr. Blatherwick, my solicitor, happens to be concerned for one of George's chief creditors. I've great confidence in Mr. Blatherwick; and I'm sure he'll do all that's right in the matter."

"I'm sure he will," said Frank Hobson. "Good-by."

"Good-by, Frank. I shall be *always* glad to see you. You'll be *sure* to give my kind love to Sophy, will you? Couldn't you bring her to call with you some day? I'm afraid I can't get so far as Hoxton. She lives at Hoxton, doesn't she?"

"She's staying at Islington at present."

"Just so. But Islington and Hoxton are

the same kind of thing,—so very far off. I fear I can't undertake to call upon her, so occupied as I am just now with poor George's affairs. And then I shall be moving into lodgings soon; of course this place is too expensive to remain in for long. But I suppose your marriage will not be very immediately."

"It will take place as soon as possible, Matilda."

"Indeed! I didn't know, to speak plainly, that you, either of you, had the means to marry at once."

"We're going,—frightful as it may appear to you, Matilda,—we're going to marry without means."

"Dear me! It *does* sound rather rash. But of course you know your own business best. I'm sure I wish you every happiness, Frank; and I shall venture, if you'll allow me, to send poor dear Sophy a little offering on the occasion, which I hope she'll be good enough to accept."

Frank Hobson had it on the tip of his tongue to say, "Don't trouble yourself;" but he murmured instead, "Thank you, you're very kind, Matilda. Good-by," and departed.

It may be mentioned here, lest a more favourable opportunity for reporting the fact may not arise, that in due course Miss Brown received Mrs. Barlow's little offering. It was of no great value; but of course as people say, "the feeling which prompts the gift is everything." It consisted of a photographic album; a very cheap one, with an imitation morocco cover and very shaky clasps; and the binding of the book gave way altogether after it had been opened a few times.

Sophy Brown was not an exacting person: by no means inclined to run counter to the proverb which bids one not to look a gift horse in the mouth. Still, with all her amiable disposition to think the best of Mrs. Barlow and her offering, she found it impossible to set a very high value upon the photographic album, or the feeling which prompted its presentation to her.

"Throw it out of the window," said Mr. Hobson.

"No, Frank, I won't do that, because after all it's a present; and one's bound to keep a present. I tell you what I'll do with it: I'll make it a sort of 'hospital for incurables'—I'll keep it for the photographs of unpleasant people. One's obliged to have their *cartes* sometimes, and one never knows what to do with them. I can't bear to see them in my regular album; I'll put them in Matilda's book."

"And put Matilda's own portrait on the first page, by way of frontispiece. I'm sure she's the chief of incurables. I do believe

she's out-and-out the most unpleasant woman I know."

"You did not think so always, Frank," Miss Brown said, shaking her head.

"Didn't I?"

"No, certainly not. When you first came down to Beachville you didn't think Matilda so very unpleasant."

"Perhaps not. But then I didn't know her as I know her now."

"You only knew——" and then Sophy Brown stopped.

"That she had money, and that I had none, and so I was drawn towards her. Is that what you mean to say, Sophy?"

"No, Frank, no."

"Would you like to hear a confession, Sophy? Would you like to know to what shabbiness I could stoop? Perhaps it's only right that you should know: it's only just that you should be informed with how mean a motive I first went down to Beachville——"

"I want to know nothing of the kind. I won't listen to anything of the kind. Who am I that you should be confessing to me? What does it matter what you thought about or what you did when you first went down to Beachville? Didn't the manner of your leaving Beachville make amends for all? Do you forget our talk in the railway carriage? Nothing that happened before that is worth remembering. Up to that point by-gones are by-gones. If you cared about Matilda before, you care about me now, and a great deal more. Isn't that very certain?"

"Very certain. Then you forgive——"

"You silly Frank, don't you see that I have nothing to forgive?" She had spoken with such earnestness that she had brought tears into her eyes. The tears were soon stayed, however,—kissed away, possibly.

But this little scene has been taken out of its turn.

CHAPTER XII. THE CURTAIN FALLS UPON A TABLEAU.

"I'm thankful to be in the open air again," Mr. Hobson said to himself, as he left his cousin and the Grosvenor Hotel behind him, and bent his steps eastward. "Talking to Matilda is like being in a stuffy bank-parlour, where they think of nothing but about money. How different it is to be in the presence of Sophy! One breathes there a purer atmosphere; one contemplates one of the most charming of Heaven's creations—a fair and good woman; one listens to the music of the prettiest of voices: every note of it pure and sound, and every thought to which it gives expression honest and true. I'm sure that dear little girl couldn't do an unworthy thing—couldn't think

an unworthy thought. It's only wonderful that she should care at all for such a selfish humbug as I feel myself to be compared to her. Why doesn't she see through me, and express at once her utter contempt for me? Perhaps she does see through me; but sees also that I intend to be better henceforward, and to become every day more and more worthy of the happiness of possessing her. In time I shall become leavened with her goodness, and altogether an altered and a better sort of person—I beg your pardon!"

Further he might have pursued his vein of rhapsody in relation to Miss Brown and the bliss of his projected union with that young person, but that he happened to run against a passer-by, seriously to the endangerment of his equilibrium.

"Hullo! Confound you! Where are you coming to? Why don't you look where you're going to? What! is it you, Hobson? My dear fellow, I'm delighted to see you." And then Frank Hobson found himself cordially shaking hands with Mr. Blatherwick.

"What, so you've been up to the Grosvenor, have you? To see your cousin, Mrs. Barlow? I thought as much. Yes; they've settled it between them on the quiet. Barlow's made his 'advantageous match.' Much good may it do him. A nice kettle of fish it seems likely to turn out altogether. He's locked up: that I suppose you know. And he'll probably remain locked up, it appears, for all his wife's likely to do to get him out. She's a wonderful woman of business! Wonderful! She swears—that is to say, she declares—she won't offer more than two shillings in the pound. But it isn't to be supposed the creditors will accept that. They know she's plenty of money to pay them all in full twice over, if she thought proper. They argue, here's a husband locked up—here's a young wife with plenty of money—why doesn't she come down with it and set her husband free? It would be only natural, they say. It isn't as if they were an old married couple, and rather preferred to part, as some old married couples do, you know."

"But they don't find that that argument has much weight with Matilda?"

"Well, they don't. And they can't understand it at all. And they're getting quite savage about it. They vow they won't give in, and that they'll stand out for the last halfpenny."

"It's rather a bad look out for Barlow."

"Well, it is. A clergyman, too! I'm sure I'd do anything I could to assist him. I've an enormous respect for the Church. But these clever women with money! They're the deuce and all, that's the fact. They are so

uncommon hard and sharp. And I'm afraid Barlow wasn't quite open and above-board. Perhaps he deserves a little locking-up: in moderation, I mean. I think he took her in a little. I think he put his relationship to Lord Stoneacre a little too forward; and she's found him out, and she's paying him off for it."

"What will be the end of it? Will he have to go through the Court?"

"It will be a thousand pities if it comes to that. It wouldn't so much matter if he were a layman. He'd slip through easy enough, then. But being a clergyman, you see, you have to get his cassock and his surplice through, with him, and they've a way of *catching*, and getting torn and pulled about a good deal in the Bankruptcy Court. We must try and compromise the thing if we can—that's what we must try and do."

Mr. Hobson shook his head. "I don't think you'll find Matilda give in," he said. "I've just been talking to her. She's very firm about it."

"Well, there's just this chance, you see," explained Mr. Blatherwick. "She managed that settlement business all by herself. She got a form from me to look at, and adapted it to her own case. Wonderfully clever woman! But sometimes these wonderfully clever women are a little too clever. I suspect there may be some informality about the business. I'm not sure that she's handed over everything to her trustees. She's just the sort of woman who'd think it clever to keep something back: for fear of accidents, as she'd put it. It's not impossible but that we might pick a hole in that settlement, if we gave our minds to it. Or perhaps we might plunge the whole thing into Chancery. Even the threat of doing that might influence her, and bring her to terms. She's an awful screw, you know. She wouldn't like the notion of any of her money being spent in costs—your fees and mine, you know," laughed Mr. Blatherwick.

"Poor Barlow!" said Frank Hobson.

"Take my advice, my dear Hobson," quoth Mr. Blatherwick, "and don't be persuaded to marry a woman with money, let her be ever so clever and charming."

"I'm not going to do anything of the kind. Quite the contrary. I'm going to marry a girl who hasn't a halfpenny."

"What! The trim little wench I saw you with under the umbrella? I congratulate you. A man may well be proud of such a wife. Never mind her not having a halfpenny. She's the neatest ankles I ever saw, and I am an elderly man now, and I've seen a good many. When is it to come off?"

"Very soon."

"The sooner the better. And, mind, I'm good for a tea-pot—none of your electro rubbish; a good, substantial, old-fashioned, true-blue, silver tea-pot. And I'll come and have many a cup of tea with you and Mrs. H. out of it. I liked the girl directly I saw her. God bless you, Hobson. You're a lucky dog."

"We shall be rather poorly off to begin with," said Frank Hobson.

"Not a bit of it. No infernal affectation. You're a rising junior, sir, that's what you are. You'll make your mark at the bar, if you haven't made it already. 'With you, Mr. Hobson,' shall appear on a good many briefs, or my name isn't Blatherwick. We shall have a dissolution in the spring. After that, look out for petitions and election committees. You're all right, Hobson, my boy. Good-by. God bless you. And give my best regards to the trim little wench—I forget her name, if you ever told it to me, and I don't think you ever did. Good-by."

And Mr. Blatherwick shook hands and hurried away.

Mr. Hobson, of course, put Sophy Brown in possession of the particulars of his interview with Mrs. Barlow.

"And she lets her husband remain in prison, rather than part with her money!" exclaimed Miss Brown. "Was there ever such a woman?"

"She certainly is a remarkably cool hand, is Matilda," said Frank Hobson.

"Why, she can't be ordinary flesh and blood! She must be something of a fish! A mermaid perhaps."

"Nothing half so nice." For it occurred to Mr. Hobson that on his first meeting with his betrothed on the parade at Beachville, he had, in his own mind, likened her to a mermaid.

"Well, then, what was that thing I saw from the top of Beachville pier, that bobbed about and dived, and then came up again?"

"A porpoise, do you mean?"

"Yes, a porpoise. Mr. Barlow explained all about it, and seemed quite learned on the subject. And now he's actually married a porpoise! Matilda's a porpoise! I believe she could dive and stay any time under water, no matter who might want her to come to the surface. As for feelings, she can't possess any. She belongs to the sea, rather than to the land, though she isn't exactly a fish either. Has a porpoise any feelings, do you think, Frank? Does the female porpoise lock up her husband, and then go bobbing and diving about for her own amusement?"

"You must ask Barlow. He's learned about porpoises."

"Poor Mr. Barlow! Can't we do anything for him, Frank? Do you think it would be any comfort to him if we were to go and call upon him, and try and cheer him up? Fancy, Matilda not even going to see him! She is a porpoise, Frank. Suppose we go and see him. Shall we, Frank?"

"I don't think it's quite the place for you to go to, my dear. Cursitor Street isn't the most pleasant of places. But I'll go, if you like."

"Yes; do go, Frank. I'm sure he'll be glad to see you. And—be nice with him, will you? You know what I mean. Don't tease him; but speak properly and kindly to him. Don't—as men seem to be so fond of doing—don't chaff him. It would be too cruel. Talk to him and cheer him up. You can talk very nicely, and behave very properly when you like, you know, Frank."

"Thank you," said Frank.

And straightway he went to find out Mr. Barlow in Cursitor Street.

Mr. Barlow was not in the best of spirits: but he was very glad to see Frank Hobson. The incarcerated in Cursitor Street generally rejoice at the sight of a friendly face.

"I hope this isn't going to last very long, Barlow."

Mr. Barlow shook his head solemnly.

"Mrs. Barlow is a remarkable woman," he said. "I can't say how long it will last. Mrs. Barlow is settling my affairs. She's what's called a good manager. She knows the value of money. I'm afraid she won't allow herself to be brought to terms very easily."

"You must do all you can to make her listen to reason."

"It's easy to say that," observed Mr. Barlow, rather despondingly; "but Mrs. Barlow is not a woman to be driven—and, in point of fact, I can hardly say that she's a woman to be led either. As to listening to reason, if that means paying more than two shillings in the pound, I'm afraid it can't be done. I have nothing to do but to wait patiently, Hobson. There's no help for it. It all rests with Matilda. And I'm bound to add that Blatherwick's doing all he can to help me."

"It's rather a dreary look-out for you, though."

"It is a dreary look-out, Hobson. But if I must go through the court, why I must; and there's no more to be said about it. And I'm afraid it will come to that. For the fact is—but this entirely between ourselves?"

"Oh, of course; of course."

"Well, then. Matilda doesn't know of all my debts. Somehow I shrank from telling

her all. It was bad enough to have to tell her what I did. She only knows of the most pressing. There are other debts outstanding, amounting to a good deal, I'm afraid, altogether. What she'll say, what she'll do, when she comes to learn of *them*, is more than I can say."

"So that even if she settles with the present lot——?"

"There'll be another lot to deal with on some future occasion."

Frank Hobson whistled—a prolonged, solemn, significant whistle.

We will treat it, if you please, as the conventional signal to the stage carpenters, and close the scene.

What more is there to tell?

A very few words will suffice to complete our chronicle.

Mr. Barlow was not obliged to resort to the Court of Bankruptcy. Mr. Blatherwick managed the matter cleverly. Mrs. Barlow was ultimately persuaded to yield a good deal; and the creditors were induced to meet her halfway. She untied her purse-strings—not very willingly, but still sufficiently—and the validity and security of her marriage settlement were not impeached. She maintained control over her dearly beloved funded property.

And did they—the Barlows—live happily together ever after?

Let us quote Mr. Blatherwick. "They're not what I call a very good match," he said, in discussing some such question with Frank Hobson. "In fact, there are, what you may call, a good many shades of difference between them. You remember what I said once about matrimony being like choosing Berlin wools? That's precisely the Barlows' case. They'll wear alike; they'll agree more and more as time goes on; they'll turn up a very tidy sort of match in the long run; you won't suspect *then* that things were not quite so pleasant to begin with. But altogether, my dear boy, between ourselves, I think it's quite as well for you that Barlow married the woman with money; and that you didn't."

And as to Frank Hobson?

He is thriving at the bar. He has really distinguished himself. His name, much to his aunt's satisfaction, appears now quite as often in the newspapers as his old enemy's, "Central Criminal" Hobson. He is more than a rising junior now; he is a risen junior. And in a few years' time it will probably be worth his while to "take silk," and rustle into court a full-blown Q.C.

At Mr. Hobson's dinner-table you may frequently find yourself in the company of a most respectable and exemplary couple, by

name Mr. and Mrs. Verulam Tomkisson. They are looked upon in society as well-to-do people. The gentleman announces that he has ceased to practise at the bar. It is probable that no great monetary sacrifice was involved in such cessation. He avows, moreover, that he is devoting himself to the education and bringing up of his wife's daughters by her first husband; and there is a rumour that he is in some mysterious way connected with a dry-salting business in the City. But that may be merely a rumour: and worthless.

"And to think," said Frank Hobson to his wife, one day, in a sentimental moment—the Hobsons are rather given to sentimental moments—"to think that I first went down to Beachville with a notion of marrying Matilda Milner!"

"But it couldn't be, Frank, you know," Mrs. Hobson observed; and then added roguishly, "Are you not very sorry?"

"Sorry? No! Not a bit of it," he observed. "HOBSON doesn't regret his CHOICE."

And he kissed her as he spoke.

And so we drop the curtain upon the Hobsons, and the pretty picture they composed of domestic bliss.

(Concluded.)

A PAINTER-QUACK.

CONCERNING the artist, Philip James de Louthembourg, who, a native of Strasbourg, had come to England in the year 1771, had been employed by Garrick to paint scenes for Drury Lane Theatre, and in 1781 had obtained the full honours of the Royal Academy,—a curious fanatical pamphlet, by one Mary Pratt, of Portland Street, Marylebone, was published in 1789. It was entitled, "A List of Cures performed by Mr. and Mrs. de Louthembourg, of Hammersmith Terrace, without Medicine: By a Lover of the Lamb of God," and was dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury in very high-flown terms. Mr. De Louthembourg was described as "a gentleman of superior abilities, well-known in the scientific and polite assemblies for his brilliancy of talents as a philosopher and painter," who, with his wife, had been made proper recipients of the "divine manuductions," and gifted with power "to diffuse healing to the afflicted; whether deaf, dumb, lame, halt, or blind." The Archbishop was therefore entreated to compose a form of prayer to be used in all churches and chapels, that nothing might prevent the inestimable power of the De Louthembourgs from having its free course, and to order public thanksgiving to be offered up for the same. In her preface, Mrs. Pratt stated that her pamphlet

had been published without the consent of Mr. De Louthembourg, and that he had reprimanded her on account of it, and enjoined her positively to suppress it; but that on mature reflection she had considered it more advisable to offend an individual rather than permit thousands of her fellow-creatures to remain strangers to the precious gifts of the painter. "I judged by my own private feelings," she writes, "that had I any relative either deaf, dumb, blind, or lame, how thankful I should be to find a cure (*more especially gratis*); therefore I suffered the pamphlet to be sold, in hopes that by circulating these most solemn truths, many poor afflicted people might come and be healed."

The cures enumerated in Mrs. Pratt's List would be marvellous enough if the slightest credit could be attached to the lady's wild statements. In truth, De Louthembourg had been caught by the strange empirical mania prevalent throughout Europe towards the close of the eighteenth century. He became a physician, a visionary, a prophet, and—a charlatan. The close friend of the arch-impostor Cagliostro, and the disciple of Dr. Mesmer, he took to the practice of animal magnetism, professing to cure all diseases, and avowing himself possessed of powers of vaticination and second sight. His treatment of the patients who flocked to him was undoubtedly founded on the practice of Mesmer, though Horace Walpole appears to draw a distinction between the curative methods of the two doctors, when he writes to the Countess of Ossory in July, 1789: "Louthembourg the painter is turned an inspired physician, and has three thousand patients. His sovereign panacea is barley water. I believe it as efficacious as mesmerism. Baron Swedenborg's disciples multiply also. I am glad of it. The more religions and the more follies the better: they inveigle proselytes from one another." In a subsequent letter he writes, in reference to a new religion advocated by Taylor the Platonist: "He will have no success. Not because nonsense is not suited to making proselytes—witness the Methodists, Moravians, Baron Swedenborg, and Louthembourg the painter—but it should not be learned nonsense, which only the literate think they understand after long study. Absurdity announced only to the ear and easily retained by the memory has other guess operation. Not that I have any objection to Mr. Taylor for making proselytes: the more religions the better. If we had but two in the island they would cut one another's throats for power. When there is plenty of beliefs the professors only gain customers here and there from rival shops, and make more controversies than converts." This letter was

also written to the Countess of Ossory. It was hardly in so free a vein on such a subject that the writer would have ventured to address Miss Hannah More: with whom Mr. Walpole was fond of corresponding about this period.

In Mrs. Pratt's List we read of a lad named Thomas Robinson, suffering from the King's Evil, and dismissed from St. Bartholomew's Hospital as incurable, brought before Mr. De Louthembourg, who "administered to him yesterday in the public healing-room, amidst a large concourse, among whom were some of the first families of distinction in the kingdom," and wholly cured the sufferer. The two daughters born deaf and dumb of Mrs. Hook, Stable Yard, St. James's, waited upon Mrs. De Louthembourg, "who looked upon them with an eye of benignity and healed them." "I heard them both speak," avers Mrs. Pratt, by way of settling the matter. Among other cures we find "a man with a withered arm which was useless, cured in a few minutes by Mr. De Louthembourg in the public healing-room at Hammersmith;" "Mr. Williams, of Cranbourne Street, ill of a fever, had kept his bed ten weeks, was cured instantly;" "a gentleman, confined with gout in his stomach, kept his bed, was cured instantly;" "a green-grocer in Weymouth Street, Marylebone, next door to the Weavers' Arms, cured of lameness in both legs—went with crutches—is perfectly well;" "a Miss W——, a public vocal performer, cured,—but had not goodness of heart enough to own the cure publicly;" "a child cured of blindness, at Mr. Marsden's, cheesemonger, in the borough." Other cases are set forth; but the reader will probably consider that specimens enough have been culled from Mrs. Pratt's pamphlet.

That the proceedings of the De Louthembourg attracted extraordinary attention is very certain. Crowds surrounded the painter's house at Hammersmith, so that it was with difficulty he could go in or out. Particular days were set apart and advertised in the newspapers as "healing days," and a portion of the house was given up as a "healing-room." Patients were admitted to the presence of the artist-physician by tickets only, and to obtain possession of these, it is said that three thousand people were to be seen waiting at one time. Mrs. Pratt recounts "with horror and detestation" the wickedness of certain speculators in the crowd, who, having procured tickets gratis, unscrupulously sold them, at a profit ranging from two to five guineas, to buyers who were tired of waiting. De Louthembourg complained bitterly that out of the thousands he professed to have cured, but few returned to thank him for the great benefits he had conferred upon them. He preferred to believe

in the ingratitude of his patients rather than adopt the more obvious and reasonable course of questioning the perfect virtue of his curative powers. Mrs. Pratt in concluding her pamphlet entreats the magistracy or governors of the police to wait on Mr. De Louthembourg and consult with him as to a proper mode of promoting his labours, and suggests that a "Bethesda" should be forthwith built for the reception of the sick, and that officers should be appointed to preserve decorum, and to facilitate the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. De Louthembourg "without so much crowding." Finally she exhorts the world at large to contribute generously to the promotion of these beneficial objects.

But even at the date of Mrs. Pratt's pamphlet the tide was turning—had turned. The nine days' wonder was over. The mania was dying of exhaustion. Incidentally, the lady relates that "having suffered all the indignities and contumely that man could suffer," the inspired physician had for a time retired from practice into the country. "I have heard," she continues, "people curse him and threaten his life, instead of returning him thanks." In truth, as the public credulity waned, the doctor's cures failed. His labours were of no avail; his prophecies were falsified. His patients rose against him; the duped grew desperate; the mob became exceeding wrath. The house in Hammersmith Terrace was attacked; stones were thrown, and windows smashed. Not much further mischief was done, however. De Louthembourg and his wife prudently withdrew from public observation; quitted the kingdom. They were next heard of in company with their friend Count Cagliostro in Switzerland: Madame Cagliostro having accompanied them in their journey from England. But Count Cagliostro's career of jugglery and fraud was nearly over. On the night of the 27th December, 1789, he was arrested in Rome, and shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo, whence he never emerged again alive.

In the curious and scarce "Life and Adventures of Joseph Balsamo, commonly called Count Cagliostro," translated from the Italian, and published in London in 1791, copies are given of certain strange papers found in his possession, concerning which he was examined by the Inquisition during his imprisonment. In one of these documents there is unquestionable reference to De Louthembourg, though the painter's name is not given at length, and appears surrounded by the jargon of Cagliostro's so-called system of Egyptian Freemasonry, of which it is not possible to render any satisfactory interpretation. We extract from the paper the following:—

On the twentieth day of the eighth month—

The Grand Master being employed in his operations, after the usual ceremonies, the Pupil, before seeing the Angel, said: "I find myself in a dark room.

"I see a golden sword suspended over my head.

"I perceive Louth—g arrive.

"He opens his breast and shows a wound in his heart; he holds out a poniard to me."

Grand Master. "Is he employed in the service of the Grand Copte?"

Pupil. "Yes."

G. M. "What else do you see?"

P. "I see a star.

"I see two.

"I see seven."

G. M. "Proceed."

P. "Louth—g has retired—the scene changes—I see seven angels," &c., &c.

Cagliostro was ordered by the Inquisition to explain the meaning of this paper. He professed the profoundest ignorance as to its purport. There will probably be no great harm in concluding, therefore, that it did not possess meaning of any kind. But the reader is left to form his own opinion on the subject.

Soon De Louthembourg was found to be again in England. But he practised no more as an inspired physician; he now followed sedulously his legitimate profession. His eccentricities and escapades were overlooked; it seems to have been agreed that he had been more fool than knave—that he had imposed upon himself quite as much as upon other people. He was permitted to resume his old place in society, and soon painted himself into public favour again. He died on the 11th March, 1812, at his house in Hammersmith Terrace, and was buried in Chiswick Churchyard,* near the grave of William Hogarth.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF IRON.

PART II.

THE accompanying sketch of a very singular urn, found in the same field in which the iron antiquities were dug up, is one-half of the natural size, and cannot fail to be of high interest to the archæologist. It is of friable, dark brown earth, and both in the shape and in the style of ornamentation it differs from the Anglo-Saxon urns figured in the fourth and sixth volumes of the "Norfolk Archæology."

In the same field at Wilby there was also found another urn, much broken; a fragment of well-burnt slate-coloured pottery; a small spear-head of iron, with wood in socket; an iron pike; and a small iron sword. Human bones were also dug up by the labourers, the thigh bones being of unusually large size. These interesting relics were presented, in 1850, by the Rev. John Goodacre,

* See Vol. I., New Series, p. 168.

late rector of Wilby, to the Rev. Julius Valpy, their present owner.

In conclusion, I will briefly speak of the residences of the Family of Iron, of their alliances, and of their qualities and origin. And first of their residences.



Ancient Urn. (See p. 459.)

The family may be found "at home" in their inland residences, in the mining districts of Staffordshire and Wales, where they are interstratified with coal. They also have their marine villas in the lias cliffs of Yorkshire, in the ferruginous sandstone of the Hunstanton cliffs on the western seaboard of Norfolk, and in the boulder-till of the eastern coast of the same county, which is the wreck of the lias strata of the oolitic system. They are also met with in the form of detached pieces of brown clay-carbonate of iron, reposing at low-water upon the bed of the sea, on the coast at Cromer, Trimingham, Mundesley, Beeston, and Bunton, in Norfolk. And here I will take the opportunity of calling the attention of archaeologists to a circumstance worthy of their notice, in connection with the family of Iron. On the hills, and sides of the hills, extending from Bunton to Weybourne, in the neighbourhood of Cromer, are seen innumerable circular pits, of about ten feet in diameter and three in depth; in which, and adjacent to which, are found great quantities of old refuse iron, locally called "black bacon," from the crackle-like ridges on their surface.

Now I would ask, may not the inference be drawn that these circular pits were connected with the smelting of iron-ore in ancient days?

I base this supposition upon the fact that similar circular pits are now used in France and Belgium, for the purpose of preserving the slag as it runs from the furnace; in order that it may, when cool, be cut by masons into lumps or shapes, and made available for the paving of streets.

Again, the refuse of ancient bloomeries (as the earliest smelting-works were called) occur in various localities, and such large quantities have been dug up in the Forest of Dean, beneath decayed trees, that these bloomery cinders have for many years been used as a substitute for iron-ore. Whether the quantity be sufficiently large, and the quality sufficiently good, of the "black bacon" on the hills between Bunton and Weybourne, to work it to advantage, I must leave to the consideration of the landed proprietors in the neighbourhood. Once more, it is well known that the Sussex Downs were de-forested for the purpose of obtaining charcoal to smelt the iron ore. Is it not probable that the Bunton Hills were de-forested for a similar purpose, and that the circular pits which have so sorely puzzled the antiquarian world, were in some way connected with the manufacture of iron? I am aware that, by the general assent of antiquarians, these circular pits have been appropriated as sites of the dwellings of the primeval inhabitants of Britain; but, nevertheless, I venture to offer the above suggestion, and to ask, is it probable that the ancient Britons were so numerous as to occupy such a great extent of country as these pits indicate?

To return to the residences of the House of Iron. If any of my readers desire to see and judge for themselves of the vastness and magnificence of some of the strongholds of the family, I will invite them to descend the celebrated iron mine of Persberg, in Sweden; which, for its awe-inspiring wonders, and its imposing grandeur, surpasses any other iron mine in the world.

"As we drew near to the wide and open abyss," writes a distinguished traveller, the late Dr. E. Clarke, "a vast and sudden prospect of yawning caverns and prodigious machinery prepared us for the descent. We approached the edge of the dreadful gulf, whence the ore is raised, and ventured to look down, standing on the verge of a platform constructed over it in such a manner as to command a view as far down as the eye could penetrate, for to the sight it appeared bottomless. Immense buckets suspended by rattling chains [were passing up and down, and we could perceive ladders scaling all the inward precipices, upon which the work-people, reduced by distance to pigmies in size, were ascending and descending. Far below the

furthest of these a deep and gaping gulf opened to the lowermost pits. The clanking of the chains, the groaning of the pumps, the hallooing of the miners, the creaking of the blocks and wheels, the trampling of horses, the beating of hammers, and the loud and frequent subterranean thunders from the blasting, combined to produce an overpowering effect. The ladders for descent, instead of being placed on platforms, as in the Cornish mines, are lashed together in one unbroken line for many fathoms, and being warped to suit the inclination of the sides of the precipices, are not always perpendicular, but hang over in some places, so that if the feet were to slip, and the person held fast by his hands, he would hang over the gulf; and these ladders have only wooden staves, broken and rotten in many places, covered with frozen mud and ice, so that the hands are numbed and rendered unable to grasp firmly.

"As we descended deeper, large masses of ice appeared on the sides of the rock. Ice is raised in the buckets with the ore and rubble of the mine. After much fatigue, and no small apprehensions, we reached the bottom, and were hurried along a vaulted level into a prodigious cavern; where, amidst falling waters, tumbling rocks, steam, ice, and gunpowder, fifty miners were in active employment in a din of noise that rendered all conversation impracticable."

The alliances formed by the House of Iron demand a word ere I conclude; for, like all great houses, they have entered into alliances with the neighbouring families of note. Thus they have combined with the very ancient family of Oxygen, and to this combination we owe the protoxide and peroxide of iron. What hard names you may say. True, but as these terms are now in almost daily use, I will endeavour familiarly to explain them. Chemically speaking, protoxide of iron consists of one atom of iron and one atom of oxygen; and the peroxide (of which rust is a familiar instance) consists of two atoms of iron and three of oxygen, scientifically expressed by the formula, Fe_2O_3 . The House of Iron combines also with chlorine, iodine, sulphur, phosphorus, carbon, &c., forming with the latter what are improperly termed *lead pencils*, for in reality they do not contain one atom of lead, their constituent parts being carbon 96, iron 4. And with their friends the Flints, they enter into the composition of by far the larger portion of the rocks which comprise the crust of the earth. Again, when iron is dissolved in acids it forms salts. "Salts!" says the sick-headache school-boy; "are those horrid Epsom salts made of iron?" No, my young friend, no. Salts of iron are

sulphate of iron, commonly called green vitriol, and also acetate of iron, used in calico-printing, &c. The alliance of iron with copper and oak is, when exposed to the action of sea-water, proved to be mutually destructive; a fact which, although known to sailors for years past, appears to have been but recently discovered by the late Board of Admiralty. Let the present Board try galvanised iron, which has been found to resist the action of both sea and wood. By all means let them avoid *steel*.

The fossils handed down to us by the family of Iron have lately been found to be numerous in the ironstone beds and shales of the North Staffordshire coal-fields; they consist of the ancient Ganoid and Placoid orders of fishes. Of the Ganoid forms the genus *Palæoniscus* is the most frequently met with, being found throughout the entire series of coal and ironstone beds; while of the Placoid order of fishes, *Pleuracanthus*, *Onchus*, &c., abound in the ironstone shales. Of marine shells a great variety of the Mollusca, such as *Lingula*, *Spirifer*, *Nautilus*, &c., are met with in remarkable numbers. See an excellent paper read by Mr. W. Molyneux before the members of the British Association, on the "Organic Remains of the North Staffordshire Coal-field." Fossils are also occasionally found in the ironstone of the boulder clay of the Tertiary system, and I will mention, as an instance, a *Belemnite* found in a nodule of clay-carbonate of iron, in the railway cutting at Thuxton, Norfolk. This fossil is interesting, from the circumstance that the position of the *Belemnite* (commonly called thunderbolt) is seen in the cuttle-fish.

It remains that I say a word or two respecting the quality and origin of the House of Iron.

In quality they may defy competition with the richest and gaudiest of their neighbours, for iron is of more intrinsic worth than its much coveted compeer, gold. When *Cæsus* ostentatiously showed Solon his gold, the philosopher said, "Sir, if any other come that hath better iron than you, he will be master of all this gold." Iron possesses in an eminent degree the properties of hardness, elasticity, ductility, malleability, &c. It is so exceedingly ductile that a bar of iron can be drawn into wire as fine as a human hair; and it is so tenacious, that an iron rod, one inch in diameter, will support without breaking, a weight of nearly eighteen tons.

But it may be asked, what is the origin of the family? Who was its founder? A theory has been given respecting the origin and formation of the Flint family; * cannot a somewhat

* See Vol. I., New Series, p. 721.

similar theory be given with regard to the House of Iron? At present no theory, that I am aware of, has been suggested respecting the identical form in which iron appeared when it pervaded the rock formations of the crust of the earth. If, however, by origin we understand the first existence of iron, then we must look beyond nature and the operations of nature, to a great First Cause. The genesis of an atom of iron, like the genesis of a planet, baffles the intellect of man. The origin of Iron is as ancient as the world itself, and the formation of it can only be ascribed to Him who gave individuality to the planets and harmony to the spheres. H. WRIGHT.

THE GIFT OF CLUNNOG VAWR.

A TALE OF CAER ARVON.

"Christ that of perfection is ~~cell~~."—CHAUCER.

WHEN he who raised the pile of Clunnog Vawr* Taught pale-brow'd Winifred beside the well, He told this tale of Arvon. Oft the maid, Sitting at noon beside the well's green marge, Musing her maiden holy dreams apart, Trill'd it in music; sang it to the drip Of dropping tears, dropp'd haply in the clear Hush'd waters silvering in the sun; and sent A gush of melody entranced and sweet That ran and circled round the well's bright rim Till all the waters wrinkled with the rush Of music-breath: as one, with finger dipp'd, Courses the ring'd rim of a music-glass, Till all the waters are astir with tune And tremble at the magic of the touch.

By Snowdon's woods, where Arvon's city towers—"City of Arvon," on the Angle's sea Whose waters once were pearl'd like Oman's waves—Beside a spring that wove a silver thread Linking the clear bead-bubbles through the grass, A woman knelt and pray'd unto the fount.

"Oh living waters from the mountains pour'd, That guard this stony wilderness of life, Send from your deeps the everlasting voice!"

But dumb as death the everlasting voice Of God, that spoke not from the heathen's well. Then shrank her hope within her, as a seed Shrinks in the pod when that its time is near Ere yet it lifts its head, a flower, to Heaven.

Beunor, priest-master of the ground, stood by And, silent, watch'd her for a lengthen'd space.

Feeling a presence—as we know and feel, Without the knowledge born of mortal sight, When spirits greater than our own stand by—The woman rose; and with her hair swept off Those drops that filled the fountains of her eyes.

"What ill is thine?" asked Beunor. "Speak, and tell. Weep'st thou a husband dead, or lover lost?"

* St. Beunor.

"I have a little son," she said,—“but one: His sire lies widow'd underneath the grass. This land, his heritage but yesternoon, Is Beunor's now, the priest of the new faith: Cavan, the king, hath gifted it away.”

"That must be seen to;—quickly, too. Here rest Till I shall come to thee." Then forth he fared, And straightway sought King Cavan on his throne. Cried Beunor, "Sire, it pleaseth you to give The orphan's portion to the Lord of Hosts. King, He will none of it!"

"How now, Sir Priest!" To thee, His servant, 'twas, I gave the gift."

"That which is given I hold in charge for Him. I am His almoner: no cut-purse I. Give back the land unto the rightful heir; Thy Master wills it."

"Go, then, barefoot thou; For not alone this land do I recall, But here I strip thee of all goods thou ownest, Too lavish lent to one so bold of tongue!"

"To Arvon's city did I walk barefoot: From Arvon's city can I so return." So, tightening the rough cord about his loins, Forth stalk'd the "Iron Brow."

But sudden soon, Ere yet the blessing winds had cool'd his heat, Came hurried footsteps pressing on his heels.

It was the young Cadwallon, with a face Like to the angels wear when likest youth— And youth is ever angel to the old.

"Well named, thou 'Iron Brow'!" Cadwallon cried. "Teacher and friend, not so shalt thou depart! Take thou the sum of all the land I own, My principedom and my birthright told in one, From sea-girt Powis even to Clunnog Vawr, Or barefoot will I walk the world with thee!"

So soft a cloud swept o'er the "Iron Brow," You would have deemed he was a child again Such heaven-rain'd drops came trickling to his eye, She at the spring might well have pray'd by them To God, the fountain-head of all such tears, The source of all such waters of such wells Sent down to us, drawn up to Him again, Again to drop to us in heaven-sent showers Making this bright world brighter for their sheen.

Then rose the noblest strife was ever strove, Where two contended and where neither won. No battle this betwixt the strong and weak, For each was strong by force of God-got strength; And Heaven smiled down upon the bloodless strife Where, roused to noble passion, self was slain.

While yet the twain contended, came a third— Cavan, the king.

His royal heart burst forth:—"Oh, loyal subject! And oh, loyal son! My Ethel's heavenly form I trace in thee When first she raised the cross before my eyes. Beunor,—strong heart! I tried thee but to prove If that the Christ was of thy lip or soul. The land is thine to give. The child shall have His heathen-father's heritage again. For thee, take thou the gift of Clunnog Vawr; So rob this noble boy, who well may spare A few broad roods. No answer, man, I say!"



THE NYMPH'S LAMENT.—BY G. DU MAURIER.

"The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die!"

ANDREW MARVELL.



Cadwallon rules us hero. The gift is his,
And free bestow'd. So take, and thank the Lord."

While yet the woman wept beside the well
Her little son came running to her knee,
As he had run a foot-race 'gainst the wind,
And two red roses to his cheeks had flown,
To kiss him for the joyous news he brought;
And told her all the tale that he had heard
While plucking May-corns from a thorny bough;
How that "his father's land was his again,—

And he would robe her in a purpled gown
And set a crown of gold upon her head,
And she not need to don the hoddan gray
Nor toil with fair white hands to win his bread;—
And she should blaze with jewels like the sun
And no more weep beside a fount a-stray
That mis'd its God in running through the world!—
And he would teach her all that Beunor taught
When Beunor met him in the forest-ways,—
And trust was sweet—and Life was good—and
God

Sent him, a little child, to teach her Love—
And Christ was Love,—so wherefore did she weep?"

A little while, and midst the Snowdon woods
Rose the great Christian church of Clunnog Vawr.
A little while, and by the fountain-spring
A stone was set, thereon a cross of stone,
Where they who thirsted sore might drink their fill
Of other water of another Well.—
And there the woman came, and there her son,
And came in after years her son's one child,
Pale Winifred, and sang beside the well,
Offering up heartfelt breath and music-prayers
Unto the Giver and the Fount of all.

The legend, according to Alban Butler, runs as follows:—"Beunor, Abbot of Clunnog (Cluny), in Caernarvon, called 'City of Arvon,' was teacher of St. Winifred. . . . King Cavan assigned to him a plot of ground to build his monastery upon, near Fynnon Beunor (Beunor's Well). . . . But when Beunor was beginning to lay the foundation, a certain woman came to him, with a child in her arms, saying that the ground was this *infant's inheritance*. Beunor, troubled much, took the woman with him to the king, who kept his court at Caer Sejoint (now Caernarvon—the Romans called it Segontium), and told him, with a great deal of zeal and concern, that he *could not devote to God another's patrimony*. The king refused to pay any regard to his remonstrances. The priest went away. But one named Gwyddeiant, cousin-german to the king, immediately went after him, and bestowed on him the township of *Clunnog Vawr*, his undoubted patrimony, where Beunor built his church 616. King Cavan and his son and successor *Cadwallor* surpassed him in liberality to the saint. . . . Not far—four miles, from Clunnog—stands the "Church of the *Iron Brow*."

The well indicated in the poem is still known as *Beuno's Bell*. ("St. Winifred's Well" is in Flintshire.) It is almost needless to add that the slight points of divergence from the saintly legend are of little importance, and are needful for poetical treatment.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCEUR.

CHAPTER I.



HE master and mistress of Green Oake were seated in their drawing-room when Joyce Dormer entered.

When I say the mistress, I make use of a mere form of speech, for Mrs. Carmichael had but little voice in the management of the household. She was a short, plump, submissive-looking woman, with ruddy cheeks and hair that was neither thin nor grey, despite the years that had rolled over her head; and this still luxuriant hair curled in tiny ringlets beneath the borders of her blonde cap.

Why she had married Mr. Carmichael had always been a mystery to her family, since he was a man to whom none of them had ever taken kindly. He was a person of essentially

cold exterior, who never seemed to connect himself with them in any way, or to emerge from the ice in which he was imbedded. He was rather an appendage, tacked on by stitches, that appeared in constant danger of giving way, than one who was now part and parcel of the family circle.

No one knew whence he originally came; he turned up, as people sometimes do, and gave out that he had made money in Australia, and had returned to the old country to enjoy it; and, inasmuch as he could substantiate prove his wealth to be no fiction, it was of course believed in.

He also gave out that he had fallen in love with Miss Charlotte Dormer, and as he made her an offer of marriage every one was bound to believe that that was true also. And as Miss Charlotte Dormer accepted him, it was naturally to be supposed that she had fallen in love also, at least it was to be hoped so, since, in due time, she became Mrs. Carmichael.

In spite of the veil that was thrown over Mr. Carmichael's early history, he was looked upon as a man who was not to be altogether lightly esteemed. He was a man of substance, and the possessor of very fair landed estate. Moreover, he was a staunch supporter of church-rates, and always plumped for the Conservative candidate at the county elections; both of which proceedings were considered vouchers of extreme respectability. Indeed, Mr. Carmichael's characteristic might be said to be eminent respectability. And, doubtless regarding him from this point of sight, Miss Charlotte Dormer's kinsfolk and acquaintance thought it a lucky day for her when she became Charlotte Carmichael. Still he did not make much headway with the Dormer connection, nor did he act as though it was his intention to keep up any very intimate relation with them.

Periodically, as in duty bound, Mrs. Carmichael paid a visit to one or other member of her family, and on these occasions, Mr. Carmichael brought her and fetched her away, though he never remained with her during her stay. If possible, he would leave on the day that he arrived; but if this were not possible, he would take his departure as early as he conveniently could on the day following.

In event of his staying over a night, it was customary to have a state party, to which all the available Dormer clan were invited, together with the squire and his lady, and the vicar and his wife. And, as the squire was a pompous man, with whom the Dormer clan were not on the most intimate terms, it was supposed that the frigidity which pervaded these entertainments was attributable to his presence, for it was not for a moment

to be allowed that such a highly creditable connection as Mr. Carmichael could cast a gloom over the family circle. And yet, if each one had spoken freely the thought of his or her heart, it would have been found that Mr. Carmichael, and not the squire, was in fault; though, out of courtesy to Mrs. Carmichael, who was a general favourite, such an opinion was never mooted.

This chilling influence, which seemed to emanate from him, made itself manifest as he advanced to greet Joyce Dormer, a fair, quiet-looking person, whom one scarcely knew whether to term a girl or a woman.

"I do not remember you," said Mr. Carmichael, extending two fingers of his flabby hand; "you must have been a mere child when I was last at Credlington. What is the name of *your* niece?" he asked, with a strong emphasis on the possessive pronoun, and turning to his wife.

"Joyce," she answered.

"Joyce," repeated Mr. Carmichael, and he paused; then, after a moment's reflection he added, "Joyce Anne, or Joyce Elizabeth, or Joyce Jane, or —?"

"Only Joyce," interrupted the girl in a low tone.

He looked coldly and sternly at her, but whether in anger at the interruption, or in deprecation of her name, she could not determine.

"I am sorry to hear it," said he; "had there been any reasonable second name we might have called you by it. As there is not, it cannot be helped, though I must remark that I consider Joyce as an exceedingly inappropriate name for a young woman."

"My mother's name was Joyce," observed Mrs. Carmichael, timidly.

"I regret that it should have been so, Charlotte," replied her husband, "as it forces upon me the unpleasant conviction that her parents could not have been people of sense."

"My grandfather and my grandmother—" began Mrs. Carmichael; but Mr. Carmichael stopped her.

"Are dead, and therefore we have nothing further to do with them. It is with the living we have to deal, and since your niece has the misfortune to be called Joyce, we must make the best of the circumstance. I presume that it will prove no obstacle to her doing her duty in that state of life into which it hath pleased the Lord in his providence to call her."

Here Miss Dormer, had she framed her thoughts into speech, would have ejaculated "Hypocrite!" For she was not favourably impressed with her aunt's husband. But she gave no utterance to her sentiments, and

Mr. Carmichael went on as though he were reciting something he had previously noted down.

"Your father," said he, "died deeply in debt. The house, the household effects, and what little property he was possessed of at the time of his death, are insufficient to meet the demands of his creditors. Therefore you are left dependent on the bounty of your relatives. I have permitted your aunt to offer you a home, and I trust that you will give me no cause to repent a step that I have somewhat against my judgment been induced to take. Whilst under my roof——"

Here Joyce Dormer was about to burst forth indignantly, and to protest that she would not remain under Mr. Carmichael's roof, but, seeing that she was going to speak, he waved his hand to enforce silence.

"Another day, another day," said he; "I know all that naturally must arise in your heart, but I require no thanks. A good deed is its own reward. Doubtless grateful words fall pleasantly on the ear, but they are a temptation. I would do good for its own sake."

"But you do not understand," began the girl, half choked with indignation.

"Your feelings have overcome you," returned Mr. Carmichael; "I receive your thanks as though they had been spoken. In future, however, remember that I object to scenes. I consider all emotion as to be avoided."

So saying he left the room.

The girl turned to her aunt. "Aunt Lotty, Aunt Lotty," said she, for her words came freely now that the chill presence was removed, "I cannot stay here, I will go away, I will do anything—I will be a dress-maker, a house-maid, anything sooner than stay here."

"No, no," answered Mrs. Carmichael, soothingly, "you will understand Mr. Carmichael better when you know him, dear; he is a very good man"—here she looked nervously round—"very upright and conscientious; he felt it his duty to speak openly. He always does, whatever it may cost him."

"He always does, whatever it may cost him," mentally repeated Joyce; "poor aunt, poor aunt!"

"It was your poor father's wish, Joyce, that in case anything happened to him, you should come to me. Your father was very fond of me, and I've no children of my own, and I feel as if some one who would be like a daughter to me would be a great comfort."

The girl bent a glance of scrutiny on her aunt, and pondered as to how far trouble might affect her, as it certainly had taken no effect upon her in a personal point of view, for

she was no less stout and no less ruddy than she used to be. But then Mrs. Carmichael's temper was placidity itself, and under the tyranny of Mr. Carmichael—for Joyce unhesitatingly assumed that he was a tyrant—she might have fallen into a state of complete and contented slavery.

"Mr. Carmichael's own niece is coming to live here, is she not?" said Joyce, suddenly, her thoughts flying off in a new direction.

"Yes, dear: but she is a stranger. I never knew that Mr. Carmichael had any relations until about a month since; and then he went down somewhere in the south to see a sister who was dying, and to arrange that Miss Carmichael should come here. He has suddenly found out that there is some large property that ought to be hers, and he's been writing and writing to his lawyer about it. But I don't know anything about it, and I never ask Mr. Carmichael any questions; he does not like it. If there's anything that he wishes me to know, he tells me at the right time, for you see I never could understand much of business matters."

"Miss Carmichael is an heiress, then?"

"Yes, dear, but you need not say anything about it. I don't know about it, and I dare say I ought not to talk. Mr. Carmichael has not known about it long, but it seems to occupy him a good deal; and he's very anxious that his niece should be taught something, for I think she's been rather neglected, and he doesn't want to send her to school, and he thought, as you are said to be a clever girl, Joyce, that you'd be a help in the matter; and I was only too thankful to think of having you with me."

Mrs. Carmichael's lips quivered, and two tears stole into her eyes, but she wiped them away immediately and said that she had a scratch at her throat. Joyce put her arms round her and would have kissed her, but Mrs. Carmichael drew back hastily.

"No, no, dear, don't kiss me; Mr. Carmichael objects to anything demonstrative, and if he should ask me, it will be better to be able to say that we have not kissed each other. But we can love each other all the same."

"We can," returned Joyce, in a determined voice; and it seemed to her as though they were entering into a silent compact against Mr. Carmichael.

"You will like to see your room," said Mrs. Carmichael, leading the way upstairs.

They mounted a fine old staircase with handsomely carved balustrade, and landed on a long gallery that seemed to run from one end of the house to the other, with doors on either side.

Mrs. Carmichael opened the door of a small room over the porch; it was very plainly furnished, and there was no bed in it.

"You are to sleep here," said Mrs. Carmichael, opening another door to the right of it, and entering a large chamber very handsomely fitted up, which had a communication with the small apartment first mentioned.

"This is Miss Carmichael's room. I believe she is timid and dislikes being alone at night, so I have moved the little bed out of the porch-room into this corner."

"Yes——"

"And the porch-room you can make into a sitting-room. I hope you will like it," said Mrs. Carmichael, looking anxiously at her niece; "though it's not so well furnished as the large room," and she passed into the smaller chamber where Joyce's two boxes and a portmanteau were standing. "I think you had nothing else," said she.

"Nothing," replied Joyce.

"Well, then, I will leave you to unpack and arrange your affairs."

And Mrs. Carmichael went away.

Two boxes and a portmanteau, there they stood, containing the whole of Joyce Dormer's worldly possessions.

She took out her purse, there was a five-pound note wrapped up in a piece of paper at one end, and two sovereigns and some silver at the other.

And what was she to do when that was gone? She was an orphan, dependant, as Mr. Carmichael had said, upon the bounty of her relatives. And sitting down she leaned her arms on the window-sill, and her heart filled with grief and indignation.

There is something very soothing in looking upon a beautiful landscape, and Joyce's eye fell upon a very beautiful one. She saw it through an archway made by a couple of majestic beech trees that stood in front of the house. It was a quiet country scene, telling of peace and plenty; the corn in the nearer fields was being gathered in; the church was seen in the distance, its grey tower half-concealed in glossy masses of ivy, whose leaves glittered with golden edges as the sunlight fell upon them. Farther away still rose the dark woods already turning grey as evening drew near and the sun sank slowly. Grey, ah, no, not grey, for a hazy cloud of gold seemed to float over them, and their outlines were only just visible through the brilliant veil.

As Joyce steadfastly gazed on the scene before her, it seemed as though some mysterious power were breathing comfort to her soul; as though Mother Earth were whispering, "Peace, peace, art thou not my child?"

Be comforted, for brightness as well as gloom hath a place in this world."

And the soft wind stealing through the sweet-scented clematis rolled a cloud of rare perfume into the little room, and was, as it were, incense upon the altar that had risen up before her; and the song of the birds was as a far-off chorus, that by its melody lulled asleep the indignation that had been awakened in her breast.

A beautiful butterfly flew in and rested upon the hand that lay quite still upon the window-frame, and when it had remained long enough to rivet her attention to its marvellous colouring, it fluttered its wings and flew upward, upward, until she could see it no longer. Her thoughts soared after it, and rose higher than the gay insect's flight. And she learned two lessons.

Ah! but would all this calm feeling remain in Mr. Carmichael's presence?

Joyce was not sure, but her aunt's quivering lips and her words, "your father wished you to be with me," came into her mind.

"But not with Mr. Carmichael," she added, half interrogatively; "nevertheless, I am determined to make trial for a time of my new home."

Before long Joyce had unpacked and disposed of all her property to her entire satisfaction. The few books were placed on a shelf against the wall: her desk on the round table in front of the window. And from her desk she took a little book that was closed with a lock. It was half filled with writing, the latter part of which was blurred and illegible; short entries, some half a dozen words at a time. It was the record of the last few months of her sorrow-time, after some twenty years of tranquil happiness.

She took a pen, and on the last blurred page wrote,

"Here endeth a past and buried life."

And at the top of the next page,

"The diary of a new life."

Joyce had always had a fancy for being an authoress, and her diary was to be her first work.

CHAPTER II.

MR. CARMICHAEL was a man of average height and inclined to be stout. His complexion was whitey-brown, and his hair, which lacked the redundancy of his wife's tresses, dark and lank. His eyes were sharp and bead-like, though he had the faculty of withdrawing all brightness from them, when they would assume a fixed and almost stupid stare. They were so placed in his head as to bring before one the physiognomy of a horse, a peculiarity often noticeable in human faces.

His lips, which were very thin, were perhaps his most remarkable feature, as in them lay his chief power of expression. One twitch of them would alter the whole look of his face, though not a muscle in the rest of it should move. Mr. Carmichael always spoke in a slow monotonous drawl. Seldom, even if excited, did he raise his voice; indeed, if anything, he appeared at such times to speak more slowly and in a lower tone than usual.

He always dressed in black, and wore a white tie, presenting somewhat the appearance of a dissenting minister in comfortable circumstances. Perhaps this style of dress was in keeping with his general bearing, dress being to a certain extent the indicator of the inner man. At any rate, it commanded a certain sort of respect from his poorer neighbours, in whose eyes the glossy broad-cloth, delicate cambric, and thick gold chain bore unequivocal token of confirmed respectability.

Mr. Carmichael had taken up farming as a pursuit. He had time on his hands which he wished to occupy, and, having a turn for chemistry and no lack of means whereby to try experiments, his crops turned out better than any in the county, and yielded him a good profit in addition to the amusement he derived from their culture.

He had bought Green Oake principally on account of the farm that was to be sold with the estate, for the house was larger than he would otherwise have cared to have. It possessed, too, in the eyes of Mr. Carmichael, another recommendation: it was not within easy distance of neighbours, the only house near being the property of an elderly gentleman, who lived in London, and never came down to it. His house was, therefore, shut up, as its owner, from some caprice or other, refused to let it. Now, Mr. Carmichael disliked society, and therefore felt that at Green Oake he could not be called upon to enter into any, as a drive of from ten to fifteen miles might be looked upon as a reasonable excuse for declining a dinner invitation.

But elderly gentlemen cannot live for ever; and in process of time the elderly gentleman in London died, and the estate passed into the hands of a younger man, a nephew of the deceased.

Mr. Carmichael was exceedingly irate when this came to pass; but, as he could neither prevent the man's dying nor his nephew coming into possession, he was obliged to make the best of it; but he announced to his wife soon after the arrival of the new-comers that he did not intend to visit them.

"I have excellent and unanswerable reasons for this decision, Charlotte, though at present

it is not necessary to explain them to you," said he.

Now Mrs. Carmichael had, in common with most other women, a very fair share of curiosity, and she had already been making inquiries in divers directions, and had discovered that Mr. Gresford Lynn came from abroad, that he had a beautiful wife and three lovely children, the eldest a fine boy, about a year old; the two younger, twin-girls, only a few weeks old. And Mrs. Carmichael's heart yearned after the children; she was devotedly fond of children, and would now and then steal into the cottage of some young mother for the mere gratification of holding the baby in her arms for a moment. But these visits were few and far between, as Mr. Carmichael strongly objected to the poor being visited, on the ground that such visits encouraged pauperism.

Why, Mrs. Carmichael never had had the courage to inquire, nor, if she had made the inquiry, would she have had the power to argue against it. As Mr. Carmichael had enunciated the sentiment, she was bound to believe in it, for great was her belief in her husband's infallibility.

But now that a neighbour in her own rank in life had arrived with children, and such beautiful children, her heart leaped within her as she pondered over the source of pleasure within her grasp, and her heart sank in proportion as she listened to Mr. Carmichael's announcement.

"Therefore," concluded Mr. Carmichael, "you will in no way take the least notice of these Gresford Lynns."

Mr. Carmichael, being an autocrat, knew that the matter was settled. And therefore Mrs. Carmichael's pleasure was curtailed to looking at Mrs. Gresford Lynn in church, and to seeing the children with their nurses, when she approached nearer than usual the outskirts of Lynncourt.

Within a year of the Gresford Lynns' arrival at their new home, sorrow had visited them; the twin sisters were laid in the grave, and the boy's life was despaired of. However, he recovered from the fever that had carried off the little girls.

Then another child—a boy—was born; and then Mrs. Gresford Lynn's health began to give way. And poor Mrs. Carmichael noted it all from afar, and her sympathetic heart grieved silently that it could offer no aid or succour to her sorrowing neighbour. Mrs. Carmichael was a woman of sympathetic nature, and had had no one to lavish it upon, for Mr. Carmichael did not require sympathy. She had, therefore, anticipated Joyce's arrival as the beginning of a new epoch in her exist-

ence; her brother's child would make up to her for the want she had felt throughout her married life.

And being somewhat off her guard, she greeted Joyce, when she came down to breakfast, rather more warmly than was her wont, and was immediately made uncomfortably sensible of it by a short cough from Mr. Carmichael, and the measured tone in which he said,

"Good morning. I hope you have recovered from the fatigues of yesterday."

Very little conversation took place during breakfast; and when they rose from the table, Mr. Carmichael, turning to his niece, said in a solemn voice—he always spoke in a solemn voice, even about the most trivial matters, and his requests at dinner-time, even to "potatoes," were like tragic petitions issuing from a sepulchre. (I give this simile because "whited sepulchre" appears rather an appropriate epithet for the master of Green Oake.)

But to return.

Mr. Carmichael said in a solemn voice, "Joyce,—since you must be called Joyce,—put on your hat, and I will show you the new kitchen-garden."

Joyce put on her hat, but with small expectation of seeing the new kitchen-garden. She felt intuitively that Mr. Carmichael had some other motive for asking her to accompany him. When she had been longer at Green Oake she found out that Mr. Carmichael had a prejudice in favour of ostensible reasons.

As she expected, the new kitchen-garden was left to the right, and she followed her companion to the willow-walk by the riverside. There he motioned her to sit down.

She sat down, and Mr. Carmichael, sitting beside her, delivered, in the reciting manner of the previous evening, the following speech:—

"I am this evening expecting my niece, Miss Carmichael. She is the daughter of a sister of mine, who married a cousin. This accounts for the similarity of name. Her father died when she was an infant, and owing to some family quarrel, I never saw her mother again. Indeed, I had lost sight of her, and supposed her dead. But this was not the case; she died only about a month ago in a remote village in the south of England, and on her death-bed wrote a letter to me, committing her daughter to my charge."

Here Mr. Carmichael paused, and passed his hand across his forehead, as though he were trying to remember what came next. After a moment he proceeded,

"My sister's means being limited, she could give the girl no advantages of education. I

now wish to make up for this, and yet I do not care to send her to school. I must have my only relative with me," he sighed. "An only relative is too precious to part with."

"Sometimes," observed Joyce, drily.

Mr. Carmichael looked up quickly; then he continued, in the same measured tone,

"You are right, Joyce—sometimes. It depends upon the measure of gratitude that one meets with."

Was this intended as a cut? If so, it fell unheeded.

"I wish no one," Mr. Carmichael went on, "to do a service for me without emolument. I shall, therefore, pay you a certain stipend annually for superintending the future education of my niece. This will enable you to feel more independent than you might otherwise do."

Joyce felt obliged to him for that, at any rate, and she told him so. Then she waited to hear what further he might have to say, for there was evidently something more to come.

Mr. Carmichael coughed once or twice, gave a prefatory hem, and again resumed his speech.

"I wish to mention one other point. I have lately discovered that my niece is heiress to a large property, now illegally held by others. Illegally, illegally," he repeated; "in unworthy hands, from which it must be wrested, unless it be given up with a good grace, which it never will be. But," said he, almost in a whisper, "secrecy as to means and movements is necessary for some time, in order that I may carry out all my arrangements. Therefore, at present, I merely give out that Miss Carmichael is an heiress. I think you now understand the position of affairs. You are said to be a clever girl, Joyce, and you have, I know, received great advantages in your education, greater perhaps than your father was warranted in giving you. But that is a thing of the past. Let me beg of you to turn them to account now, and so render yourself independent in some degree whilst you are under my roof."

The colour rushed into Joyce Dormer's face as Mr. Carmichael concluded his oration, and an angry answer was rising, but the girl had a strong will. She had made a resolve the night before, and she determined to carry it out. She would stay for a time at any rate; so she mastered her indignation, and remained quietly waiting for any further remarks that Mr. Carmichael might desire to make.

Apparently he had come to an end of his recitations, for he too was silent.

"Is there anything else you wish to say?" asked Joyce, at last.

"Nothing," replied Mr. Carmichael. "I have explained the matter as far as it is necessary to explain it."

"Yes," returned Joyce, though she had a vague sense that there was something unsatisfactory that she could neither define nor fathom.

"And you understand the part you have to take?"

"Perfectly. How old is Miss Carmichael?"

"About eighteen."

"Will she care to continue her education?" asked Joyce.

"Under my roof," replied Mr. Carmichael, authoritatively, "people have no will of their own." Certainly Mrs. Carmichael had none, but whether Mr. Carmichael would find it to be the case with his new inmates remained to be proved.

"Then there is nothing else for me to hear?"

"No, you can go and make yourself useful to your aunt; I do not like idle people."

Joyce went to Mrs. Carmichael; but Mrs. Carmichael, in spite of her husband's dislike to idle people, had very little to do. No responsibility being allowed to rest upon her, the poor woman was obliged, out of sheer necessity, to spend her days in "strenuous idleness," but, as her fingers were always moving upon some piece of work or other, Mr. Carmichael conceived that she was fulfilling the destiny of woman.

The work she was engaged upon now was a set of knitted counterpanes and toilet covers for every room in the house; some were of very elaborate patterns, and there was something quite touching in the patient air with which she daily sat down to her self-imposed task.

"It was a great while," said Mrs. Carmichael to her niece, "before I could think of a long piece of work, but I've found one at last."

"Let me help you, Aunt Lotty?" said Joyce.

"Help me, my dear," replied Aunt Lotty; "no, no, that would never do, I should get them finished much too soon; I want them to last me as long as possible, for what shall I do when they are all knitted?"

There was a hopelessness in the tone of the speaker that told how dreary her life must be.

But Joyce replied cheerfully,

"What do you think of netted curtains to all the windows, Aunt Lotty, and netted curtains to drape the French beds with?"

Aunt Lotty left off knitting and looked up at Joyce with an expression of intense relief upon her countenance.

"I always knew you were a clever girl,

Joyce; who but you would have thought of such a thing, and all in a moment too? You can't think how much obliged I am to you. It will be work for years. I knew you would be a comfort to me."

And whether it was the prospect of having something to do for some time to come, or whether it was that Joyce's conversation was more cheering to Mrs. Carmichael than what she was generally accustomed to, may be left as an open question; one thing, however, was very palpable, and that was that poor Mrs. Carmichael had not spent so pleasant a morning for many a day as the one she was now enjoying with her niece in the bay-window.

And Joyce looked out on the close-shaven lawn and the flower-beds, where the last of the crimson roses were blooming amidst the heliotropes and scarlet geraniums. She was idle according to Mr. Carmichael's definition of the word, and yet she was busy doing a work that he had neglected.

CHAPTER III.

LATER in the day Miss Carmichael arrived, but Joyce saw little of her until bed-time, for Mr. Carmichael immediately after tea carried her off to his study. "He wished to hear much that she could tell him of his sister." Here Mr. Carmichael's face assumed a more sombre expression than usual, relieved by something supposed to be a faint smile that attempted to play round the corners of his mouth, and was intended to convey to the observer that melancholy and pleasure were mingled in the anticipated revelations; but the smile, signally failing in its efforts to perform an unusual task, served only to elongate Mr. Carmichael's lips, and display a narrow gleam of shining white teeth.

Whatever Mr. Carmichael wished to hear, and whatever he might have to say, took some time, and when he returned from the conference there was a look of satisfaction upon his countenance that was by no means premeditated, but was, as the most casual beholder could at once perceive, the index to what was passing in his mind.

Aunt Lotty glanced at him and became less constrained than she generally was in his presence, and with a cheerful air she knitted away as though the knitting had to be finished within a limited period,—her senses being pervaded by a misty impression that something good was going to happen to every one.

So the evening wore away, and every one retired to rest, and Joyce sat brushing her hair before the glass.

There came a gentle tap at the door leading

into Miss Carmichael's bed-room, and a voice said,—

"May I come in?"

"Yes," replied Joyce.

The door opened, and Miss Carmichael entered.

"Oh," said she, looking round the room, "you have but one easy-chair, and, as I want to have a long talk, I may as well bring in one of mine."

She darted back and reappeared carrying an arm-chair almost as large as herself. It was a wonder to Joyce how so slight a creature could carry so great a burden; but Miss Carmichael was lithe and well-made, and it was apparently little exertion to her.

She was a slender creature, with large brown eyes, and dusky brown hair, and a clear white complexion without a tinge of colour in it. A fairy-like being who seemed to float about and be here, there, and everywhere at the same moment.

She seated herself in the arm-chair and gazed steadily and scrutinisingly at Joyce.

"Put down your brush and attend to me," said she, when she had finished her survey.

"What do you want, Miss Carmichael?"

"Miss Carmichael!" she repeated, with a contemptuous curl of lip, "Miss Carmichael! Nonsense, my name is Doris, call me so if you please. What is yours?"

"Joyce Dormer."

"Are you my cousin, Joyce Dormer?"

"No, I am Mrs. Carmichael's niece."

"Oh, then," returned Miss Carmichael, "you have an advantage over me."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? why, that *your* aunt is infinitely preferable to *my* uncle. Have you not found that out? How long have you been here? Longer than I have, at any rate, and I came to the conclusion in half a second."

"Mr. Carmichael is said to be an upright and conscientious man," answered Joyce, quoting from Aunt Lotty's commendations.

"Said-to-be's don't generally amount to much," responded Miss Carmichael; "besides which, I asked for your own opinion."

"Suppose I don't choose to give it?"

"That's all I want," said she; "we shall get on capitally; you're to be my instructress, I hear. If you had been an ally of my uncle, I should not have paid the slightest attention to you; as it is, I see that our views coincide with regard to him, and therefore I am led to conclude that they may agree in other matters. I've a natural inclination for learning, but there's not been much thrown in my way, and I should be too old to learn from anyone else; but I like your looks, and, though you can't

be so very much older than myself, I don't mind following your directions."

"I am twenty-one," said Joyce.

"Of age," said Miss Carmichael, musingly; "do you feel very old and very important? I am to come into a fortune when I am twenty-one, so my uncle has been telling me; but where it is to come from is more than I can tell, for my father left nothing, and my mother and I have had hard work to get along."

Joyce looked at Miss Carmichael in surprise; her hands were white and delicate, as though she had never used them for work.

Miss Carmichael's eye followed in the direction of Joyce's glance.

"I can make beautiful lace," she said, "and my mother could make it even better than I could."

She covered her face with her hands and was silent for some moments, rocking backwards and forwards in her chair. Suddenly she burst forth:—

"I don't want this fortune—it's come too late. Why didn't it come sooner? Why didn't my uncle do something for us whilst there was time?"

"But he did not know where you were," said Joyce; "how should he be able to do anything for you?"

"Did he tell you that?" asked the girl, almost fiercely, "did he tell you so? Did he tell you nothing of the letters that my mother wrote to him seven years ago, when we were all but starving. He took no notice of them at first, but at last he sent a reply, and after that my mother never wrote again. Soon afterwards she was very ill, and I thought she would have died. About a year after that, as she was still far from well, she went away somewhere for change of air, but I did not go with her, for we could not both afford to go, and she did not stay long. I don't know that it did her much good; at any rate, she never was the same again. She had grown weak through not having food enough, though I did not know it at the time, and she never recovered her strength, but drooped and faded until——" but Doris bent down her head, and her sobs prevented her continuing her speech.

"Joyce Dormer," she suddenly exclaimed, "would you not think a fortune a mockery if you were in my place? When I think how small a portion would have kept us from the misery we have suffered—when I think that—oh, Joyce! it cannot give me back my mother. And yet I believe that that letter had even more to do with her illness than our privations; there must have been something dreadful in it, or it would not have shaken her so. I have it carefully sealed up, and sometime I shall open it: sometime she said I

might; and then you shall read it, and we shall learn more of my Uncle Carmichael."

Joyce was silent. Mr. Carmichael had practised deception even at the outset; but she could scarcely understand how so shrewd a man should have so blundered. Had he not foreseen that she and Miss Carmichael were likely to compare notes? True, he might regard his niece as having been too much of a child at the time of his correspondence with his sister to be capable of making any very important revelations; indeed he evidently looked upon her as so much of a child even at the present time, that he would probably not give her credit for understanding much of her mother's affairs seven years ago. Still, Mr. Carmichael had deceived her. Joyce felt it, and Miss Carmichael appeared to have strong misgivings of his integrity, from her next remark.

"We must stand by one another, Joyce; we shall perhaps need a friend in this house."

"My Aunt Lotty," suggested Joyce.

Miss Carmichael shook her head.

"Aunt Lotty is too much afraid of Uncle Carmichael."

"How do you know that?" inquired Joyce, in some surprise.

"Can I not see with my own eyes? Poor people watch a good deal, Joyce; their eyes get sharpened," said she, half smiling and half sighing. "Poverty improves some part of the mental machinery, but I am not learned enough to tell you which portion. But we will not go into that, or I shall keep you sitting up all night. I see that you are just on the eve of a disquisition that I am not quite up to yet, though I have thought more on such subjects than you would imagine. Good-night," and she rose, lifting the chair with the same ease that had so much surprised Joyce before.

"I shall see you again," answered Joyce, "for I sleep in the little bed in your room. Have you any objection?"

"None in the least. I suppose they thought I should be frightened in such a large room. Is it haunted?" she added, jestingly.

"I thought—I heard——"

"Well—what did you hear?"

"That you were a little timid," said Joyce, hesitatingly.

Miss Carmichael clapped her hands.

"Joyce," said she, when she could speak without laughing, "you must not believe all you hear; just take me for what you find me. I am not more afraid than you are."

"But I am a little afraid sometimes," replied her companion.

"I never am, so I can take care of you; I am as bold as a lion, and have need to be, for I have come into the lion's den. My uncle

has no fear either; there is that much of a Carmichael about him, but not much else. See," said she, leaving the chair, and unfastening a locket that hung by a black velvet round her throat, "here is a likeness of my mother; it was taken many years since by an artist who lived in the village where we were living; not the one that I came from, but one where we were happier. We removed to the village where my mother died, on—on account of work," finished up Miss Carmichael, with a great sob.

Joyce took the locket, and opening it, discovered the miniature of a fair woman, with the sweetest expression she had ever seen.

Certainly it bore no resemblance to Mr. Carmichael: the eyes were blue, the hair very light; neither could Joyce trace any likeness in it to Miss Carmichael.

"I am not like my mother," observed Miss Carmichael, noting Joyce's look.

"No."

"We had no likeness of my father, and I was but a baby when he died, so I don't know if I am like him either," said Miss Carmichael, "my mother never spoke of him, and so I never heard what he was like."

She took the locket, which Joyce was still examining,

"It is a curious locket," said Joyce.

"Yes, it was one of my mother's few remaining treasures, and Gabriel painted the portrait to put into it."

"Gabriel! Who was Gabriel?"

"The artist I was speaking of; his mother was a friend of my mother's; she was very kind to us, but she is dead now." Again she turned towards her own room. "We are firm allies, Joyce," said she, looking back.

"Yes, Miss Carmichael."

"Doris," said she, somewhat impatiently; "you cannot think how much out of place Miss Carmichael sounds."

"Doris, then."

"Thank you," rejoined Doris, gravely; "good night," and she closed the door.

And then Joyce opened her diary and wrote until a late hour.

When she retired to her little bed, Miss Carmichael was asleep.

(To be continued.)

LITTLECOTE HALL.

Just within the borders of Wiltshire, two or three miles from Hungerford, in Berkshire, stands Littlecote Hall, an old family mansion, the history of which is fraught with an unusually romantic interest. Although of princely character and extent, Littlecote has

never belonged to princes or noblemen. From the very earliest of its recorded history till the days of Elizabeth, it was the seat of the Darells, a plain county family. During Elizabeth's reign the place passed into other hands. How and why that transfer was made is the curious mystery of Littlecote—a mystery which still remains to be unravelled, although both record and tradition in some sense explain it. It is remarkable that events happening so long ago should retain such freshness in popular memory, as those do which concern the change of masters at Littlecote. People in the neighbourhood even now speak of the Darells as the "old family," and seldom say the same of those who succeeded them, although these have held possession for three hundred years. At Froxfield, at Chilton, at Ramsbury, and about the estate itself, keepers and peasants can tell a vivid tradition of the great crime which they say broke the old family, and laid vengeance on the new, three hundred years ago.

"Littlecote, the Darell's chief house, is a mile from Ramesbyri," wrote old Leland to Henry VIII., "a right faire and large park hangynge upon the clyffe of an highe hille welle woddyd, over Kenet;" and this describes it accurately enough at the present time, save in one respect. It is no longer the "Darell's chief house." The mansion and lands passed into the possession of Sir John Popham, who was Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench between 1592 and 1607. They are still held by his descendants, though not in the direct line. When Leland saw it the present house was probably not a very old one; but it most likely took the place of some ancient mansion more suitable to feudal times, which were then passing away. There is now in the great hall a remarkable table of massive oak, black with age and use; this and some other of the furniture in all likelihood came from the old house. The table, which reaches nearly the full length of the hall, is constructed at one end to admit of the game of "shuffle-board." It was probably round this that the retainers sat in the old times. Coats of mail, once worn by a long line of Darells and of Caltons, with whom the Darells intermarried, which, perhaps, were battered in the strife of York and Lancaster, as well as a certain number of leathern jerkins, are hung upon the wall above the high oaken wainscot. In a long gallery up-stairs are ranged family portraits of knights and gallants of the Darells down to the last of the line, and of the Pophams who succeeded them. The house is an extensive structure of red brick, with high gables and chimney-stacks. With its gardens it stands in its own park, and it is approached through its own

domain by long stately avenues. It is not our purpose now, however, to enter into any elaborate description of the house, but to consider the mysterious crime, and the living tradition of it, which has been referred to above. A very minute description of Littlecote Hall will be found in Britten's "Beauties of England and Wales," and in a note to Scott's poem of "Rokeby." The note has reference to a little ballad introduced in the long poem, and it sets forth the legend as well as a description of the hall. It was communicated to Scott by a friend. These two accounts are almost in the same words, and probably had one author, who appears to have taken his story mainly from the account left by Aubrey, who first records it in a notice concerning the life of Chief Justice Popham. Aubrey wrote this about 1690. The history he gives of the crime is very distinct, and without qualification; but contemporary writers do not make any mention of the occurrence. Local tradition adds somewhat to Aubrey's record. It will be interesting to compare them. The story told by the wisecracks of the neighbourhood to this day is the following:—

There was in the time of Queen Elizabeth an old midwife who lived by herself at Ramsbury or Chilton, for accounts differ as to which village. One night the old woman was roused from her rest by a knocking at the door. This was not unusual; so, without alarm, she rose, and taking a single taper went down to inquire by whom she was wanted. It was raining; the night was dark and gusty. She saw standing at the door a man who had dismounted from his horse, holding the rein in his hand. The light was feeble, and blown about by the wind, so she could note no more than this; and the stranger's face was necessarily in shadow as she protected her taper from being blown out.

"Who wants me now?" inquired the old woman.

"You are wanted to attend some one instantly. You must come with me; directly, mind," said the stranger. Then he asked, "What is your fee?"

The woman named it.

"You shall receive it twenty times told, on these conditions. Without a word of hesitation or inquiry now, or of mention or inquiry ever afterwards, you must mount on this pillion and come with me to do your office where I shall take you. You must let me blindfold you when you get up, and I shall bring you back blindfold to this door when you have done. You shall then receive the whole sum I have named if you have done your best, and this as an earnest now," and he offered some money. "Then be for ever silent about the

matter. Come now; no time for hesitation. Come."

The reward outweighed the woman's fears and her slight scruples. She gave the promise, and went. She had a scarf tied over her eyes. She mounted to the pillion, and they rode quickly away in the darkness. The ride seemed a long one; at first on the road, then silently over grass, then on a road again. It was raining when they started, but the rain soon ceased: then she could guess from the falling of heavy drops that they passed under trees; finally, the horse clattered over some stones, and stopped. The rider dismounted and lifted her off; then some one took her hand and led her, still blindfolded, up certain stairs. She counted the number of steps, and there were twenty-two. A door closed behind her, and the bandage was taken from her eyes, when she saw that her conductor was a white-faced, frightened serving-woman, who directly went back through the door without speaking, and left the old woman standing within the entrance of a chamber. The room was a fine and lofty one—loftier far and finer than any she was accustomed to enter. There was a bright fire blazing on the hearth; not far from it, at this end, stood a large bed hung round with blue curtains, from within which came a sound of weeping and pain. At the other end of the room a man was pacing backwards and forwards in an angry or agitated manner. By the flickering fire-light she could distinguish that he was richly dressed. He immediately turned towards her, and, with a restrained stamp of his foot, said, not loudly, but in a tone that made her tremble, "Well, do your office, there." She had hardly reached the bed-side when he left the room. The poor lady was weeping piteously; but her tears ceased when the old woman laid an infant son on his mother's bosom, and the chamber was still. The nurse sat by the bed-head hidden from the lady by the curtains, and between it and the fire. The crisis over, the weight of mystery oppressed her, and she thought again of the strangeness of her situation. She noted all she could in the chamber, and, moreover, silently cut a small piece from the hangings of the bed near to which she sat, and secreted it in her pocket. Suddenly she became aware that the gentleman whom she saw on entering the room had come back, and stood by the bed-side. He leant over the mother, and she gave a shriek. He had seized the child from her breast, and, in a moment, he dashed it among the embers on the hearth. The infant fell on one side from the fire. The agonised mother pleaded with brief strength from the bed; the old woman clung to his arm; but again he raised the child and cast it down;

and the murder was consummated. Then he rushed out. Soon afterwards the same servant brought her scarf, the trembling old woman was made blindfold, and led, silently, from the horrible scene, down many stairs, till she felt the fresh air. A man then raised her upon the pillion, and mounted before her. She clung to him, and they dashed away, first over stones, then on a road, then over grass, then upon a road again, till she was lifted down to the ground. She raised her hand to the scarf over her eyes, and spoke for the first time since leaving the chamber; but a hand was laid upon her arm, and her conductor said, "Not yet; and silence—remember, silence!" A heavy purse was placed in her hand, and in a moment she heard the horse's hoofs clattering away. When she took the bandage from her eyes, she thought she could just distinguish the form of the retreating horseman. It was the earliest grey dawn of a late Autumn morning, and she was standing at the door of her own cottage. For some time she kept her word; but soon people noticed that she had more money than was usual; her neighbours could not divine the cause or learn it from her, so they invented and circulated stories to her discredit. The scene she could not forget—the terrible man, the shrieking mother, falling pallid and still upon the tumbled bed, the little mangled child—all preyed upon her mind, and she determined to make known what she knew. She went before a justice of the peace, and told it all, describing the chamber as she remembered it, and producing the bit of blue bed-curtain which she had cut away. From the circumstances, suspicion was directed to Littlecote Hall, and upon William Darell, its master, who, for his heedless bearing, was known in the county round as "Wild Darell." But no discovery was made to bear out the suspicion, till proper steps were taken to search the place. Then the old woman was taken there, and from room to room, till she recognised that in which the deed was done, and where the missing piece of curtain was fitted into its place. The stairs leading down to a paved courtyard were counted, and their number was twenty-two. Wild Darell was arrested, and proofs of all kinds accumulated against him, stifling every hope of his innocence. The day for his trial, which was appointed to take place before Judge Popham, came on. His friends were baffled in their endeavours to rescue or screen the culprit, when secretly one last means was tried. From Wild Darell in his prison a strange offer went up to Judge Popham, and the Chief Justice listened. It was this: that should Darell's life be spared, and the law, perverted or hoodwinked, leave him at liberty, all the

fair manor of Littlecote, the Hall, and everything the prisoner possessed, should be the bribe. Of what bound the compact tradition is silent; but the compact was bound—and kept! Wild Darell rode back in freedom to Littlecote Hall. Soon afterwards the day came when he should fulfil his engagement. The deeds and agreements which made the transfer complete were laid out on the great table, and wanted only Darell's signature. The judge came to take possession, bringing strange servants with him. The signatures were completed, and the last of the "old family" strode silently from the little crowd around him in the hall—a beggar! He had been a headlong and generous liver, like his father, and notably a hard rider: The poor and the common people loved him. He always used to ride a favourite horse, and he had specially reserved this animal when he gave up all his other property. The horse was held saddled at the door, for the last time, and Wild Darell was silent till he leapt into the saddle. Then, rising in his stirrups as the horse moved to turn from Littlecote, he cursed the despoiler of his house in the bitterest terms, vowing that the eldest son of the Pophams should never enjoy the inheritance or the estate. Having spoken thus, he dashed in a frantic manner across the park, to quit the place for ever. He had not gone far from the house when his horse fell in a head-long leap, and, with his rider, was killed on a spot which is still shown as "Wild Darell's Leap."

This is the tradition. The account Aubrey gives states that the unfortunate mother was a "waiting-woman" of Lady Darell's. That "Sir . . . Dayrell, of Littlecote, in com. Wilts," "sent a servant with a horse for a midwife, whom he was to bring hoodwinked. She was brought and layd the woman, but as soon as the child was borne, she sawe the knight take the child and murther it, and burn it in the fire in the chamber. She, having done her businesse, was extraordinarily rewarded for her paines, and sent blindfolded away. This horrid action did much run in her mind, and she had a desire to discover it, but knew not where 'twas. She considered with herself the time that she was riding, and how many miles she might have rode at that rate in that time, and that it must be some great person's house, for the roomes was 12 foot highe; and she should know the chamber if she sawe it. She went to a justice of peace, and search was made. The very chamber found. The knight was brought to his tryall; and, to be short, this judge had this noble house, parke, and mannor, and (I thinke) more, for a bribe to save his life." "Sir John Popham gave sentence according to laws, but being a

great person, and a favourite, he procured a *noli prosequi*."

Now, is there any truth, or how much truth,

in these accounts? The testimony of John Aubrey is, as history, open to doubt, on account of the character of the man. He was



Littlecote Hall.

careless and credulous, though not untruthful. He was not born till more than thirty years after Sir John Popham was created judge. But he was a native of Wilts, born at Easton Priors, and held property there. That the estate passed from Darell to Judge Popham is certain; but was the transfer a bribe to shelter a murderer? There does not appear to have been yet found any other direct record of the story than Aubrey's; the tradition, however, bears this out. Did Aubrey record the tradition of a smothered-up fact, or simply invent a slander, which has given rise or consistency to the popular legend, as it is told even now? When Bacon was Attorney-General, in virtue of his office he informed in the Star Chamber against Sir John Hollis and others, for "traducing the publick justice;" and this remarkable passage occurs in his speech:—"This kind of slandering judges to kings and princes is common. Popham, a great judge in his time, was com-

plained of by petition to Queen Elizabeth; it was committed to four privy-counsellors, but the same was found to be slanderous, and the parties punished in the Court." If this was a petition concerning the Littlecote murder, it would be very curious to find it, or the record of Darell's trial. The general tone of all comment which has been made on the matter seems to be to discredit the tradition, and Aubrey's assertion of the bribe; although there does not appear to be any actual evidence to set against the assertion or its probability. Nearly all the judge's contemporaries who have written of him, speak of his learning and probity as a judge; and Lord Campbell could not bring himself to believe the justice of such a charge, so great and important a one, resting only on the "unsatisfactory testimony" of Aubrey. But the charge still remains in explanation of the fact. However, much remains to be said on this part of the subject; for close examination of the matter

shows many interesting facts which there is not space to treat of here.

It was Sir John Popham, created Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in 1592, who afterwards passed sentence on Sir Walter Raleigh, and who tried some of the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, finishing with Garnet, the Jesuit, on March 28th, 1606. Aubrey says, "I have seen his picture; he was a huge, heavie, ugly man." He left behind him an immense estate for those days—10,000*l.* a-year to his son, Sir Francis, who is recorded to have "lived like a hog;"* John, the son of this Francis, "was a great waster, and dyed in his father's time; . . . he was the greatest housekeeper in England; would have at Littlecote four or five or more lords at a time. His wife (Harvey) was worth to him, I thinke, 6000*l.*, and she was as vaine as he, and sayd that she had brought such an estate, and she scorned but she would live as high as he did; and in her husband's absence would have all the woemen of the countrey thither, and feaste them, and make them drunke, as she would be herself. They both dyed by excesse and by luxury; and by cosenage of their servants. When he dyed there was, I thinke, a hundred thousand pounds' debt. . . I remember this epitaph was made on Mr. John Popham:—

'Here lies he who not long since
Kept a table like a prince,
Till Death came and took away,
Then ask't the old man, What's to pay?'"

Thus fared Wild Darell's inheritance during the years which immediately succeeded his fall; and they who tell the tradition now, affect to trace his curse further and nearer.

The old table in the great hall must have a curious untold history;—of vassals round it in the olden time, of feudal feasts, Christmas revellings, and more stately rejoicings; the old woman creeping past it blindfold in the night over the stone floor; then, perhaps, that sealing of deeds when the place changed owners, and afterwards mad, or sad, or splendid scenes again. On Sunday, December 8th, 1688, William, Prince of Orange, on his march to the throne, was resting at Littlecote, and the Commissioners of James II. dined in the hall, meeting the nobles who had welcomed William—Halifax, Burnet, Nottingham, Godolphin, Shrewsbury, Clarendon, and Oxford sat round the old table, and feasted, or intrigued, or listened, or dallied with the crisis. While all this was going on, Halifax, without attracting notice, approached Burnet, and, affecting carelessness, whispered, "How if the

King were to go away?" "There is nothing so much to be wished," whispered the Bishop, apprehending his meaning. James's Commissioners retired without bringing about any settlement; but very soon the King fled.

Littlecote Hall stands in a valley, at the foot of the "hille welle woddyd," and near it the beautiful Kennet slips over its broad and shallow bed past Chilton towards Hungerford. The fine trout can be seen darting here and there, or rising with a dash to the dimpled surface. Any one who lies upon the green-sward of the park, on the rise above the house, looks over a scene perhaps not much altered since Leland saw it; and imagination can with little effort or strain of probability fill in the picture with incidents of life,—Wild Darell dashing from the gate past the group of servants, some silent, some weeping, and some of the new ones jeering; or some of the old Darells passing across, a pleasant group, to hawk along the banks of the Kennet, gallants from the Court of Philip and Mary pacing the gardens or loitering in the avenues, now lonely and desolate.

F. K. J. SHENTON.

THE HIDDEN GEM.

I.

LIKE purest tints of summer sky,
Like glittering dew's of morn,
Or scent of flowers on evening breeze
Through latticed casement borne:
Or like the moon's pale flickering rays
That pierce the thicket's leaves,
And laughing kiss the sleeping buds
Fair Nature's garland weaves:
So loving, pure, so holy, free,
I trow the maiden's heart should be.

II.

In this small temple still and fair
A holy faith enshrined
Strengthens each gentle purpose there
And makes her ever kind.
Here wells a golden spring of love
To water virgin soil,
Where seeds of hope and trust are sown
To lighten women's toil.
Thus faithful, true, thus guileless, free,
I trow the maiden's heart should be.

III.

Forgiving, loving, trusting, meek,
This heart finds room for all,
Pities the faults it cannot love,
And weeps another's fall.
Thrice happy he who gains this prize—
This home of peace and rest,
This Koh-i-noor of priceless gem
Hid in a maiden's breast.
Most wondrous gem of earth or sea,
I trow such maiden's heart must be.

* Aubrey: "Letters," &c., and "Lives of Eminent Men," &c.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER IV.



THE nearest house to Green Oake was Lynncourt, the residence of Mr. John Gresford Lynn; indeed it was the only house of any importance that was near at all, consequently the Gresford Lynns might be said to be the Carmichaels' only neighbours.

But that there was no neighbourly feeling between them, or at least between the heads of the houses, was soon apparent to Joyce.

She had met Mr. Gresford Lynn a day or two after her arrival, and inquired of Mr. Carmichael as to where he lived and who he was, observing that he was a handsome man. But Mr. Carmichael looked sterner and graver than ever, and bade her not mention the name to him, as Mr. Gresford Lynn was no friend of his.

So Joyce was silenced, but unsatisfied. The next Sunday, as they were all going to church, they met Mr. Gresford Lynn face to face. He did not look at Mr. Carmichael, neither did Mr. Carmichael look at him; but they saw each other for all that, and Mr. Carmichael's thin lips seemed thinner than ever, so tightly did he close them.

Mr. Lynn had turned round to help his wife, who had just driven up to the church-gate in a low pony carriage. Her veil was partly raised, so Joyce caught a glimpse of a pale, thin face, that must once have been very beautiful, but she looked ill and worn now, and her thick black hair made her face look even whiter than it was. She was evidently in the last stage of decline.

Mr. Gresford Lynn was a tall man with a delicate complexion, that gave him the appearance of being many years younger than he really was; and he looked down at his wife as she leaned upon his arm so tenderly, that

Joyce wondered how a face that could assume an expression so almost angelic, could have looked so scornful as it did but a few moments since, and as it looked again when he passed the Carmichael party in the porch, where they had paused a moment for Aunt Lotty to fasten her shawl.

And Mr. Carmichael's lips were again compressed, and a scowl passed over his brow.

Thus the two men went up into the house of God to pray. Mr. Carmichael repeated the responses audibly, so Joyce could hear him say, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." And she wondered what answer would come to Mr. Carmichael's prayer.

Yet how many people do the same! How many attend church regularly, repeat the prayers and take part in the responses, and come out as hard and unforgiving towards their enemies as when they went in! They are satisfied with the mechanism of religion, without considering the wheels and springs. And so the machinery gets out of order, and does not work, and is pronounced a bad invention, and man takes out a new patent for himself, for he is a bad workman, and complains of the old tools. Or it may be that his mind is retrogressive, and he considers the ancient doctrine of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," superior to the Christian dispensation.

When Joyce and Doris one day discussed the matter, Doris attributed it to the fact that the greater part of mankind were humbugs.

It was a sweeping and, perhaps, not uncharitable solution of the difficulty. There is not a vast amount of honesty in the world, and people do not seem to be aware of their shortcomings in that point of morality. Poor Pope has been cavilled at for the sentiment, that "an honest man's the noblest work of God," but Pope was not so much at fault. It requires a stronger man, a man of more invincible will and inflexible principle to be an honest man in this world, than those who condemn Pope have any idea of. Of course Pope was not thinking much of the "picking and stealing" part of the business; that is a very trifling item.

But to return. The service went on, so did the responses, and the congregation called

themselves "miserable sinners" as often as it was written down in the Prayer-book. Doubtless they spoke the truth with their lips, but in their hearts they probably regarded the epithet as being simply a technical term, a part of the religious machinery they were grinding at.

There were two little boys in Mr. Gresford Lynn's pew, lovely as cherubs: the elder might be eight, the younger not more than four years of age. They were his only surviving children; the rest had died in infancy.

At one period Joyce noted that Mr. Carmichael's eye was riveted on the eldest of these two children, and that a gleam of malignant triumph beamed on his countenance. Wherefore?

If Mr. Carmichael hated the father,—as for some reason unknown he assuredly did,—why need he extend the feeling towards the innocent children?

Yet the baleful smile still played on Mr. Carmichael's lips, and he softly rubbed the tips of his lavender gloves together as his look strayed every now and then towards the Gresford Lynns' pew.

Mrs. Carmichael's gaze was also directed towards the children, but her glance was one of such undisguised admiration, that it attracted the attention of the mother, and brought a pleased look into her sad face.

The service passed. And moving down the aisle, the Carmichael party brushed against the Gresford Lynns. Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael did not look at each other, but each saw the other as before, and a dark shadow passed over the faces of the two men.

"Aunt Lotty," said Joyce, as she and Doris were sitting with her in the afternoon, "why does Mr. Carmichael hate Mr. Gresford Lynn?"

"Hate him?" repeated Aunt Lotty, "Mr. Carmichael does not hate Mr. Lynn; he is too good and upright a man to be capable of hating anyone."

No sequence, thought Joyce, though she did not say so, but, modifying her form of expression, asked,

"Then, why does he not like him?"

Aunt Lotty was perturbed.

"My dear," she answered, "we will not speak of Mr. Gresford Lynn. Mr. Carmichael has good reasons for objecting to him, or he would not do so. I think he must be a bad man in some way, and therefore Mr. Carmichael does not allow him to be spoken of."

"A bad man," echoed Doris, impetuously.

"I don't believe it. I beg your pardon, Aunt Lotty, but with such angel children as those, I don't believe any one could be bad; and how careful he was of his wife."

"They are beautiful children," said Aunt Lotty; and she sighed.

"And they looked up at their father so confidently, and how lovingly he stroked the little one's curls," added Doris. "Aunt Lotty, there is some mistake. I'll clear it all up in a fortnight, and then we shall have some neighbours."

Aunt Lotty looked up in alarm.

"Oh, no, Doris. It would displease Mr. Carmichael exceedingly. He is not accustomed to have his decisions interfered with."

"But there must be some mistake," persisted Doris; "I do not believe that Mr. Lynn is a bad man."

Doris had not noticed the scornful look as Joyce had done; and yet, even having seen it, Joyce found herself agreeing with Mrs. Carmichael's verdict. Then she asked, half-involuntarily,

"Did Mr. Carmichael ever know Mr. Gresford Lynn, Aunt Lotty?"

But the moment after she regretted the question, for Mrs. Carmichael appeared so unaffectedly distressed.

"Dear Joyce, don't ask any questions. I never know anything, and Mr. Carmichael would not approve of this conversation. He would not be pleased at my having allowed you to mention Mr. Lynn's name."

Doris's eyes flashed; but Mrs. Carmichael was not looking at her. Joyce made some trivial remark concerning something in which she had no interest, and so the conversation turned into another channel.

And, after awhile, Aunt Lotty grew drowsy and fell asleep, and the two girls took up their books, but they did not read much; the pages they pored over were less interesting to them than their speculations as to the probable past of Mr. Gresford Lynn.

The past that came within the reach of Doris's researches during the next week did not throw any light upon the animosity that subsisted between the proprietors of Green Oake and Lynncourt.

Mr. Lynn had come to Lynncourt exactly seven years since. It was a wilderness of a place then, and had been left to him, together with a large fortune, by an uncle, on condition that he would improve and beautify it until his eldest child, whether boy or girl, should have reached the age of twenty-one. It was then, with the greater part of the fortune in money, to pass into the hands of this child.

At the time of his uncle's death, Mr. Lynn,

or, rather, Mr. Gresford—for he assumed the name of Lynn in connection with the property—was living in the Brazils, where he had amassed a considerable property, and where he had married a Spanish lady. Their first-born child, a son, was then nearly a year old. John Gresford was beginning to weary of a life abroad, and his thoughts had more than once turned towards his native land.

His wife had no relatives; indeed, her being a penniless orphan, with no one to care for her, had in the first instance been his inducement for marrying her. For John Gresford led a solitary life and entered into no society, and was believed to have had some early disappointment that prevented his thinking of matrimony. However, he married, and surprised the people, and partially silenced their theories. He also partially emerged from his quiet life; but, Mrs. Gresford being delicate, they seemed to their gayer neighbours to lead a life that savoured more of the anchorite than of the social member of society. Mr. Gresford's homeward-bound thoughts were brought to a decision by his uncle's will, and he determined to return to England as soon as he could wind up his affairs.

And his affairs being wound up, he set sail for England, arrived at Lynncourt, took possession of the property, and assumed the name of Lynn, in addition to his own. Immediately after their arrival, twin-daughters were born, who lived but a few months, and a small stone cross in the churchyard recorded the early deaths of Ellen and Teresa, the beloved daughters of John and Teresa Gresford Lynn.

There had been several children born since then, but of these only one had survived, the younger of the two boys that Joyce had seen at church.

Joyce and Doris were no nearer the original difficulty. Wherefore were Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Lynn at enmity? Was it as John Gresford felt that Mr. Carmichael had known him? But yet Mr. Carmichael had never been in South America. And he had never left England since his marriage, which was now well nigh eighteen years ago. Before that time he had been living in Australia. And his relations now were certainly with Australia, and with no other part of the globe; and to the arrival of the Australian mail he looked forward with constant anxiety.

The hatred of the two men, then, dated back prior to those eighteen years of married life. That there had been no cause for it since Mr. Lynn's arrival at Lynncourt was easily gleaned

from Mrs. Carmichael's utter want of knowledge upon the subject.

Eighteen years at least of intense hatred! Joyce speculated upon it. It is strange how long hate lasts. Is it, then, stronger than love? Truly many a kindness is forgotten, whilst one act that causes anger burns into the heart, and leaves there a scar for ever. In how many hearts are there great raw wounds still open, ranking as if a poisoned dart were piercing them, which no hand has been raised to withdraw, and into whose sores no healing balm has been poured, but which rather have been kept open by a series of constant irritants.

For seven years these men had sat a-nigh each other in the house of God. For seven years had they been aware of each other's presence, yet had ignored it through some long pent-up hate that smouldered in their breasts. For seven years they had prospered close by each other, and had enjoyed the blessings of life. True, the death-angel had entered the house of the one, and borne away treasures thence, and the other had seen the little coffins carried from his neighbour's door. Yet had not sorrow in the one case nor compassion in the other softened the two men's hearts. When the sun rose a cloud rose also to darken it, and when the sun went down a cloud still lingered in the firmament, that storm and sunshine alike had failed to chase away.

What were the thoughts deep-buried in the hearts of these two men?

CHAPTER V. SOME PAGES FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

August 20th.—What would Mr. Carmichael say if he knew of our day's adventure?

Fortunately, Mr. Carmichael has been too much engrossed to think of us. He gave out at breakfast that he had business of importance to transact, which would more than occupy him the whole of a long morning.

"Suppose we dine later, then?" suggested Aunt Lotty, timidly. And for once Mr. Carmichael made no objection to her suggestion. Indeed, he gave it a meed of praise.

"It is well thought of," said he. Here poor Aunt Lotty's face quite lighted up—"and the girls will perhaps like to pic-nic in the corn-fields. My last field is being carried. You can see to it, Charlotte. Then they need not hurry home to luncheon in the heat of the day."

Really Mr. Carmichael is becoming quite amiable. It is very seldom that he so far unbends from his ordinary coldness and stiffness of manner.

Doris and I set forth. But not to the corn-fields. There was a boat on the river, and we had taken to rowing since our arrival at Green Oake. So we paddled lazily down the stream, intending to moor in a favourite nook about a mile away.

It would have been a forbidden spot had Mr. Carmichael known of our partiality for it, since it lay close on the borders of Lynncourt, in a part where Mr. Lynn owned the fishing.

But Mr. Carmichael did not know of it, and we felt no inclination to obey him in "the spirit." Other obedience than "the letter" we held to be supererogatory, and determined to take our pleasure until a decided check should be put to it.

It was a spot little frequented by the Gresford Lynns, so there was not much danger of meeting them.

Not that we should have had the least objection to doing so, for the beautiful children who were so soon to lose their pale dark-eyed mother had some irresistible attraction for Doris, and I must confess that I had a secret desire to see Mr. Gresford Lynn and to judge for myself what manner of man he was.

It was a sultry day, and we were glad to get under the shady trees. We could not have chosen a more sheltered spot; the branches drooped, and in some places dipped into the water, and through narrow openings we caught a glimpse of the landscape beyond, with the river winding far away towards the distant hills. And how green the water looked with the shade of the leaves cast upon it! "Like to the waters of an emerald sea," so Doris said, as she looked down into the clear depths.

"Beneath a vaulted roof of emerald spread," added I, falling into her humour, and looking up at the layers of leaves through which the sun could not find its way.

"Just the place to be poetic in," mused Doris, moving aside a bough to get a peep at the view. And as she did so a party came in sight, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn, and the two children. Mr. Lynn was pushing his wife's garden chair himself.

Mrs. Lynn looked whiter than ever, and very languid. Her husband wheeled the chair close to the water's edge and seated himself on a mossy stump near. I could not see his face, for his back was towards me. But I could see his wife's. She was speaking very slowly, and in a low faint tone.

We could not hear what she said, and yet I felt as though we were eavesdroppers. I looked at Doris, the thought had also occurred to her.

"Let us go a little further down the stream," said she.

As we plashed gently past the spot where Mr. and Mrs. Gresford Lynn were sitting, the two boys who had been collecting some few ears of corn that had been left after the glean-ing, attracted by the boat, ran quickly towards the river to see us pass. The ground sloped considerably, and the elder of the two, who was in advance of his brother, not being able to stop himself, or not seeing the abrupt termination of the slope, made one step too many and in a moment plunged headlong into the water.

A cry of horror burst from Doris. The cry and the plunge caused Mr. Lynn to turn his head, and at the same moment Mrs. Lynn became aware of what had happened.

How it came to pass, I know not, but before I had time to think, like a flash, I saw the child rise to the surface and lie in the boat in Doris's arms; she sobbing like a child over him.

I did not seem to see it, I only knew that it was done; that a lithe figure had leaned over and caught a wet form, lifting it into the boat with a strength that appeared almost superhuman.

It was like a dream, from which the pleasant voice of Mr. Lynn awoke me, as he spoke cheerfully to the frightened boy.

"Only a ducking, little man; we must run home for some dry clothes."

But I could detect a quiver in the firm-set lips, and I knew that he did not lightly estimate the danger his child had been in.

We had pulled close to the spot where Mrs. Lynn was sitting. She was much agitated, and I could see Mr. Lynn was in some perplexity as to how he should act. Emboldened by our eventful introduction, I asked,—

"Can I be of any use? Let me take the child home."

But the boy clung to his father and would not leave him.

"I shall not be long away," said Mr. Lynn, turning anxiously to his wife.

"No," she said, answering his thoughts, "I do not mind being left; go with him, dear."

And we stayed with Mrs. Lynn until his return. I don't know how it is that Doris creeps into people's hearts as she does, but she was sitting at Mrs. Lynn's feet as if she had known her all her life, and Mrs. Lynn's slender fingers were stroking back her ruffled hair.

No one spoke much, we were all thinking of what might have happened, but when Mr. Lynn came back and we rose to go away, Mrs. Lynn with her sweet foreign accent said,

"I hope we shall meet again."

A shade passed over Mr. Lynn's face as I looked up at him, scarcely knowing what to answer.

"I think you understand how matters are," said he, after a moment's hesitation.

"Yes and no," I replied.

"The yes is sufficient," he said, with a sigh. "I have no power to do anything but to ask Mr. Carmichael's nieces not to think me ungrateful." And again his lip quivered, though his voice was calm and steady.

And I absolved this man from all wrong in the quarrel, whatever it might have been, between him and Mr. Carmichael.

I wonder if we shall ever know more of these people, ever meet them again, and ever learn the secret sore that festers still, and makes the neighbours enemies?

Doris and I can talk of nothing else, and probably we talk a great deal more than we should otherwise do, because it is a forbidden subject. The spirit of Bluebeard's wives has animated us; but I hope it will not be to so tragical an ending.

And Doris says,

"If Aunt Lotty had been Bluebeard's last wife, the story never would have been written."

Poor Aunt Lotty! I should so like to tell her of our meeting with the Lynns. But still it is better not. She can keep nothing from Mr. Carmichael. I am quite sure he confesses her every night. She is so anxious not to hear anything we have to say that might be displeasing to him.

By the way, what could Mr. Carmichael have been doing in Doris's room?

Doris had stopped for a minute in the garden to gather some heliotrope. I was, therefore, in advance of her, and had reached the top of the stairs before she entered the house. As I did so, Mr. Carmichael came hastily along the passage. He gave a little start as he saw me, and muttered something about the flapping of a window in Doris's room that had disturbed him.

But that could scarcely have been, for there was not a breath of wind stirring, and the casement, though not fastened back, hung as steadily against the wall as if an iron clasp had held it there.

Besides, there was a consciousness in his manner that convinced me he was not speaking the truth. I said nothing to Doris, nor do I intend to say anything to her at present; but I shall watch, and see what takes place.

I could not help asking,

"Where do you keep your mother's letter, Doris?"

"Locked up in my cedar box," she an-

swered. "There are other letters in the same packet. My mother sealed them all up together, and desired me not to open them as long as I had a home at Green Oake, and was happy there."

"And you are happy," I said, half-questioning her.

"Oh, yes, as long as you and Aunt Lotty are here. Uncle Carmichael would of course be a dead weight, unless there were counter-charms. He seems to bring winter with him on the hottest day. But when this fortune comes, if ever it does come, if I don't like being here I can go away; and you must go with me, Joyce, for I could not part with you."

She had grown wonderfully fond of me in the short time we had been together. Her clinging, impulsive nature could not do without a prop to twine itself around. And yet she was strong enough in will and daring—stronger sometimes than I. A curious mixture of strength and weakness, that gave a certain fascination to her character. "She cannot part with me!" All very well, thought I, at present; but in the future other interests may step in. However, I did not pursue my musings on this subject, for another matter was weighing on my mind. An idea had taken possession of me, an idea of which I could not divest myself.

"I should very much like to see your mother's handwriting, Doris," said I, reverting to my idea. "Would it pain you to show it to me?"

"No," returned Doris, kneeling down by a small trunk, and taking therefrom the cedar box. She unlocked it, and gave me the packet to look at. There were only a few words of superscription in a clear, though somewhat trembling hand—"To be opened by my dear Doris when she needs assistance."

I looked carefully at the envelope. It was sealed with red wax, and her mother's Christian name was upon the seal.

I examined it attentively.

"It is sealed with this seal that I always wear now," said Doris, lifting up a bunch of trinkets attached to a little chain that Mr. Carmichael had presented her with. But suddenly she cried out—

"My seal is gone, my mother's seal! Oh! where can I have lost it?"

She darted out of the room, and flew downstairs. Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael were still in the drawing-room.

"Oh, Aunt Lotty! Aunt Lotty! I have lost my seal; perhaps it has dropped somewhere on the floor."

I had followed close upon her steps, and I saw Mr. Carmichael start as he had done in the passage; but he quickly recovered him-

self, and joined with much alacrity in the search.

"You may have lost it in the fields," he said, when we had fruitlessly hunted in every imaginable place; "where were you?"

"We did not go into the cornfields," replied I, though the question was not addressed to me; "we went down the river in the boat."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Carmichael; "then that is where you have probably lost it. Either in getting in or getting out it may have caught on something, and the ring have snapped, and so it has dropped."

"Into the water?" interrupted Doris.

"Very likely," said Mr. Carmichael, quietly.

"Was it old, and was the ring much worn?" inquired Aunt Lotty.

"Yes," answered Doris, half-crying.

"I am afraid, dear, that you will not find it, but it shall be searched for," said Aunt Lotty, soothingly.

"I am afraid it is hopeless," said Mr. Carmichael.

And we went up to our rooms again, and once more I looked at the packet, and noticed a slight difference of colour at the edges of the seal, as though it had been sealed with two different kinds of wax.

It had been my intention to offer to take care of this packet for Doris, as I had had a presentiment that it might somehow fall into Mr. Carmichael's hands, though why I should have this feeling I cannot imagine, nor why I should have had any misgivings with regard to it. However, I felt convinced that it was safe enough now, as containing nothing else that Mr. Carmichael wanted. How far it had been tampered with no one but himself would ever know.

Shall I mention my suspicions to Doris? I cannot make up my mind. Perhaps it is better to be silent until I have something tangible to lay before her.

There is a cat-like stealthiness in Mr. Carmichael's manner that makes me distrust him. How could Aunt Lotty pin her faith on such a man? But he is so plausible, and Aunt Lotty is so unsuspicious. I have no doubt she thinks herself unequally yoked with an angel! Alas! alas! how credulous some women are. Thank goodness, I am not.

Aug. 21—Another confirmatory proof that I am not altogether on a wrong track.

Doris and I came down late to breakfast, despite our intention of being up betimes to hunt again for the missing seal. But, being tired with the fatigue and excitement of the day, we slept on longer than usual.

"Not that there is the faintest shadow of a hope," said Doris, "for I am afraid it must have snapped when I drew the child out of the water."

"It might, in that case, have fallen into the boat."

A gleam of hope shot across Doris's countenance.

"Yes; it may yet be found."

But not in that way.

We had not been long at breakfast before Mr. Carmichael came in.

He went softly behind Doris, and dropped something on her plate.

It was the seal.

"Oh, you dear, good Uncle Carmichael!" screamed Doris, jumping up and dancing round him, "where did you find it? Was it in the boat or on the bank, or on the path or amongst the grass, or——"

"Stop, stop!" said Mr. Carmichael; "how can I tell you if you won't let me speak. It was under a tuft of grass by the boat-house. I was very near not seeing it."

I looked up suddenly at Mr. Carmichael, and our eyes met.

His fell. Yet how did he know that I knew he was telling a falsehood?

"It is snapped in two, you see," continued Mr. Carmichael, scarcely however allowing Doris to look, for he had taken possession of the seal again, and now held it in his hand. "I shall not let you have it until the ring is made quite safe; it has worn through. I will take it over to Winstowe with me to-day."

"Thanks, thanks," said Doris, and Mr. Carmichael, who had already breakfasted, beat a hasty retreat.

"Your uncle has been looking for it this last half-hour or more," observed Aunt Lotty, quietly.

Time wasted, thought I.

"He is so very persevering and patient," pursued simple Aunt Lotty; "he never gives up anything that he sets his mind upon."

I sat still and listened, but I said nothing. I had no wish to be a hypocrite in my own eyes, so I left the conversation to my aunt and to Doris.

I am somewhat curious to discover whither this mysterious occurrence tends, but I shall keep my own counsel, for Doris will open her eyes in time, and her unbiassed judgment will decide more truly than if I had set her upon the track.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE is an old saying that "People meet once in every seven years." Can this be true? Experience has not done much towards proving it, and yet it shares in the

prestige of many ancient sayings which people go on believing for old acquaintance sake, kindly turning a blind eye to their weak side.

Practically speaking, one can scarcely support the theory, yet, bring a little spiritualism to bear upon the subject and speculators may believe in its fulfilment. Who understands the mystery of spirit life? Who knows but that in sleep our spirits may wander away and visit those they wish to see, or even those they do not wish to see, but yet by the seven years' decree are compelled to visit, and so accomplish the theory of our forefathers. Possibly these forefathers had some vague inkling of mesmerism or magnetism: who can say?—an impression they could not define, yet could not shake off, and so they noted down as a fact what was merely a forcible idea in their minds.

There are few among us who do not indulge in some pet superstition, and it is rather pleasant to believe that in our dreams we hold communion with the spirits of those of whom we dream,—that we and they, impelled by some irresistible attraction, meet, though miles apart, in the mysterious regions of dreamland.

In waking life we have a curious prescience of the proximity of people, which gave rise to another though not over polite apophthegm of our ancestors, and certainly it is strange to observe how a person we have suddenly thought of or spoken of will appear as if in answer to our thoughts and speech, or it may be that his approach has compelled us to acknowledge his proximity.

Even in the matter of letters crossing, it is an odd coincidence that two people separated by space and circumstances should think of each other at the same moment, and that some influence has been at work inspiring each with the desire of communicating with the other. Let who will set down these things to chance, but some may be even found to hold that there are stranger things in heaven and earth "than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

Wild nonsense all this, and folly to write it down, so many may say, and matter-of-fact people will dispose of these fancies in a summary manner; but, with all due deference to these rationalists, I hold that there is a half-way house between superstition and incredulity at which we have not yet arrived in our wanderings, but under whose roof we shall some day sit, and learn a spirit-science which is as yet undeveloped, and is struggling to get free from the weak absurdities, deceptions, and profanity that have cast their bonds around it.

But wherefore this digression? Did these thoughts occur to the two who so strangely met after years of separation?

For it chanced that Doris met with an old friend whom she had not seen for seven long years.

It was a lovely day in September, the leaves were beginning to turn yellow, and red, and crimson-streaked, and were falling, and there was a slight chill in the air as the sun sank lower, that told that the year was growing older and would soon begin to die away.

Joyce and Doris had rowed down to their favourite nook; hoping, as they had done several times since their eventful introduction, to meet with the Gresford Lynns. But Mrs. Lynn's white face was growing whiter and thinner, and she shivered if a breath of cold wind breathed upon her, and those around her knew that she was dying faster than the year, and that she would never see the snow-flakes spread a white pall over the withered flowers.

So it was doubtful whether she would ever come abroad into the fresh, open air again. and whether Joyce and Doris had not seen her for the last time.

Mrs. Lynn had grown very fond of Doris in these stolen meetings, she quite clung to her, and Mr. Lynn appeared to share in his wife's predilections.

However, no Gresford Lynns appeared, and Doris, somewhat disappointed, sat silent for awhile; then, suddenly starting up, she proposed going across one of the fields to look at a favourite view. So the field was crossed, and turning down a green lane the girls came to a stile.

Joyce was going to step over it, when to her astonishment Doris gave a great scream, and bounding past her, sprang over the stile and seized by both hands a gentleman who was quietly taking a sketch of the view they had come to see.

"Gabriel! Gabriel!"

The gentleman looked surprised for a moment, and then his face lighted up as he asked,

"Can it be my little Doris? How you have grown. I did not know you at first." And he held her hands tightly in his own, and gazed earnestly into her eyes.

"But I knew you, dear old Gabriel, the moment I caught sight of you. Where have you been? I thought I should never see you again."

And then they began to talk of what had happened since they last parted, and Joyce drew a little aside so as not to appear like an intruder.

She need not have troubled herself, for the two were so engrossed that they were not even aware of her presence. Gabriel had seated himself again, and Doris was half-sitting, half-kneeling at his feet, her hat had fallen off, and he was smoothing back her hair as if she had been a little child.

He did it unconsciously, and she did not seem to notice it, for her face was hidden in her hands, and she was crying.

At something he said to her she looked up, and then for the first time remembered that Joyce was with her. She was upon her feet in an instant.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I had forgotten. This is Gabriel Chester, Joyce; and, Gabriel, this is my new and very dear friend, Joyce Dormer. You must call her Joyce, and love her as much as I do."

And Joyce blushed, and felt hot and uncomfortable, and of course could think of nothing to say; but that was not remarkable, for how very few people ever do think of what to say at the right time.

But Mr. Chester quietly said,

"I suppose you are accustomed to Doris's rash suggestions, Miss Dormer?"

Miss Dormer! Then Joyce blushed again, and this time felt vexed as well as uncomfortable, though she could not make out why she should feel so. Doris was so precipitate and thoughtless, she was quite startled out of her usual self-possession; added to which, she had been indulging in a reverie on the stile in which it had occurred to her that it must be pleasant to have so charming a friend as Mr. Chester to call one by one's Christian name, and be so glad to see one. And then she had looked back on her own experiences and found she had never known any one to compare with Mr. Chester. Oh dear! Was she beginning to be jealous of Doris? She hoped not; she must write down exactly what she felt in her diary, so that she might be upon her guard against the slightest approach of jealousy. Besides, what right had she to feel thus; she had never seen Mr. Chester until to-day, and Doris had known him for years.

Mr. Chester spoke much of Mrs. Carmichael, and said that if there ever was an angel upon earth she was one.

She must then, thought Joyce, have been very different from her brother, for there was little of the angelic about him, and Joyce was sorely tempted to give an opinion that she thought him rather the reverse; still it might be uncharitable, and it was not well to be too unreserved with strangers.

So she made no comments; and at length Mr. Chester changed the subject, and asked Doris if she had been drawing lately; and

turning to Joyce, he told her that Doris had quite a talent that way if she would only persevere.

"I shall never draw again," said she. "Oh, those lace patterns, how I worked away at them, and how little I got for my designs!" here the tears began to fall again.

"Poor little Doris," said Mr. Chester, tenderly; "I did not intend to make you cry. I was not thinking of lace patterns; I did not know about them; I was thinking of your sketches of the cottage and——"

"Gabriel," burst in Doris, "I shall never cease to think of those patterns, and now I am going to be an heiress. Isn't it a shame? I shall hate the sight of the money."

"An heiress, Doris?" repeated Mr. Chester, wonderingly.

"An heiress," answered she, bitterly; "it's something to do with Australia, but I don't know what, and I'm sure I don't care. It's all come too late." And she rocked herself backward and forward, Mr. Chester patting her head as if she had been a baby still.

For he seemed to have forgotten, at least so thought Joyce, the years that were accomplished since he and Doris had met.

"Australia! ah, yes, it might be," responded Mr. Chester, musingly.

And Joyce thought of the Australian mail so eagerly looked forward to, and of the arrival of a giant nugget that was to turn the penniless orphan into a wealthy heiress; and a vague longing after a fairy godmother passed into her mind, for Joyce had not quite escaped from the regions of romance, though reality was beginning every now and then to pull her up with a tightened rein.

But Doris did not leave Mr. Chester long to his musings; she began to talk about her present life, and the pursuits of herself and Joyce; and Mr. Chester was glad to hear that she was making up for lost time, and said he must give her some more drawing lessons.

"If you can," returned Doris, shaking her head; "but I'll tell you what you may do, you may go on with the sketch you are taking, and Joyce and I will come and sit with you, and see that you work diligently."

"Do you draw, Miss Dormer?"

"No," said Joyce.

Just then, who should come up but Mr. Carmichael; he had been looking over some fields that lay that way.

His countenance lowered when he saw the two girls, and did not brighten when Doris explained that Mr. Gabriel Chester was an old friend of her mother's. He did not seem particularly glad to see him, though he made a formal speech in which he said he was pleased

to meet with anyone who had known his sister.

However, he brightened up a little when he heard that Mr. Chester was only going to stay a day or two in the neighbourhood, and actually became so far affable as to ask him to dinner the next day.

Mr. Chester did not appear to appreciate the affability, for he accepted the invitation as a mere matter of course.

Conversation flagged after Mr. Carmichael's appearance, and after a few disjointed sentences he observed that it was time to think of turning their steps homeward.

"We have left the boat down among the trees, uncle," said Doris.

"Which trees?" he asked, rather sharply.

Doris pointed across the meadow.

"Too near the Lynncourt estate," he said.

"I desire you never to go there again girls.

And then Mr. Carmichael went his way, saying he could not go with them to the boat us it was too near the Lynncourt property.

His departure was a relief to all; and Mr. Chester, collecting his sketching apparatus, accompanied Joyce and Doris to the boat. Joyce was just going to say "good-bye," when he stepped into the boat and taking the oars said he would row them home.

So he rowed, and Doris steered, whilst Joyce gazed dreamily over the side into the water, wondering what might next happen in the story she had begun to weave, and listening to Mr. Chester's deep voice as he chatted with Doris.

There was a little hesitation when they landed, for neither Joyce nor Doris would have felt at liberty to ask Mr. Chester into Mr. Carmichael's house.

Doris, however, solved the difficulty.

As the boat was being fastened up, she turned to Mr. Chester.

"If Green Oake were my house, Gabriel, I should ask you to come in and spend the evening with us, but as it is not, all I can do is to show you the gate that leads out of the garden into the village, and direct you to the inn. There—there's nothing like the truth, Gabriel, though it's sometimes hard to speak it."

Mr. Chester looked at her attentively. "Quite right, Doris," he began; but what further he was going to say was never spoken, for Mr. Carmichael emerged from a path overgrown with shrubs, and invited Mr. Chester to come into the house.

His manner had completely changed, and he was now as anxious to show attention to Mr. Chester as he had hitherto been averse from doing so. He walked with him to the inn, and would have carried his portfolio had

Mr. Chester allowed it. He waited for him and brought him home, and his affability was inexhaustible.

There were two notes in Joyce's diary that night, the one appertaining to Mr. Carmichael, the other to herself. The former ran—

"I have never seen Mr. Carmichael so gracious to any one as he has been to Mr. Chester. He has talked to him incessantly. I cannot help thinking that there must be some reason for this sudden change of tactics.

"Mr. Carmichael's affability has influenced Aunt Lotty. She has been most lively this evening. I suppose it was her husband's unflagging zeal to make himself agreeable to his guest that gave her the courage once or twice to make a remark. Mr. Carmichael would have let the remarks pass by unheeded, but Mr. Chester listened with a deference that won my heart, and caused Aunt Lotty to comment after his departure, 'I have never seen so pleasant a man in all my life.'"

The other passage was as follows—

"To-night I wore a white dress, with blue ribbons, but I am not sure that it looked as well as Doris's black silk. Doris said the ribbons matched my eyes; but I think my eyes have a greyer shade in them. Mr. Chester seems fond of music, and I don't think he paid much attention to Mr. Carmichael's speeches during my last piece.

"Doris and I had a long talk after we retired to our rooms. She thinks——"

But what Doris thought must be left to another chapter.

(To be continued.)

A DAY AT ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY.

IF any of our readers wishes for perfect quiet, rest, and repose, and to be well out of the way of smoke and bustle, of duns and other visitors,—in fact has a particular desire to find within sixty miles of London a place which, for all practical purposes, shall be to him or to her "the world's end," by all means let him make up his mind to spend a few days at the little village of St. Osyth, on the Essex coast. I cannot promise him trout-fishing, or fly-fishing, or any other similar luxury which belongs to the "quiet and gentle life;" but at all events, here he will be able to spend his days in calm contemplation, without even the dissipation of fine scenery to distract his mind; here, better perhaps than in any other village equally near to the great metropolis, he will be able to appreciate the sober advice of Horace,—

Omitte mirari beatæ

Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

I remember reading, many years ago, in

Punch, a paragraph headed "Strange Insanity," and stating that a respectable tradesman in the city had positively thrown himself into a cab, driven off to the Eastern Counties Railway Station at Shoreditch, and taken a ticket for Great Yarmouth. Well, perhaps it is equally an act of "strange insanity" in this year of grace, 1866, for anyone to drive off to Shoreditch on a similar errand; for, although the said line is no longer called the "Eastern Counties," but the "Great Eastern," it has not changed its nature with its name; it is still by far the worst managed line in the kingdom; the most unpunctual in its arrangements; the slowest in speed; the most churlish in its courtesies; the most indifferent in its servants. But if anybody wishes to see St. Osyth, and the remains of its once noble Priory, he *must* make up his mind to be thought a lunatic by London friends, and boldly take a ticket, not for Yarmouth, but for Colchester.

St. Osyth's Priory and the little village, which, standing round the Priory walls, still bears the name of its patron saint, are a long twelve miles from the station at Colchester, and there is no direct daily communication between the old Roman *Castrum-super-Colne* and St. Osyth except a carrier's cart. But a branch line, that rejoices in about two trains per diem up and down, will take the visitor past Wivenhoe, (where he will find himself in the neighbourhood of those "natives" for which the estuary of the Colne has so long been famous,) on his way to Brightlingsea. This place forms the head-quarters of the Essex oyster-fishery, with its tall church tower, and its miles of dreary mud-banks, which are the source of so much wealth to the traders and coasters, but appear to the visitor never to be covered with the tide. I suppose that it is occasionally high water on the flat Essex coast; but at all events, whenever a visitor goes that way, the tide always seems to be at its lowest. From Brightlingsea the tourist can go on by train to Weeley, within some four miles of his destination.

A journey of three or four miles further, along crooked and somewhat intricate bye-roads, will bring the stranger near to the only extensive group of green foliage to be seen for miles along the estuary; these are the trees of the park which surrounds the Priory ruins. The park itself is not large, including, perhaps, from 200 to 300 acres; but it is graced with handsome timber, and has a pleasant, homely look. Skirting the park for a few hundred yards, our visitor finds himself in the village of St. Osyth, a dull, antiquated-looking place, and one which in every sense seems

to be half a century behind the rest of the world.

The parish church is a picturesque structure in spite of the many barbarisms and churchwardenisms to which it has been subjected during the last three centuries. It is dedicated to St. Osyth, St. Peter, and St. Paul. Its tower is to a great extent of red brick, and colour enters largely into the rest of the edifice, which in former days must have been really handsome. In the chancel and south aisle are some remarkable ancient monuments to the Lords D'Arcy, of Chick,—the long-forgotten alias of the parish.

Thomas, Lord D'Arcy, who was interred in this church, held high office under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and was created a knight of the Garter in 1551. Bishop Belmeis, the founder of the Priory, was also buried here in 1127, by desire of the canons.

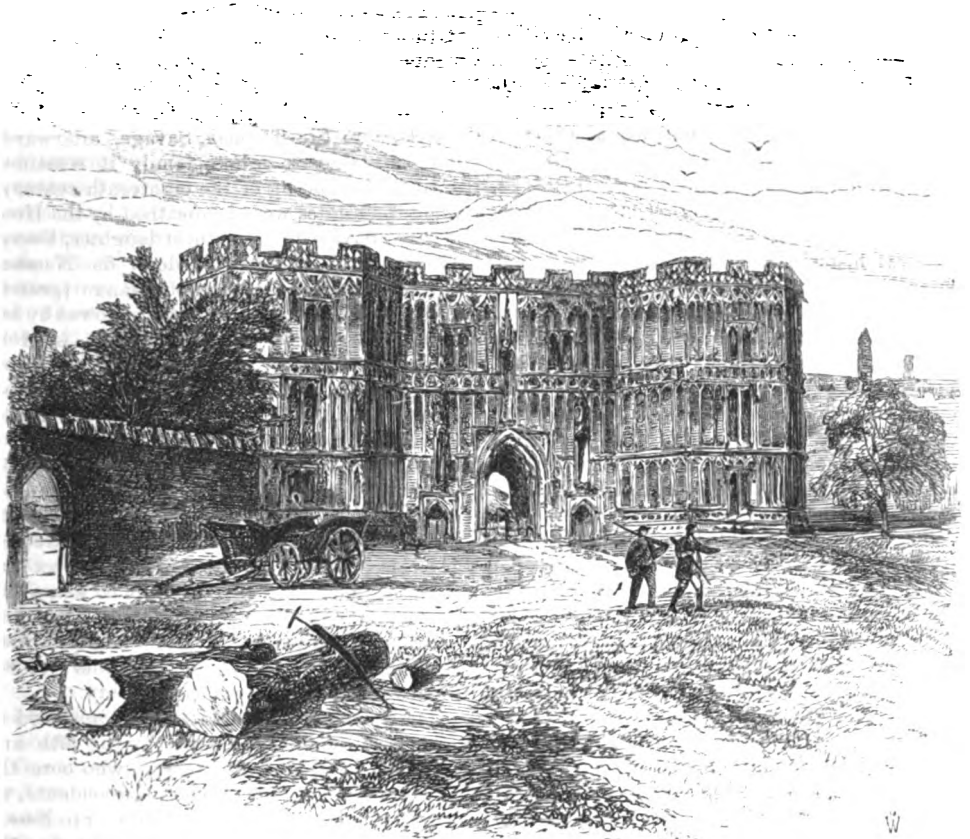
Not far from the north-west corner of the church, the visitor will find himself on a broad open village green, called "The Bury," which runs up to the Priory walls, and is bounded by the great Gateway shown in our illustration.

But little is known of St. Osyth (or St. "Oosy," as she is always called in Essex) except that she was the daughter of Frithwald, Fridwald, or Redoald, King of East Anglia, and wife to Sighere, King of the East Saxons, and that she founded and endowed a religious house on this spot, where she lived in single-blessedness and sanctity until A.D. 635, when she was put to death by the Danes in one of their piratical descents upon our eastern coast, and shortly afterwards canonised as a martyr.* It appears that the Danish pirates under Hinguar and Hubba, did their work effectively, for we hear little or nothing more of any religious house at St. Osyth's, or Chiche, for nearly 500 years after her decease, though, as is clear from the sequel, her memory and her name were not effaced from the popular memory.

* Alban Butler has the following account of this saint, whose anniversary he gives as October 7:—"She was born at Quarendon, Bucks, and was daughter of Frewald, a Mercian prince, and niece to Editha, to whom belonged the town and manor of Aylesbury, where she was brought up with her pious aunt. Osyth was married young to a king of the East Angles; but the same day obtained his consent to live always a virgin. That king confirmed her in her religious purpose, bestowed on her the manor of Chick, in which she built a monastery. She had governed this house many years with great sanctity, when she was crowned with martyrdom in the inroads of Hinguar and Hubba, the barbarous Danish leaders, being beheaded for her constancy in her faith and virtue, about the year 870; for fear of the Danish pirates, her body, after some time, was removed to Aylesbury, where it remained forty-six years, after which it was brought back to Chick or Chiche, in Essex, near Colchester, which place was for some time called St. Osyth's, as Camden takes notice. A great abbey of regular canons was erected here, under her invocation, which continued to the dissolution, famous for its store of relics, and honoured with many miracles." For further information as to St. Osyth, the reader is referred to Bishop Tanner's "Notitia Monasticum," "William of Malmesbury," &c., &c.

Leland in his "Itinerary" * states of St. Osyth that she was the daughter of Fredwald, and was born at Querendon (now Quarendon),

in the parish of Aylesbury, and that she was brought up with an aunt of hers at Ellesborough among the Chiltern Hills, about three



The Priory Gateway, St. Osyth.

miles south of that town. He also states that "for fear of the Danes," St. Osyth's body was translated for awhile from Chiche to Aylesbury.

The royal foundress, we are told, was herself beheaded near an adjacent fountain, and her remains first interred before the door of her church, but afterwards, about the year 600, removed to Aylesbury, where it is traditionally asserted that many miracles were wrought through her intercession. A religious house was erected to the memory of St. Osyth at Aylesbury, on the spot where the parsonage now stands. The Essex tradition is that St. Osyth, when the convent was attacked by the Danes, fled down the park to a thicket, since called "Nun's Wood," where she was overtaken, and

her head cut off; and that on the spot where the head fell a spring of water burst forth, which flows to this day. Another local tradition asserts that on one night in each year St. Osyth revisits the scene of her former abode, walking with her head under her arm; and it is this legend which probably gave rise to the sign of the "Good Woman" at Widford, near Chelmsford,—of whom, by the way, I may remark that she is currently said to be the only good woman in Essex.

After the Danes had obtained regal domination in England, Chich, or St. Osyth was given by King Canute to Godwin, the celebrated Earl of Kent, who in turn granted it to Christchurch, Canterbury; at the Domesday Survey, however, it appears to have belonged to the See of London. But be this as it may, Bishop Tanner states in his "Notitia Monastica," that

* Vol. iv. fol. 192.

if there be any truth in the legendary writers, St. Osyth's is the most ancient monastic establishment in the county of Essex.

What steps may have been taken during the latter part of the Saxon period to maintain a religious foundation here, is not recorded by Dugdale or by any other ancient writer either of hagiology or topography. But it is certain that in or before A.D. 1118, Richard de Belmeis, or de Beauvais, the first of that name, then Bishop of London, founded at Chiche * a religious house for canons of the Augustinian order, in honour of the two great apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and of St. Osyth, virgin and martyr. It is said by one of the ecclesiastical historians that it was the wish and intention of the bishop himself to have thrown up the dignity and splendour of the Episcopal See, and to have retired as a brother into this "lene hospitium senectæ." He died, however, before he carried his excellent intention into effect, and was buried by the monks in their church at St. Osyth, where they erected a handsome monument to his memory, with an appropriate inscription, which is given at length in Dugdale.

The first prior or abbot (for both titles appear to have been used indiscriminately) of the house was William Corboyl or Corboys, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1123. Dugdale, in his "Monasticon," gives a list of thirteen priors or abbots who ruled over the house between the promotion of Corboyl and the election of John de Colchester, in 1533, who, in the following year, on the 9th of July, together with twenty monks of his convent, subscribed to the King's supremacy. But little advantage did they derive from this step; for just five years after, in July, 1539, we read that the monastery was surrendered to the avaricious king by the same abbot and sixteen monks, when of course it passed into secular hands. At this time the annual revenues of the house, according to Dugdale, amounted in the gross to 758*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.*, and the clear income to 677*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*

The priory of St. Osyth appears to have been well endowed by the Mandevilles, De Veres, and other noble families, with lands in Essex and Suffolk, lying mainly in the parishes of Wigborough, Southminster, Brentwood, Clacton, Tendring, Mile End, Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Moulsham, Stowmarket, &c.

The site was granted by Henry to Thomas, Lord Cromwell, after whose attainder the property of course reverted to the Crown. In the fifth year of Edward VI. it was granted

by the boy king's minister to Sir Thomas D'Arcy, who was raised to the peerage in the same year by the title of Lord D'Arcy, of Chiche. His lordship, and one or two other members of the D'Arcy family, lie buried in the chancel of St. Osyth's church, where their virtues are commemorated on handsome monuments, in the classic style of the Tudor and Stuart periods.

From the D'Arcys, St. Osyth passed by marriage to Sir Thomas Savage, afterwards Earl Rivers, with whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the estates were bequeathed by the Hon. Richard Savage to his natural daughter, Bessy, who married General Frederic de Nassau, natural son of the Prince of Orange (grandfather of William III.), who was endowed by his father with the lordship of Zuleistein, in Holland, and thereupon assumed that surname. His son, William Henry, came over to England from Holland in the train of William III., and in 1695 was created Earl of Rochford.*

Queen Elizabeth visited St. Osyth in the month of August, 1579, remaining three days as the guest of Lord D'Arcy; going on to Colchester on the 1st of September. George III. also, when he came down to inspect the camp at Colchester, more than once stayed at St. Osyth as the guest of the fourth Earl, who was one of his personal friends, and had filled several high posts both at the Court of St. James's and in a diplomatic capacity.

On the extinction of the title of Rochford in 1830, the estate was devised by the fifth and last Earl to an illegitimate son, who bore the name of Nassau, but of whose descendants, we believe, there is now no male survivor in Essex. Within the last few years, accordingly, the estate was divided between two sisters, whose husbands helped to reduce it further, and at last it was sold to a worthy corn-merchant of Mark Lane, who now owns and inhabits the house and home of abbots and nobles, and which ere this has entertained royalty at its table.

In the galleries and sitting-rooms there were formerly some fine paintings of our early Hanoverian kings and princes, but these are nearly all dispersed now; and in the garden there is still to be seen an inscription which commemorates a visit of George III. to St. Osyth, nearly a century ago: but the poetry and

* "Locus est in diocesi Londinensi apud Orientales Saxones Cio, gentili vocabulo, dictus, ubi est beate Osigithis in miraculis famose virginis regina."—William of Malmesbury, 136, n. 10.

* The Nassaus, or de Auverquerque, formerly Earls of Grantham, were descendants of this noble family. Henry de Nassau, Lord of Auverquerque, came over to England from Holland with the Prince of Orange in 1670. He was subsequently the companion-in-arms of the Prince, and at the battle of St. Dennis, in 1678, was fortunate enough to save his highness's life by striking to the ground an officer who was in the act of charging him. His lordship's eldest surviving son was created Earl of Grantham in 1694, but having at his decease in 1734 left no male issue, that title became extinct.

charm of the place is gone; ugly and unsightly buildings in red brick, in a semi-gothic style, are being pieced on to the ancient edifice, with the very worst of taste, and in defiance of all the rules of art.

On the death of the last squire bearing the name of Nassau, the estate, furniture, paintings, &c., were sold by public auction. Of all the fine paintings originally contained in the mansion, only two now remain; these are a portrait of Queen Anne, and another of Prince George of Denmark; they were both originally the property of King George II., and were hung in the bedroom at Kensington Palace in which that monarch died. Together with the rest of the furniture of that room, they became, on the king's death, the property of the Earl of Rochford, and were removed by him to St. Osyth, where a room was fitted up for their reception, and called the King's Room. The bed quilt, composed of cloth of gold and crimson velvet, was afterwards presented to the church as an altar-cloth, and did duty as such until last year, when it was replaced by a new and more appropriate covering. The bed quilt is now in the possession of the incumbent of St. Osyth.

About half a mile from the Priory in a direct line is St. Clare Hall, now a highly picturesque farm-house, surrounded by a moat. Tradition states that a subterranean passage exists from this house to the Priory. St. Clare Hall was formerly a religious house consecrated to St. Clare.

The large gateway, shown in our engraving,* is probably not the original entrance of the Priory, for on the west side of it is a handsome Norman gateway, through which, in the twelfth century, the visitor must have found his way to the abbot's chambers. The present gateway, however, which leads into a grand and spacious quadrangle, is a very handsome and imposing structure, three storeys in height and battlemented, and as perfect now as the day when it was first erected. It is of hewn stone, mixed with flint, having two towers and two posterns, and in its general features reminds the traveller and antiquary of the Abbey-gate of St. John at Colchester, and of the ecclesiastical remains at Bury St. Edmund's. On the south and west sides of the quadrangle are stables and offices of more than ordinary extent, and bearing signs of great antiquity.

As you enter, the modern mansion of the Rochfords stands before you to the north: it was once far more extensive than at present, the buildings forming, with the stables, a perfect quadrangle. But one of the last owners

pulled down the principal drawing-room, and, with the ignorance of a Goth or Vandal, destroyed the Swiss Room, in order to make an opening to see the park beyond.

This "Swiss Room" was one fitted up most luxuriously and tastefully by the Baroness de Brackell for her own boudoir. She was a Swiss by birth, and, not finding the Essex marshes quite as picturesque as her native mountains, she had the room fitted up with panels representing Swiss scenes in oil colours. Those who remember the chamber say that it was almost perfect as a work of art; and certainly it deserved a better fate. Will it be believed that in the middle of the nineteenth century, in spite of architects, antiquaries, and archæologists, this Vandal had the gilt mouldings which surrounded these panels chopped up for firewood, and the panels themselves cut up into strips, all but two, which were rescued from destruction, and are now lying in the room occupied by the gardener in the Great Gateway?

This same Goth or Vandal of our day deserves also to be immortalised for having not only cut down a large portion of the exquisite timber that once adorned the park, but also for having taken up and turned into ballast for his yacht the ancient leaden pipes which once conveyed a clear stream of water from the holy well of St. Osyth in Nun's Wood to various fountains scattered through the garden and grounds. The same gentleman, in his iconoclastic zeal, destroyed a beautiful stone figure which stood as the presiding genius or goddess of the well, supplying her place with an ugly brick wall around the well, and a wooden trap-door on the top of it. It is verily some satisfaction to know that the Vandal's reign is at an end in St. Osyth.

On the eastern side of the quadrangle are some ancient and irregular domestic buildings, probably erected by the D'Arcys, but which are being rapidly modernised; and in the garden, about fifty yards to the east, stand the ruined remains of the ancient conventual buildings, mostly of the thirteenth century. Within the memory of the older inhabitants of St. Osyth, these were far more extensive than they are now; as, during the days of the Rochfords and Nassaus, they were extensively quarried for building purposes and for mending the roads.

The wind, too, has blown down some other portions of the walls, which now lie scattered on the ground, "*rudis indigestaque moles*," inspiring the visitor with a strong wish that the Essex Archæological Society could be empowered to pay the place an official visit, and issue its orders to the new owners of the estate in the ancient form "*videant domini*

ne quid mœnia detrimenti capiant." The most perfect portion of the ruins embraces two noble towers, which once must have been most graceful and beautiful, though one, still called the "Abbot's Tower," is much larger and more highly finished than the other. It is four or five storeys high, and the top of it commands an extensive view of the German Ocean and of the entire Essex coast from Dengie Hundred nearly to Walton-on-the-Naze.

The Priory park was formerly noted for its splendid timber, of which there are still some remains; but on the death of the late Mr. Nassau, his daughters, to whom the estate came, sold all the timber that could possibly be rendered available, so that the beauty of the park was entirely destroyed. The hawthorns were remarkably fine, and four poplar trees still standing are said to have been the first planted in England. They were brought from Lombardy in 1758 by the Earl of Rochford, and planted by him in the park. The trunk of one of them measures upwards of sixteen feet in circumference.

Among the ivy-grown ruins in the gardens is a pier, bearing the following modern inscription, expressive of the ancient magnificence of the place:—

Vetus hæc
quam cernis maceriem
conservata est
ad Augustiniani cœnobii
limites designandos.
Tu vero
inter hujus loci amœnitates
gratulare
alebata jam ista superstitione
quæ
Domicilium tam superbum
Segnitiei consecravit
et
Socordie
A.D. MDCCCLX.

The conventual seal of this Priory, "ad causas," is engraved and fully described in the eighteenth volume of the "Archæologia" (p. 445), from a brass matrix at that time in the possession of Thomas Baskerfield, Esq., F.S.A.

The Priory of St. Osyth, noble in its ruin and decay, has been often made a theme for poetical effusions. The lines of Crabbe on this subject are probably well known: he thus commences his poem, "The Ancient Mansion":—

Come lead me, lassie, to the shade
Where willows grow beside the brook;
How well I know the sound it made,
When dashing o'er the stony rill
It murmured to St. Osyth mill.

E. WALFORD.

THE PRIZE MAIDEN.*

A Story in Thirt Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT weary work it is, Karl; knock, knock, hammer, hammer, all the weary day—I wish it were sundown."

"Not I, though; I want all the light I can get, to finish this cup and cover."

"You take too much pains with it; one would think it were like to be your own."

"Well, and why not?"

"'Why not?' Because—because there's a thousand better shooters than you, Karl. There'll be men from all parts—Kalbe, and Salza, and Halle, besides the Magdeburghers themselves, and they're not bad."

"Still, I'm not a bad shooter; I won the City Medal last year."

"The 'City Medal!' Why, there were only thirty to shoot, and not more than six of them free men, or even out of their time."

"There were to be sixteen centre marks for the medal out of the twenty shots, and I had seventeen; and that's not bad shooting."

"Well, as you like; only I think you're a fool to go from Aschersleben here to Magdeburg on the risk. You'll more likely bring home the sow, and the tin plate and sackcloth banner, than anything else; but you've my good wishes."

"Thanks for them. I'll not bring back the sow, but this cup, full of guilders, if I can."

Such was the afternoon talk of the two late apprentices—now workmen—of Heinrich Munseen, goldsmith of Aschersleben.

Karl, the younger, was a fresh-coloured, oval-faced youth, with well-cut features and dark brown curling hair; his companion, a fair, fat, lazy-looking man of a peculiarly unhealthy, sickly aspect.

"How came the old man to get the order for it?"

"I don't know, but I suppose the Magdeburghers knew we could turn out better work here than they can there, and that old Munseen can turn out better work than any one else in Aschersleben."

"And that Karl Karlstadt can do better than old Munseen himself. See, he's making the cup. You're modest, Karl—very—I am myself. I like it."

"Don't mock me until you find a better reason than I have given."

"Don't quarrel. I'm proverbially easy. I shall have a snooze till the old man comes in."

* A Study from Gustav Freytag's "Pictures of German Life."

"Then you won't have it long, you idle vagabond, for I'm here," said the master as he entered; "so get on with your salver;

you've not struck fifty blows since dinner. That rose must be flattened out, and done over again. When did you see the stem of a



(See page 493.)

rose growing out of the top of the flower, dolt?"

"It can't be done, sir; it must go."

"Can't be done!" You've the brains of a rat and the skull of a pig. Karl can do it in five minutes."

"Karl can do anything and I nothing, sir."

"Nothing but sleep, and that you can do well, thoroughly well. Your cup gets on well, Karl," continued the master.

"Yes, master, I think it does. How do you like the maiden in the arms?"

"Too thin, too thin; and more like a boy than a girl, but for the hair. Put more flesh on her. See, the engraving shows her with twice the bust that you have given her. They'll laugh at Magdeburg, and say I've forgotten all I knew if I send out that. Eh? What have we here now? A model for you?" he added, as a girl ran breathless into the shop, and closing the door, leaned against it.

"Well, girl, what is it?"

"I am being pursued. Protect me."

"Pursued? 'Protect.' Who pursues?"

"I know not. A noble, by his dress. He tried to hold me in the street, and force me into his house."

"Which house?"

"The one with the clock on the gate."

"Count Johan Cassimer?—it could hardly be he."

"I know not, I tell you; but I fled, and saw your door open, and ran in. You have a daughter, perhaps; for the love of her protect me till my father comes, or I can go to him."

"Who is thy father?"

"Benedict Edelbech."

"The prize master? The biggest fool and jester in Germany."

"The same. He is the best pritschmeister, as you say."

"And therefore the biggest fool. Is it not so?"

"Yes, he is: a wise fool; not a natural one; he is a fool by his office."

"What an office! That makes a man a fool, spite of himself."

"I can't argue. If you will let one of your servants see me to my father's lodgings at the Silver Eagle, I shall be grateful, and my father will not forget your kindness."

"I'll go with the girl," said the pale workman, with a peculiar look at her.

"You, varlet! I'd as soon trust her with the count as yourself. No, if I must send you home, Karl shall be your guard; this fellow will run away and leave you, or perhaps be rude to you."

"You say hard things, Master Munseen."

"I do. I've known you, boy and man, nigh twelve years. Come, Karl, get rid of your apron, and set this girl in her father's hands. Get your staff, and perhaps your bodkin may not be amiss, as the sun's nearly down. I did not tell you to shake all those filings on the floor, goose. You've sent half a guilder's worth among the dust, stupid!"

Karl's alacrity to obey had produced this last reproof, as, without a thought of the precious dust of the metal upon which he was at work, he threw his apron aside. Taking no notice of his master's censure, he at once procured his oaken quarter-staff and

dagger, and led the girl into the almost dark street.

"You'd better wrap your cloak round you, it's getting cold and you've been heated. What sort of a man was it that attacked you?"

"A tall, dark man, with his eyes very bright, and dark, and close together."

"And the style of his hair long and wavy?"

"Yes."

"It was the Count Cassimer, I know him well: a treacherous villain, he has done much in this town to make him hated. Not a few fathers have cause to curse him, though I never knew him attempt violence in the open daylight before."

"I suppose he knew me for the Pritschmeister's daughter, and thought I was like the rest of them because I sing to the people for my bread."

"And do you sing?"

"Yes. My father does not earn enough to keep us, and when he has an engagement I sing at the feast, as my mother did before me."

"You like the life?"

"Yes. Sometimes I wish for the life of others, but I can never reach it, I must toil in the fields or else do this; and, at times, when I have my voice, it's very pleasant to see a whole room-full of people, princes and dukes, margraves, syndics, councillors, and their wives and daughters listening to me, and I feel then as if I could sing for ever. But it's soon over, and then comes the cold, dull lodging, in the worst inn, and the loneliness is dreadful. Ah me! I wish I were not the daughter of a paid fool sometimes, and then some honest man might think it worth his while to court me for his wife."

"And have none?"

"None, as a wife. But see, here are some strangers running after us."

"Don't be alarmed, there are only three as I make out. Stand here behind me in the doorway in this garden-wall. Don't touch anything but my belt, but put your hand firmly in that and hold it fast."

The pursuers now came up with them, and the leader of the party, seeing the youth making preparations for defence, and holding his staff by the middle, said:—

"Look you, my lad, I want the fool's daughter to sing to me, so go you away out of mischief."

"Not so, my lord Count Cassimer, I am charged to give her to her father's keeping. After that——"

"After or before, stand aside I tell you, unless you want to feel the point of my steel through your ribs."

"I cannot stand aside and will not."

"Then be riddled for your pains, fool. Take the girl from him, lads."

"Don't fear. Hold tightly by my belt and don't touch my arms," said Karl, as the girl screamed for help."

"Scream away, my dear girl," said the noble, "scream away; you'll have some pretty sights to see yet. See, here is your protector going to lie down at your feet and die, my dear. Oh, oh, you play with your staff, do you? That was a good hit, let us try again. Don't break the sword for it's a very valuable one, and moreover, I shall not be able to kill you as I mean to."

"I'll break your head if you make a pass at me again, you miserable coward."

"Have at you, then; steel against wood any day," and the count furiously attacked his young antagonist.

"Have at you then, count. Swallow that tooth that I have put in your mouth, and take home the pieces of your sword," said Karl, as, by a fortunate blow, he struck a tooth from the upper jaw of the count, and followed it up by a stroke on the flat of the moving sword that shattered it like glass.

"Wretch! would you let your two armed men murder him," said a new comer, running up with a long, sharp-pointed dagger gleaming in his hand.

"The fool himself!" exclaimed the count. "Kill him, I say, kill them both, kill them both."

"Kill him? kill them? Indeed! Look you, you are too late; they will hurt nobody for the next month to come. As for you, get the watch now coming to take your men home. The daggers of this young man and my own have given your leech some work for awhile.—How shall I thank you, young man, for your defence of my daughter?"

"Don't say any more, please: I would not be praised or made much of for so simple a duty."

"But I may thank you, and will you take this for a keepsake?"

"This golden heart?—no, it is too valuable for so slight a service."

"Keep it, young man; it may seem a slight service to you, but to me and to my daughter it has been the greatest you could render. I know that man you have disfigured for life, and I know you have made a bitter and terrible enemy. This is our lodging, if you will come to-morrow I shall be glad to see you. And now, good night. Gabriella and I are none the less grateful because, to-night, we cannot ask you to share our meal: good night. Your name?"

"Karl Karlstadt."

"Good-night, Karl; you'll come to-morrow, as my father said—will you?"

"At sundown, be sure, Gabriella."

Karl went home with his brain fired and heated as it had never been before, while each touch of the locket, which he had hung from his neck and thrust into the breast of his doublet, made that, which otherwise seemed like a dream sent to chequer his undisturbed life, a sensible and clear reality.

On the next day he kept his appointment, and found the Pritschmeister and his daughter ready to receive him. The table was spread with good things of a homely kind, and a wicker-bound flask of wine stood beside the large brown loaf on the wooden platter.

"Welcome, Karl; my office is not too well paid, but it serves to keep me, and allows me now and then to ask a friend to drink from my cup."

He poured out the wine as he spoke, and drinking himself, handed the cup to his guest.

"Nay, good master, the cup's unblest that is not shared by woman," and Karl gallantly handed it to the girl.

"True. Had it been my wife I had not forgotten, but the girl has so long been to me but a child, that I forget she is almost a woman."

Gabriella took the cup and, drinking, handed it to Karl with a blush and smile.

"Thus, maiden, I drink to thee," and he drained the cup to the last drop.

"Friend Karl, the fires of the jointing forge have made thee thirsty."

"Nay; one that lived in the sea itself might drain such a cup; liquor touched by those lips is too precious to be lost, and the cup made too sacred to run the risk of pollution—from which I'll save it," and Karl threw the small pewter measure into the fire that burned in the cavernous fireplace.

"Your ways smack more of the knight than the burgher, young sir, and I shall have to reckon with the host for the cup."

"Nay, father, tell it not; he did it but to honour thee."

"To honour thy father's daughter, girl, not thy father himself. But never mind; it will take no small measure of pewter cans to outweigh my obligations to thee; so a truce, and fall to."

The meal passed almost in silence, and when the last platter had gone, they drew to the fire for talk; but, in a few minutes, the old man left the room.

"Why are you called Gabriella?" said Karl.

"It was my mother's name. Have you a mother?"

"Alas, no! I am an orphan. I know not

either a mother's love, or a father's care, or even name. I am quite alone. The old man, in whose shop you saw me, alone knows who and what I am. I was left at his door when quite an infant, with a purse of gold; and he, being childless, took me in and cared for me; but he will not tell me who or what I am. Nothing that will shame me if known, is all he will tell me."

"You have the air, somewhat, of the nobles. I have seen many in my travels, and they have fair hands and nut-like nails as you have; but I like them not. I like the burghers better; most of them are kind, many generous to father, and the nobles not so often. The free cities give more presents to their Pritschmeisters than any of the kings and dukes."

"I care not for the nobles; those that I have seen live by rapine and violence, are swinish wine drinkers and butchers, with no love of art or grace."

"Not all."

"No; some two or three of the English or French knights, who came to the last joust, were men I could have followed to the world's end, but for my art."

"You love your art?"

"I do. It is a fine thing to make those beautiful forms. Every line gives me pleasure as I trace it. I am never so happy as I am with the hammer in my hands and a large cup body on my bench. It's glorious, out of the smooth shining sides to call up forms of beauty and life! Yes; I love my art, and but for it should feel my degradation and obscurity too much to bear. I mean to make a name, though my father left me none."

"I do so wish I could help you," said the girl, carried away by his enthusiasm.

"So you can, Gabriella."

"How?"

"I want a model for the arms of Magdeburg for the great cup, the chief prize."

"At the shooting meeting?"

"Yes, surely. You seem pleased."

"I am. My father is chief Pritschmeister there."

"Ah! that is good news. I am myself going to shoot for this same cup."

"I hope you will win. I will offer ceaseless prayers to the Virgin and St. Hubert that you may, and if you do you will get the cup."

"And your portrait on it, Gabriella."

"Yes—yes. Tell me what to do."

"You must let down all your hair loose, and let it flow over your shoulders, and sit full face to me, thus," and Karl gently placed her on the opposite side of the table, and, taking from his pouch a small lump of reddish-coloured wax and a few ivory modelling

tools, he laid them on the table, and in a few minutes shaped the wax with his fingers into a rough likeness to a face, and then patiently and laboriously worked to bring it to a true resemblance of the beautiful girl before him.

They had sat silent nearly half an hour, when the Pritschmeister entered, and laughingly exclaimed,

"So, so, Master Karl, you want to carry away my daughter."

"Nay, father; 'tis but wax."

"I would to Heaven I could carry away your daughter instead of this poor bungling image."

"The work is good, lad, very good. You need but to give a little more to the head and a little less to the forehead, and it is true to nature. Young men always put too much forehead to their ideals of beauty. They get wiser as they get older."

The sitting was at last finished, and the soft model carefully packed away.

"Only think, father, he is going to shoot at Magdeburg this May-feast, and for the great prize; and, more, he is himself making the cup, and it is for that he wished me to sit for him."

"What! Thou for the Maid of Magdeburg! It must not be."

"Nay, father. Why not?"

"Well, well, it matters not. They will have hard work to find in their town a prettier girl than you."

"Or in Germany, either," added Karl.

"But are you going to shoot for the prize?"

"I am. So Heaven help me, I'll win it, too."

"What can you do?"

"I don't know. This I have done—I have put six bolts out of ten into the open mouth of a wine-flask at eighty paces."

"But at the feast the distance of the target is one hundred paces from the forms for the chief prize."

"At one hundred paces I can strike the target eight times out of ten within a span of the black point; and at the bird I can get three heart blows in a strong wind."

"I fear for thee. There will be better than thee there."

"I do not fear. When I have finished the cup, I shall have my own time, for the Magdeburgers pay liberally, and I can afford to lose a week or so, and I will practise all day long."

"Well, Karl, God be with thee. 'Tis a noble sport, and if aught I can do, in strict justice and right, in the discharge of my office, can help, it shall be thine. And now farewell for to-night, for I have matters that need

my attention for this same Magdeburg meeting. Kings of feasts, though fools, as well as kings of nations, must sometimes look forward to the morrow's work."

"I fear my model is not quite perfect. May I come again to finish it?"

"May you? Well said, Karl; you may, and welcome. And let it be to-morrow, after sundown; and, lest you should be tempted to melt my host another cup, come you with your supper to digest."

The old man took the torch of pine-wood to light him down to the door.

"Pardon me one minute, good master. I have left my dagger on the seat," and Karl bounded up the stairs and into the room. She was standing, with her hands clasped, looking at the fire; and, going to her, he took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"Good night, sweet Gabriella."

"Good night, good Karl. You must succeed. Good night."

The Pritschmeister returned, and had hardly laid his slips of parchment on the table to make his programme for the feast, when he was startled by the loud cries of his late guest proceeding from the street.

"What ho, there! Help! Help! Watch! Watch!"

Hastening to the window, the father and daughter looked out, and saw the youth vigorously attacked by three men, retreating, and warding off the blows and thrusts with his dagger and cloaked arm.

"I know thee, Count Cassimer, spite of thy mask. What ho! Help! Watch!"

The girl waited but an instant, and then, seizing one of the largest brands from the fire, ran down into the street with it, all flaming as it was, and threw herself between Karl and his antagonists, screaming "Help! help!"

By this time heads were thrust out of windows and doors, and the tramp of the rapidly-approaching watch was heard. Karl caught the blazing wood from her hand, and, advancing in front of her, struck a blow with all his strength at the masked man. It fell across his face, and he dropped as if stunned, while his companions fled as fast as they could get away.

"Come in at once, Karl. It is the Count; and if the watch find thee here, there will be no end of the trouble this will cause. Leave him to them," and the old man dragged Karl back into the inn, and locked the door.

By this time the watch had arrived, and, seeing the wounded man and none of the others, formed a sort of litter with four of their pikes, and carried him to the ward-house. The neighbours retired, and said nothing, as these brawls were too common to

attract more than passing notice, and the Count's rank was sufficiently high to keep all silent; for to acknowledge that they were witnesses of the affray might bring them into endless troubles.

On entering the room Gabriella exclaimed, "Great God of Heaven! Father, he bleeds—he faints."

"Make not so much noise, girl, but help me to get him to my room, and let us see what is the matter with him."

Karl soon recovered to find that he had had a narrow escape, for the point of a sword had touched his breast, and, had it not glanced, there had been an end to all his affairs. The cloak on his arm, however, had diverted the blow, which, striking the ribs, had made a severe flesh wound. He woke up with the scent of unguents and balsams in his nostrils, and found Gabriella and her father carefully attending him.

"You've been as near to the great king of men to-night, my friend, as you'd need be," said the old man.

"Great God," said Gabriella; "let us be thankful he is alive."

"Do you thank God?"

"I do, indeed. I should never have been happy again. It was in revenge for what you did yesterday that he did this. I do thank God."

"Then I feel no pain, since it was for thy sake."

"No, not now. The pain will come when the wound stiffens, Gabriella or no," said the old man. "And now sleep. As for you, my child, let me say that taking up and fighting with smoking and blazing wood is not always the cleanest, though it may sometimes be the wisest, thing to do."

FRAXINUS.

VANITAS VANITATUM?

I.

AND is it true what this man writes,
That all is vanity and sin;
No hope there is—no higher life,
And men but end where they begin?

II.

We ape the Gods, and prate about
Our petty loves, our little jars;
And vainly talk of *our* estate,
Beneath the grandly pitying stars.

III.

My heart was sad. I closed the book,
And pondered o'er the ways of men;
And wonder'd if these words were true,
Or but a trade-trick of the pen.

IV.

There's Brown talks ill behind my back,
And Jones's bill falls due to-day;
Some fifty pounds—a trifle—but
Not fifty pence wherewith to pay.

V.

My last book, too, was badly used,
And—(this is *strictly* entre nous)—
‘Twas *rather* mean if Snell *did* write
That leader in the Sat. Review.

VI.

And thus I grumbled, while above
Stretched the illimitable blue,
Spanned by an arch of hope, and God’s
Own glorious sunshine breaking through.

VII.

And happy voices from the woods
Burden’d with joy the summer breeze,
And all along the beach there rose
Low murmurs of world-kissing seas.

VIII.

And visions of a bright fireside,
And of a pleasant winning face,
And laughing children playing round
A cottage in a shady place.

IX.

O heart of man! if *thou* art fair,
And all is beautiful within,
To pierce the outer veil of things,
The outer crust of death and sin,

X.

This world will be the same fair world,
As when, in all the prime of youth,
Fresh from the mint of God it came,
An offering to man and truth.

J. F.

NOVEMBER STAR-SHOWERS.

Nor the least curious, and hence not the least interesting, of the grand phenomena of the heavens above us, is the appearance on certain days of the year of large numbers of those luminous meteors to which popular language attaches the name of “falling” or “shooting stars.” Scarcely a night passes without some few at least of these bodies being seen to dart across the sky; but on particular days of particular months they occur in such vast numbers that the term “star-shower” has been used to express the phenomenon to which their copious appearance gives rise. The dates of these grander displays are notably the 9th to the 11th of August and the 12th or 13th of November. The later of these dates is drawing nigh, and an extraordinary display is this year expected; a fitting opportunity is therefore afforded for introducing to the reader a few gossiping remarks upon the knowledge that has been obtained concerning these star-showers, and the nature of the bodies of which the showers consist.

Those who have made meteoric science their study—and this path of research has been well trodden—have collected from scattered historical documents a large number of accounts of meteoric displays that have been observed during the past thousand years.

Without attempting to give even a condensed abstract of this immense collection, we will quote a few notices of some of the more remarkable of those occurring at about the November period.

In the year 289 of the Hegira, in the month Dhu-l-Ka’dah, that is about the middle of October, A.D. 902, died the cruel Aghlabite king, Ibrāhīm ben Ahmad, “and that night were seen, as it were lances, an infinite number of stars, which scattered themselves like rain to right and left, and that year was called the year of the stars.” According to another account, in the same month—there is a little uncertainty about the year—on the seventh day, there happened an earthquake in Egypt, lasting from midnight until morning: “and so-called flaming stars struck against one another violently while being borne eastward and westward, northward and southward; and no one could bear to look to the heavens on account of this phenomenon.”

Chinese and Arabian historians tell of another display, which, according to the latter, occurred in the year A.D. 935, on the third day of Dhu-l-Ka’dah; on which occasion another earthquake happened in Egypt, and “flaming stars struck against one another violently.” On the last day of Muharram, in the year 599 of the Hegira—i.e., October 19, 1202, “stars shot hither and thither in the heavens, eastward and westward, and flew against one another, like a scattering swarm of locusts, to the right and left: this phenomenon lasted until day-break; people were thrown into consternation, and cried to God the Most High with confused clamour; the like of it never happened except in the year of the mission of the Prophet, and in the year 241.”

From the chronicles of the kings of Portugal we learn that “in the year 1366, and twenty-two days of the month of October being past, three months before the death of the King Don Pedro, there was in the heavens a movement of stars, such as men never before saw or heard of. From midnight onward, all the stars moved from the east to the west; and after being together, they began to move, some in one direction and others in another. And afterwards they fell from the sky in such numbers, and so thickly together, that as they descended low in the air they seemed large and fiery, and the sky and the air seemed to be in flames, and even the earth appeared as if ready to take fire. . . . Those who saw it were filled with such great fear and dismay that they were astounded, imagining they were all dead men, and that the end of the world had come.”

In the years 1533 and 1602, . . .

sions during the ninth moon, there were displays which, grand as they may have been, fall short, in the descriptions of them at least, of the above; so we will not dwell upon them, but pass to the remarkable shower of November, 1799, which was fortunately observed at Cumana in South America by no less distinguished observers than Humboldt and his companion Bonpland, and which was visible over an immense portion of the earth's surface. It was on the morning of the 12th of the month that Humboldt tells us thousands of bolides and falling stars were seen during an interval of four hours, commencing at about half-past two; and that from the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon that was not filled at every instant with the luminous meteors. Another observer, at Cayenne, compared the appearance to "the blazing sheaves shot out from a firework." An American observer called the phenomenon "grand and awful, the whole heavens appearing as if illuminated by sky-rockets," and the meteors, as numerous as the stars, flying in all directions except from the earth, towards which they all more or less inclined. The English newspapers and magazines of the period likewise chronicled the appearance as one which considerably astonished the natives of some of our northern counties.

In the year 1832, on the morning of November 13, a shower was again visible throughout Europe, and we are told by one observer that the "shooting stars fell so fast as to be compared to an actual rain of fire;" while no less a personage than M. Le Verrier says that "it would have taken several hours to count those visible at one instant, supposing them fixed," to which statement we find three notes of exclamation appended by the compiler of the list from which we are quoting. Again, on the night of the 12th of November, 1833, another remarkable repetition of the previous year's shower was observed, in America principally, for the skies of Europe were generally clouded. One observer compared the aspect of the raining stars to flakes of snow seen in the air during an ordinary snow-fall. When their number had considerably diminished, 650 were counted in a quarter of an hour, within an area not greater than one-tenth of the whole sky; those counted were not more than two-thirds of the number actually seen; so that, over the whole heavens, we may reckon that 34,000 meteors passed in the course of an hour. Since the period of this shower there has been no other comparable in magnitude either with it or any of the others we have noticed, although

many smaller displays have occurred in various succeeding years. In case there should be a suspicion in the reader's mind that some of these accounts are somewhat exaggerated, we may add that most of them are corroborated by numerous independent witnesses.

Professor Newton, of Yale College in the United States, from an examination of the foregoing and other records of remarkable star-showers, was led to the conclusion that these grander displays of celestial pyrotechny occur at regular intervals of about thirty-three years, or a third of a century apart; and the reader will easily perceive, upon glancing at the dates of the above accounts, that they are all separated by some multiple of thirty-three years. Without entering into the details of Professor Newton's calculations, which were carried out with considerable accuracy, and involve a great deal more than this simple consideration, it will be sufficient to, state as one of their results, that he considered the year in which there was best reason to expect a goodly shower was the present year, 1866; which, it will be seen, is thirty-three years after the last display in 1833. It is true he names the time with hesitation, for meteorology is not yet so exact a science as astronomy, and the return of a storm, or even a star-shower, cannot yet be predicted with the accuracy with which an astronomer can calculate the return of an eclipse. It might have been that the shower occurred last November, a suspicion that it might occur prompted observers to keep a sharp look-out, and a very large number of meteors were observed. At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, a thousand at least were seen between midnight and five in the morning of the 13th of the month; while at Cambridge, and other places, proportionately large numbers were noted during portions of that interval. Notwithstanding last year's display, it is generally believed that a grand shower will take place this year, during the night of either the 12th or 13th of November. The day is a little uncertain, but if the shower occurs at all, it will be on one of these two dates, and it will be during the morning hours of the night—that is, after midnight—that there is the greatest probability of the phenomenon taking place.

Whether or not the reader has the good luck to witness a grand star-shower this November—and it is the last which is likely to occur this century—it may still be interesting to look a little into the information scientific observers have gleaned concerning the nature of the mysterious bodies of which these showers are composed.

A curious circumstance in connection with

them is the fact that there are certain points of the heavens from which the meteors on particular nights seem to emanate. For instance, in the November showers, they all seem to radiate from a spot in the sky situated in the constellation *Leo*, or the Lion. We say seems, because the stars in that constellation being billions of miles off, and the shooting stars within our own atmosphere, there is of course no connection between them; the circumstance only shows that the observer on the earth and the region of the meteors are in a line with the point of the heavens wherein *Leo* is situated. It has been proved that, generally, shooting stars radiate from that part of space to which the earth, in its orbital course, is moving.

Numerous determinations have at various times been made of the height of meteors above the earth's surface; and it has been found that their average altitude, at about the middle of their course, approximates very nearly to sixty miles. It follows from this that they must make their appearance at the very outskirts of the terrestrial atmosphere.

When we regard the stupendous numbers of these bodies that come within visible distance of the earth—for, leaving out of all consideration the grand showers of which we have been speaking, it has been calculated that at least two millions, and probably three millions of them appear over the whole of the earth in the course of a day—we have good cause to wonder from what source such myriads of bodies can spring. The opinion generally received by those physicists who have prosecuted this branch of science, is this:—that there is a vast ring or zone of tiny cosmical bodies circulating in an orbit about the sun: that their distribution is not uniform throughout the whole circuit of the ring, but that they are thickly aggregated in one part and thinly scattered over others: that the earth in its yearly course cuts through certain parts of the ring on those days when meteors are regularly most numerous, falls in with stragglers only on other days, but at the close of certain cycles—for instance, every thirty-three years—passes through that part of the ring in which the bodies are thickly clustered, thus accounting for the extraordinary periodical displays, such as those cited in the early part of this paper. Just as we see tiny creations peopling the animal and vegetable systems by myriads, so it would appear, do these little cosmical animalculæ swarm in countless numbers about the inter-planetary spaces of the solar system.

But are they such tiny things as we assume? Compared with the worlds amidst which they circulate, they are tiny, but regarded as mere

sparks in the sky, they are by no means so insignificant in size. By comparison of the light they sometimes give out with that which would be emitted by a globe of coal-gas of given size, and at the same distance, it has been found that the ignited bodies to which this comparison was applied must probably have been from fifteen to fifty feet in diameter, assuming them to be approximately circular. This determination specially applies to certain more imposing meteors, that have received the name of *fireballs*; but there is no good reason for supposing these to be of a nature different from the ordinary meteors of every-day occurrence, although it would appear that there are certain family differences between those seen at different times of the year, inasmuch as a different mode of combustion, producing differences of colour in the light they emit, seems to be manifested in the meteors of various periods.

But whence comes their light, and how is their combustion produced? There can be no doubt that they burst into flame or incandescence only when they come within a certain distance of the earth, most probably when they encounter the terrestrial atmosphere. They move with a great velocity—sometimes, as has been determined, at the rate of about thirty-five miles in a second—and their motion is arrested or impeded by the resistance offered by the atmosphere into which they plunge. According to the principles of thermo-dynamics,* an intense heat must be produced by the destruction of the moving force, that is by the friction between the body and the resisting air, and as a consequence the meteor must become hot, even to the extent of fusing the matter of which it is composed. This is the generally-received, and, to all appearance, valid opinion regarding the origin of luminous meteors.

One inquiry induces another: and we are led to ask, what is the nature of the material that is thus set fire to and partially or wholly consumed in our skies? If we may assume that the meteoric stones which frequently fall to the earth belong to the same family of cosmical bodies as the luminous meteors—and there is at least good reason for such an assumption—we have the question answered by the analyses that have from time to time been made of these windfalls, if we may so term them. These analyses show the composition of *aërolites*, as the fallen meteors have been called, to be made up of silicates and sulphur, iron, nickel, &c., all elements common to the earth, no new or unknown substance being found in them. And if *aërolites* and luminous

* See Vol. I., N.B., p. 42, &c.

meteors are identical in constitution, the latter must have these materials for their substances, and it must be such materials in a state of fusion that we see in the light which the brilliant meteors emit.

But the best evidence of the source of the light is perhaps to be obtained by spectral analysis. Already a few observations have been made in this direction, with results corroborative of the conclusions already given : a gaseous source having, however, been suspected in some of the few cases that have come under the observer's eye. But on this point it would be premature to speak too freely while the subject is yet so new. A goodly staff of observers, with Mr. A. S. Herschel for their pioneer, armed with specially-adapted spectroscopes, are awaiting the opportunity which the shortly-expected shower will give them of gaining evidence upon this interesting question ; and if the shower duly "comes off," and fine weather allows these meteorologists to observe it, we shall probably know a great deal more about the constitution of luminous meteors a month hence than we do at the time of this present writing.

J. CARPENTER.

THE BLACK DOG OF ARDENNE.

I.

It was the gay Lord Gaveston, and loud and light laugh'd he,
 "And what be they, these 'traitor lords, that think to humble me ?
 The 'Jew of Pembroke' I defy, the 'Hog of Lancastere,'
 Nor fear the 'Black Dog of Ardenne,' but soon themselves shall fear.

II.

Though here I wait in captive state, and their behests obey,
 Short space is theirs, and fast it wears, and mine shall be the day ;
 King Edward's banners in the North upon the winds float free,
 To tame their pride his lances ride—he comes to succour me."

III.

Outspake his ancient chamberlain, and he was blunt and rude,
 "Lord Pembroke and Lord Lancastere, be stalwart earls and good ;
 And well-a-day ye yet may say, whene'er ye meet again
 The grim Lord Warwick, whom ye call 'The Black Dog of Ardenne.'"

IV.

Loud laugh'd the gay Lord Gaveston, and sought his chamber's height ;
 But he has dream'd a grimly dream at middle of the night :

He dream'd that he a-hunting rode under the green-wood tree,
 And there he met the fellest beast that ever he might see ;

V.

That bore him low, from saddle bow, down in the good green-wood,
 That grip'd him fast, and gored him deep, and drank the red life's blood ;
 Till, at the strife of death and life, he saw its face, and then
 He thought he knew Lord Warwick's eyes—the Black Dog of Ardenne.

VI.

Whereat he woke, and as he woke more plainly might he know
 Of trampling hoofs, and clashing arms, and voices from below :
 "Now rise, now rise, Lord Gaveston, and busk thee speedilie,
 For many a knight and bold baronne is come to ride with thee !"

VII.

In haste arose Lord Gaveston, and busked him speedilie,
 And down he passed, but all was dark, and nothing might he see,
 But all around he heard a sound of many arm'd men,
 And he thought he knew Lord Warwick's voice—the Black Dog of Ardenne.

VIII.

But when Lord Gaveston came forth, no sound of good or ill
 Arose among that arm'd throng, but all were stern and still ;
 They brought his steed, they did not heed, or ask his yea or nay,
 But forth amain, by hill and plain, have rode with him away.

IX.

And fast and fast, as on they pass'd across the silent land,
 By hill and vale, a knight in mail rode still at his right hand.
 And proudly spake Lord Gaveston unto that grim baronne,
 And softly spake Lord Gaveston, but answer found he none.

X.

But at the dawn through meadow lawn they rode by stream and wood,
 Then was he ware of a castle fair by a stately town that stood.
 "Of courtesy, thou silent knight, now say what this may be ?
 For well I ween I have not seen a goodlier sight to see."

XI.

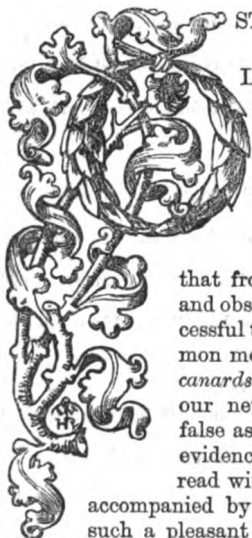
"Then better none, Lord Gaveston, or braver shall ye see,
 For lightly hence no traitors ride when once they lodge with me ;

For this is Warwick where I bide, with these my merry men,
And I, Earl Warwick, whom ye call 'The Black Dog of Ardenne.'

XII.

To-day shall end your treasons foul, shall end your jestings light,
To-day ye learn, Lord Gaveston, how the Black Dog can bite!"
He turned his head, no word he said, but and his cheek grew wan;
At noon an evil death he died—that gay Lord Gaveston.
F. SCARLET POTTER.

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS' STONES.



LD is the fundamental idea of the alchemists that it is possible to make gold; and it has such a fascination even for our modern imaginations,

that from time to time wild and obscure stories of the successful transmutation of common metals get among other *canards* into the corner of our newspapers. Evidently false as they are by intrinsic evidence, such accounts are read with a disbelief that is

accompanied by a sort of regret that such a pleasant result has no reality.

Even Boerhaave, who gave a practical refutation to the doctrines of the alchemists by showing the futility of the processes employed, must have felt a little regret at being compelled to banish so fascinating an object as the philosopher's stone from among the possible prizes of this work-a-day world. The notion was so magnificent that if it could but be made true, what else beside could afford so rich a reward for toil and labour? Beside, was it not well known that there had been successful adepts who had left records of their methods? But, like a sensible man, instead of occupying his mind by dreaming among the myths of the mock science, Boerhaave carefully tried all the processes described by the *masters* for the preparation of the grand arcanum. Carefully avoiding errors in the work, he found, nevertheless, that the vaunted processes given with so much mystery were all wrong and illusory, and hence he concluded that the object of the labour could itself never have had any real existence. This being the state of the case, Alchemy was obliged to give the business up,

and therefore, taking a fresh start on a new basis, changed its name to Chemistry, and applying itself vigorously to work, has since (by dint of always speaking the truth) prospered exceedingly.

But gold, notwithstanding the great cost assigned to it, is not the most valuable of all terrestrial productions. There exist still more august substances even than gold, and these are the precious stones. Surpassing the precious metals in value, it seems at first sight strange that they should not have been great rivals of the latter as subjects of alchemical research. Success in the secret of the production of diamonds and rubies would surely furnish as great a source of riches and power as the successful transmutators are fabled to have possessed in "the red powder of projection." But the general though not total neglect of these promising subjects for alchemical art can be satisfactorily accounted for by the nature of the subjects themselves. Compared with gold, in the hands of a medieval alchemist, the hard and glistening gems would appear hopelessly intractable, and would remain unaffected by all his applications of fire and solvents. These apparently insuperable obstacles to his attempts at their reduction, combined with their splendour, and the notions then generally entertained of their mysterious properties, would impress the seeker with a sense of the hopelessness of the quest, and lead him to consider the philosopher's stone a more hopeful case of the problem of infinite riches.

But if the real thing could not be obtained, the false could, and an account of the more famous cases of dexterous imitation of precious gems would abundantly testify to the skill and success with which the artists of old times could simulate genuine stones to their own exceeding profit. To the chemists of the present century has been reserved the true success in the artificial production of the sparkling prizes, although the day has not yet quite arrived, which was prophesied by Alphonse Karr, when the secretary of the Académie is to produce an emerald as big as an egg, and apologise to the meeting for the smallness of the specimen.

In the year 1805 died the last of the alchemists, Mr. Peter Woulfe, more generally known as the inventor of "Woulfe's bottles," and a man of much kindness of heart and many eccentricities. He never despaired of discovering the philosopher's stone, and always attributed his continued ill-success to not having sufficiently prepared himself by pious and charitable acts. His *athanor* (a form of self-supplying furnace) and other apparatus formerly belonging to him, still exist, and are

at the Royal Institution. Had Woulfe lived twenty-three years more, he would have seen the realisation of an old alchemical dream, in the artificial production of emeralds and rubies by Ebelman in 1848.

In 1814, Davy first showed the elementary nature of the diamond by burning it in oxygen, and subsequent analyses have made known the very ordinary materials which compose most other precious stones. Thus rubies and sapphires are nearly pure alumina, with a little oxide of chromium, to which they owe their colour; garnet consists of silica, oxide of iron, and alumina; emeralds of silica, alumina, and glucina, *et cetera*; and similar ordinary constituents form most gems.

But, unfortunately, the mere knowledge of the composition of these gems is only a small step towards their production. The real difficulty is to cause their elements to unite and assume the crystalline form and properties to which they owe their beauty and reputation, and to effect this with substances that do not admit of the application of the usual means of producing crystallisation, appears at first sight an impossibility, since neither the gems nor the materials of which they are composed are soluble in any liquid, or are capable of being volatilised. But the circumstance of their being found native shows the possibility of forming them by natural means, for, to quote Leibnitz while advocating this very subject, "Nature is only art on a grand scale." In the laboratory of the earth long-continued high temperature with steam and other vapours at enormous pressure are probably very frequent conditions; and, indeed, these internal phenomena make themselves apparent to us at the surface by volcanic eruptions, boiling springs, &c., facts whose frequent occurrence we are somewhat apt to disregard. But while these internal conditions doubtless occur on the grandest scale, there is no reason for supposing their essential effects cannot be imitated by means at our command. The success already achieved in the attempt to obtain natural productions by artificial means not only possesses an intrinsic reward, but has also thrown much light on the operations of Nature herself.

Seventeen years ago Ebelman perceived that the high and long-continued heat of the porcelain kilns of Sévres offered probably the necessary conditions for the production of some natural minerals, and proceeded to make a series of most ingenious and successful experiments with this view. He put together certain portions of alumina, magnesia, and a little colouring oxide, with a considerable

amount of boracic acid, and exposed the whole mixture to the long-continued heat of the furnace. The acid melted and dissolved materials, and at length in part evaporated. When the mixture was finally examined, Ebelman found in place of the original substances—perfect crystals of spinelle ruby.

By proceeding on this principle, and varying the materials and solvent, he succeeded in producing true rubies and emeralds of perfect form, which it was impossible to distinguish from the natural ones. Size was the only advantage which the workmanship of nature had over that of art; some of Ebelman's stones, however, had crystalline facets of an eighth of an inch across.

These were the first successes in the artificial production of minerals, but more lately many other methods have been discovered, which are of wider and more ready application. These processes are of the highest interest to the geologist, since they serve to explain the natural formation and occurrence of many minerals. But we will continue our original alchemical view of the subject, and disregarding the methods by which the meaner minerals have been formed, consider only the case of the precious stones. Malachite was formed by Senarmont by acting upon chalk with a solution of chloride of copper at a high temperature and pressure. Perfect topazes have been made by passing the gaseous fluoride of silicon over red-hot alumina. But perhaps the most prolific method yet discovered is that which we owe to the labours of M. Deville, it consists in making the vapours of metallic fluorides act on oxides at a very high temperature. By this means rubies of great beauty were obtained of exactly the same colour and properties as the natural ones, and of a size moreover that entitled them to be really called jewels. In the same manner sapphires were prepared of the true oriental tint, and chrysoberyls precisely resembling those from America, having the same peculiar convergent striae which are characteristic of that gem.

It was not a little remarkable that the same process occasionally produced rubies and sapphires side by side, the two gems appearing to differ only in the condition in which the colouring oxide existed, the same substances apparently producing a blue or a ruby-red according to its state of oxidation.

It would be tedious to enumerate the mere names of the minerals that have been formed artificially within the last few years. From our present knowledge of and success in this branch of chemistry, it is not too much to predict the actual commercial manufacture of the most valuable gems, though it is probable

that the ability to do this profitably will require a more extended knowledge of the subject than we at present possess.

But before the glories of the peacock throne and the Burmese crown can be rivalled by modern alchemy, the secret of the formation of the king of gems will have to be discovered. Since Davy's discovery many have been the attempts to produce artificial diamonds, but very slight success has hitherto resulted. Neither diamonds, nor the charcoal with which they are chemically identical, can be reduced to the liquid state either by fusion or solution by any means available for obtaining it in a crystalline state.

It is true that there is one liquid that will dissolve charcoal, viz., molten iron; but it unfortunately crystallises from this solvent in the form, not of diamond, but of graphite or black lead. Rods of carbon, when simultaneously exposed in vacuo to the voltaic current produced by a battery of 600 pairs and the solar focus of a large burning lens (the most powerful sources of heat known) became softened and bent, and even partly volatilised, but though there appear to have been indications of diamonds of a microscopic size, the success (considered in our point of view) was very doubtful. Depretz, shortly before his death, thought he had produced small diamonds by the action of an electric current continued for many months on the chloride of carbon. There have been also other cases in which diamonds are said to have been formed artificially, but in these cases the evidence cannot be said to be at all complete, in our opinion.

Yet, notwithstanding present discouragements, we may fairly comfort ourselves with the strong arguments from analogy which we possess, for the probability of one day making artificial diamonds. There are two elements, called boron and silicon, which, both in physical and chemical properties, are intimately related to carbon. They resemble carbon in their total unalterability by heat, and also in their strange faculty of existing in the conditions which (applied to carbon) we call diamond, black lead, and charcoal. Now, the adamantine boron and silicon can be prepared artificially, and in this state they resemble diamond in an extraordinary degree. Boron diamonds have not yet been obtained colourless, except in the smaller crystals, but in every other respect the similarity is very great. The property of refracting light, in which the diamond excels all other transparent substances, is shared by the artificial boron diamond, while in hardness the true gem is actually surpassed by its boron brother. In fact, the boron diamonds have been used to pierce the ruby pivots upon

which the wheels of watches revolve, and the same, in the form of dust, has been employed in the diamond works of Voorzanger, of Amsterdam, for the cutting of the diamond itself, and the indignity was quite successful. After these results it seems fair to conclude that the eventual ability to manufacture adamant itself is but a matter of time and research. Whether some of us may live to see future Koh-i-noors dangling at watch-chains is another matter, but the probabilities in favour of such a pleasant fashion are yearly increasing. The knowledge science has now obtained of the processes by which the crystalline minerals can be formed, will doubtless be shortly employed with more mercenary intentions than those which actuated the discoverers. Such results will, however, not be less precious, even if their subjects be thereby reduced in value.

J. B.

"BLACKAMOORS."

In an article, entitled "Othello's Costume," which appeared in a recent number of *ONCE A WEEK*, mention is made of the old fashion of employing "blackamoor" servants in this country. Dr. Wynter, in his paper on "Advertisements" (republished from the *Quarterly Review*), quotes a notice in the *Mercurius Politicus* of August 11th, 1659, as affording the earliest evidence to be found in the newspapers of the period, of the service of negro lads in England, and concludes that the negroes must at that time have been imported from the Portuguese territories, as we did not ourselves deal directly in "blacks," as a commodity, until the year 1680. In confirmation of this view it may be observed that when, in 1662, Lord Sandwich brought over from Portugal Catherine of Braganza to be the queen of Charles II., he conveyed, in the same ship, as a present to the ladies of his family, persons whom Mr. Pepys describes as "a little Turke and a negroe." The entry in the diary is as follows:—"30th May, 1662. Upon a suddaine motion, I took my wife, and Sarah and Will by water, with some victuals with us, as low as Gravesend, intending to have gone into the Hope to the Royal James, to have seen the ship and Mr. Shepley, but meeting Mr. Shepley in a hoy, bringing up my lord's things, she and I went on board and sailed up with them as far as half-way tree, very glad to see Mr. Shepley. Here we saw a little Turke and a negroe which are intended for pages to the two young ladies (Montagu). Many birds and other pretty noveltyes there was, but I was afraid of being lousy, and so took boat again, and got to London before them."

The fashion for these dark-skinned attendants is supposed to have been derived from the Venetian republic, the intercourse of whose merchants with Africa and India naturally led to the importation of "blackamoors." Titian, and other painters, following his example, frequently introduced them in their pictures. At the late Exhibition of National Portraits might have been observed a portrait of Sir Charles Lyttelton, a gallant soldier, in great favour with Charles II., and of whom Clarendon said that "he was worth his weight in gold," clothed in half-armour, and attended by "his Moorish page." So also, in the same collection, in a picture attributed to Sir John Medina, and said to contain portraits of the "Cabal" ministry, though in truth it looked rather more like a group of musicians of the period, a black servant was to be seen on the left of the canvas, in attendance on the party. The fashion once started soon became general. We find indeed Mr. Pepys himself occasionally employing in his household a negress as cook. On the 5th of April, 1669, he records:—"For a cookmaid, we have, ever since Bridget went, used a blackamoor of Mr. Batelier's, Doll, who dresses our meat mighty well, and we mightily pleased with her."

In regard to the custom of attiring the "blackamoors" after an Eastern fashion there can be no question. In the Tatler, No. 245, for November 2nd, 1710, Steele writes, "as I am a patron of persons who have no other friend to apply to, I cannot suppress the following complaint," and then prints this letter:—

"SIR,—I am a blackmoor boy, and have, by my lady's order, been Christened by the chaplain. The good man has gone further with me and told me a great deal of good news: as that I am as good as my lady herself, as I am a Christian, and many other things. But for all this the parrot who came over with me from our country is as much esteemed by her as I am. Besides this, the shock dog has a collar that cost almost as much as mine. I desire also to know whether, now I am a Christian, I am obliged to dress like a Turk, and wear a Turbant.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, POMPEY."

Upon the subject of Garrick's appearance in *Othello*, we find the Right Hon. Richard Rigby writing to George Selwyn, in 1745:—"I saw Garrick act *Othello* that same night, in which, I think, he was very unmeaningly dressed" [which means, of course, that he was dressed differently to Quin, who had worn a military uniform in the part], "and succeeded in no degree of comparison with Quin, except in the scene where *Iago* gives him the

first suspicion of *Desdemona*. He endeavoured throughout to play and speak everything directly different from Quin, and failed, I think, in most of his alterations." That the great actor was unsuccessful in the part seems to have been generally agreed, and he is himself said to have made an admission to the same effect. Dr. Griffith, the editor of the *Monthly Review*, once inquired of Garrick, among a circle of his friends, whether he had ever performed the part of *Othello*? The question was asked in perfect good faith, and in entire ignorance of the story of Quin's witticism on the subject; nevertheless, the effect which it produced upon Garrick's expressive countenance was remarkable, and was never forgotten by those who witnessed the scene. "Sir," he replied, with evident bitterness of feeling, "I once acted the part to my cost." It has been shown, however, that he appeared in *Othello* on at least three occasions in London.

As to the hue of *Othello's* complexion—"the shadowed livery of the burnished sun"—in Chetwood's "History of the Stage" (1749), it is stated that "the composition for blackening the face are (*sic*) ivory black and pomatum, which is, with some pains, cleaned with fresh butter." The same authority relates a misadventure which befell the great actor Barton Booth, the original *Cato*, on the occasion of his first appearance on the stage in June, 1698. He made his *début* in the black part of *Oroonoko*, in Southern's tragedy of that name. It was very warm weather, and as he waited in the wings to go on for the last scene of the play, the actor inadvertently wiped his face with his handkerchief, and so doing removed a considerable portion of his complexion; so that when he again stepped upon the stage, he had, as he himself described it, the appearance of a chimney-sweeper. He was much amazed at the cries of surprise and amusement which greeted his appearance, and was some time before he discovered what had really happened. He was permitted, however, to complete his part, and was rewarded for his exertions by the applause of the whole house. The play, by general desire, was repeated on the following evening. For the second performance one of the actresses fitted a crape to his face, with an opening for his mouth. But, in the first scene, unluckily, the mask slipped, and one-half of his countenance was revealed in its natural colour. "Zounds!" cried Mr. Booth—he was a little apt to swear, his biographer admits—"I looked like a magpie! When I came off they lamp-blacked me for the rest of the night, so thoroughly, that I was nearly flayed before it could be got off again."

DUTTON COOK.



I.
Lo, a dim phantom steals across the land,
Mist-shrouded, sad November,
Painting out leafless trees with shadowy hand,
And twining fog-wreaths round the old church
tower,
Whose deep-toned bell proclaims from hour to
hour—
“O year, remember,
Thy life is nigh its close, so whispers chill
November.”

II.
The skylark's song, that heavenward did float,
Dies before sad November;
Hush'd by the silent pool the frog's harsh note—
And summer birds are gone—and in his nest
The sleeping squirrel takes his winter rest,
And doth remember
The summer in his dreams, nor cares for drear
November.

III.
He dreams, nor wakes up at the cheery sounds
That startle grim November—
The huntsman's horn, the eager baying hounds,
The tramp of horses' hoofs, the view halloo,

As wily Reynard flees before the crew,
Nor doth remember
The doublings that he made to cheat them last
November.

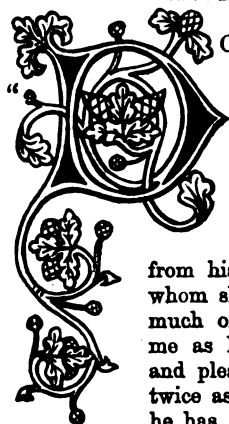
IV.
Scared by the jovial shouts, with frowning brow,
Creeps onward dark November;
And cities vast are shadow-cities now,
With spectre-lamps all sickly glaring lit,
Whilst through the shadow-streets dim torches
flit,
And men remember
And mingle Eastern myths and genii with
November.

V.
Half mist, half sunshine, fitful is the reign
Of ghost-like, sad November—
Like to a human life, half joy, half pain,
Reality and shadow blent together,
Storm, calm, and summer-gleam 'midst wintry
weather,
As men remember
The chequered lights and shades in many a
past November.
JULIA GORDAN.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER VII.



DORIS thinks that Mr. Chester is very handsome——" this was the unfinished sentence: then followed Joyce's comments.

"I think," writes Joyce, "that her opinion must proceed from his being an old friend, whom she has always thought much of. He merely strikes me as having a sensible face and pleasant voice. He looks twice as old as Doris; indeed, he has rather an old look, but that may be owing to his being

so sunburnt. He seems to regard Doris as quite a child, and forgets that she is over eighteen at the present time. What is going to happen? In spite of his gracious manner I know that Mr. Carmichael will be very glad when Mr. Chester says 'good-bye.'"

So much for the extract.

"Doris," said Joyce, "who is Mr. Gabriel Chester?"

"I don't know," answered Doris.

This was not a very satisfactory beginning, but by degrees Joyce learned the little that Doris did know about him. Mrs. Carmichael had met with him and his mother in the little village where she had taken up her abode.

Mrs. Chester had been an elder girl in her last half year at a school where Mrs. Carmichael had been the youngest day-pupil. The great girl had petted the little one and made a plaything of her, and the little one had idolized the superior being who made so much of her. For children have much reverence in their natures, a species of clinging adoration for those above them, that seems to be but little understood, or surely mothers would pay more heed to it than they do. But this adoring principle implanted in the infant mind is too often crushed even in tenderest years. This heaven-begotten idolatry, that makes the parent in the childish heart, type of an unknown God, that so through earthly love the heavenly may be taught, how often is it cast away and trampled under foot by those who understand not the power for good

or evil that they hold over the souls committed to their charge.

And when the great girl and the little one met in after years as women, with the disparity of age softened between them, the old bond, though scarcely recognised, held a gentle sway in the sympathy the elder accorded to the younger, and in the unservile gratitude with which that sympathy was met.

Mrs. Chester was very kind to her old schoolmate, and had assisted her as much as Mrs. Carmichael's gentle pride would allow herself to be helped; and the poor lady, lace-making in her humble lodgings, had been taken into close friendship with her more fortunate companion.

There was another bond of sympathy: they had both lost their husbands, and both soon after marriage.

"Is Mrs. Chester still alive?" asked Joyce.

"No, she died eight or nine years ago, and I have only seen Gabriel once since, and that was soon after my mother received that letter from Uncle Carmichael. I shall read that letter some time, Joyce, and then I shall know what it was that made her suffer so."

But Joyce knew that she would never read that letter.

"Joyce," continued Doris, "sometimes I feel as if I ought not to stay here, as if I could not stay. And yet it was my mother's dying wish for me to come, and so I try to believe that it is right to be here, but often and often my heart leaps up against it. Gabriel asked me if I was happy, and I said 'Yes.' And I am happy, Joyce, as long as you are with me. And I did not want him to think I distrusted Uncle Carmichael; for, after all, he is my mother's brother. I told Gabriel what a dear kind Joyce you were, and made him promise to love you for my sake."

"Oh, Doris——" began Joyce.

But Doris stopped her.

"I like all the people," said Doris, "that I love, to love one another, therefore you will have to love Gabriel. I told him I should tell you to do so——"

"Doris!"

But Doris waved her hand imperiously.

"All people I love have to obey me," said she, "I never wish them to do anything that is not for their own happiness. How nice it would be," she went on, "if you and I and

Gabriel could all live together when my fortune comes in."

"And leave Green Oake, and Aunt Lotty? Poor Aunt Lotty!"

"Well, I should like to have Aunt Lotty as well; but you see that would involve Uncle Carmichael," and she paused, as if considering the point. Then she clapped her hands. "What a good thing it would be if Uncle Carmichael were to die."

"Doris!"

"Well, of course, I mean if he were prepared, and all that sort of thing. No one would miss him much. But then," added she, thoughtfully, "I don't think he is prepared. He seems to me the sort of man who never will be prepared. What do you think?"

"Oh, hush, Doris! What right have we to be judging in such a matter?"

"Well, I'm not judging. I'm only speculating, and one can't help speculating. I try to be charitable in all cases, but I often have strong doubts about people. Do you never have strong doubts, Joyce?"

"Where has Mr. Chester been since you saw him?" inquired Joyce, changing the subject.

"In Italy and Germany."

"Did he know you were here?"

"No; how should he?"

"Had he forgotten all about you?" inquired Joyce.

"Forgotten!" answered Doris, indignantly; "forgotten! Dear old Gabriel would never forget me. He had been down to the little sea-village to look for us, and had found that my mother was dead, and I was gone no one knew whither."

"Then it was mere chance his coming here?"

"Yes; if you like to call it so. I don't."

"Neither do I. It's part of the story," said Joyce, involuntarily.

Doris looked at her.

"Oh, you dreaming Joyce! I believe you live in a world of romance. Do tell me the tale that is going on in your brain."

"Not now, but some day you shall peep into my diary, and see what is written there."

It was a rash promise, and the moment after Joyce doubted whether she would ever care to fulfil it. Would she like anyone to see *all* that was written down there.

Of course Doris wished to take advantage of it at once, but Joyce said,

"Not now; but when we are old women, and this present time seems to us only like a story we read on a fair summer day, half-laughing and half-weeping."

"With Gabriel for the sunshine," suggested Doris.

"As you like."

"As I like! Now, is he not a gleam across our paths? See how Aunt Lotty unfolds beneath his rays. And even Uncle Carmichael has become more amiable for the time being, though I must confess I don't think it's owing to Gabriel exactly. There are wheels within wheels that I can't understand. However, that is not to the purpose; it is Gabriel that has oiled the wheels and made them go more smoothly. Your hard heart will be softened, too, Joyce, when I make him sing for us to-morrow—it is so beautiful. To tell you the truth, I don't think he has been much sunshine to you at present, though why he is not I can't imagine. It always seems to me cheerful where Gabriel is."

"But then you know Mr. Chester so well."

"Yes," returned Doris, pondering. "And you don't. That may be it. You looked quite grave all last evening, and you are looking quite grave now, and tired, too; but that is no wonder, for here we are sitting up talking, and it's near midnight."

She opened the window.

"How dark the sky looks, and yet the stars are shining. I wonder what the stars are really like, if one could get near enough to them. If one had wings! But how tired one would be of flying so far!"

"Perhaps you would like to have electricity applied to wings, and flash along like a telegraphic despatch."

"Horrible!" answered Doris, shrugging her shoulders. "No, I would float along in some marvellous manner that had no fatigue in it, and visit all the distant worlds I see. Sometimes I have a vision that I should meet with fair cities built of pure gold, where chrysoprase and sardonyx would be as common pebbles—where flowers would never fade and never be out of bloom—where in a fairer Paradise a race of unfallen beings are dwelling, and all is as this earth should be if Eve had never eaten of the fruit."

"Visionary," said Joyce.

"Perhaps so; but I've watched the stars until they seem like friends to me. I should rather like my horoscope to be taken. Not that I should exactly believe in it," said she, seeing that Joyce was half inclined to laugh; "but I can't help feeling that phases of nature have more influence over us than we are aware of—that there is a mysterious relationship throughout the universe that produces an effect upon us, that makes us sometimes feel as if in some way the world and all therein were connected with us, as though we could stretch forth our arms and say, 'All this is mine.'"

Joyce looked in astonishment at the girl. Her slender figure was stretched to its full height, her dusky hair had fallen down, and her deep dark eyes shone brightly, but not a tinge of warmer colour had stolen into her face, which was white as purest marble.

"You are a strange girl, Doris," said she, and she gently closed the window.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WONDERFUL change had come over Mr. Carmichael. At breakfast he laid down his paper and made three several remarks to his wife.

It was an event not to be passed over lightly. Aunt Lotty evidently considered it as the beginning of a new era, or perhaps the return to a golden age, after a long interregnum of iron and granite. This is not spoken geologically, but metaphorically. Certainly Aunt Lotty's youth seemed to be "renewed like the eagle's." There was an elasticity in her step and a buoyancy in her tone that told how very small a spark was necessary to kindle a huge bonfire of happiness in her patient heart.

Her knitting was comparatively disregarded, and she went busily about the house, animated by a spirit of amateur dusting.

Yet there had been nothing particularly inspiring in these three remarks of Mr. Carmichael's, they simply had reference to dinner and to the respective merits of roast or boiled. Still Aunt Lotty had been consulted, and it made her seem of more importance to herself than usual. Her opinion on household matters was held in some estimation, although, as a general thing, she was supposed to have no opinions at all.

In the midst of her little flush of triumph Mr. Chester arrived.

Aunt Lotty had already begun to look upon him as the good angel who had come as the bearer of a new dispensation to her monotonous life, and received him with unaffected pleasure. Joyce and Doris were in the garden, gathering flowers for the drawing-room vases, and Mrs. Carmichael sent him out to them.

He would help them, and then they would the sooner be ready for the sketching expedition that Mr. Chester had proposed the day before. But he had not been thus occupied very long when Mr. Carmichael carried him off.

Joyce watched them conversing earnestly, and once, as they passed near her she heard Mr. Carmichael say in a sentimental tone:

"My sister's darling shall ever find an uncle's home open to her, and an uncle's love."

"She looks as though she had both," responded Mr. Chester.

And certainly Doris was looking remarkably well; she had improved perceptibly even in the short time she had been at Green Oake.

Then they went on, and Joyce heard no more, but quietly continued her flower-gathering and flower-arranging, which, having at last come to an end, she and Doris equipped themselves for their walk. Mr. Carmichael insisted upon accompanying them. He appeared to be quite fascinated with Doris's friend.

The rest of the party would have preferred his remaining at home.

However, they were not destined to experience much annoyance in the matter, for Mr. Carmichael, much to his discomfiture, was carried off soon after the party had taken up their position, in order to inspect some disaster that had happened at his new dairy.

He groaned inwardly over this *contretemps*, and mentally anathematized the unlucky cows and all those connected with them.

But this did not appear upon the surface. He was led away with a smile upon his countenance, and his apparent amiability unimpaired.

Joyce wandered from one sketcher to the other, looking over their shoulders, and wishing that she, too, had a talent for drawing.

"Do you object to being looked over?" Joyce asked, as Mr. Chester turned hastily round, after she had been for some minutes watching the landscape grow beneath his pencil.

"No," answered Mr. Chester, absently, looking at her as though he did not see her, but some one else standing there. "You remind me of your aunt, Miss Dormer," said he, at length; "has it never struck Doris?"

Doris was at a little distance, so could not hear what they were saying.

"No, Doris has never mentioned it. Besides, Mrs. Carmichael was not my aunt, Mr. Carmichael is not my uncle."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chester.

"Did Mrs. Carmichael ever speak of her brother?" asked Joyce, rather earnestly.

Mr. Chester looked at her, half-surprised at the tone in which she spoke; still he answered her.

"Not often." He waited; then continued, "I imagine that Mr. Carmichael is much changed in the last few years. Probably softened. His heart seems overflowing with tenderness."

There was a pause, for Joyce was considering in what light to take Mr. Chester's speech. Did he really believe what he was saying?

She had no means of judging, for Mr. Chester's eyes had returned to the drawing before him, and were industriously bent on the branches of a very crooked tree.

But Joyce was not long silent. The demon of curiosity had fastened upon her, and inspired her with a strange desire to know something of this Mrs. Carmichael, of whom, until within a few weeks, her brother had never spoken, not even to his wife. "Not even to his wife." Mere sentimental phraseology, for Aunt Lotty was the last person likely to hear anything of especial importance from her husband. Poor Aunt Lotty! Yet, doubtless, there are a good many Aunt Lottys in the world. And Joyce congratulated herself that she had too much sense ever to become one. Vanity, vanity, Joyce Dormer!

And then she spoke.

"Mrs. Carmichael did not consider her brother to be possessed of much tenderness?" said she, interrogatively.

Quickly enough did Mr. Chester turn away from his drawing, as he bent his eyes full upon Joyce.

"You distrust your uncle, Miss Dormer?"

"My aunt's husband," returned Joyce, in correction.

"Your aunt's husband, then," he repeated, and he waited in expectation of an answer.

But no answer came, for Joyce felt that she involved herself in a dilemma. What right had she to imbue a stranger with suspicions of a man about whom, after all, she might be mistaken. And yet she was convinced that she was not mistaken. The packet was fresh in her memory. A mere suspicion, too. An unproved theory, yet nevertheless a theory, that she felt time would show to be a correct one.

"You distrust your aunt's husband?" repeated Mr. Chester, quietly, still gazing steadily at Joyce, who stood, with drooped eyelids and her fingers nervously twitching her parasol. There was still no reply, but Joyce raised her eyes for a moment and glanced at his face, hoping she might therein find an index of the inner man.

And the glance was not without its result, for hesitating no longer, she replied,

"I do."

And equally unhesitating was Mr. Chester's rejoinder.

"So do I."

Joyce stared at Mr. Chester with an expression of such unfeigned astonishment, that he fairly burst out laughing.

"We are physiognomists, Miss Dormer, and have been reading each other's character. Fortunately, the result has been satisfactory. You have decided that faith in me will not be

misplaced, and I feel that Miss Dormer can help me in fulfilling a trust if she is so inclined."

Of course it was something that had to do with Doris, Joyce knew that well enough. What an interest he took in her, and what could be more natural than that he should do so. Had he not known her for years? And how pretty Doris was! She had never been so much struck with it as within the last few days. Possibly she had never before observed her so attentively. Just what an artist might admire. Alas! alas! keep out of her heart, little imp of jealousy; don't try to make for yourself a habitation there. Joyce Dormer would scorn herself if she made room for you. How strange that so pleasant a gentleman as Mr. Chester, should have called up such an ugly apparition.

"Will you help me, Miss Dormer?"

"Yes." What else could she say?

"I think," said Mr. Chester, "that Mrs. Carmichael had some doubt or fear respecting her brother. The last time I saw her, now about seven years ago, she was very ill, so ill that her life was all but despaired of. It appeared to be the result of some shock she had received, but what that shock was no one, of course, knew but herself. I found out from Doris that she had had a letter from her brother, to whom she had written, so I presumed it was in some way connected with his answer. This was the more confirmed by her giving me a small sealed packet, which she requested me not to open unless after her death Doris should need assistance. She hoped it might never be necessary to open the packet, as she wished Doris to remain in ignorance of the facts therein contained; but circumstances might arise in which those facts might be of the utmost importance. She told me that she was preparing a longer document to the same effect, which she should give with similar injunctions to Doris."

"But Doris was very young then to be intrusted with papers of importance."

"Not too young, I think, even had the packet been given at that precise time; besides, she had grown old with being her mother's friend so long, the two were quite dependent on each other. Let me see, Doris will be nineteen next January."

How accurately he remembered everything connected with her.

"Yes."

"The snow-child I used to call her, she was so white. She has no more colour now than she had then, and her eyes look even darker. It is a strange style of beauty, and yet very beautiful," said he, musingly.

"Very," said Joyce, with a vigorous effort,

for she felt the jealous demon trying to muffle her voice.

But Mr. Chester was aware of no struggle and no victory, he looked at her with a pleased smile.

"Ah, I was sure that you would appreciate it."

Would it have been honest in Joyce to disclaim the implied praise? She almost felt it would have been, and yet supererogatory, added to which she could not have entered into particulars, so she let the remark pass by, and he returned to the previous subject.

"Nineteen next January. So she would have been almost thirteen at the time of which I am speaking. And now about this packet, Miss Dormer. I lead a rambling life just at the present time: will you take charge of it for me?"

Joyce hesitated: she felt that in one way the packet was safer with him than with herself.

"Have you no one else to whom you can intrust it?"

"No one in whom I can repose the same confidence."

Foolish Joyce, she felt herself growing quite scarlet with the little compliment; but Mr. Chester said it gravely, and evidently had no intention of her taking it as such, for he added,

"I am sure for Doris' sake it would be safer in your hands than in any one's else."

"Doris' sake!" she might have spared herself the blush, what must he have thought of her?

"You forget that I told you I was a physiognomist," he continued. "I know that you will not refuse without good reason."

"No," said Joyce, "I will not, but I must think this over."

Then up came Doris.

"What have you two been talking about?" she asked. "I don't think there has been much sketching for the last ten minutes, at any rate. I shall have my wish, I see. I thought you would become friendly if I left you a little while to your own resources."

Joyce wished that Doris would not say such odd things; yet somehow they fell so naturally from her lips that they scarcely sounded strange. Nevertheless, Joyce did not feel altogether at her ease, but Mr. Chester laughingly said:

"Let me see if you have been any more diligent?" and he took her drawing; but there were scarcely any more strokes than when he had last looked at it.

"I don't pretend to having been industrious," said Doris. "I was watching you. Joyce was shy at first, but you were very

eloquent; I quite longed to hear the speech that you were making. But I don't think you were quite satisfied with the answer she gave you."

"Had you been a little more attentive you would have discovered that Miss Dormer gave me no answer at all."

"Then I am just in time to hear it?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Chester.

Doris looked grave.

"I'm not sure that I intend you to have secrets that I am to have no part in," she said.

And then Mr. Carmichael returned from his dairy inspection, and he took possession of Mr. Chester, so that no further conversation could take place; and as the two girls loitered behind the gentlemen on their homeward way, Doris said, somewhat pensively—

"I don't like dear old Gabriel to have any secrets."

Was she, too, vexed? Was Mr. Chester going to bring discordant feelings into quiet Green Oake?

And so they went home; and in the evening Doris made Mr. Chester sing, and Joyce played the accompaniments, and scarcely knew that she was playing, for it seemed to her as though she heard no sound save Mr. Chester's voice.

And when they went upstairs Doris said:

"You were softened to-night. You think now that Gabriel can bring sunshine. You will get to like him as well as I do, Joyce."

And Joyce made no answer; but in her heart she prayed:

"Heaven grant that I may not!"

In the course of the evening she had found an opportunity to whisper to Mr. Chester—

"Keep the packet, and I will send for it when needed."

And Mr. Chester had answered:

"It shall be as you say."

And she knew he was not dissatisfied, but that he had judged her aright, and knew that she had been conscientious in her decision.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. CHESTER'S few days lengthened to a fortnight. The August days had passed away, and the crisp September ones were beginning to have an October feeling about them. Why did not Mr. Chester depart? Ah! he could not leave his pupil—he was far too much interested in her progress, for, in spite of all her protestations, he had prevailed upon her once more to take the pencil into her hand.

So mused Joyce, as she watched the two sketching together, and talking together, whilst she stood by and admired first the one

drawing and then the other, and sighed to think she was no artist.

Occasionally she tried to excuse herself from forming one of the party, but her objections, if not overruled by Doris, were swept away by Mr. Carmichael; and she found herself constantly in the uncomfortable position of a third, where there ought only to have been two persons.

Half in earnest and half in jest, Doris suggested her making an attempt.

"Who knows what amount of talent you may have until you try," said she.

And Joyce, half condemning herself for her weakness in allowing herself to be persuaded, was overcome by Doris's arguments. Yet, who know, till the necessity comes to draw it forth, of what amount of latent talent they may be possessed? And yet common sense whispered to her, "It would have manifested itself before."

But people, even if they possess it, do not always avail themselves of common sense. It has a damping effect which the inclination has a propensity to override, and therefore its suggestions fall idly on the mind, or are set aside by the will in a most headstrong manner.

And so with poor Joyce, the temptation to have some kind of right to accompany the sketchers prevailed over her better judgment; she provided herself with pencil and paper, and, under Mr. Chester's auspices, set to work at her first sketch from nature.

But her success was less than dubious. Mr. Chester was obliged to admit that the attempt was a complete failure.

"You must keep to music, Miss Dormer, and Doris and I must be the sketchers."

And an inward pang shot through Joyce's heart, and in her annoyance she could not refrain from saying:

"Then I had better stay at home and practise whilst you are drawing."

Mr. Chester looked up at her:

"Talents are divided, Miss Dormer, it is not fair that one person should be gifted in every way."

Had he discovered her thoughts? She was vexed with herself. But it was just the way in which, if she wished to stand well with anyone, she was sure to be inefficient in the guard she kept over herself. And having spoken petulantly once, she tried to speak calmly and indifferently as she asked:

"Do you think me unreasonable for wishing to be able to sketch?"

But in spite of her assumed indifference there was a certain amount of pique in the tone.

"No," said he, quietly.

"What for, then?"

It was now Mr. Chester's turn to hesitate. And Doris said:

"Gabriel will be delighted to have another pupil to lecture. That is just the way he used to find out what I was thinking of, whether my words fitted my thoughts or not."

"I should not presume to lecture Miss Dormer," said he.

"Though you would much like to do so," put in Doris.

"No," he answered.

"I should not be worth it," replied Joyce, and it must be confessed that she laid rather a strong emphasis on the "I."

What unreasonable creatures women are. No wonder they are accused of a want of logical power. Here was she angry one moment because Mr. Chester seemed to be finding fault with her, and angry the very next because he did not wish to do so. Do people ever know what they want? And then Joyce felt angry with herself for having betrayed any temper upon the subject, and so, after pretending to be engrossed with watching the progress of Doris's drawing, during which time she felt exceedingly cross and uncomfortable, she made some excuse about something she must do for Aunt Lotty, and left Mr. Chester and Doris talking and laughing, and evidently caring very little whether she went away or not.

Mr. Chester never once looked up from his picture as she made her excuses. Perhaps he knew that they were but excuses; if so, she had fallen still lower in his estimation. So she felt more and more annoyed, and as she could now stay no longer with any dignity, she was obliged to retreat.

As she crossed the garden Mr. Carmichael met her: he had been unable to accompany the sketching party that morning.

"Where is Doris?" he asked.

"Sketching, with Mr. Chester."

"Why have you left them together?" said he. "I gave you credit for more sense. Don't you see that this man is an adventurer, and hearing of Doris's expectations, has turned up at the right moment for his own views but not for mine, for if he thinks ever to marry Doris he'll find himself mistaken. Are you too blind to see how matters stand? Just answer me honestly."

"Honestly! As if I were likely to do anything else," thought she.

Ah, Joyce!

Then she answered:

"I do see that Mr. Chester likes Doris, but as to his knowing that she was likely to be an heiress, he knew nothing about that until he came here."

"So he says," returned Mr. Carmichael,

with a sneer; "but I know human nature a little better than you do, and I've tried to keep them apart. He'll be working on her feelings by talking to her of her mother and of old times, as he is the only person who knows much of their affairs."

And Mr. Carmichael looked curiously at Joyce. He was sounding her: she was perfectly aware of it: but she thought, "the truth never did any harm, so you shall have the benefit of any knowledge I may have upon the subject, Mr. Carmichael, and then perhaps your tactics may become clearer to me," so she replied:

"I don't think Mr. Chester knows a great deal about Mrs. Carmichael's affairs; it is a long time since he saw her—seven years ago, and she was very ill at the time, though he did not know what had caused her illness."

"Ha!" said Mr. Carmichael, suddenly becoming much interested, "When? How long since, did you say?"

"About seven years ago."

"Seven years ago; and you say she was ill, and he did not know the cause of her illness. Did he not find out the cause? Are you quite sure? You have heard him and Doris talking. Has there been nothing said between them as to the reason of this illness?"

"Nothing," returned Joyce.

But though she had spoken the actual truth, she almost felt it to be an evasion.

Mr. Carmichael took a few strides forward, then he turned once more to his companion.

"Joyce," said he, "I don't like this Mr. Chester. I shall be glad when he goes away. He interferes with the business I have in hand. I feel obliged to be civil to him for my poor sister's sake, for he and his mother were kind to her at a time," here Mr. Carmichael stopped, and covered his eyes for a moment with the flabby white hand, "when—when—I was not quite so kind a brother to her as I might have been." Here Mr. Carmichael was again overcome, and Joyce wondered that he had forgotten all that he had told her relative to his ignorance of his sister's existence. But that nothing of the sort occurred to Mr. Carmichael was evident from his continuance of his speech as soon as his emotion permitted him.

"That has all been repented of, Joyce—repented of, and made straight with my sister before her death. And now my views are centered in her child; and to Doris shall ample reparation be made for all the injuries and neglect that her mother suffered. No matter at what cost, no matter to whosoever concerned. But this artist,—I don't like him; he must be got rid of. Doris is far too much

absorbed in him. He is not good enough for her."

Inwardly his companion pronounced Mr. Chester good enough for anyone, and so she knew did Doris; and if Mr. Chester had any idea of marrying her, which of course he had, all the Mr. Carmichaels in the world would not prevent it.

"Have you any idea when Mr. Chester thinks of going away?" asked Mr. Carmichael.

"Next week."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Carmichael, with a sigh of relief; "and to-day is Saturday. Early in the week do you think?"

"On Tuesday."

"The sooner the better," said he; "and I must find means to prevent his coming here again."

"I believe he is going abroad for the winter," remarked Joyce.

Mr. Carmichael rubbed his hands.

"You are a good sensible girl, Joyce, in spite of your name. I dare say I shall not repent your coming to Green Oake. I would rather that you did not mention this conversation to Doris. I give this caution because it is my opinion that girls tell one another everything when they get together. And Doris might repeat it to Mr. Chester; and though I don't want Mr. Chester for a friend, I don't care to have him for an enemy. You will remember."

Yes, she would remember, and say nothing. And then all her old annoyance, which she had lost sight of during her conversation with Mr. Carmichael, returned with freshened vigour. She seemed to be made a cat's paw of in every way, and to be placed in the most disagreeable position imaginable—in the pay, as it were, of adverse parties, and that involuntarily, through no effort of her own; yet she knew which she sided with, and which, when the time came, would have her support as it had now her sympathies.

She believed all Mr. Carmichael had been telling her to be utterly false, simply because through it she discovered that what he had told her before was not altogether true. It added fresh mystification to the story she was unravelling, and though it bewildered her, it at the same time made her more determined to penetrate it.

She stood silent before him, waiting any further instructions, but he had nothing else to say; "He would go and look after Mr. Chester and Doris."

But, as he spoke, they came in sight.

Joyce was astonished to see them so soon, and blushed when Mr. Chester inquired if she had transacted the business for Aunt Lotty.

To which she made no reply, but made her escape into the house.

By evening she had partially recovered her equanimity. Doris made her play all her best pieces; and, strange to say, Mr. Carmichael, who ordinarily objected to music, seconded the performance of them, and applauded at the end of each, though he could not have told whether the notes she had played had been false or correct.

As for Doris, she sat in profound admiration; her tiny fingers, though quick as lightning amongst her bobbins, would not have been skilled to run a race with Joyce's on the piano.

And then Mr. Carmichael insisted upon Mr. Chester's singing again to them, and Mr. Chester begged Joyce to try some duets.

Which duets were much more of a success than the sketch from nature.

And Doris listened breathless, and as each song was ended, asked for "but one more."

"How different from me," mused conscience-stricken Joyce; "but I suppose I am less amiable than Doris, and have more need to keep guarded the avenues to my heart."

And, as she closed the piano, Mr. Chester asked, with a half-smile,

"Is not one talent enough, Miss Dormer?"

And Joyce could answer gaily,

"People, you know, are never content."

And when she and Doris were having their nightly chat, she said:

"Doris, I wish I were half as good as you."

And Doris, in some surprise, replied, "You are much better, Joyce."

But Joyce knew her own heart, and how hard it was to keep it; for, how many little doors there were that were constantly opening to let in the evil thoughts that, when they entered, locked themselves up so securely that it was almost impossible to drive them out again. A citadel that was in a state of constant siege, and wanted all her forces to take and to retake.

And long into the night she sat looking out of her porch window, watching the stars shining through the frosty night-air, and wishing that she, Joyce Dormer, were far away above them all, and had nothing to do with the earth any longer.

"Perhaps," she pondered, "I am becoming more spiritual, and rising above a temporal frame of mind."

"No, no," said an answering voice within her; "it is still self, self. There is a gnawing pain at your heart that you must bear for many a day, Joyce Dormer, till in long years, so far off now, that they scarcely seem to have a beginning, it will have worn itself out, and there will be peace once more."

"Peace, peace," sighed Joyce; "oh, that I were far away from Green Oake, and had never seen either Doris or Mr. Chester."

CHAPTER X.

MR. CHESTER went at last.

Mr. Carmichael was glad, but he professed to be sorry, and actually drove Mr. Chester to the nearest station himself.

The rest of the party were really sorry at his departure, and Aunt Lotty mourned over it as if he had been a near and dear relative. She felt sure that Mr. Carmichael had quite enjoyed his visit, and that he was all the better for a little society.

"You know, dear," said she, with a half-sigh, "I am but a poor companion for a superior man like Mr. Carmichael, and I fear he sometimes finds it a little dull with me. You see what he can be when he has his equals to deal with."

It was evident that Aunt Lotty, inspired by the halcyon days which had lately breathed around her, had invested in a new frame for Mr. Carmichael, and that he had stepped into it all freshly varnished, or rather a coating of rust and dust that had been covering him for years had been wiped away during the last few days, and Mr. Carmichael now appeared in the guise in which he had shone forth to her admiring gaze when she was Miss Charlotte Dormer, and he her accepted lover.

Well, if these hallucinations are possible, let them be so. It is well in this world that a small touch of happiness can cast so bright a ray over a very wide space of dreariness and monotony,—that one little spark of hope or joy shall kindle into such a flame that it will blaze like a beacon-fire, and lure the traveller on past weary milestones. True, the watch-fire may burn out, but it has done its work; the traveller looks back over the wild weird waste, and knows that without that light he had never had strength to pass through the darksome region.

Aunt Lotty's touch of happiness had been like an enchanted lamp that bathed in golden glory everything that came beneath its rays. Aladdin's lamp was not to be compared with it. What were turbaned slaves and costly garments, and jewelled salvers heaped with precious stones? Mere dazzling trifles, bewildering childish eyes, and making childish hearts wish that the days of magic were not quite beyond the pale of possibility. But older eyes and older hearts are not so dazed with splendid gauds; they have outlived their youthful credulity in the glitter of this world's gold, and want something more satisfying. And lo! there still was to be found upon earth a wondrous lamp whose rays could pene-

trate to hidden regions and send dancing, life-giving beams into a quiet breast that had long known nothing but darkness.

No wonder Aunt Lotty set a high value on her lamp. It was worth more to her than all the diamonds in Sinbad's valley.

So she treasured up her lamp and kept it bright, and when she rubbed it brighter than usual, a gracious genie appeared; and Aunt Lotty, full of admiration at the apparition, must needs have a sharer in her admiration, and so it fell that she and Joyce had many a long chat over the departed guest.

And Joyce, like a silly fly, drew near to the lamp, and whilst she admired burned her wings at it.

Thus would the conversation run:—

"Mr. Chester is the pleasantest—that is to say, almost the pleasantest man I ever met with," began Aunt Lotty; "he reminds me a little of Mr. Carmichael when first I met him—"

"Oh, dear!" mentally ejaculates Joyce, but she answers no word, and Aunt Lotty proceeds,

"Though in quite a different style, for Mr. Carmichael is dark, or perhaps I should say, not exactly dark, but dark and light, whilst Mr. Chester is decidedly fair, only he is so sunburnt."

"Yes," replies Joyce, meekly; and her inward comment runs, "A different style; I should think so!" And then she becomes theoretic, and seeing so great a difference in the two men, is inclined to heterodoxy, and doubts whether both could by any possibility be descended from the same Adam, and whether there may not be some other source from whence Mr. Carmichael has derived his origin. And she further indulges in a speculation as to what type of strange monster he could have been modified from, or rather in what sort of monster a chain of retrogressive Mr. Carmichaels, carried back to a much more remote period than any authentic pedigree dates from, would end.

But Aunt Lotty does not pause in her eulogies, and so perceives not that Joyce's thoughts are wandering. And then Joyce returns to consciousness with a great start, for Aunt Lotty's next speech recalls her to the realities of life.

"I suppose he will marry Doris. She can't help liking him."

"No."

"And it is a comfort to think how happy she will be with him."

"Yes," answers Joyce; but she feels that her wings are scorched terribly. And thus the conversation ends. And by degrees Joyce comes to look upon Doris's marriage as

a settled thing, "which perhaps may be as well, as it prevents my thinking too much of Mr. Chester." So she moralizes; but it is doubtful whether her moralizing has much efficacy in producing the intended effect.

Sunday and Monday had been very happy days for all parties, for Mr. Carmichael had relaxed in his vigilance. Probably he had been relieved at discovering how very little Mr. Chester knew of his sister's private affairs. But this ease of mind only made Joyce the more convinced that there was something that Mr. Carmichael wished to have concealed.

Nothing had been seen of the Gresford Lynns during Mr. Chester's visit. The events of the last fortnight had almost blotted out the pale suffering face from Joyce's memory.

Not so Doris. She had found means to inquire, and had heard that Mrs. Gresford Lynn was not likely ever to leave the house again.

"Mr. Lynn carries her up and down stairs, and never leaves her. He is devoted to her, Joyce. He looks almost as ill as she does. I think he must have had some great sorrow in his life. He seems often as if he were thinking not exactly of the present, but as if there were another trouble that in some way mixed itself up with this."

"You seem to have studied Mr. Lynn attentively, Doris."

"Yes," said she. "I studied him artistically at first, for though I never intend to do much drawing, or sketching, or anything of that sort, I know that I have artistic perceptions, and I never saw a face I so much admired as Mr. Lynn's."

"Do you think him handsomer than Mr. Chester?"

"Oh, I could not compare the two. Mr. Lynn is so calm, so majestic, so far off. I do not think I should care to talk much to him, for I have such a strange feeling of reverence for him. Now, dear old Gabriel is so sunny and full of life, and I know him so well, and am not the least afraid of talking nonsense before him. I love him as if he were my own brother."

"And better," thought Joyce, "as every one but yourself can see."

"Those dear little boys!" continued Doris. "How grieved their mother must be to leave them!"

"And yet, perhaps, death takes away grief of that kind," interposed Joyce.

"What do you mean?"

"Everything must seem so different when one is dying," went on Joyce. "One then sees how unimportant everything is; how little it matters whom we leave, for they must soon come after us. There is no dreary feel-

ing of losing, nothing made dark ; but we go a little while before, to be ready to welcome those we love. I sometimes envy the dying."

"But life is very beautiful," pleaded Doris.

"To some."

"But for the sake of others one might wish to live. Now Mrs. Lynn, for the sake of her husband and children——"

"Perhaps so."

"Joyce, what is the matter with you to-day? You are not like yourself."

"Nothing. I have been sitting too long over my work, and I want a good walk to freshen up my ideas. Will you go with me?"

"Yes. How I wish we could meet with Mrs. Gresford Lynn once more. But that is impossible."

"Quite impossible. The days are growing colder and colder. There is no possibility of ever seeing her again."

As if people knew anything about possibility or impossibility!

(To be continued.)

VISCOUNT COMBERMERE AND COMBERMERE ABBEY.*

WHEN, early in last year, the gallant Field Marshal Lord Combermere, the last survivor of Wellington's own field officers, was gathered to his fathers, we had no idea that his life and correspondence would be so shortly placed by his widow in the hands of the public. With a life prolonged far beyond the average, not only of his companions in arms in the East and West Indies and in the Peninsula, but of men in general, with a popularity which never failed him either in public or in private life, with ample store of health and vigour and means, and well-earned honours, and happy in a singular freedom from the strife of evil tongues and the bitterness of personal and professional jealousy, the gallant old soldier, when upwards of ninety years old, could look back on a career fortunate beyond that of almost all his fellows, and almost gave the lie to Solon when he declared, too rashly it would seem, that no one ought to be deemed happy before his death.

Stapleton Cotton, afterwards Viscount Combermere, came of an ancient stock of Saxon descent, the Cottons, of Coton, co. Salop, and afterwards of Cheshire, a family on whom the noble Abbey of Combermere, in that county, was bestowed at the Reformation.

Combermere Abbey, of which an illustration is given opposite, stands near the banks of the

deep water called Comber-Mere, near the town of Nantwich. The first grant of the land and endowment of the abbey was made in 1133, by Hugh Milbank, Earl of Nantwich, and Petronel his wife, for monks of the Benedictine order. The endowments, which were of very considerable value and importance, were confirmed by William Milbank, Hugh's successor. The Abbot at Combermere at once became a person of considerable influence, ruling over a large community, and, with the Abbot of Vale Royal, sat in Parliament for the county palatine of Cheshire. There are several documents extant in Cheshire connected with the Abbey of Combermere, but few of them possess anything of great interest; one, a decree of William Wilkesey, Archbishop of Canterbury, empowering the Abbot of Combermere to rescind a sentence of excommunication on a certain Richard Donne, bearing date 1369, is given in the *Memoirs of Viscount Combermere* above referred to. Camden thus relates a curious fact concerning Combermere: "A mile from the abbey in time out of mind sunk a place in a hill, having trees on it, and after in that part sprang out water, and the abbot there began to make salt; but the men of the Wyches composed with the abbey that there should be no salt made there. The pit yet hath salt water, but much filth has fallen into it." This pit still exists near the lake of Combermere, and the neighbouring peasants persist in declaring it to be fathomless.

The abbey and lands of Combermere were granted to Sir George Cotton by Henry VIII., at the dissolution of monastic orders in 1533; the deed of endowment, with the great seal appended to it, is still in good preservation at the abbey. Richard Cotton, the son and successor of Sir George, made some additions to the original structure, as will be seen from the following inscription upon a stone tablet, which was discovered in 1795, when Sir Robert Cotton was making some alterations in the abbey:—

"Master Richard Cotton and his sons three,
Both for their pleasure and commoditie,
This building did edifie,
In fifteen hundred and sixty-three."

Although the exterior of the building has been much altered since its construction, some parts of the interior still remain in their original state; many of the rooms are crossed by large rafters, and some of the walls five feet in thickness, attest the solidity of the original structure. The refectory, converted into a library, is adorned with old oak carvings, and at one end of it is a balustrade which formerly enclosed a space on the floor above, from which the monks could be seen at their

* For the leading facts in this paper and also for the illustrations we are indebted to the "*Memoirs and Correspondence of F. M. Viscount Combermere, G.C.B., &c., from his Family Papers,*" by the Right Hon. Mary Viscountess Combermere and Capt. W. W. Knollys, 98rd Sutherland Highlanders, recently published in 2 vols. 8vo., by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

meals. In the centre of this gallery a reading-deck remains; here probably one of their number read aloud during the times of refec-tion. The high pointed wal-nut roof, somewhat re-sembling that of Westmin-ster Abbey, is still in per-fect preserva-tion, but it is shut out from view by a ceil-ing which was added by the Cottons to render the room more ha-bitable. The refectory has also been somewhat re-duced in re-spect of its length, and an apartment made of the excluded portion.

Viscount Combermere's ancestors had ob-tained by marriage a fine estate in Den-highshire, and there the future field-marshal was born, about four years later than the Great Duke whose pupil in arms he became. It was one of Lord Combermere's foibles, while he lived, to conceal his real age, and although his first commission in the army dated from 1790, a fact which would point out his age pretty plainly within a year or so, very many of the Peerages were wofully at fault upon the subject, Mr. Dodd making him to have first seen the light at various dates from 1769 to 1780, and we believe that it was only Mr. Lodge who solved the mystery while his lordship was alive. He was born, as Lady Combermere now states, on the 14th of November, 1773, and having received his early education at a small school at Audlem in Cheshire, and afterwards at Westminster, he went to a military tutor at Bayswater, with whom he remained until his father obtained for him a commission in the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and he joined that regiment in Dublin when he had only just completed his seventeenth year. At Westmin-ster he was the schoolfellow of the late Arch-bishop (Venables-Vernon) of York, and also of John Byng (afterwards F. M. Lord Stafford), the late Duke of Bedford, the poet Southey, and the late Marquis of Lansdowne. On Sun-days and other holydays he used to visit at the house of his connection, the then Marquis of

Buckingham, in Pall Mall, where he met such men as the Wynns, Pitts, Fremantles, and the other worthies whose names we find in the

late Duke of Buckingham's "Court and Cabinet of George III." The "Me-moires" just published give several inter-esting anec-dotes of his youthful days; when his ge-nial and jovial temper, his good spirits, and his pol-ished and a-greeable man-ners, appear to have ren-dered him a general fa-vourite in his



Combermere Abbey, from a sketch by Mary Viscountess Combermere.

regiment, while his strong bodily health and temperate habits fortified him against most of the evil consequences which too often shortened the lives or crippled the energies of young officers in those days of free living.

We cannot follow him through all the scenes of his early military experiences, while quartered at Margate and Ramsgate, or at Dublin (where he showed considerable readi-ness and tact during the unfortunate out-break which ended in the murder of Lord Kilwarden); or in the foreign campaign of 1794, soon after which we find him by a rapid promotion, in which personal merit no doubt was conjoined with family interest, appointed to the colonelcy of the 25th Dragoons, when scarcely twenty-one years of age. It was not long after this that he went to India, in time to take his part, under Arthur Wellesley, in the hostilities with Tippoo Saib and at the cap-ture of Seringapatam. We need only say that in his first essay as a commander of cavalry he gained the confidence and good opinion of the commander-in-chief, who ever afterwards was his firmest and truest friend to the end of his long and honoured life.

His elder brother's death having made him heir to his father's baronetcy, he now returned to England, with his Indian "honours thick upon him," and took up his residence at Com-bermere. We now find him quartered at Brighton, and mixing largely in the gay world of fashion of which the Prince Regent

was the recognised leader, and in which Stapleton Cotton was equally at home as he had been upon the battle-fields of India. It is true that he offended the Prince, who had the bad taste and the bad heart never to forget or forgive a casual observation of the gallant soldier, to the effect that "the Adonis of the age" had had a fall when privately visiting Mrs. Fitzherbert. However, even the spite of the Prince Regent could not prevent his being promoted in due course to the rank of major-general.

For a short time, as befitted one who was not only a soldier of fortune but also a land-owner and a Tory squire, he sat in the lower house of Parliament by favour of his brother-in-law, the late Duke of Newcastle, as M. P. for the pocket-borough of Newark; but, although the gallant major-general was gifted with great good sense, he does not appear to have been remarkable for eloquence, and he never even endeavoured to "gain the ear of the House." This did not, however, matter much, for in 1808 he was called to take his place at the theatre of war in the Peninsula; where, after no long interval, he was destined to win for himself the high honours of a Peerage, accompanied by the thanks of his Sovereign and of both Houses of Parliament.

The biography of Lord Combermere henceforth for some years is little more or less than the history of the Peninsular Campaigns, and his name enters largely into the battles of Busaco, Villa Garcia and Ocastron, Fuentes d'Onor and Salamanca, the Pyrenees, Orthes, and Toulouse. Early in the year 1810, Sir Stapleton Cotton was appointed to the command of the whole allied cavalry under the Duke of Wellington, and he remained in that command until the termination of the war in 1814, having distinguished himself at the head of the cavalry upon every occasion that presented itself. From the end of July, 1810, until the arrival of the army at Torres Vedras, Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, Bart., had charge of the outposts, and conducted that duty in the most satisfactory manner. His chief services at this time were in covering the retreat from Almeida to Torres Vedras. His method of keeping the pursuers in check, was to show such very light lines of skirmishers that the enemy thought they could easily ride them down; when, however, they attempted to do so, they soon found themselves in contact with the judiciously-posted supports and reserves, and suffered heavily for their presumption. During the whole retreat, the cavalry were engaged almost daily with the enemy; but the chief affairs were those of the passage of the Mondego, of Alcoentre,

and of Quinta del Torre. During one of the skirmishes which took place at Quinta del Torre, an incident occurred which, though trifling in itself, exemplifies very strongly the habitual coolness of the leader of Wellington's cavalry. It may perhaps be best told in the words of the biographers of the noble viscount:—

"Sir Stapleton was with the rear guard, which was skirmishing with the enemy, who were pressing sharply on it. A defile was between the British rear guard and the main body of the cavalry, and the French threatened to intercept the exposed squadron. Captain Brotherton, of the 14th Light Dragoons—afterwards Sir T. W. Brotherton, G.C.B.—an officer remarkable throughout the whole army for his intrepidity, was that day riding with Sir Stapleton. He, observing the critical position of the little party, and the impossibility of his leader, who was surveying the advancing foe as coolly as if watching a steeple-chase, thought it advisable to suggest the propriety of retiring while it was yet time.

" 'I think, Sir Stapleton, we had better be off, or it will be too late,' said Captain Brotherton.

"Turning quietly in his saddle, Sir Stapleton replied, with a quiet and, as it were, pacifying smile, 'Why, Brotherton, what a fuss you're in'; and persisted in waiting till his object had been effected, and the advance of the enemy checked long enough, when he turned round and galloped off.

" 'I must say,' said Sir T. Brotherton, 'I was rather annoyed at the remark, for I was one of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's soldiers, and had seen some service before the Peninsula.' "

In January, 1811, Sir Stapleton Cotton proceeded to England on leave for the purpose of attending Parliament, but rejoined the army in the field in the April following. On the 3rd of May and two following days took place the battle of Fuentes d'Onor; but Sir Stapleton was not called upon to play a very important part in it, owing to the numerical inferiority of our cavalry to that of the enemy. A few days later Sir Stapleton Cotton was present at the siege of Badajoz, where he employed himself by visiting the various advanced posts occupied by the cavalry, and exercising a general superintendence over that arm, which was very actively employed in reconnoissances, patrol and picquet duty.

In August, 1811, Sir Stapleton arrived in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo, where he was engaged in maintaining a distant blockade of that place; and during this

operation he gave battle to the French at El Bodon.

On the 17th January, 1813, after a few weeks' leave of absence at Lisbon, he rejoined the army under Lord Wellington, at that time occupied with the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, and two days afterwards that place fell.

During the Peninsular campaign, feasts were sometimes strangely mixed up with fights. On the 17th February, 1813, Sir Stapleton Cotton gave a ball at Cavilhan, and on the 26th of the same month he left for Badajos, which place Wellington intended to besiege. Badajos was taken on the 6th of April following. On the eve of the battle of Villa Garcia, which occurred shortly afterwards, the inhabitants of the town gave a ball, and the officers of the 16th were flirting and dancing with the Spanish beauties until the very moment the trumpet summoned them to the scene of action. Sir Stapleton was subsequently engaged at the battles of Salamanca, Orthes, and Toulouse. At the conclusion of the war in 1814, he returned to England, and was elevated to the peerage as Baron Combermere, the patent declaring that the title should descend to the heirs male of his body, and to support the dignity an annuity of £2,000 was attached to it for two generations.

After about nine months of ease and tranquillity passed at Combermere Abbey, his lordship was again summoned to the tented field, occasioned by the flight of Napoleon from Elba, when, after the battle of Waterloo, (at which, by the way, he was not present,) he was appointed to take the command of the cavalry at Paris. In the autumn of 1816, the army of occupation having been reduced, Lord Combermere lost his command, and returning once more to England, again took up his quarters at Combermere Abbey, where he remained till the spring of 1817, when he was appointed governor of Barbados. He

was relieved from the post in June, 1820, and, about five years afterwards, was appointed to the command of the forces in



Statue of Lord Combermere at Chester.

India. In 1825 war was declared against the usurping Rajah of Bhurtpore; Lord Combermere took the command of the army in person, and the city, after a well-sustained siege, fell in January, 1826. For his services at the capture of Bhurtpore, his lordship was advanced to the dignity of a viscountcy.

Of late years Lord Combermere took little active part in warlike scenes, or indeed in the troubled scenes of politics (though he constantly supported the Conservative party in the House of Peers); but lived the life of a resident nobleman on his estate in Cheshire, ever hospitable, frank, courteous, and kind, and visiting London during a part of each "season," when his small, dapper, well-dressed figure was daily to be seen on the steps of the Carlton or United Service Clubs, and in "the Row," mounted on his favourite charger. He outlived all his old Peninsular comrades, Wellington, Beresford, Lynedoch, and even men of a generation later, such, for instance, as Lord Clyde; and death surprised him early in last year, while staying at Clifton, only a few weeks after he had celebrated his ninety-first birthday. The bronze statue erected to his memory by subscription at Chester will not be more durable than the pleasant recollections of Lord Combermere, entertained by his friends and neighbours.

E. W.

THE PRIZE MAIDEN.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

Two or three days passed before Karl was able to leave the inn, and more than ten before he was able again to take his place at his beloved work-bench.

During all this time the intercourse between him and Gabriella had been quite unrestrained. Her father was too much accustomed to leaving her to think any watching necessary, even if his pursuits at the feasts of towns in the immediate neighbourhood had given him the opportunity.

Ten days had wrought a change in both. Both had the delicately sensitive artistic nature, and could mutually find interest in each other's pursuits. If Karl desired to gain the cup before, he burned to have it now that it was decorated with a portrait of his Gabriella.

At last the parting time came. The father and daughter went to Magdeburg, the old man taking with him the scroll of names of the intending competitors, amongst which was Karl's.

"Farewell, Karl; I will pray the good St. Hubert nightly for thy success. I will offer three candles of wax on the first Sunday of the month for thee."

"And I, good Karl, will send thee from Magdeburg a cross-bow of the best make in the town, and some of the same bolts that will be used for the shooting."

And, with yet one more farewell, which the pritschmeister was too busy to notice, they were gone. In due time the arbalest came; plain, but such a barrel and bow of polished steel, with a neat gut-string and small two and three-sheaved pulleys to draw it back, and such bolts of fine hard ash, with a dainty steel four-sided spike at the end, and three stiff feathers, cut slightly in the screw form.

Karl practised when tired of his bench, and found he could do more with his new weapon than he had hoped for. The cup was at last finished and sent off, and then his whole time was given up to shooting.

Commencing at ten paces, he retreated ten paces at each bolt that struck within half a span of the centre spot, and at last could make certain of striking within that circle at the one hundred paces.

Armed with his weapon and the permit of his master to travel, and a not ill-filled purse, he started for Magdeburg with the others of his townsmen who meant to shoot. He was the only one of them, as he thought, whose name was in the lists for the grand prize.

"You'll have good luck, Karl Goldemith, this year, for the Magdeburgers give a maiden, as well as the cup full of guilders to the winner."

"He'll look well, lads, walking into the town with the maiden on his arm."

"Gad, I hope the girl will be pretty, for his sake."

"Pretty or not, he'll take both the cup and the maiden. For my part, if I were in the list, I'd give some one the maiden on risk, and keep the cup alone."

"That's the opinion of the brother of Jeannette, the whitesmith's daughter, any one could tell. How's Jeannette's tongue, good smith?"

"Not one bit less sharp than it was when she bade you good-day for a 'spindle-shanked, cross-kneed, breeches-mending lout.' You remember that day?"

The tailor did remember that day, and was prudently silent.

The party reached Magdeburg on the third day, and were met by an officer of the city and taken to their respective lodgings.

"You, Karl, the goldsmith, will go with me, will you not, as it seems you know the pritschmeister."

"Yes, I know him."

"And his daughter, the fair Gabriella?"

"Yes, I know her."

"And what do you shoot for?"

"The first prize."

"Good! then you may win something better than a cup. What say you to a wife, a pretty young wife?"

"I'd rather, truth to tell, have the cup without the wife."

"A poor compliment to your friend, the fair Gabriella."

"Nay, the highest—I wish for no wife at present."

"Then I hope you will have the good luck to get your wish and lose."

"Good luck to lose! Bad luck, you mean."

"Nay, for if you win, you'll have the wife. Fair Gabriella for a wife."

"Win—the Gabriella?"

"Truly, she is herself the maiden prize."

"Great heaven defend me! *She* the prize that may be won by any one! It's too horrible! How could she consent? Where is she now?"

"I don't know, but if she be where she has been all day since the election, she is in the wooden chapel of St. Hubert on the shooting ground. She spends her time there, and would fast entirely if it were not that her guardian makes her eat to keep her in good looks for the feast."

"Can I go there?"

"Yes, but let me get rid of you first by leaving you at your room."

Karl found himself lodged in the same inn

as the pritschmeister. Without staying to do more than leave his weapon and baggage, he started for the shooting ground outside the



(See page 522.)

walls of the city. He found the temporary chapel, and it being nearly mid-day it was only partially filled. He soon saw the object of his search kneeling on one of the chairs. He waited patiently till he saw her rise and leave, followed by a stout kindly-looking attendant. He drew nearer, and as they left the building she said to him :

"Karl, my dearest Karl."

"Hush, my child, the people will think little of thee if thou talkest in this way."

"But this is Karl, of whom you know. He who saved me."

"Oh, the goldsmith who made the cup. Well, well, young folks will be young, so come to my house and talk as long and as

loud as you like.]; Ah, me! I was young once."

On reaching the house of the guardian, she sat them down to a simple meal, and Karl learned from the lips of his hostess how it came about that his Gabriella was queen of the joust, and the prize maiden at the great May festival.

The father and daughter had started for Magdeburgh and reached it on the third day. The pritschmeister, on going before the city council, was informed that as it was intended to make the feast universally attractive, the custom of giving a maiden as a prize would be revived, and that he was to make the necessary arrangements. Accordingly, he posted on the walls of the town, at the fountains, and on the doors of the churches, the following notice:—

"This is to inform all concerned that there is required for the great festival a maiden who shall be the prize for the best shooter. Should he not wish to marry her, or be already married, then shall he keep the cup, but give to the maiden the dower of the guilders within it, and she shall then be free to do as she lists. Such maidens as may desire to be elected from shall be at the council-house door at two hours before noon on the first day of the week next following. The oath will have to be taken by all before election.

"BENEDICT EDELBECK, Pritschmeister."

When Gabriella saw her father that evening he was gloomy and sad, and replied to her inquiries:—

"I am not well, child. No, not well. I have a cough that shakes me, my pulse is now fast, now slow, my head aches terribly. This work of fooling and jesting is as hard labour as can be done by man. I fear, child, I shall not long wear this gay-tinted motley, and what thou wilt do when I leave thee, God alone knows. I have nothing to help thee with, not a single guilder saved during a long life,—year after year and nothing left."

"But I can sing, father."

"Yes, to be sure. And to Count Cassimer and the like."

"Count Cassimer——"

"Is here, near this spot. His men tracked me to-day. Thou'rt hardly safe while I live, and when I'm dead, God help thee, my poor lamb. But a truce; get ready thy things, there is a council-supper, and thou must sing there to-night."

The council-supper was held in a large oak-timbered room under that in which the public business was transacted. It being the middle of April, the room was lighted by knots of pine-wood, that blazed and smoked against the wall in iron holders. At the end of the table, arranged like the letter U, sat the chief magistrate; on the right sat several

nobles of the neighbourhood, who were contributors to the cost and were competitors in the sports; on his left sat the ruler of all the sports, dressed in his fool's cap and bells, and with a baton of round light wood split at the end by several saw cuts, a blow with which, though making great noise, produced no further inconvenience. Four or five deputy pritschmeisters in the same kind of costume but of inferior quality, and with large flat wooden swords about a span in breadth at the widest part, and split in a similar fashion, fluttered about among the waiters and attendants.

The meat, on huge wooden and pewter platters, was carved by the dagger of the eater, and taken by the fingers to the mouth.

When the first edge of appetite was a little dulled, the time was come for the jesters to do their work, looking about them to see anything that would afford them a chance of showing their wit or agility.

"Great master," said one; "here is a lout who hath spilt his salt—a whole spoonful on the board—he deserves punishment."

"Well said. Bring him up between the tables."

In almost less time than it takes to tell, the jesters had leaped on the tables, taken a short burly councillor by the shoulders, and placed him in front of the pritschmeister.

"Well, thou wasteful knave, what hast thou to say?"

"May it please you, good pritschmeister, I did it not with intention. As I put my dagger's point into the basin, my neighbour touched my arm, and the salt fell."

"And your neighbour? Who was it?"

"Councillor Jemrach the tanner."

"Bring him here."

The astonished tanner was speedily before his judge.

"You hear. You jogged his elbow."

"I did, without intention."

"Nay, you meant to rob the city, to get a little salt for your hides. See if he have not a piece of skin about him to carry away this plunder."

The jesters' hands were plunged into his pockets, and the contents brought out, held up, and the name called as follows:—

"A door-key, a night-cap, a woman's night-cap."

"Put it on him."

"A cake of ginger-flavoured bread, a roast fowl, two old boots, a woman's kirtle."

"Let him put it on."

The order was obeyed, and in a few minutes the poor tanner stood up arrayed in a red short kirtle and the night-gear of a woman.

"What more has he?"

"A dice box and dice, a boiled fowl, a live rabbit, and a pair of pigeons, alive."

"And this is a man who spills the city salt to cure his hides! I solemnly adjudge him to drink a cup of wine with half the salt in, and his companion the other half of the salt in another cup of wine."

A quantity of salt was then taken from the table, and put into the two cups, and handed to the victims, who were obliged to swallow the nauseous mixture amidst roars of laughter from the spectators, none of whom knew one minute from another how long it might be before they might stand in the same place for some fancied violation of the strict etiquette of the table.

When, the confusion had a little subsided the door at the back of a small gallery at the end of the room opposite the head of the table was opened, and Gabriella appeared in the gallery with her guitar, to sing.

She sang several songs during the evening, and it was quite late when, under her father's protection, she went through the streets to the inn.

"Good evening, master fool," said some one.

"Good evening, my lord count."

"I've brought you an escort, master fool, for the fair Gabriella, whose weapons are not wood."

"I need it not, my lord count, and I pray you ease me of yourself and of your company."

"Nay, good master fool, I would know more of your little daughter; I will myself take care of her. Take my arm."

Gabriella shrank back from him.

"Poor little fawn, do I look like a wolf? Oh, I have teeth like a wolf, and thanks to your fair hand I am not so handsome as I have been. But you shall kiss away the scars your pretence lover made with his lighted stick. Yes, come kiss and heal them."

He drew near to the affrighted girl, while his followers surrounded without molesting the pair, and then caught her by the hand and waist.

The old man in a second pulled out his dagger, and seizing the count by the throat put the point to his breast.

"Let but a hand of you or your men move, and I drive this home. I warn you, its slightest scratch is certain death; it is poisoned."

The suddenness of the attack, and its unexpectedness had startled the man, but it was too late for action.

"Now, my lord count, let go the girl's arm, and bid your men go, and not a movement, or you are dead beyond a hope of remedy."

"Go," said the count, sullenly.

The men left them.

"Now, my lord, walk first; and till we meet the guard, I will hold your doublet, and if it strains upon my arm I'll plunge this dagger in your back. I'm a fool by trade, not otherwise. Go forward."

Holding the doublet, with the weapon raised to strike, they moved slowly on till the watch came in sight, and the old man, speaking over the count's shoulder, said,—

"If it were not the time it is I would give you to the watch for this cowardly attack; as it is I let you go; but be warned. My child has from this time a weapon like this; it may be a kind death for her, to save her from you. It may mean a death for you. Mind, I warn you; the slightest touch is death, as certain as if you were sunk with your sins at the sea's bottom. Now go.—God help me, my child, I fear I have no strength left; let me lean on you till the watch comes by."

The watch came, and putting himself under the care of two of the men, he reached his inn.

"Give me the dark-coloured bottle from the box, my girl."

"Oh! father, pray don't, you're always so much worse after you've taken that stuff."

"I can't live without, child; I should have been a beggar years ago but for this precious Indian juice. It gives me new life, stirs my dull brain,—I must have it."

Carefully pouring out a dark syrupy fluid drop by drop into a glass, he swallowed it and rested.

"Call me in two hours, for I have much to do between this and the morning."

He had hardly slept an hour before the landlord said some one wanted to see Herr Pritschmeister.

"He is asleep," said the girl.

"It is the Councillor Tanner."

"Ask him to wait but one hour, my father is so ill."

In an hour's time she awakened him and informed him of the visitor. The sedative had done its work, he was calm and clear-headed again, and apparently strong.

The Tanner came in.

"Your knaves played me a scurvy trick this night, Herr Pritschmeister."

"All in good part I hope. It makes something to laugh at, good councillor, and laughter is good sauce for any feast."

"I came to ask thee by what devilish bewitchment those things came into my pockets. I declare before the Virgin I never put them there."

"I dare say not, for they never were there."

"No? Why, I felt their hands as they pulled them out, though how an old wife's

kirtle and cap came to be there I cannot tell. I hope no evil may come of it."

"Look now, is this your hat?"

"Truly it is."

"And what is in it?"

"Naught, I swear."

"Yet, spite of your swearing, good Master Tanner, there is something, for here are my parchments, and the ink-horn, and my daughter's shoes."

"Gracious Virgin! and I would have taken oath there was naught."

"Right, good Master Councillor, there was naught till I put it there, and my knaves did the same. 'Tis now a stale trick of jugglery, but new to this town. We always put in what we take out."

"But I saw you not put in the parchments and the shoes."

"That is our art, as yours is to cure skins."

"And there is no witchcraft in it?"

"None; only a little quickness with the fingers."

"I would give ten golden crowns to do something like it, for my wife has spoken of the cap and kirtle, and not a few of the councillors have suggested that there are dinners and suppers enough in the city to prevent such a longing as I seemed to have for roast and boiled capon, to lead me to take them home in my pocket after the feast."

"Well, 'tis not difficult to do something. See, these ten crowns are in my hand—and now, are gone—and are in the lining of your hat," and the pritschmeister counted out the ten crowns from under the lining of the hat before the astonished tanner.

"Show me how to do it, and the crowns are yours."

"I want not the crowns. I am paid by the city. Look; put your hand thus, and thus."

A few lessons, and the tanner was tolerably perfect.

"Now, how shall I thank thee?"

"I know not; it deserves no thanks."

"Eh! but it does. I will bewitch my hat at home before the eyes of my wife, and so get rid of the cap and poulets too."

"I don't know that I want anything you can just now give. My daughter——"

"The girl who sang?"

"Yes."

"A handsome, likely wench, like my own girl, but thinner. What of her?"

"I fear I am not strong, and she will need some protector when I go."

"Give her a husband."

"I cannot; she is out of bounds; honest men think all singing girls are of the same kind."

"Why not, if she can take the oath, make her the prize? She will get the dower if she get no husband."

"Take the oath she can; but I like not the thought of putting her up as a prize to be shot for."

"The best thing you can do for her. Who knows who may aim?—and some likely young fellow may do worse than take her with his golden cup. Think of it; and if you so decide, she shall have my voice in the council."

When the honest tanner left, Gabriella came in, and her father at once broke the matter to her.

"The man who has just gone, child, suggests that you should offer yourself for the prize maiden."

"I, good father—I—"

"Why not?"

"Who can tell who will win?"

"It matters not much. If he will not have thee thou hast three hundred golden crowns, and if thou wilt not have him thou wilt have but one hundred and he two; and one hundred crowns is more than I have earned this many a year. Besides, it just now strikes me that if the winner be this same Karl, of whom we know, it would not be so unwelcome an office to hand him the cup and take his arm at the feast. I think you had better do this; besides I know not how to leave you here alone."

"The Count will track you, and bribe all who guard you here. Once elected, you will be under the charge of the city guard, and safe from harm."

"Be it so, father. I will be the one to try, and God and St. Hubert grant my Karl success."

The eventful morning came, and assembled at the door of the Court House were four masked figures. The small number of the Council deputed to make the selection soon arrived, and the figures were ushered in.

The doors were closed, and the questions as to the name and place of abode, parentage, &c., were asked of each. Then came the ceremony of taking the oath. One out of the four retired at this stage, unable to face the strict test. Three remained.

"Brethren," said the chief magistrate, "all these maidens are equally qualified, by purity of life and freedom from crime, to be elected; they will remove their masks, and you will then hold up hands as I name them. Maidens, unmask."

There could be little doubt as to the decision. Two of the three competitors were, if not ugly, so plain as to astonish the judges at their having come forward.

"Pauline Knellar, I count three heads."

"Caroline Sneider, I count two hands.

"Gabriella Edelback, I count twelve hands.

"I announce and declare that the election of the Council has fallen upon the daughter of the Pritschmeister Benedict Edelback, called Gabriella. Has any of the Council aught to say against this being confirmed by the city seal?"

"I have heard," said one of the voters for Caroline Sneider, "on the authority of a man of rank in the town, that there was a something—I know not what, nor surmise—in which rumour coupled her name with a bastard goldsmith's apprentice somewhat too closely."

"Count Cassimer lies," said Gabriella. "I have taken the oath. It should be enough to you, who have daughters at home."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed several voices. "She has taken the oath, and twenty bastard goldsmiths will not put that aside; and now, brethren, call in our maiden's guardian."

An elderly woman came in and stood by the side of Gabriella.

"This maiden we leave in thy charge. She is now a representative of the city; she will be lodged, fed, and clothed at the city's expense till such time as the shooting has decided her future. The city commits her to your care and keeping, and holds you and yours liable for its honour in this maiden's person."

"I accept the city's trust, good councillors," and the ceremony was ended.

Henceforth Gabriella was attended wherever she went by her guardian and an escort of the city guard. Dressed like a princess, when she rode or walked the crowd stood on one side to let her pass, and she received all the attentions accorded to princesses of the blood royal.

The arms were presented at gates and guard-houses, and the people, who respectfully pressed near to see her, cheered and shouted as the beautiful face passed them.

"An honour to our city. She's handsomer far than the last one, eleven years ago. I hope, poor soul, some handsome likely young fellow may win her."

The days passed away, and the poor girl spent them in supplications for the success of her lover Karl.

Strangers flocked in from all the neighbouring towns to swell the lists, and as she eagerly scanned the list of those who competed, she was horror-struck to find it contained the name of Count Cassimer, who, though living occasionally at Aschersleben, had entered himself as an inhabitant of another neighbouring town.

"Good heavens, father! that man may win the cup and me."

"Alas! my child, there is that fearful risk. I knew it not till too late. Being a noble, he can insist on having possession of you as a serf. "You might become the wife of a free citizen, and so be free yourself; but if he wins you he cannot marry you, for you are his property, body and soul."

"I would to heaven we had thought of this cruel chance before. Is it even now too late, think you?"

"Too late? Alas it is! There is no time to get a new maiden; and besides, my child, if the worst does come, you have the dagger. Hope for the best; but if the worst comes, meet it as my child should."

"There is that escape, 'tis true; but I am so young to die—to leave the flowers and the bright sky, which, but for him, might give me joy for long, long summers yet to come. Holy Virgin, protect me, and St. Hubert drive his bolts wide."

At last the day came when Gabriella saw Karl, and told him all that had passed.

"What madness, child, tempted you to run this terrible risk? If I should fail—the very thought unnerves me. What could your father have been thinking about to let it be done? Is it too late? Can we not now bribe some one to take your place?"

"Alas! no. There were but three, and I was elected. It must be as it is; but I have here a talisman to keep me from the worst of ills. That is my father's latest gift to me, and I can use it."

"Gabriella, swear to me that you will not use it on yourself, except in the most desperate need."

"But drive away these dull thoughts. You must win, Karl."

"Yes, I will win. I will think of that coward, and think I am aiming at his heart, and it will make my nerves steel."

It would be needless to describe the attempts made by the emissaries of the Count to disable or cripple the young goldsmith. Quarrel after quarrel was forced upon him, until at last his townsmen refused to let him out of their sight, for fear of any accident preventing his winning the cup. FRAXINUS.

THE KNAVE OF BERGEN.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM SMETS.)

MERRY it is at Frankfort
At Frankfort-on-the-Main,
The blaze of glowing torchlight
Makes day where night should reign,
And far and wide rejoicings
Through every street resound,
Because to-day at Frankfort
A German king is crown'd.

Forth from the Römer palace
The drums and trumpets sound,
And many an hour the dancers
Have moved in mazy round—
Yonder a knight so slender
With mask all black is seen,
Who, dressed in garments sombre,
Leads forth the gentle queen.

And when the dance is ended,
The royal dame doth turn
Unto her handsome partner,
His name and state to learn—
"You seem the Knight of Death, sir,
Though of life's fire possessed,
Unloose your mask, I pray you,
That we may know our guest."

"Most noble queen, this question
Ah, never ask of me—
My life and thy fair honour
Should both the forfeit be."
"Who art thou, knight? Nay, answer;
Thy life is safe, I vow;
Fear not nor prince nor people,
Though outlawed man wert thou."

Yet still the guest is silent,
Then speaks the king in wrath:
"Plague on thee, knight! I bid thee
Thy honest face show forth."—
He dares refuse no longer,
Down doth the visor fall,

"What ho! Hangman from Bergen:"
A cry goes through the hall.

He at the king's feet sinking,
With wily tongue doth plead:
"Death would I willing suffer
Could that undo the deed—
Yet still the queen's dishonour
Would unavenged be;
But both faults may be cancell'd,
So please your majesty.

"Draw from its golden scabbard
Thy sword all shining bright—
I stand in knightly garments,
Now make of me a knight.
Then may I freely challenge
Him who the queen dares blame.
A knight doth for her answer,
The dance hath brought no shame."

"E'en so I grant thee knighthood,
Thou rogue, disgrace to save,
Yet shalt thou "Knaves of Bergen."
Be called, thou arrant knave."
So spake the king, quick dealing
One stroke with sword so bright,
Th' ignoble dancer kneeling
Straight riseth up a knight.

JULIA GODDARD.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS IN CORVE DALE.

A LONG straight road, an open path across the Old Field or race-course, another lane, and the first bye-lane to the right, brings us from Ludlow into the pleasant village of Stanton Lacy, a distance of about three

* "Schelm von Bergen," which name is, I believe, still borne by the descendants of the "Schelm."

miles and a-half. But let nobody suppose that these roads and lanes deserve to be passed over with so brief a notice. The first is a part of the old high road from Hereford to Shrewsbury, and was much frequented in the days of stage-coaches. On the right it borders on the railway, from which it is separated by a high hedge, over which, looking backwards, we get a glimpse of Titterstone, and further on, of the lower hills which rise above Stanton Lacy. On the left rise the picturesque wooded heights of Bringewood, and, as these recede, the richly sylvan scenery of Oakley Park intervenes. Just where the road turns off to Bromfield, we cross to the right a railway bridge, and enter the Old Field. This is an enclosed space of about a hundred acres, uncultivated, but affording excellent sheep-pasture, which has perhaps received its name of the Old Field from the circumstance that a line of ancient sepulchral tumuli, or barrows, runs across it from nearly south-east to north-west. One of these, which has been lowered by the labours of agriculture, is seen in the middle of a field to the right, just as we cross the railway bridge; three succeed each other within the Old Field itself; and another of larger dimensions and surmounted by a large tree, stands on the north-western edge of the inclosure. This latter is known as Robin Hood's Tump, and, according to the legend, the popular hero stood on the summit of it to aim an arrow at the weathercock on the tower of Ludlow church, a distance of about two miles and a-half, and the arrow fell so little short of its mark, that it lodged on the top of one of the chancels of the church, where it still remains. These tumuli probably mark the line of a Roman road which, leaving the road, now called the Watling Street, towards the Craven Arms, or Wistanstow, ran by Ludlow towards Worcester, where there was a Roman town of some kind, which became afterwards the principal town of the Saxon tribe of the Wigoras, or Wicwars (Latinised into Wiccii), and received from them the name of Wigora-ceastre, the city of the Wigoras, from which the present name is merely modified.

Stanton Lacy is a charming village, well worthy of a visit either from the antiquary or from the lover of rural scenery. It is pleasantly situated on ground rising from the banks of the river Corve, and is backed towards the east by a range of low hills, the upper parts of which are clothed with wood; while it commands extensive and varied views to the north, west, and south. The church is a venerable building, dating from Anglo-Saxon times: there are

that a great part of the existing edifice belonged to that church which is mentioned in the Domesday Survey as standing here; and its massive masonry, and the curious perpendicular string-courses and other peculiar features which are now looked upon as belonging to architecture of the Anglo-Saxon period, will strike every observer. Higher up in the village stands—of course very considerably altered by modern additions and improvements—the ancient manor-house of the great family of the Lacies, and it is not impossible that the powerful baron, Roger de Lacy, was making his residence here in the Conqueror's reign, during the time when he was building the castle of Ludlow.

The village of Stanton Lacy stands just at the opening of Corve Dale, one of the most beautiful districts of the south of Shropshire, embracing the tolerably broad tract between the long bold ridge of Wenlock Edge to the westward, and the line of the Cleve Hills to the eastward, and stretching towards the north-east to the high but less mountainous country in which the river Corve takes its rise. In the Middle Ages this country separated the two great royal forests of the Long Forest, which included the Wenlock Hills, the Stretton Hills, and the Longmynd, and the Cleve Forest, and a great part of it was no doubt forest itself; but the rich soil of the southern part of it had probably been cultivated from an early period, and was perhaps as well inhabited as any of these border countries. Corve Dale presents many pleasant drives and rides. As we have turned into the village of Stanton Lacy let us wander along the lanes on the eastern side of the slow but picturesque little river. One of these takes us from the village into a road, which runs northwardly along the rather high ground from which the Stanton Lacy hills rise to the right. It is bounded by the thick hedges of hazel and hawthorn for which this country is so well known; shorn low, but literally covered, at the season at which we are now speaking, with sweet-smelling honeysuckles, with large spikes of fragrant meadow-sweet here and there rising through them. To the left the view is strikingly beautiful. Looking backwards, it is bounded by the line of Bringewood, and then succeeds a sweep of rising ground, one elevation above another, till it is lost in a circle of hills, the real height of which is hardly appreciated in consequence of their distance and of the varied beauties of the landscape which intervenes. This assumes more and more the character of a wide panorama as we turn towards the north, where it is bounded by the still more distant heights

of Wenlock Edge. On the right we have still the Stanton Lacy hills, until, after we have proceeded somewhat more than a mile, they are broken into by picturesque dingles, which are known by the name of Hayton's Bent; beyond which the ground rises again into a hill which is known as Sutton Hill, and which sinks northward into the valley. Under Hayton's Bent, and between it and the road, lie the hamlets of Great and Little Hayton. Further on, somewhat more than two miles from the spot where we entered this road from Stanton Lacy, a lane, bordered on both sides by a row of fruit-trees, which form a veritable avenue, turns off to the right, and leads us into the hamlet of Little Sutton, and to Sutton Court, the hospitable mansion of Charles Powell, Esq., who is the lord of the land around us, and has held the position of chairman of the board of magistrates in this part of Shropshire during, I believe I may say, the long period of not less than half a century. If, instead of turning into Little Sutton, we continue along the high-road, we pass first by the hamlet of Great Sutton, and then at the distance of two miles arrive at the site of Corfham Castle, which stood on rising ground, overlooking the river Corve. From this circumstance, of course, it derived its name, which means the dwelling or manor of the Corve, and would seem to intimate that in early Saxon times it was the principal chieftain's residence on that river, and we may therefore imagine that it was then the head of an extensive lordship,—we might perhaps call it the Saxon capital of Corve Dale. Accordingly, we learn from the Domesday Survey, that Corfham was, before the Conquest, a manor belonging to the Anglo-Saxon kings, and it may have been a royal manor from the earliest period of the settlement of the Anglo-Saxons in these parts.

Who the Anglo-Saxons were who first settled here we are going to Little Sutton again to try and discover. The history of the manor of Corfham under the Normans is somewhat scandalous. After the Conquest it was given, with the greater part of Shropshire, to the powerful Earl Roger of Montgomery. It was forfeited, in consequence of the rebellion of Earl Roger's son, Robert de Belesme, and reverted to the crown; in which it remained, with a slight interval, until the reign of Henry II. From 1178 to 1190 this manor, which then included Culmington and Siefton, was alienated from the crown, but the name of the individual to whom it had been given was carefully excluded from public documents. At the end of that period, however, it appears in the records that the grantee from the

crown was the Herefordshire baron, Walter de Clifford, the father of that most celebrated of royal mistresses, Fair Rosamond. There is every reason for believing that the manor of Corfham was given to Walter de Clifford, as a sort of compensation for the dishonour inflicted upon him in the person of his fair daughter.

We will now return to Little Sutton, where, in the autumn of last year, I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Powell. Sutton Hill rises almost immediately behind the house, and the most direct ascent is by a very pleasant walk through the fields, passing by a stream of water, which runs down a very narrow ravine, and makes two picturesque waterfalls in its way. The hill itself forms a large knoll, from the summit of which we have a prospect of wonderful grandeur. Below us, spread out towards the west, in a broad sweep from north to south, lies the beautiful scenery of Corve Dale, while, when we turn round, rise in bolder profile the lofty masses of the Brown Clees Hill towards the north-east, and of the Titterstone Clees Hill to the south-east of us, separated from us by a broken valley of from four or five to seven or eight miles in breadth. The accompanying sketch represents the Titterstone Clees Hill, as it appears from this spot, with the prettily-situated church and parsonage of Bitterley on its lower slopes. A more beautiful spot, indeed, than that on which we are standing could hardly be imagined, and discoveries accidentally made upon it had led to the belief that it had been chosen for the site of a cemetery by some one of the primitive peoples who inhabited the vale below. The hill itself is formed of a mass of limestone rock, with only a small depth of soil on the surface. On the immediate summit a hedge, running nearly north and south, divides a rather extensive piece of uncultivated ground on its eastern side from cultivated fields on the west. It has been the practice for many years to quarry the uncultivated ground just alluded to, for the purpose of obtaining stone for the manufacture of lime, and at various times the men employed in this process have dug up human bones, which excited popular curiosity at the time, but no attempt had ever been made at anything like a systematical investigation. Mr. Powell then promised that, when I made him another visit, he would be prepared to make some more careful excavations in my presence.

At the beginning of the month of September just past, I was on a visit at the house of kind friends at Stanton Lacy. On the 6th of September we proceeded to Sutton, and accompanied Mr. Powell to the top of

the hill, where a man, employed to dig, had already found a grave, and met with traces of a formal interment. The place was explored with great care, and we found the skeleton of a man, who had been stretched out and laid on his back, with the arms apparently placed so that the hands lay on each other immediately below the pelvis. The bones were in that state of decomposition which showed them to be of great antiquity, but no objects of any kind were found accompanying them calculated to assist in fixing their date. Whatever had been buried with the dead must have been of very perishable material. The head lay to the west, and the feet to the east, but the skull had been carried away by the workmen digging here on a previous occasion. The grave was cut in the lime-stone rock, and, in this instance, ran across under the hedge; but it must be explained that the surface of the rock, to a small depth, is so softened by the progress of decomposition, that it is not difficult to cut or break a grave in it. It is hardly necessary to say that the month of September in the present year was very unfavourable to explorations of this kind, and the inclemency of the weather compelled us to discontinue our researches. It appears from a careful examination of the locality, and from information I obtained from labourers employed on the spot for many years, that there was here a space enclosed by a circular embankment of considerable extent, just on the summit of the hill, which enclosed the cemetery, and which was divided into two parts by the present hedge. That part on the eastern side of the hedge has been cleared away by the process of quarrying; but I understand that the part on the western side remained until a few years ago untouched, and covered with bushes. These have been cleared away, and it has been subjected to the plough, but the mound of circumvallation is still distinctly visible, and it is probable that, if the ground within were trenched down to the rock, numbers of untouched graves would still be found, and an examination of them would at present offer the only means of ascertaining satisfactorily who were the people to whom this cemetery belonged.

Still we have facts which enable us at least to approach the solution of this question. I am told that the site is called popularly, or traditionally, or, if you like, legendarily, "The Devil's Mouth." There is another "Devil's Mouth" on the Longmynd. In names like this, the evil one generally represents mythical beings of another character, which belonged to the superstitions of an elder creed of our forefathers, upon whom the Christian missionaries taught their converts to look

as mere fiends, and they may generally be taken as probable evidence of a connection with circumstances which denote a very remote

antiquity—in most cases of an antiquity more remote than the introduction of the Gospel among the Anglo-Saxons. Our discovery of



Titterstone, from the top of Sutton Hill.

the corpse buried formally in a grave cut in the rock shows that these bodies had not been thrown into the ground hastily at a recent period. On the other hand, we have no instance of any interment previous to the Roman period, in which the corpses were buried in graves of this description, and especially in which iron was found, and the Romans buried either in cemeteries outside their towns or in mounds or tombs bordering their great roads, but never in positions like Sutton Hill.

Implements made of iron, or steel, are especial marks of the cemeteries of the Anglo-Saxons before their conversion to Christianity. Now, the unvarying statements of the labourers who were employed in quarrying during the period when the skeletons were found in the ground on the eastern side of the hedge, and the evidence of Mr. Powell himself, appear to establish beyond doubt the fact that implements made of iron were found with the human remains on the top of Sutton Hill. A large sword is said to have been found, which

fell into the hands of a farmer, who is stated to have had it ground into a knife, which he used for some years for carving beef. Anybody acquainted with the size of the sword not unfrequently found in the Anglo-Saxon graves, and the good condition in which they are sometimes preserved, will acknowledge that this is not impossible. Another implement of iron, of which several examples are said to have been found, was called by the labourers a plough-hatchet, and, as it was described to me, appears to have been something like a small battle-axe or pick. One or two of these implements came into the possession of Mr. Powell, who sent them for exhibition some years ago to the meeting of an archaeological society at Ludlow—it may have been that of the Cambrian Archaeological Association, which met there in 1854; but the result was that these objects have entirely disappeared, without any public notice taken of them, and that consequently, whether these objects are entirely lost or not, their historical value is

gone entirely. The simple fact, however, of the discovery of implements of iron, if they were really found with the sepulchral interments, would lead us to conclude that the cemetery on the top of Sutton Hill was Anglo-Saxon. The whole character of it is quite in accordance with that of the Anglo-Saxon cemeteries in the south of England. In East Kent, for instance, where they are found in the greatest abundance, the Anglo-Saxons chose for the burial-place of their particular tribe the top of a chalk down, where they cut their graves into the chalk exactly as they appear to be cut into the rock on the summit of Sutton Hill. This was the peculiar mode of interment of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers—a grave sunk in the ground, covered originally with a small mound, and grouped together, and was the origin of the form of our modern church-yard interments; after the conversion of our forefathers to Christianity, the ecclesiastics gradually transferred the burial from the pagan site to the neighbourhood of the church, without changing its internal form. I say *gradually*, because long after the establishment of Christianity in this island, the ecclesiastical laws and canons complain of the difficulty of restraining the christianised Anglo-Saxons from carrying their dead to be buried in the unchristian cemeteries of their pagan forefathers. A careful examination of the ground to the westward of the hedge on the top of Sutton Hill would probably clear up the question whether this were an Anglo-Saxon cemetery or not. If it be so, it will be the first Anglo-Saxon cemetery yet discovered on the borders of Wales.

If we might assume it to be Anglo-Saxon, another question, and one of historical interest, arises,—what branch of the Anglo-Saxon race was it, Angles or Saxons, who buried their dead on Sutton Hill, and who, therefore, occupied Corve Dale during the age of Anglo-Saxon paganism? We know that the countries towards these borders were occupied successively by two peoples, the Saxons of Wessex and the Angles of Mercia; but the scanty notices given by history are vague, uncertain, and perhaps partly legendary. We can hardly venture to take any of the accounts of the first Teutonic invasions as strictly accurate. But it appears certain that the West Saxons had advanced far up our border at a very early period. It was no doubt close upon the beginning of the sixth century when their first chieftain gave his name to the once celebrated landing-place of Cerdices-ora; but it was not till late on in the century, after directing their earlier efforts to the subjugation of the present counties of Oxford, Buckingham, and Bedford, that, in 577, they took Gloucester, Cirencester,

and Bath, the three great Roman cities which stood between them and the borders of Wales. In 584, as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle has recorded, the West Saxon kings, Ceawlin and Cutha, fought against the Britons at Fethan-leag, and "took many towns and great booty." It has recently been suggested, and perhaps rightly, that this place is represented by the modern hamlet of Faddiley, near Nantwich, in Cheshire, so that the West Saxons had only needed seven years after the capture of those three cities to spread themselves over nearly the whole border, and it was probably during this period that our dale received its Saxon population. The Northumbrian Angles, under their King Ethelfrith, made themselves masters of the Roman city of Chester in 606, and thus laid open the northern part of the border to the invasion of the Angles; but it was the Mercian Angles who finally included Shropshire in their kingdom, and they only came in at a still later period. All the information which history has left us would lead us to suppose that the population of this part of the country was West-Saxon. A more careful exploration of the cemetery on Sutton Hill would probably bring to light some objects of human manufacture which would decide this question. The researches of the antiquary have shown us that there was one great difference between the modes of interment of the Saxon and Angle races. The former almost invariably buried the body entire, the latter burnt the body before interment, and deposited the ashes in an urn. In the Anglo-Saxon cemeteries of the pagan period in Kent and through the whole extent of Wessex, we find the body laid on its back in the grave, and stretched out exactly like that we uncovered on Sutton Hill; while in East Anglia and Mercia, the body is usually represented by an urn full of ashes. Supposing, therefore, the interments at Sutton to be Saxon, they would seem to confirm the views we obtain from history as to the particular origin of the population of this part of the country, and they are, therefore, interesting for their bearing on the history of border manners and border dialect. But by further exploration only can we hope to clear the question of the uncertainty which still hangs over it.

There is one circumstance connected with the grave we opened which deserves a passing word. At about a foot above the level of the skeleton which lay on its back, we found some of the bones of another, as though of a second interment in the same grave. But, supposing the interment to be Saxon, this may admit of another explanation. In exploring Anglo-Saxon cemeteries in Kent, I have not unfrequently found human bones near the surface

of the grave, and sometimes in the mound which covered it. At first I supposed that somebody had opened the grave before me, and scattered the bones about, but I found in every instance that this was not the case. I came finally to the conclusion that these bones were those of a slave who had been slain and thrown into the grave of his master.

The reason why the pagan Anglo-Saxons buried so many objects with the dead was no doubt founded in a part of their religious belief that, when the spirit of the departed awoke in the other world, it would find all these objects useful or ornamental. The warrior carried with him his favourite arms, the fine lady her jewels, and the chieftain his insignia of power. It was customary even to place in the grave a small vessel, which was probably filled with ale or mead, the drinking glass, and often a dish, on which no doubt some eatable was placed, so that the spirit might not go on his way to Walhalla hungry or thirsty. The same sentiment may have induced those who were rich enough to send a slave along with their relative or their lord, that he might find with him after death a servant to attend upon him. I am now speaking especially of the Saxons of Kent and the south, who were evidently richer in worldly goods and more refined than the people of other parts of the kingdom. The quantity of objects placed in the grave would naturally depend upon the wealth and affection of the kinsmen who buried the dead; the poor and those who were not affectionate or generous would lay the body in the grave with sufficient clothes to cover it, and leave it to take its chance in the mysterious life into which they believe it to be going. To judge from the interments on Sutton Hill, if our interpretation of them be right, the primitive Saxon population of Corve Dale was not a rich people.

We return to Stanton Lacy. But any one who desired a longer drive or ride, might have gone onward to Corham, and there taken a road which crosses the Corve and carries him to Diddlebury, into the high road from Ludlow, which he left at Stanton Lacy. As he returns by this road he is greeted at every step by a varying prospect over the other side of the valley no less striking than those which met his eye on the way to Sutton, with the mountain masses of the Brown Clec Hill forming bold features in the landscape. At a turn of the road, rather more than a mile from Diddlebury, we come to a spot which bears the name of Pedlar's Rest, which we may suppose from this name to have been in former times a common place for pedlars to assemble and rest themselves,

and concerning which we can only say that the pedlars who chose this place for their repose must have had as much love for the picturesque as for their personal convenience: the view is here wonderfully beautiful. As we continue our way, the distant line of Bringe-wood tells us we are again approaching the Old Field. The river Corve pursues its tortuous course along the bottom of the valley, winds round the Old Field on the north, proceeds to Ludlow, where it crosses the bottom of the street which is called from it Corve Street, flows (if we can call its slow motion flowing) round the northern foot of the hill on which the town stands, and enters the more rapid and beautiful Teme at a little distance in front of Ludlow Castle.

THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

RUSHES.

In the collection of National Portraits exhibited at South Kensington, during last summer, there was to be observed a large picture, nearly twelve feet in length and more than eight feet high, representing Sir Thomas More and his Family, said to have been painted by Hans Holbein in 1530. The antiquity of the work was well authenticated; its pedigree was unexceptionable. Originally the property of Andrew de Loo, a contemporary of Holbein's and a collector of his paintings, it was, upon his death, purchased by Mr. Roper, the grandson of Sir Thomas; and the male line of the Ropers having become extinct, and Well Hall, Eltham, the home of the family, having been destroyed, it was transferred to the possession of Sir Rowland Wynne (or Winn), who had married a grand-daughter of the last of the Ropers: a descendant of Sir Rowland's being the present owner and exhibitor of the picture at South Kensington.

Vertue, however, whose "Anecdotes of Painting in England" Walpole digested and published, saw reason to doubt that the picture was really Holbein's. He pointed out inequalities in the workmanship, and drew attention to the fact that the lights and shades in different parts of the painting came from opposite sides. His supposition was that Holbein had quitted the Chancellor's service for the King's before he commenced the great picture which Sir Thomas had commissioned him to execute; that the painter's engagements increased so much that it became necessary for him to employ some inferior artist to begin the undertaking, who was accordingly entrusted with various separate portraits of the family, which Holbein had painted some time before, to introduce into the picture: Holbein purposing afterwards to

add the final touches and give completeness to the work as a whole. The injudicious journeyman, as Vertue judged, thereupon introduced the portraits in a hap-hazard sort of way, without regard to the fact that they were painted in different lights, from different points of view, and could not therefore be grouped together with any regard to artistic propriety or to natural laws. Vertue observed, moreover, that the faces and hands in the picture were left flat and unfinished, and were altogether without the perfection which ordinarily characterised Holbein's painting of flesh; while the more mechanical portions of the work, such as the jewels, ornaments, embroideries, &c., were extremely laboured. He concluded, therefore, that the picture was not the work of Holbein, and had not ever been touched upon by that painter.

The question as to the genuineness of the work is no doubt a curious one; but, of course, must remain unanswered: one of those matters of opinion in regard to which it is permitted to every one to entertain what views he may think fit. New evidence, either on one side or the other, is not likely now to be forthcoming to give a different complexion to the case. As Walpole has observed upon another occasion, "To say that a performance is not equal to the reputation of its supposed author, is not always an argument sufficient to destroy its authenticity." And he instances the well-known saying of Sir Godfrey Kneller, when he was reproached with hasty and slovenly work, "Pooh! the picture will not be thought mine. Nobody will believe that the same man painted this and the Chinese at Windsor."

It was not, however, with the view of opening an endless discussion as to whether the large painting of Sir Thomas More and his family was or not a genuine Holbein that the reader's attention was drawn to that work; but rather, its antiquity being unimpeachable, whatever may be said as to its artistic qualities, to point to a curious, if minute, fact in connection with the domestic life of our ancestors, which the picture brings forcibly before us. In Sir Thomas More's time carpets were little if at all known in England: in lieu of those now common-place comforts, it was the custom to strew the floor with *rushes*. The artist, Holbein or his journeyman, has depicted them, very simply and clearly about the feet of Sir Thomas and his family. The Lord Chancellor was content with those homely substitutes for what in our day appears as an ordinary article of furniture in almost the humblest dwellings.

The rushes, it should be noticed, have a fresh-gathered look, being of a lively green

colour. It was the custom to strew the floor anew on the arrival of a guest of any consequence; and to omit this proceeding was to pay a bad compliment to the new comer. The common phrase, "not worth a rush," undoubtedly arises from this old custom. Lilly, the Euphuist, in his play or masque of "Sappho and Phao" (1591), has an apposite line; "Strangers have green rushes when daily guests are not worth a rush;" the "strangers" being persons of distinction, whereas the "daily guests" must be understood as signifying ordinary visitors merely. In Shakespeare's "Henry the Fourth," *Glendower*, interpreting the Welsh speech of Lady Mortimer, addresses her husband:

She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down, &c.

Whitaker, the antiquarian and topographer, in his "History of Craven," states that "in 1609 the floors of Shipton Castle were strewed with rushes for the judges and other guests." Decker's "Gull's Horn Book," in the advice "how a gallant should behave himself in a play-house," shows that in Queen Elizabeth's time and afterwards the stage was always similarly covered; and Genest, in his *History*, cites many quotations from old plays to the same effect. Thus, when in Fletcher's tragedy of "Rollo, Duke of Normandy," the hero exclaims,

And all the vows my weakness made, like this,

Like this poor heartless rush, I rend a-piece,

the actor undoubtedly took up one of the rushes at his feet and rent it. So also did *Wittipol*, in Ben Jonson's "The Devil is an Ass," when he says, "I'll not give this rush." In Sir William Davenant's "Fair Favourite," a lady enters, and according to the stage direction, "*sits on the rushes* and takes a book out to read." In Shirley's "Martyred Soldier," *Eugenius* exclaims, being in the King's bedchamber, "before my blood shall wash these rushes," &c. And in Webster's "Duchess of Malfy," the scene representing an apartment in the Palace, the *Cardinal* states,

He gave me these large wounds

As we were struggling here in the rushes.

No doubt many like instances could be quoted.

As carpets came into general use the rushes disappeared from the stage as from everywhere else. It became a custom—which, indeed, still exists among us, especially when a play with a tragic catastrophe has to be represented—to spread a green baize carpet in front of the footlights. May not the colour of this carpet be an evidence that it owes its origin to the *green rushes* which strewed the boards of the old theatres? Of late years the baize has been securely fastened down

throughout the play. During the last century it seems to have been introduced only when some grave event was about to be enacted. O'Keefe, the dramatist, in his "Memoirs," writes:—"It was the ridiculous custom at that time, when the principal character was to die, for two men to walk on with a carpet and spread it on the stage for the hero to fall on and die in comfort." He proceeds to relate that when Murphy's tragedy of the "Grecian Daughter" was produced in Dublin, the part of *Dionysius* the Tyrant was entrusted to an eccentric actor named Bob Mahon, who theretofore had only appeared in comic characters, in which his abilities as a singer and a dancer could be turned to good account. In the fifth act *Dionysius* was stabbed, and had to expire on the stage. Mr. Mahon accordingly fell upon his carpet in the usual manner and began his dying speech. The audience tittered, and presently began to laugh outright. The actor was not again permitted to excite the mirth of his audience by appearing before them again in tragedy; and Mr. O'Keefe wrote some verses on the affair, and in ridicule of stage death-scenes in general, beginning:

Why let the wounded man lie bleeding there,
Flouncing and gasping like a new caught sturgeon?
And why not place him on an easy chair,
And some one run and fetch the nearest surgeon?

"We of the comic light infantry," he urges, "should be allowed to fling a jest now and then at the tragic heavy horse."

Dryden, it may be noted, in his "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," attributes to the fault of the players the fact he had often observed, "that in all our tragedies the audience cannot forbear laughing when the actors are to die: 'tis the most comic part of the whole play." The actors were sometimes to blame, doubtless, but, as Southey suggests, the poverty of the poet's tragedies had something to do with the matter.

DUTTON COOK.

"EXPERIENTIA DOCET;"

OR,

The Pleasures of Farming.

If you take my advice you will buy a nice little piece of land and occupy yourself in farming. There is money to be made by farming; * * * though I never made anything by it myself, still I am told some people do, and it is so much nicer in every way than trade.—THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

"So you've taken a farm, Mr. Smithers,
What a fortunate fellow you are!
How charming to live in the country,
Away from all trouble and care!

"How pleasant to see the corn ripen!
To gaze on the sweet-smelling hay!
To lounge at full length in the meadow
And idle the hours away!

"Surely *you* can have no cause to grumble
At your lot on this trouble-stained earth;
Your life will be one round of pleasure,
Your days spent in gladness and mirth.

"I only wish I were a farmer—
(A 'gentleman farmer,' of course);
Nothing then would be left to desire;
As it is, I am often made cross

"By numerous cares and vexations
Which accumulate day after day;
But as *you* know nothing about them,
No more on the subject I'll say.

"Still I envy your luck, Mr. Smithers,
How perfectly happy you'll be!
But, my friend, in the midst of your pleasure,
I trust you will not forget me."

Thus said my old schoolfellow Browning,
When I told him my prospects in life
Consisted in being the owner
Of a farm, a small child, and a wife.

Full of ignorance, health, and good spirits,
My untried career I began;
Never doubting for one single moment
That I was a most fortunate man.

At first, things went on pretty smoothly,
No losses had I to sustain;
Of the state of my crops and my cattle
No reason had I to complain.

True, the calls on my purse-strings were heavy,
Every week there were wages to pay,
And constant relays of expenses
To be thought of and settled each day.

But then I felt sure that the harvest
Would fill up my pockets again;
So, although my cash quickly diminished,
I felt neither sorrow nor pain.

My wheat was all cut and quite ready
To be carried away from the field;
How proudly I sauntered amongst it,
And thought of its probable yield.

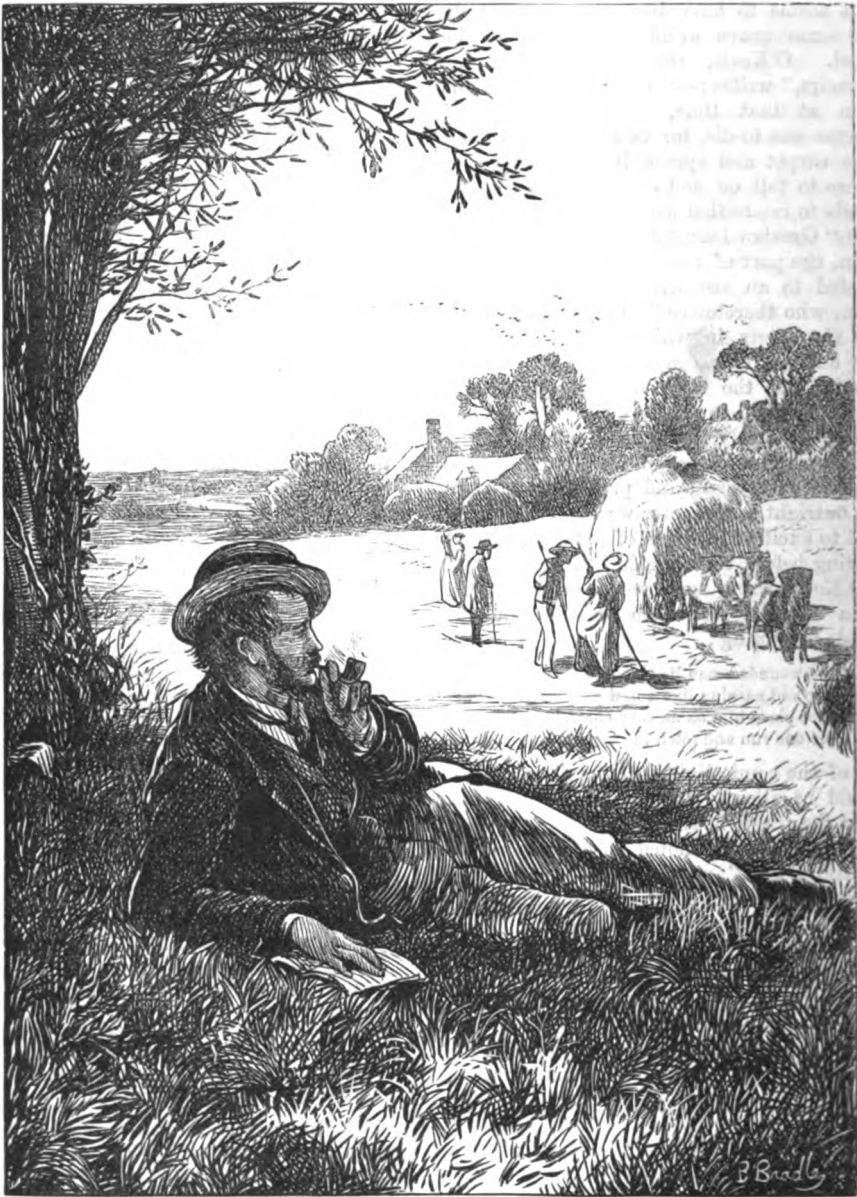
But alas! all my bright expectations
Were doomed in the bud to be nipped;
For the first time since I began farming
The cup of vexation I sipped.

That night I was roused from my slumber
By the sound of loud thunder and rain,
And the first thing I saw in the morning
Was my prostrate and perishing grain.

I scarcely had time to recover
This loss to my pocket and pride,
When another misfortune befell me—
Three or four of my best cattle died.

My sheep, too, gave no satisfaction,
The lambs were so sickly and small—
Many died, the rest always were ailing,
And brought me no profit at all.

And even my walls and my buildings
Were seized with a sudden decay.
In despair, I applied to the agent—
(The landlord himself was away).



But in vain did I ask for assistance,
 Mr. Sharp a deaf ear turned to me—
 Ah! he was the craftiest lawyer
 That ever demanded a fee!
 The idol he worshipped was money,
 For no one he cared save himself;
 He'd be happy, if all the world perished,
 If he only could hoard up his pelf.
 In vain I applied to my landlord,
 He behaved as if both deaf and dumb;
 All his business he left to his agent—
 For why? He was under Sharp's thumb!

When this circumstance came to my knowledge,
 Very quickly I made up my mind
 To give up my farm and endeavour
 Some better employment to find.
 I wrote to my schoolfellow Browning,
 And told him I'd found, when too late,
 That the life of a "gentleman farmer"
 Was by no means a happy estate;
 But merely a long list of troubles,
 Disappointments, annoyance, and grief:
 All out-going—nothing in-coming
 To give one a little relief. A. C. W.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XI.

IF people knew anything of possibilities or impossibilities!

Joyce and Doris were sitting over the fire in the little porch-room, when there came a knock at the door. It was Sarah, the housemaid, and she brought a note for Doris. A note is a great event where there are, so to speak, no neighbours, and Doris received it in some surprise.

But her astonishment was greater when on opening it she found it to be from Mr.

Gresford Lynn. Mrs. Gresford Lynn was much worse—almost dying he feared. She had wished several times to see Doris, and now Mr. Lynn had, at her urgent request, written to ask if this wish could be gratified. Circumstances prevented his making the appeal to Mr. Carmichael. Would Miss Carmichael and Miss Dormer unite in bringing the matter about? He knew there would be obstacles, he almost feared insuperable ones; but he entreated that they would make every effort to gratify the earnest wish of his dying wife.

Joyce looked at Doris when the note was finished.

"What shall you do?"

"Go," returned Doris, quietly.

"Go," repeated Joyce; "and what will Mr. Carmichael say?"

"I do not care."

"But, Doris," began Joyce, putting her hand upon her arm, for she had sprung from her seat, and was going for her cloak.

"Don't stop me," said she, shaking off Joyce's hand impatiently; "the woman is dying, and if there were twenty Mr. Carmichaels they should not prevent my going."

"Are you going alone?"

At that moment another knock was heard; this time it was Aunt Lotty, as pale as a ghost; she could scarcely speak, her teeth chattered so.

"Girls," said she, speaking with great difficulty, "what is the matter? Your uncle

says that one of you has had a note from Lynncourt, and he desires to know what it is about?"

"Mrs. Gresford Lynn is dying, Aunt Lotty, and she wishes to see me," answered Doris.

"How does she know you?" gasped Aunt Lotty, who was now absolutely shaking with fear. "I don't think I dare tell your uncle, girls; he will be so angry, and you don't know what it is to make him angry. Oh, how could you, after all that has been said? Joyce, should you mind just explaining a little to him? I'm so nervous, I should not know what to say."

"I'll go," said Doris, who was now arrayed in her hat and cloak; and springing past her aunt, she hurried down to the drawing-room.

Urged on by an irresistible impulse, Joyce darted after her, whilst Aunt Lotty slowly followed in the wake. But she came no further than the last step of the wide staircase, where she sat down, quivering and shaking, and supporting herself by the bannister.

Joyce was in the room almost as soon as Doris.

Doris was holding out the note to Mr. Carmichael. He took it, read it, and then, in a cold stern tone, demanded,

"And how long have you known Mrs. Gresford Lynn?"

"We have only spoken to her three or four times," replied Doris; "her little boy fell into the water, and we helped him out."

"Very romantic," sneered Mr. Carmichael; "and so you won the everlasting gratitude of the mother? Really, if you had acquainted me with the facts, I would have applied to the Humane Society for a medal for you. I was quite unaware that I had a couple of such very heroic young ladies beneath my roof."

"That is nothing to the purpose now," returned Doris, unflinchingly; "Mrs. Gresford Lynn is dying."

Joyce was surprised at Doris's boldness, though she knew that she had plenty of spirit if she chose to exert it.

"Dying, is she? Dying to-night! Ha, I am sorry to hear that. I hoped she would have lasted a little longer."

Why should Mr. Carmichael wish so? Joyce looked at him in wonder, and Doris repeated, "Mrs. Lynn is dying."

"Well, so you said before."

"And I am going to see her."

"Hum!" said Mr. Carmichael. "Not without my permission, I suppose?"

"With or without," returned Doris, defiantly, as she stood before him.

"You have decided that I shall not give permission?"

"I have."

"Upon what grounds?"

"I supposed you would not."

"Very womanlike—coming to a conclusion without a reason."

"I knew you disliked Mr. Gresford Lynn."

"Is Mr. Lynn Mrs. Lynn?"

"No."

"Your reasoning, then, was unreasonable. At any rate, you might have given me the chance of refusing to let you go, since it appears it would have made no difference one way or the other."

"I forgot," returned Doris; "I might have asked, but I was so afraid of your refusing, that I was slipping away, lest——"

"You were cowardly, then."

"I am no coward, Uncle Carmichael," said Doris, proudly, "and I am going to see Mrs. Gresford Lynn."

Mr. Carmichael stepped nearer to her. He took both her hands in one of his, and with the other pushed back her hat, that he might look more keenly into her eyes.

"You have taken a strange fancy to these Gresford Lynns, Doris."

Was he not going to be angry, after all?

"Which child," he continued, "was it that you saved?"

"The elder."

"The elder one—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Carmichael, and his laughter fell discordantly on the listeners' ears. Joyce half shuddered, it sounded so unnatural, so out of place. "You would do a great deal for these Gresford Lynns, it seems, since you would brave my displeasure in their behalf. Supposing——" But here Mr. Carmichael broke off, as though he were going too far in what he was about to say.

Joyce stood wondering how all this was going to end, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on Mr. Carmichael, to see if by any change of countenance she might be able to obtain a clue to what was passing in his mind. But she was baffled. She could not discover the under-current that was turning the wheel in the Gresford Lynns' favour, for it was plain to see that he intended to let Doris go.

There was a certain power in the man that interested her, despite her disbelief in his truth and honesty. That he had some scheme in hand was certain. That there had been some anxiety on his mind connected with Mr. Chester which had been relieved was also evident. But further Joyce was unable to penetrate.

By this time Aunt Lotty had crept nearer the door, which was partly ajar. She peeped cautiously through the chink, and, somewhat reassured by the aspect of affairs, she entered.

Mr. Carmichael took no notice of her, but turning to Joyce, he said, "Put on your cloak. I wish you to go with Doris."

Wonder upon wonders! But she obeyed, and in less than two minutes they were on their way through the garden.

It was a moonlight night, and Doris proposed rowing down the river.

But Mr. Carmichael stopped them.

"Such a thing was not to be thought of."

Then how were they to go?

Sarah came running after them.

"Mr. Gresford Lynn had sent his carriage. It was waiting at the turn of the lane."

So Joyce and Doris retraced their steps, and Mr. Carmichael accompanied them to the gate, where he watched until they had reached Mr. Lynn's carriage.

They sprang in, the door was shut, and they were driving in the moonlight to Lynncourt. Not a word was spoken.

They were going to see Mrs. Gresford Lynn once more. And she was dying.

CHAPTER XII.

THE moon was shining clear, the stars looked down with gleaming, joy-bright eyes upon the earth. The frosty air had no chill feeling about it, but an invigorating crispness. It was a splendid night. Nature was in one of her best moods, and seemed to be making the dying days of autumn forestall the glories of the winter-king. There was no sorrow typified in the outer world, no gloom, no weeping clouds, no sighing, moaning wind, but all was calm, and bright, and beautiful.

The fires were blazing brightly at Lynncourt, the lights were burning, the well-appointed servants moved quietly about the house, the two boys, rosy and happy, were sleeping in their little beds; there was no shade of sorrow on their flushed faces, for how did they know what the morrow should bring forth?

Yet to one being in that house, the splendour of the night without, the light and comfort of the house within, only made ~~clearer~~ and more desolate the hours that were ~~coming~~ in around him.

A sleeper, white and almost motionless as marble, slept calmly, peacefully; so peacefully that, at times, her husband bent down to hear if she still breathed.

A sound of carriage-wheels drew near, and at the sound the sleeper's eyes unclosed, and she looked up into the face that was watching her, and her lips moved.

Mr. Lynn stooped down to hear the words, "Has she come?"

He left the room to see what success his note might have had. And he met Joyce and Doris in the hall.

Doris was a little in advance, and he thanked her warmly for coming.

Then his eye fell upon Joyce, who was a few steps behind. He started visibly, and looked as if he scarcely knew her; and for the first time it occurred to her that she was an intruder, and had not been included in the invitation.

"Pardon me, Miss Dormer, but my wife's room is darkened, and my eyes were dazzled by the light, so that I did not see you at first."

And he shook her cordially by the hand still curiously scanning her.

She had taken off her hat in the carriage, and her hair, which had been hastily twisted up, had fallen down and now hung over one shoulder. Excitement had taken away all colour from her cheek, but had given additional lustre to her eyes.

"My wife has been asking for you," said Mr. Lynn to Doris.

But Doris could not answer.

"She suffers no pain, for which I am very thankful," continued Mr. Lynn, in a subdued voice; "but there is no hope. She has no friends here, no relative to tend her, with womanly care. Will you stay with her, till—till—" he could proceed no further.

But Doris understood, although she could not trust herself to speak, and nervously grasped his hand.

He led the way upstairs and Doris followed, but Joyce drew back; she felt that she was not wanted; and, seeing an open door that led into the dining-room, she entered and seated herself by the fire.

She half-reproached herself for having come, and yet what else could she have done? It was plain that Mr. Carmichael would not allow Doris to leave the house without her.

The time wore on, and still she sat by the fire. A servant came in to replenish it, and then she was left alone again, and not a soul came near her.

Eleven! Twelve! One!

She had been sitting there more than three hours. All was still. Not a sound was heard

throughout the house. The silence became oppressive. She seemed so far away and so forgotten. No one cared for her as they did for Doris. It was terribly lonely; the servants had evidently gone to bed, and there was no one downstairs but herself.

Again she listened; she could hear the quick throb of her heart, but nothing else. Beat, beat, beat, as if it would wear itself out. It was too monotonous; she must hear some other sound.

She rose, opened the door, and listened. There was a timepiece ticking on a side-table, telling the moments, meting out the seconds that the dying woman had to live. When would the night be over!

Besides the clicking of the clock, all was still, and the great hall lamp burned brightly in the silence like a glaring sun shining upon a dead world.

She closed the door again, made up the fire, and drew her chair nearer to it, for the night was growing cold.

Two! Three!

She started up. Had she been asleep? She was conscious of some one being in the room now, and opening her eyes, she saw Mr. Lynn standing by the mantelpiece, contemplating her curiously, as though his thoughts were wandering far away from the present.

"I have awaked you by coming into the room," said he.

"I hope—" began Joyce, and then she paused, not knowing how to inquire after the dying wife.

"My poor wife is sleeping. It was a comfort to her to see your cousin."

"She seemed to take a fancy to Doris the first time she saw her," said Joyce.

"Yes," returned Mr. Lynn, dreamily gazing at Joyce; "everybody must."

"Can I do anything?"

"No, Miss Dormer. Yes," he added, as if a sudden idea had struck him. "I should like you to take your cousin's place if only for awhile."

"Doris is not my cousin."

"But her name is Carmichael."

"Yes, but I am Mrs. Carmichael's niece. I am not related to Mr. Carmichael."

"Strange," he muttered, "strange."

Joyce looked at him in surprise.

"I beg your pardon; I was dreaming," said he.

Mrs. Lynn's bedroom was but dimly lighted, and Joyce could scarcely for a few moments see anything distinctly.

Then a cloud seemed to roll away, and she distinguished Mrs. Lynn's colourless face on the pillow, one wasted hand was lying listlessly on the coverlid, and the other was clasped in

Doris's, who was half lying in an enormous chair at the side of the bed.

Mrs. Lynn was evidently sleeping, and Doris had her eyes half-closed.

Joyce moved softly to her side.

"Let me take your place for a short time, Doris, and go and take a little rest."

"I am not tired," answered Doris.

"You must be," said Mr. Lynn; "Miss Dormer will watch, and when Mrs. Lynn awakes, you shall be sent for."

But Mrs. Lynn's fingers clung so tightly to Doris's that they feared to awake her by unclasping them, and Doris nestled down again into the corner of her chair.

"Sleep there, then," said Mr. Lynn, "and Miss Dormer and I will watch."

And Doris closed her eyes, and, tired with the long night watch, was soon at rest.

Mr. Lynn paced the room softly; he was too much agitated to remain perfectly quiet, though he kept his emotion under tolerable control. Sometimes he paused and gazed from his wife to Joyce, and then back again, as though some link connected them in his mind—and yet the two were quite unlike.

The night wore on, and morning drew near; yet was there no perceptible difference in the light; it was six o'clock, but there was still a thick grey veil over the face of the earth. When the sun rose he would have to struggle through a dense mass of clouds. But at length a faint streak of sunlight stole through a crevice in the window.

Morning had come!

And Mr. Lynn and Joyce still watched, and feared to stir lest they should wake the quiet sleepers.

Joyce sat facing Doris, whilst Mr. Lynn had at last thrown himself upon a couch on the opposite side of the room.

Morning had come!

But not to both the sleepers. For one the sun should never rise again, there would be no more morn and no more night. She had slept her last sleep, a sleep from which there is no awaking upon earth.

Joyce could see more plainly now, for the sun's rays were beginning to exercise an influence even through the closed blinds; a streak of light would pierce here and there, and one fell upon Mrs. Lynn's face.

Why did Joyce start so?

The face was scarce whiter than it always was.

But there was a look upon it that Joyce had seen before.

She softly stepped to Doris.

"Doris, wake up!"

"Hush!" she whispered, as Doris was about to give a cry, "hush!"

Gently she unclasped the cold dead fingers from the warm living ones, and tenderly laid the poor dead hand upon the bed.

Gently she placed her hand upon the husband's shoulder as she whispered,—

"She has slept her last sleep."

And he, roused from his fitful slumber, wildly gazed at her.

"Oh God! both dead!"

Then she drew the weeping Doris from the room, and left the husband alone with his dead wife.

So the night was over, and morning had come.

CHAPTER XIII. FROM JOYCE'S DIARY.

November 27th.—A week since Mrs. Grosford Lynn's funeral. We have seen nothing of Mr. Lynn since.

Aunt Lotty has been weeping surreptitiously all week, when Mr. Carmichael's eye was not upon her. She has made me tell her over and over again all that occurred at Lynncourt. I have described the dining-room until she knows it as well as I do. She avoids saying much before Doris, for the poor child is overwhelmed with grief, and cannot get over the sad event.

Why do I call it sad? Would I not like to be sleeping now as quietly as Mrs. Lynn is sleeping? I think I would give a great deal to change places with her, and yet perhaps this is wrong. Are not our lots appointed in life; and is it not for us to endure? After all, may there not be more faith in endurance than in the most zealous labours? May not the brightest crowns be given, not to the energetic labourers who have laboured boldly and laboured well, but to those poor souls who have meekly suffered, and yet have also patiently and faithfully endured to the very end?

Mr. Carmichael, strange to say, is also interested in Mrs. Lynn's death, and seems to regret it, but through what combination of ideas I cannot understand, since he is more openly bitter against Mr. Lynn than he has ever been before; and yet I heard him mutter one day:

"I wish she had not died."

Odd; but Mr. Carmichael is incomprehensible, and I cannot yet fathom what was his object in allowing Doris to attend the death-bed of Mrs. Lynn.

"The poor little children!" said Aunt Lotty.

And Doris burst out crying.

"What ails the girl?" asks Mr. Carmichael; "is it 'coming events,' Doris? Troubles never come singly, eh? There ~~may~~ be more yet in store for Lynncourt."

"Oh, uncle, what makes you hate them so?" and Doris's head goes down again.

"You would go to Lynncourt. Nothing would have stopped you," pursued Mr. Carmichael; "and you see the end of it. You won't get over this for three months or more."

"I'm glad I went."

"Then what are you mourning over? You knew what you were going to see; and if you are glad that you went you ought to be satisfied."

"That is not what Doris means," I begin.

But Mr. Carmichael stops me.

"I have nothing to do with what Doris means—only with what Doris says; I can't help it if she does not express herself properly."

How can Mr. Carmichael quibble over such a sorrowful subject? But he seems possessed by some malicious demon at the present time. I never saw anyone behave in such an extraordinary manner. He seems as if he could not let the matter drop.

Again he begins:

"Mr. Lynn is much cut up, you say?" he says, turning to Aunt Lotty.

"Yes, I heard so," replies Aunt Lotty, timidly.

"Who told you?" demands Mr. Carmichael, sternly, whereat Aunt Lotty becomes nervous, and incoherently murmurs something about a woman who sews sometimes for the Lynns.

"Does she do sewing for you as well?"

"Yes."

"Let her never do any for the future—I'll not go halves with Lynncourt for anything."

Aunt Lotty twitched her knitting pins, and I could see her hands shaking; but the woman in question, depending chiefly on the sewing of Green Oake for a living, Aunt Lotty is emboldened to beg for her.

"It is Letty Jones," she urges.

"Letty Jones must find another employer then," answers Mr. Carmichael, as he walks away.

Then poor Aunt Lotty reproaches herself for having mentioned Letty Jones's name.

"But I am always sure to do wrong—no wonder Mr. Carmichael gets angry," she says. "You see, dearest, I am so inferior to him, I never know just the right thing to do or say."

Just then Doris roused herself up.

"Inferior, Aunt Lotty! You are as superior to Uncle Carmichael as light to darkness. I love you, and I hate Uncle Carmichael. There, I have said it at last—I knew I should some time."

"Oh, Doris! Doris!"

"I don't care," returned Doris, impetu-

ously. "Why does he come in that calm cool way of his, saying all kinds of cruel disagreeable things that one has to listen to? It would rouse the spirit of a lamb, and I'm not a lamb, and I don't want to be one. And what is he always hinting at? as if I should wish harm to happen to the Greenford Lynns, if I have the misfortune to bear the name of Carmichael. I would sooner lie down and die this minute than that any trouble should come near those children."

And then another marvel happened. Mr. Carmichael put his head into the room again; and now the shade of anger had passed away, and a sort of smile was on his lips.

"You can have Letty Jones again if you please. It is perhaps as well to get accustomed to communication with Lynncourt."

And then his head disappeared, and Aunt Lotty's spirits revived, and she made some speech about Mr. Carmichael's Christian and forgiving spirit. But as I saw nothing for him to forgive I could not respond to it. And as it was somewhat long and decidedly prosey, I found myself looking out of the window, and falling into quite a different train of thought, which was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a stranger approaching the house.

"Who can it be?" said I, overpowering a sentence of Aunt Lotty's that ended with "meekness," or "loving kindness," I forget which.

"Who—what?" asked Aunt Lotty, scattering her little eulogy to the winds.

"A gentleman," said I.

"Perhaps Gabriel," said Doris, starting up and coming nearer the window. "No," she added, in a disappointed tone, "it is only a sort of gentleman."

When the stranger was ushered in he certainly answered to Doris's description. He was half gentlemanly in his dress, and half like a groom. It would have been difficult to define where the gentleman ended and the groom began, or *vice versa*. He spoke with a free-and-easy swagger, which might either be affected, or the result of natural vulgarity.

This personage announced himself as Mr. James Withers, an old friend of Mr. Carmichael's.

"Is Hugh at home?" he asked of Aunt Lotty, who sat aghast at the presumption of the man before her, for I question whether she had ever heard Mr. Carmichael spoken of by his Christian name before. Indeed, I doubt if she had ever used it herself, excepting on the occasion of her marriage.

"I think Mr. Carmichael is at home," she replied.

"Ah! The servant wasn't sure; so I said

I would come in and wait, for Hugh would be very sorry not to see me. Daresay you have often heard him speak of James Withers."

But Aunt Lotty was unable to reply in the affirmative.

"Ah! indeed!" continued Mr. Withers. "I'm surprised at that. But Hugh was always a close fellow, and never let out more than he had any occasion to. Not that, sometimes. Ha! ha! ha!" and Mr. Withers laughed.

Aunt Lotty looked uncomfortable. Just then Mr. Carmichael's step sounded along the passage.

"He always wore creaking boots," remarked Mr. Withers. But as he looked at no one especially, no one felt called upon to reply.

Indeed, we were all in a manner petrified, and were looking at the door, for there was a feeling in all our minds that somehow or other Mr. Carmichael would not be pleased to find Mr. Withers established in the drawing-room.

The door opened; and Mr. Carmichael entered. Mr. Withers jumped up.

"How do you do, old fellow? How are you after all the years since I last saw you? Didn't expect to find you in these parts. All the greater treat, since it wasn't looked for."

"Glad to see you, Withers," returned Mr. Carmichael, and he extended his mouth, in imitation of a smile of greeting. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Buried up in the north," replied Mr. Withers. "But I've been taking a run south, and have been in Devonshire the last six months. I'm on my way home now."

Mr. Carmichael half suppressed an exclamation.

"The last time we parted was in a land far enough away," said Mr. Withers. "Do you hear much news from Australia now? Is Bargrave still alive? I suppose not."

"I don't know," returned Mr. Carmichael. "I'm trying to find out."

"Ha!" said Mr. Withers. "He'd be an old man now. Let me see; fifty, thirty—eighty-four at the very least, and he was not a strong man."

"No," replied Mr. Carmichael, in a musing tone. "And you think he must be dead?"

"I should say so."

"I think so myself, but I want to be sure. I wrote some weeks ago to see if any one could find out anything about him."

"Have you any particular reason for wanting to know?"

It was a simple question enough, and yet Mr. Carmichael seemed annoyed by it, for he turned the subject.

"Where are you going to from here?" he asked.

"I'm going to stay here a day or two. I've put up at the Lynn Arms. By-the-by, I met two children on my way here, and one of them reminded me so of Jack Gresford, as I remember him before——"

I was all attention now. Surely the root of bitterness was going to be revealed. Perhaps Mr. Carmichael had the same idea, for he rose hastily.

"Send some luncheon into my study," said he to Aunt Lotty. "You will take a glass of wine?" he continued, turning to Mr. Withers, who also rose, and they left the room together.

Surely we shall learn something. Mr. Carmichael has insisted upon Mr. Withers staying at Green Oake for the day or two that he is to be in the neighbourhood. And he pays as much attention to him as he did to Mr. Chester, which Aunt Lotty wonders at.

"I'm sure he is not half so nice a man," she says. "I can't see why Mr. Carmichael should be so polite to him. But it's another evidence of his goodness. He is no respecter of persons."

Poor Aunt Lotty! Will she ever read Mr. Carmichael aright?

Better that she should not, or a sun will have fallen out of her firmament. And then it will be quite night to her, and it's twilight more than half the time now.

We are not favoured with much of Mr. Withers's company, and with none of his direct conversation, for Mr. Carmichael engrosses his guest entirely, and keeps up a monotonous flow upon the most wearisome topics. I am sure Mr. Withers is bored, though he jokes Mr. Carmichael upon his acquisition of loquacity.

"You used to be such a silent fellow, Hugh. Never had more words than enough, and that short measure for any one. It must be owing to you, ma'am," said Mr. Withers, suddenly turning to Aunt Lotty, who was almost deprived of speech by the unexpected address.

However she contrived to stammer, "Oh dear no; I do not talk much."

Whereat Mr. Withers laughed louder, and remarked, "Then he's been obliged to do it all, and it's necessity that is the mother of invention."

Which speech he seemed to think very witty, and I was amazed that so punctilious a person as Mr. Carmichael could tolerate such an untoward person.

But Mr. Carmichael scrupulously avoids being annoyed. But there has been no mention of John Gresford since, though Doris and I have been on the look-out constantly.

(To be continued.)

A CHAPTER ON GRANITE.

STRONGER far than the wooden walls which used to be England's defence, more impregnable than the ironclads on which she now depends, are the granite cliffs which our western shores oppose to all the assaults of man or the elements. They are stern and fantastic warders, with their feet planted in the eternal foam, and their heads, crowned with purple heather, thrust high into the drifting mists of the Atlantic. On Dartmoor and its Cornish neighbour, Bodmin Moor, each *tor* stands in solitary grandeur, like the giants which are fabled to have once upon a time inhabited this corner of the land, gazing in silent wonder at the trains of pygmies which shoot along by their base. Seen again in the precipices of Lundy Island, flecked by the white wings of myriad wildfowl, seamed and riven by the storms of ages, with the timbers of hapless wrecks driven high up their faces, and immovably lodged in their crannies by the force of the waves, granite always exercises a powerful influence over the mind. In it we view the backbone of the land, the oldest of the igneous rocks, the mighty stage on which for countless eons the secondary and tertiary geological periods have wrought their marvellous changes. In respect of its economical uses the builder and sculptor prize it higher than any other native stone. The military engineer, indeed, now discards granite from earthworks, in order to escape its splintering effects; but for breakwaters, lighthouses, and all maritime works, the civil engineer deems it unrivalled. We walk over granite in the streets; it ornaments the public buildings around us; our finest pottery and porcelain are due to its dust. It is well worth while to linger a moment over a substance of such universal interest. By way of division, we will view granite with a geologist's, a mineralogist's, and a chemist's scrutiny, and end with a few miscellaneous notes.

On opening a geological map of England, besides Dartmoor, the Scilly Isles, and Lundy, four principal patches of granite may be observed in Cornwall,—the Land's End, Carn Menelez near Penrhyn, Hensbarrow, and Brown Willy. From an elevation of 2,050 feet on Dartmoor, it is remarkable how the altitude of this system falls towards the west, till 200 feet would represent the highest point of it in the Scilly Isles. The granite of Luxulian supplied the Duke of Wellington's sarcophagus, and, with that of the Cheesewring and Penrhyn quarries, is visible to the Londoner in Waterloo and London Bridges; tourists will find it in the monument on the field of Waterloo. Lamorna Cove, so familiar to

visitors at Penzance, is composed of admirable granite, or *moorstone*, as the miners call it. A block was quarried here for the Great Exhibition of 1862, weighing upwards of twenty-two tons, and being more than twenty-two feet in height. Besides this development of the granite system in the West of England, it occurs also in the Lake district, in Wales, and (as syenite) in the Malvern Hills and at the Mount Sorel quarries, Leicestershire. Indeed, it is the material of most of the great mountain chains of the world. The Grampians and Ailsa Craig, the Wicklow Mountains, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, are all largely formed of this stone. It composes the central range of Madagascar, frowns in the Andes of South America, and gives great economic importance to Massachusetts, *par excellence* the granite state of the Union, where the celebrated Quincey quarries are situated. Throughout this universal diffusion, partly from its elevation, but still more from its composition, granite is uniformly grim, naked, and desolate.

Besides these native beds the dweller on the level Lincolnshire coast and the neighbouring counties frequently picks up rounded and striated fragments of granite, or sees boulders of it turned up under the plough. Thus we have taken up ten different specimens of granite from three or four contiguous stone heaps by the road-side. The Northern Drift passed over these parts, and they are granite mementoes dropped from some iceberg as it careered along from the Arctic regions, just as every summer at present thousands of icebergs float along the east coast of Greenland towards the open sea. Speculation cannot pierce the haze of that far-off prehistoric period, when the pebble we hold in our hand to-day was deposited in its present situation, though science can look into its constituents, and then point to the Northern mountain range, to which it most nearly corresponds. Such philosophical pleasures compensate in some sort for the flatness of the East Anglian coast, and the dreariness of its post-tertiary scenery.

If the mineralogical constituents of granite be separated, they will be found to consist of quartz, felspar, and mica. In an ordinary chip of grey granite the quartz crystals are seen aggregated with the flat plates of mica, and set with them in a darker matrix of felspar, which is softer than the quartz. In allusion to its granular appearance, the name granite is usually derived from *grains*; though others seek it in the *geranites* of Pliny, which was, however, some kind of precious stone. According to Professor Ansted, good ordinary granite weighs 166½ lb. the cubic foot, and the cubic yard as nearly as possible two tons. It holds a certain amount of water, capable of

being driven off by exposure to heat; this fact is noticeable, as the influence of frost on stone is in proportion to the water it takes up, and practically determines its durability. Thus a cubic yard of granite contains in its ordinary state something more than three gallons and a-half of water.

The varieties of granite are manifold, and form a most interesting study. On the whole, they differ according to two principles,—the proportion in which its three constituents are blended in the mass, and the size of its crystals. Thus its essential components vary almost indefinitely, according as each

predominates, except that felspar never forms less than one-third, rarely less than one-half, and generally a much larger proportion of the bulk. Professor Haughton thus analyses Dublin and Wicklow granite:—

Mica	13·37
Felspar	61·18
Quartz	24·98

99·53

Its crystallisation varies also greatly, some granites being close and fine-grained, others largely and coarsely crystallised. It becomes *porphyritic granite* when large and distinct crystals of felspar appear. If hornblende takes the place of felspar, it is called *syenite*, from the quarries of Syene, which furnished stone for the obelisks and statues of the Egyptian temples. The colours of granite are generally red, grey, or greyish-white; the first when the felspar is flesh-coloured, last when it is pure white. Talc, or chlorite, sometimes takes the place of mica in granite; other

minerals are also common in it,—actinolite, cobalt, tourmaline, steatite, &c. Much of the Land's End granite abounds in schorl, and is, therefore, worthless for building purposes. Veins of finer granite occasionally run through the coarse. In addition to these divergences from the type, we may notice one more variety, *graphic granite*, where the angular arrangements of the quartz, or felspar, give the appearance of small oriental characters to the surface.

In the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street, is a series of 293 specimens of granite and its constituents. The true rock is here

seen passing into all its schorlaceous and porphyritic varieties. Amongst other curiosities is part of a granite boulder from the banks of the St. Lawrence, containing numerous garnets, and a specimen of granite with black mica. The felspar is here seen in process of decomposition, passing into *kaolin*, of which more presently. It is superfluous to recommend every geological student to visit this superb collection.

From its primary constituents, quartz, mica, and felspar, here visible in a profusion of specimens, the chemist's art will enable us to make a closer analysis of our granite chip. Quartz consists of crystallised silica, that is, oxygen and the simple element silicon. Mica, which generally occurs in granite under the form of small silvery scales, but in some Siberian and American varieties, in transparent plates of from two to three feet in diameter, resolves into oxygen and five of the elementary substances, of which silicon is again most conspicuous. Similarly felspar is made up of oxygen, with aluminium, potas-



Cheesew ng, Cornwall.

sium, and silicon. We thus arrive by ultimate analysis at the fact, that granitic rocks are distinguished by the abundance of silica they hold: all the minerals they contain are as highly silicated as possible.

Granite is the hardest of our native stones, and, as a natural consequence, the most lasting. The Egyptian monuments formed of it show no signs of decay after a lapse of three thousand years. The same cause has contributed in no small measure to the preservation of the old way-side crosses which so frequently meet the traveller in Cornwall. Should felspar, however, predominate, there

is danger of its soon crumbling to pieces; in fact, the more felspar the less durable is the block. If pyrites or iron occur in granite, they disqualify it for building purposes, as they form centres of decay under the influence of weather. After it has been quarried for some time it becomes refractory to work; and when intended to be used in the manufacture of ornamental objects, it is usual to keep it under water to soften it. The mode of extracting it from the quarry is by an iron bar tipped with steel, called a *jumper*. It is also split out in masses along the line of fracture by boring holes and inserting wedges. Owing to the demand for granite it becomes an important source of revenue to the districts formed of it. Thus the famous Peterhead quarries in Aberdeenshire give employment to some 500 workmen and 50 horses, and about 50,000 tons per annum are extracted. Although they had been worked for two centuries and a-half, much granite had never been quarried until 1741, when a large fire at Aberdeen elicited a municipal order that the

fronts of the houses should be built of stone instead of wood, as hitherto.

A granitic district has physical aspects of its own. Immense rounded masses of it rise over monotonous and barren sweeps of moorland. When it faces the sea it assumes wonderful grandeur, rising in tier-like masses of cubical blocks, one over the other, like Tol Pedn Penwith, in the West of Cornwall; or expanding into vast rock-walls, seamed here and there into furrows, ploughed by ages of ceaseless struggling with the elements. The sea which washes a granite coast, it has been subtly noted, "is as



Tol Pedn Penwith.

unsullied as a flawless emerald." Sometimes, as at the Land's End and St. Michael's Mount, outliers are flung out, and contribute in no small degree to the splendour of shore scenery. Although it should be remembered that granite is occasionally thrust upward through secondary strata, it is evident to a geological eye that these outliers are of the same antiquity as the mainland, and not the result of erosion, to which so many chalk pinnacles on the Yorkshire coast are plainly referable. In any situation granitic rocks must wear an imposing aspect from their age and massiveness. Like the sea which they often so boldly front, theirs is "the repose of magnificent energy and being," to use Mr. Ruskin's words, and they guard the inland moors with the same semblance of majestic grandeur as the mild-eyed awful sphinxes assume at the portals of an Assyrian temple. Lichens of many colours, red-brown and yellow predominating, stain granitic rocks with glossy patches of vegetation, as if Nature would lovingly cover with her brightest mantle their

bleak and desolate faces. At the Land's End coarse grey tufts of *usnea* (similar to the beards of old apple-orchards) are pensioners on their cold hospitality, being continually wet with spray and buffeted with the storms of centuries.

Little as external influences affect granite, time and weather gradually round off their hard and angular outlines. Wherever water can settle, a circular hollow is formed, which frost from time to time enlarges, till such natural freaks as the Men an Tol near Penzance, or King Arthur's Cups and Saucers at Tintagel, are the result. Another effect of weather upon granite is often to be seen in the rounded boulders of granite districts, piled one upon the other in picturesque confusion, as their softer edges have decayed. The Cornish Cheeseburg is an excellent example of this.

Among the more striking objects in a granitic district, where stiles, pigsties, and churches are built alike of this durable stone, are the granite fences. These are well-nigh indestructible in their solidity; and before the lapse of many years, becoming overgrown with heather, fern, and stonecrop, and with their interstices gradually filled with the mould resulting from their decay, they almost acquire the character of the natural rock. It is a curious speculation, how far the independence and sturdy nature of the inhabitants of a granite country is due to the character of the district. Certain it is that the children of such a soil possess a hard-headedness of their own which at once distinguishes them from their less rugged neighbours. The Highlander does not differ from the Lowland farmer more than the Cornish miner does from the sleepy Devon rustic.

From the decomposing quartz and felspar of granite districts, the soil is rendered almost worthless in agriculture, presenting thereby a strange contrast to countries where decomposed hornblende predominates. At the Lizard, for instance, where the soil is of this character, corn crops are specially fine; land produces a high rental; and it is upon record that a single acre of this district has produced the extraordinary crop of ninety bushels of barley.

If the decomposed felspar does not improve the fertility of a granite district, it adds to its wealth in another way, as it becomes that greasy whitish substance known to commerce as *kaolin*, or china clay, so essential in the manufacture of the finer kinds of pottery and porcelain. About St. Austell and Carclaze, in Cornwall, kaolin forms the staple commodity of the district. All the streams run like milk-and-water where it is extracted; and could a deposit of kaolin only be discovered

on the outskirts of London, it would be invaluable to the dairymen, and much cheaper than chalk or calves' brains. Upwards of 81,000 tons of this substance have been exported in a single year from the granite districts of Devon and Cornwall.

We will end with a brief enumeration of some more useful products of granite: apatite, talc, meerschaum, asbestos, rock-crystals, cairngorms, beryls, and other precious gems. Hard and unpromising as a chip of granite looks, like many other equally uninviting subjects, it yields an abundant harvest of knowledge to the careful investigator.

M. G. WATKINS.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

ARTISTIC AND STRUCTURAL.

A FORTNIGHT on the Continent is not lost upon the Londoner, if he is of an observing turn of mind, and has not yet hardened into a Briton of that type which sees nothing away from home worth copying. The first journey abroad opens his eyes to the fact, that there are other cities worth seeing as well as his own Metropolis; and he gradually finds out that, with all our wealth at home, we do not make as good use of it as some of our neighbours. After the light and pleasant cities he meets with in his foreign rambles, London strikes him as being monstrosously dull, grimy, and monotonous; and if he begins to examine the reason why, he cannot help coming to the conclusion that the Briton, with all his money, is in some respects a very stupid animal. At all events, he is terribly dull in all that pertains to urban ornament: and he cannot help concluding that very many metropolitan sights he once thought were very great lions, are in fact, compared with those of other cities, but very little puppy-dogs. London may be the biggest city in Europe, but most certainly it is the ugliest. In most other great capitals, there is an organised structure visible; it has a backbone, limbs, and a head; but London is nothing more than a vast agglomeration of houses, thrown together by chance, with thoroughfares meandering about without rhyme or reason, like the paths on a village-green. We owe this want of plan undoubtedly to our parochial system, which has cut the town up into districts often having interests totally opposed to each other; and we have but very lately found out that a great city can no longer be managed in this fashion, and have appointed a sort of central government, in the shape of the Board of Works.

This Board has not been established too soon. If we look at the map of London, and endeavour to discover the anatomy of its thoroughfares, we are at once struck with the utter

jumble it presents. Two or three streets run irregularly east and west, but not one single street places the north and south in anything like direct communication with each other. Petty thoroughfares, crossing each other at every conceivable angle, permeate the whole mass, and cause a loss of time to its inhabitants which must amount to hundreds of thousands in the course of the year. All this confusion is caused by every man having a right to do what he likes with his own, without regard to the general welfare of the community. All this irregular action it will take years to correct, even if the central power is used mercilessly. Our purpose, however, in this paper is not so much to point out the developmental errors of our civic construction as to call attention to the fact, that in the new Board, devised to correct them, there is no power to deal with what, for a better known term, we must call the æsthetic element.

As a rule, Englishmen know nothing and care nothing for art, unless it be for the purposes of ostentatious display. Men of business like to boast that their dining-rooms are hung with pictures of masters who command the highest prices; but put them to decide on any matter of artistic detail, and they are completely at sea. There are, however, plenty of individuals among us as capable of giving an artistic judgment as can be found on the Continent, and it is a very great pity that the Metropolitan Board do not avail themselves of their aid when a question of art comes before them. Look, for instance, at our public statues. There is not one of modern date in London that can by the merest courtesy be called a work of art. The very feeble style which characterises them all, the attempt at simplicity of drapery to hide feeble modelling, must no doubt be accredited to the pitiable condition of statuary art; but beyond this we may justly complain of the want of judgment in the manner with which statues, and especially equestrian statues, are placed, with reference to the spectators. It must be obvious that a figure on horseback should be seen somewhat on a level, or at least but a little elevated above, the public eye. Yet, absurd as it may appear, no modern equestrian statue has been erected that has not been hoisted high over the heads of the passers-by. Without referring to the monstrous statue at Hyde Park, which, together with the arch it crowns, looks monstrously like a French time-piece for the land of Brobdingnag, we may instance the smaller statue of the Duke in front of the Exchange, and the royal rider who bestrides his horse in Pall Mall like a circus man at Astley's. Wanting in fire, as both these works of art are, their weakness is made truly ludi-

crous by the error of placing them without any railing around their pediments. The consequence is that the Briton, with his love to come to close quarters, looks up at the statues from directly underneath, and of course sees the whole design foreshortened, the effect being most ludicrous. There is no particular merit in any of the equestrian statues placed in the midst of our west-end squares; but our forefathers took the precaution to erect the square railing at such a distance as to prevent the effect of any such disastrous foreshortening.

It is a very moot question whether statues should be placed in any crowded places at all. On the one hand, it may be urged that if they are intended as memorials, they should be placed where they may be the reminders to the greatest number. But it does not follow because we pass an object that we see it. Possibly more people pass in front of the Royal Exchange than in any open place in the world. Yet we very much question if, among the daily flood of people, one per cent. notice the statue of the duke. A certain altitude of mind and freedom from surrounding bustle is necessary to the due appreciation of a work of art. Possibly, for this reason, some of the later monuments to eminent men have been erected in secluded places. The latest of these is that to Franklin, on the border of the garden of the Athenæum, and in the view of persons passing towards the Duke of York's column. There are some points about this statue which strike us as indicative of the poverty of "*public thought*," if we may so speak. The daring adventurer, for the sake of solving a great geographical riddle, should surely have deserved a memorial with loftier inscriptions than we find upon its base. Bassi-relievi are, without doubt, a great advantage as a means of telling the story of a statue; but certainly there is nothing in a funeral, in which the mourners are dressed in bear-skins, which may be considered illustrative of the great problem to the solution of which the Arctic navigator fell a martyr. To our mind, in a national scientific monument of this nature, it was not in the best taste to inscribe only the names of the officers who perished. Every man, down to the cabin-boy, deserved well of his country; and the omission of the other names brands the statue with that invidious mark which evinces, to our mind, the narrow spirit in which it was erected. The monolith to Speke in Kensington Gardens offends less against good taste; but did the discoverer of one of the sources of Old Nile deserve no noble words for the secret he has ransacked?

Without doubt, Trafalgar Square combines

the greatest number of advantages for the sites of statues of our great men to be found in the metropolis. There is space in plenty there; yet, for some unknown reason, the "First Commissioner," who claims the allegiance of the public statues, has removed from this site the noblest statue it possessed. Why Jenner, who deserved well of mankind, should have been removed from this noble site to the damp corner of the Long Water, where "worried" nursery-maids alone see it, we do not know. Trafalgar Square may be made a perfect open-air Valhalla, if properly managed; but it surely is absurd to place the open space under the care of the Board of Works, and the statuary under the Woods and Forests. What unity of design can possibly result from this conflict between two such touchy Boards as these? If the space is to be given up to military and naval heroes, well and good; but it certainly is a great slight to the benefactor of humanity to move him from pillar to post at the mere whim of a chief commissioner. Sir Robert Peel said with truth that Trafalgar Square was the finest site in Europe, and we cannot help thinking what the Emperor Napoleon would have made of it if it were situated in Paris. Why, we ask, should its dreary waste of asphalt remain undecorated by trees? Acacias in boxes and orange-trees enliven similar open places in Paris, and why not here? Imagine, good reader, how bright it could be made by the judicious combination of marble statues and bright verdure, and by the introduction of fountains, so constructed as not to play upon you with all the force of a fire-engine in windy weather.

We certainly do not understand the value of open spaces in the metropolis. With squares in the midst of the most densely inhabited parts of London, with a population asphyxiated for want of air, with crowds of little children, ashen pale for want of light, we look up in the most selfish manner immense reservoirs of oxygen, we hedge round gardens blooming with trees and flowers with iron railings, in a dog-in-the-manger spirit, that strikes the foreigner with astonishment. Lincoln's Inn Fields covers four acres, and all the boast we can make about it is that it is exactly the size of the base of the Great Pyramid. Close at hand is the dismal district of Clare Market and Drury Lane, where children die like flies in autumn, for want of such a space. Are there no means of bringing the want and the thing wanted together? This is no sentimental question, but one which touches the life of the citizen; for what occurs in Lincoln's Inn Fields and other metropolitan squares occurs in every large city in the three kingdoms. We saw, with regret, the other

day, that the Horticultural Gardens would no longer be opened freely to the public on Wednesdays as hitherto, and the reason assigned for this withdrawal of a great favour is, we fear, at the bottom of the reluctance to open to the public the enclosures of the squares. It is asserted that boys at the destructive age took advantage of the liberty to turn it to license. Under present arrangements probably this argument is valid; but if these spaces were always open, there would be no rush, and, with a little care on the part of the police, no destruction. Open spaces that, formerly, were the scenes of riot and confusion, are now no longer so, since they have become planted and placed under guardianship. Kennington Common, for instance, and Paddington Green, once eye-sores to the surrounding inhabitants, are now blooming parterres, in which the whole neighbourhood takes delight. There is a society which holds annual exhibitions, and distributes prizes for plants grown in areas and on window-sills. This is an amiable and good movement; but whilst we brighten our dull basements, let us not forget that there are scores of acres of pleasure-ground scattered about London, which are blooming deserts, where the foot of man or woman is heard but at rare intervals.

Leicester Square, which has long been the scandal of the town, will, we hope, ere long, be turned to some good account. Its present tattered condition is due to some law-suit which is not yet decided, but will be settled soon, we hear. What a splendid site for a flower market—a light glass structure, the centre of attraction for fair women, who, like so many bees, would certainly be attracted by such a floral temple.

The greatest metropolitan improvement which has taken place within the present generation, is undoubtedly the introduction of landscape gardening and the method of flower embellishment in our parks. Of old it was thought that grass and trees were sufficient; indeed, the park was the idea on which these open spaces were planned. But as our population has increased, they have gradually been transmuted into pleasure-gardens. In the month of June the long walk in Regent's Park, and the walks on the east side of Hyde Park, cannot be matched for brilliancy of color and tropical foliage by the Kew Gardens, or some of the great pleasure-grounds of the nobility. But the Woods and Forests have not been contented with this improvement, and now the variation of the ground is the improvement aimed at. The park near Hyde Park Corner has in this respect been entirely transformed. The level grass rises into hills and pleasant undulating swards, crowned

with noble shrubs. All the old rubbish of the town rapidly undergoing demolition, is used to build up an agreeable variety not only in Hyde Park, but in St. James's and Regent's Parks. If the plebs are denied the Horticultural Gardens, they are free of quite as delightful places of recreation, and being free of them, we see that no damage is the result.

Next to the parks we are bound to admit that the improvements now being carried out by the Metropolitan Board of Works are the most important. The Thames Embankment may be likened to the vertebral column, or back-bone, of the new structural development which London is assuming under the guidance and superintendence of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Its beauty is beginning to appear, but it will be years before the true beauty of this great thoroughfare will declare itself. Of course there will be a row of trees sheltering the walk near the river-wall, and what this boon will be to the people on its banks, when the river once more flows clear of sewage, we can scarcely yet appreciate. The Thames is one of the noblest navigable rivers in Europe, but strange to say, until very lately, no person within the metropolitan limits ever set foot upon its banks. Indeed it was only from the bridges that we could perceive that it had banks at all, and those were strewn with dead dogs and cats, and all the refuse of a great population. The embankment on either side of the river will open up a splendid boulevard, swept clear from end to end by the fresh breeze following the river's flow. The sanitary value of this new channel of oxygen running through the heart of the metropolis is incalculable. It is a great pity that the embankment is not carried past Westminster Bridge, as only a short space intervenes before we find the roadway again running beside the river as far as Chelsea College; beyond this, again, we have Cheyne Walk, and a little labour would be sufficient to connect the Hammersmith and Chiswick malls into one esplanade from east to west, which would be unmatched in Europe. On the opposite side of the water we believe it is contemplated to continue the embankment up as far as Battersea, with landing piers at the new park. The old river will look picturesque once more; and if our steam-boat proprietors only possessed a touch of the picturesque, "Citizen No. 2" need no longer be the hideous thing it is, but as tasteful as a Venetian gondola. Possibly now that a little embellishment is finding its way into the age, and modifying its utilitarian spirit, we need not despair of some change for the better in this respect. A steamer may be built after the manner of a Roman galley,

and yet do her twelve miles an hour, and carry quite as many passengers as the grimy river-boat now does.

On the Surrey side of the water, the noble street running from Westminster Bridge to the Borough Road is another thoroughfare formed, or rather forming, under the same auspices, which promises to alter the whole character of this once dismal quarter of the town. Passing along the line of route the other day for the first time, we were struck by its noble proportions and the beauty of many of the buildings already completed. It is observable, that in whatever part of London a house is pulled down, it is being replaced by a far loftier and handsomer structure. In the City some of the new buildings are of great beauty. We would especially refer to a noble Italian structure on the north side of the Bank, on which ornament is lavished with a hand as profuse as on any Florentine mansion of old.

The abundant use of coloured marble is a very remarkable architectural feature at the present time; such also is the complete abandonment of the classical style, or rather the so-called classical,—for, with the exception of some of the work of that true artist, Decimus Burton, there is not a classical building in London with the slightest pretensions to purity or beauty, not even the British Museum or the new public offices in Downing Street.

This abandonment of the classical style is much to be praised. Without a clear pure atmosphere it never can retain that chastity on which so much of its beauty depends. Even a Roman building, such as St. Paul's, becomes a caricature when made party-coloured by the incrustation of soot, washed here and there by the action of the wind and weather,—like a chimney sweep who has given his face "a lick and a promise." The corroding action of time, and even the impurity of the atmosphere, on the contrary, gave in many instances an additional interest to Gothic lines, adding that appearance of antiquity which they seem to require. It is certainly odd to find even warehouses erected in the style of the Renaissance, and in the Lombardian manner; but they at least make our streets look picturesque, which is a feature they have not possessed for ages.

In every portion of the metropolis the houses are growing up to the sky; and it must be remembered they are replacing a London of the ugly periods of Charles and James II., when our domestic architecture was more hideous than it had ever been before, or is ever likely to be hereafter. In the Poultry and in Fleet Street we still see houses erected immediately after the great fire, many of them bearing the date 1668 upon their fronts. But there will be nothing to regret in the disappearance of this "London

after the fire": it neither possessed the poetry of antiquity nor the conveniences of our later domestic architecture. It will disappear without leaving any mark behind of its bad taste. The only thing to be regretted is, that the new London that is arising is built on the old lines of thoroughfare, and that the old lines followed those that existed before the great fire. This is much to be lamented; the traffic is enormously increased, and will go on increasing year by year. What chance the sunlight will have of finding admission when such narrow streets as the Poultry have doubled in height, as is the case with some of the new houses already, we scarcely dare surmise. This is a matter the Board of Works should look to, as it involves a sanitary question of very great importance. The neglect to widen the Poultry is certainly an error of the gravest kind: it is the principal entry into the City from the west, and although it will be "turned" by the splendid thoroughfare that will be constructed next year from the Mansion House to Blackfriars Bridge, in continuation of the Thames Embankment, still the Holborn traffic and all the flood of carriages tending north-west must still use it. As regards the traffic, this street certainly required throwing back some ten feet, much more than Ludgate Hill, provision to widen which has been made, if we may judge from the pulling-down of the house at the corner of the street opening into St. Paul's Churchyard, and the throwing back of the piers of the railway bridge.

It was promised that this bridge should be an ornamental structure, and now we see what idea of ornament the Chatham and Dover Company have. The only approach to embellishment of any kind is the City arms, and we suppose the engineer of the company imagined that the City authorities would accept their introduction as an undoubted work of art. May we here be allowed to ask if the foot-bridge which has been erected on each side of the railroad is ever to be thrown open to the public? The crossing here is one of the most dangerous in the City, and the cross-traffic, even to those who brave danger, causes the most annoying delay. The whole structure is an eye-sore, hiding the fine view we once had up Ludgate-Hill, with the dome of St. Paul's beyond.

We have often admired this chance street-view, the only one which takes in the metropolitan cathedral from base to summit: but as we now look from Fleet Street, say from the corner of Shoe Lane, towards the cathedral, one of those extraordinary specimens of ill-taste, of which the advertising mania offers so many specimens, is afforded us. Gigantic posters, twenty feet long, in red, white, and blue, of a family

grocer, and of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, with letters a foot deep, are so placed at the side of the bridge that it cuts in half, as it were, the view of the splendid dome, producing an effect which is incongruous and ugly in the extreme. If there were an officer whose duty it was to prevent such infractions of good taste as this, it certainly would be a great advantage. The dome could not look much more defaced if these gigantic posters were pasted directly upon it. We wonder the Corporation of London have not availed themselves of this commanding site as an advertising station. What would not a celebrated tea-dealer close at hand give for the right of imploring the whole metropolitan world from its ample cupola to "Remember No. 1!" The business of bill-sticking, as carried on in London, certainly should be put under some control. As it is, every vacant wall is taken possession of, every house abandoned to Chancery is seized upon, and made hideous by a mass of posters which would be sufficient to destroy the effect of the best architectural view.

A. W.

ALICE.

I.

In her golden chamber,
Golden with the sun,—
Where the roses clamber
Breathless, one by one;

II.

(O'er her casement creeping,
With their lavish grace;
Through her lattice peeping
At her happy face;)

III.

Sitteth fairest Alice,
Reading calmly there—
Roses! bear no malice,
Ye are not so fair.

IV.

Bending o'er her missal,
Alice sitteth there—
Shamrock, rose, and thistle,
Carved in jewels rare.

V.

Clasp'd the velvet cover,
With a rare device;
Scrolls are blazon'd over
Gold and azure dyes.

VI.

Argent angels flying,
Peacocks' eyes and wings—
Martyrs bravely dying,
Quaint and lovely things!

VII.

Rubies red and glowing,
Pearls and em'rald sheaves—
Sapphire rivers flowing,
Glitter through the leaves.



VIII.

I, a page, a servant,
 Alice, as a queen,
 At my love so fervent,
 Smiles, with pride serene.

IX.

All my love, my passion—
 All myself I give ;
 True to ancient fashion,
 Loving while I live.

X.

Claiming nought from Alice,
 Knowing love is vain :
 Wine pour'd from a chalice
 Flows not back again.

XI.

True love is a treasure,
 Sacred and divine,
 Without stint or measure,
 Cast upon a shrine.

XII.

Alice is an altar,
Flaming with my love!
Where my prayers I falter
As to heaven above.

XIII.

Kneeling low before her,
Every pulse and breath
Asks but to adore her,
Faithful unto death!

ISA BLAODEN.

THE SOCIETY OF VIRTUE AT ROME.

LEST any reader may be led by this title to think of the German Society of Virtue (Tugendbund), which contributed to the overthrow of Napoleon, and to suppose that we are conspirators, I hasten to declare that our "society" was, is, and has ever been a total stranger to politics. Each member, when at home, might certainly have entertained some political notions, or shared some national aspirations; but whilst at Rome, or as regards Rome, we all instinctively confessed to the principle set forth by the renowned philosopher Hegel, "All that is is reasonable." This proposition being German requires some study before it is well understood; for, with your unphilosophical English sense, you might feel disposed to say, A lunatic is; a lunatic therefore is reasonable. To be sure he is; that is to say, there is a reason why there should be lunatics. Thus the papal government and its zouaves, the poverty of the people, the sway of the priests, even the monks, &c., appeared to us quite reasonable—or, at least, picturesque; nay, more: we were at a loss to understand how Victor Emanuel, if he entered Rome and began to reform, would be able to preserve those interesting mediæval illustrations of the eternal city. Nevertheless, we were not opposed to the entrance of Victor Emanuel. You see we were opposed to nothing, and were consequently no politicians at all; with poetic egotism we only wished to give ourselves up to the singular magic feelings produced by the presence of remote ages and their decaying grandeur, by the splendid sky and blue mountains, by the roses and fountains, and by the wondrous treasures of art, recognising the truth with which Ampère has said, in his "Portraits de Rome," that "Rome n'est pas une ville comme les autres villes; Rome a un charme malaisé à définir, et qui n'appartient qu'à elle. Ceux qui éprouvent ce charme s'entendent à demi-mot; pour les autres c'est une énigme. Quelques uns avouent naïvement ne pas comprendre l'attrait mystérieux qui s'attache à une ville comme à une personne; un plus grand nombre affichent la prétention de sentir cet

attrait; mais les véritables fidèles reconnaissent bien vite ces faux dévotes et sourient en les écoutant."

But what is the "virtue" of which your society boasts through its name? Well, I flatter myself we were virtuous to a certain extent; but the virtuous object of our society is defined in the first and sole paragraph of our by-laws, declaring it a vice to drink bad wine.

"Pooh!" you will say, "then we are all virtuous!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, wine is a mysterious beverage; to drink wine is not the same as to imbibe a certain quantity of it. To drink wine is to enjoy, in a dignified manner, a gracious gift of heaven, to imbibe youth, vigour, enthusiasm, and to vivify those powers of mind and body. Now, suppose even that all people considered the imbibation of wine a kind of worship, how are they to find the wine deserving this worship? Of course, if you are one of the upper ten thousand, you order your wine-merchant to furnish your cellar; but suppose you are leading the life of an artist at Rome, how will you get wine at once good and cheap? It is true that this glorious essence, bestowed on man to create a place for him between earth and the lost paradise, is horribly adulterated at Rome. Now I ask again, where can it be found in its purity, at a moderate cost, and when found, how can it be enjoyed in such a manner that Bacchus, were he living, might feel honoured?"

Those initiated in the mysteries of the Society of Virtue know how to reply.

A gentleman, resident several years at Rome, once accompanied the Society on a Sunday evening walk over the Forum, past the temple of Vesta, over one of the bridges of the Tiber, and was amazed on entering a dark gateway, to find a snug little garden, and in the garden a Ganymede—dirty and ragged, it is true—but who set excellent wine before the company.

Unlike your Carlton Club, Reform Club, &c., the Society of Virtue has no fixed residence; whenever a host adulterates his wine, the Society changes its quarters;—now, the place of meeting is an osteria in the little street Chiavica del Buffalo, just behind the Palazzo Poli.

It may be asked, perhaps, when was the Society founded? This is an inquiry arising out of your wayward transalpine notions. You fancy, probably, that one day an appeal was made, through the papers, to all sincere and enlightened lovers of wine; a resolution was moved, seconded, and carried, and the Society constituted. Nothing of the sort. The archives of the society give no account even of the first meeting, or of its commence-

ment: first, because there are no archives, and next, because certain things never have a beginning.

If you ask a couple of lovers about the commencement of their love, they will seldom dwell on the first day, or the first sight, because to them their love appears to have originated with life itself, and they do not understand how they had existed before they loved. No reason can be given—it is so. Thus, certain poets and artists who had always been *virtuous*, one day discovered that they had for some time been forming a Society of Virtue; and although, on reflection, they would admit that they did not live in the time of Noah, yet they feel themselves intimately connected with that patriarch, and in their ideal aspirations still hope to find the original grape.

This want of historical sense, however, may be partly explained by the fact that, although the society remains, the constituent body, like a river, is always changing. Members stay at Rome a year or so, and are replaced by others from the mother country. The president alone never changes. He has remained at Rome some five-and-twenty years, inheriting traditions from the good old times; and though not fifty years old yet, his venerable, beautiful grey beard and youthful blue eyes—a happy symbol, you would say, of the combined age and youth of the vine—forms a centre of sympathy and attraction to the new comers. His tall stately figure is well known at Rome, although on meeting him in the street you would hardly fancy him the president of a society, with power unlimited, or at least never defined; and although my attachment cannot induce me to flatter by calling him a great artist, I know him to be a true artist, loving beauty as a form of truth, simple-minded as a child, lenient in judging others, severe only towards himself.

You will now be prepared to expect, that the members, when assembling at sunset, after the work of the day, on giving themselves over to the sociability enhanced by a delicious wine, really regard the wine as a means of worship of even a higher divinity than Bacchus. But, on the other hand, you must not expect to find a learned or pedantic academy. A true knowledge of art may at intervals be displayed, and as I shall not return to the matter again I will give you an instance. In the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, there is a chapel, Capella Chigi, in which is a mosaic, after a design by Raphael. The Roman guides treat the composition as something without any distinct meaning or idea. Murray says, that “according to an idea which prevailed in the middle ages, and which may be found in

the poetry of Dante, each planet is here represented under the guidance of a guardian angel;” and even the learned Ampère in his *Voyage Dantesque*, describes it as “une association étrange,” a strange association of mythical and religious divinities. But a member of the Society, seeing with his own eyes, unassisted by guides, once called our attention to the work as it really is. In the centre of the ceiling is represented God the Father, and beneath him, in a circle, are the heathen deities, with their planetary attributes; but at the side of each is an angel sent by Almighty God. Jupiter is about to hurl his flashes, but his hand is arrested by the angel of God—his reign is over. Apollo would throw his darts, but is prevented in like manner, and so on. The composition, then, contains the purest representation of the victory of revealed religion over heathendom.

A member of the Society of Virtue gives such proofs of a clear and happy comprehension as unostentatiously as a bee carries honey to the hive, and seems quite unconscious of saying words that, if uttered by a learned antiquary, would draw down on him an immortalising criticism in some antiquarian journal. Occasionally, too, a sneer may be directed towards the passing celebrity of some rich dilettante, whose works are declared masterpieces in a far-off foggy metropolis; but the laurels crowning such heads do not cast their shadow, for many moments, over the serene mirth in Chiavica del Bufalo.

Visitors are admitted, and if you avail yourself of the opportunity, take my advice—beware of the wine. It is a delicious beverage, apparently very light, but sly—singularly, poetically sly. The president himself never drinks more than one *foglietta** and a-half. An intimate friend of mine, on the first evening of his stay at Rome, venturing, in proud happiness, to drink two *fogliette*, accompanied the Society afterwards up the Quirinal, to see the Colosseum by moonlight. When the fountain was pointed out to him as the finest of the kind at Rome, he fancied he discovered that the huge concave stone inclined on one side, but on looking closer he now saw that it inclined on the other side. He was about warning his friends of the danger, when he observed that two stones of the pavement, those on which he was standing, were elastic, as if made of india rubber, and whilst trying to assure himself of the fact, he felt one of his legs grow longer and longer, sinking deeper and deeper, as if inclined to approach New Zealand, or some other spot at the antipodes. His whole being was so permeated with happiness that he

* A *foglietta* is two-thirds of a bottle.

allowed his leg this singular freak, when on a sudden he saw the mighty Pollux moving, as though about to leap down from his pedestal, thereby causing the fountain to fall in, and the waters to rush down towards him. He felt burning with thirst, and although in danger of being drowned, he was unable to catch a drop of water, whilst his leg, occupied so far off, kept him riveted to the spot, and prevented him from following his comrades, who were slowly marching onward. Collecting all his energy of mind, he said to himself,—"This is humbug. I must be tipsy; I won't shout, for then they'd laugh at me, and say I'm drunk. . . If I could only get my leg out of the hole, I'd run. . . I must run. . . I'd rather leave my shoe behind than stand here." So saying he gave a jerk, ran off, and at length reaching the side of the president, said,—

"Hang your Roman pavement, I've lost my shoe!"

The president then, looking down and seeing both his shoes safe on his feet, whispered in his ear,—

"You're drunk, my boy; I'll take you home to bed."

I take the liberty of adding another piece of advice. The public visiting the osteria, though belonging to the lower ranks of the Roman people, are very polite and well-behaved. A drunken fellow is never seen, high words are never heard. Families go there to take supper, carrying their provisions with them, and you may quietly observe their manners. But whilst making your observations, do not look too much at any of their women, except the grandmothers. Even should you be a powerful man, your strength would be of no avail against the wrath of a lover, or a husband; for the Roman does not fight with his fists, but with his knife; and if you be armed, it would not protect you,—the Roman knife comes from behind. We once had a visitor just arrived from Paris, and imbued with French notions; he soon made us feel, from the glances around us, as though in a wasp's nest. The president, perceiving the danger of the commonwealth, and adopting the Ciceronian measures against Catiline, when every admonition had proved fruitless, gave him the choice between being himself left alone, or of his leaving us alone.

Not to whet your curiosity, I may add that the beauty exhibited here is not particularly tempting. Never have I seen much beauty in the lower classes of any country. Feminine attraction, if I may be allowed a theory, does not consist in the flash of the eyes, but in the intellect and sentiment that soften and sweeten it. One such beauty may be seen, however, in this osteria—Augusta, the daughter of a cabinet-maker. She is fifteen years of age, and is be-

trothed to a sergeant in the Papal army, who, with her parents and two brothers, always accompanies her. She has known our president since her childhood, and, on entering, always gives a sweet glance of greeting. No queen of fifteen years has a nobler bearing than this child of the southern sun. In contrast to the Roman girls in general, she has an elegant, well-set neck, and the charmingly pale tint of her complexion reminds one of Perugino's Madonnas. Her virginal glance may sometimes be caught passing over us; for among Roman women, foreigners are said to be kind husbands, and she may be seeking to discover in our countenances some traces of resemblance to her future husband; by which to predict that he will prove as kind as one of us. Poor Augusta! in spite of your loveliness, you will scarcely escape the usual fate of Roman wives—a brief, burning passion, followed by chilly egotism.

I would gladly offer to introduce you to the society; but the truth is, that, although we assemble in public, the conversation, discussions, narratives, are a secret—a mystery to almost all the world; for the language used is the Scandinavian (Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, that are almost the same).

The brotherhood of three nations, once at feud, but now united in feeling against common foes, adds one charm more to the spell of our life at Rome, yet sets a restraint on our hospitality. Still it has been my lot to participate in some scenes that have taken place in the osteria in Chiavica del Buffalo, and to hear some interesting tales that people have contributed as their mite to the entertainment. And some of these I may one day tell to others.

"FOR LADIES ONLY."

BEFORE I forget them, let me write down the experiences of a two days' journey across France in the Ladies' Compartment. These long days of *petite vitesse*, especially if you are off the main lines, are apt to be exceedingly amusing; and in this instance I was going on a route seldom traversed by the English—from Bourges to Lyons; say at an angle of forty-five degrees!

Let me observe, *par parenthèse*, that Bourges especially deserves a pilgrimage. The last centre of royal power ere Jeanne D'Arc restored the sceptre and the crown; the birth-place of Louis Onze, of unblest memory; the seat of an antique archbishopric and a glorious cathedral; the city in which Jacques Cœur carried on his vast commercial operations, and built his splendid house,—Bourges is splendid in its memories, rich in national architecture, almost uninjured by the ravages

hammer of the *démolisseur*, and offers a new route to the Mediterranean traveller instead of the great hackneyed highway, which we all know by heart. After a Sunday and a Monday at Bourges, then, it became necessary to "move on"; and it appeared that by dint of certain changes and junctions [it was possible to strike upon the main line a little below Lyons. I therefore took a second-class ticket for the nine o'clock morning train, and left Bourges, with its immense cathedral standing up grey and misty against a white sky, seen through poplars and fruit trees, which were just beginning to think of the first faint green of spring.

Now it is said that on the Continent none but fools or English think of ensconcing themselves in padded first-class carriages; and certainly no nicer conveyance than the well-cushioned second-class need be desired; and there are such a large class of respectable people living on very small incomes (a much larger class than with us), that it is only natural that comforts should be arranged for them on an economical scale. One effect of this principle is to be seen in the cafés, hotels, and public carriages. Millionaires are so few that there is little use in considering them on any large scale. Handsome fortunes belong to a few of the manufacturing towns. But the commercial genius of the country naturally exerts itself in satisfying and getting a reasonable profit out of that immense mass of moderately paid officials, small *propriétaires*, economical *curés*, and frugal shopkeepers, who make up the staple of the middle ranks of *la belle France*.

The little plump lady whom I found sitting by herself in the "*Reservée aux dames*" had made herself comfortable with shawls and bags, and a snug brazier for the feet; and no wonder; for she had travelled all night, coming from beyond Tours, and thence to Orleans, where she had had to wait four hours; this agreeable interval having been from two o'clock to six a.m.! The brazier had a handle, by which it could be held in the lap, or applied to any part of her well-enveloped little person. She lent it to me, explaining that it contained *une brique*, which when lighted lasted several hours; a sort of combustible cake it appeared, of which you could take a supply—cold. This little lady was going to Moulins-sur-Allier, to visit her brother, who was *un militaire*. She was mildly uncommunicative, and curiosity was useless in regard to her. Her personal appearance reminded me of a fowl which has puffed out its feathers, and allowed its head to sink luxuriously into its neck. Her brother, the *militaire*, who came to fetch her at Moulins,

was at least ten years younger—possibly forty-five, buckled and strapped into youthfulness. She waddled off, clinging to his arm, looking incongruously affectionate; probably she had brought him up as a motherless boy. One tries to fabricate these little romances to beguile the long days of travel.

When this little lady got out, she did not leave me alone, for the junction at Saincalge had furnished one quiet Frenchwoman, going all the way to Nice to the home of her son; and at Moulins I was pleased to see a seat taken by a stout, fair Sister of charity, clad in the thick blue gown and white winged cap of the world-wide order of St. Vincent de Paul. The stout Sister was very accessible, and we beguiled the way by numerous questions about the rules of the order and the especial work in which she had been engaged. As the train stopped at every station there was plenty of time for conversation. She told us that she had come from a small town in Auvergne, where forges were carried on, and that the master of one of these establishments had made arrangements with the superioress of the sisters to have his workpeople superintended. Our travelling Sister had been fully engaged among them; she looked after the wives and children when they were sick, saw to the school attendance, and was referred to in cases of poverty or accident. So far as we understood her account, she lived with her community, but was busy out of doors most of the day. "Was she not very sorry to leave them?" "Yes, very sorry; but the superioress had received a pressing letter from a house in another town, saying that they were in the greatest want of another Sister to mind a hospital, and so some other arrangements were made about the people at the forges, and she had been sent off to the vacant post. Indeed, what was one to do? If one worked for the love of God, one could not pick and choose. Not but that it was very sad to leave one's people! But, dear me, this life was short, and if one got well to the end of it, what did it matter how unpleasant it was? Perhaps, indeed, one ought to rejoice if it were particularly unpleasant." The Sister said all this with a sort of melancholy placidity; she was evidently quite unused to travelling, and the amiable heartiness imprinted on every line of her plump, comely face was for the moment under a faint cloud. But worse was to come. An evil spirit of curiosity prompted me to ask her in what town her new services were required.

"I am going to Nevers," said the stout Sister.

Consternation fell upon the hearts and faces of her two listeners.

"But, *ma sœur*, the train is for Lyons!"

"*Eh bien*," replied she; "but that gentleman told me *précisément* that I must take my ticket for Lyons and go thence to Nevers."

(Nevers is considerably north of Moulins-sur-Allier, and Lyons a long day's journey to the south.)

"But, *ma sœur*, we are getting further and further away from Nevers every minute."

The good soul turned her fair placid face full on us, and stared with an expression of bewildered helplessness, which went to my heart. I took her hand and tried to comfort her, telling her that after all she could get a return train later in the day. But she only ejaculated, while the tears came to her eyes:

"*Mais, ma bonne dame, ça me fait malade.*"

Then we fell to consultation as to what was best to be done; and the sensible lady bound for Nice advised the Sister to get out at the very next station, and retrace her steps by the first train going north. But alas! when we came to examine the Continental Bradshaw, we found that there was no northern train until so late in the day that she could not have reached Nevers before the community were gone to bed. The rational thing would have been for her to have returned some way up the line, and got a bed for the night—say at Moulins, where we had picked her up, and then have proceeded to Nevers by an early train. But no power of explanation on our part would have ensured her doing this safely. She had it firmly on her mind that she had taken her ticket for Lyons, and to Lyons she must go. "The gentleman" had told her so. What that officious individual's head was made of we of course never knew. He and his wife (for he was travelling with a wife, which circumstance had probably increased the stout Sister's profound reliance on his advice) were far away by this time from the reach of our indignation or the tears of his victim!

On reference to Bradshaw, we there discovered that once at Lyons, the stout Sister would do best to return north by the main line to Paris, branching off to Nevers at some junction not far from that town; and on the great trunk artery of France there was less chance of her getting strayed and pounded. This settled, and a gleam of comfort reappearing on her mild face, we inquired where she would sleep at Lyons.

"I shall go, *chère dame*, to one of our houses, and ask for a bed."

"And what will you say to the superioress?" we asked, with a certain *malice*.

Un fin sourire quivered upon the lips of the stout sister, which for the moment revealed all her nationality, and quite altered the cast of her somewhat Saxon features.

"Ah! *chère bonne dame*, I shall get in quite late you know, to Lyons, where probably the superioress will ask me no questions, and then the train starts at five in the morning, so that I shall not need to say anything of whence I came, *only that I am going to an hospital at Nevers.*"

This matter settled, the Sister recovered her equanimity, and our party of three conversed pleasantly while the train rolled slowly along. To our right the snow-clad mountains of Auvergne appeared in the distance, seen through drifting showers. The afternoon was peculiarly cold for March, and the hilly country to the left, near which late in the day we wound our way, showed grey and cheerless in the waning light. We passed Roanne, a busy, thriving town, up to which the Loire is navigable, and where we began to touch upon the great manufacturing sphere of busy Lyons. From Roanne to St. Etienne, at which large town we were due at a quarter past eight, we still followed the Loire. The railroad between these towns was the first constructed in France, and horses, not locomotives, were originally used upon it. At Montrond, a village on the river, is a noble old castle, burnt at the Revolution "by order of an itinerant representative of the people." And so on, through mills and forges, nearer and nearer every moment to the great busy centres of trades, until at last we were whirled into the station at St. Etienne, "the French Birmingham," which is all coal below and coal above, galleries being even driven under some of the streets; a great place full of ribbon factories and gunsmiths' shops. The ribbon weavers live chiefly on the outskirts, to avoid the smoke which hangs in clouds over the town; but the gunmakers hammer and test as they did in the days of the Great Napoleon, and bayonets are forged by numerous hands. At St. Etienne there was a rest of ten minutes; our French lady left us there, having friends in the town at whose house she meant to sleep. I alighted and went to the *buffet* to get a cup of coffee. I remember this trifle, for St. Etienne we were destined never to forget. The coffee was hot, and the half-finished cup was suspended in my hand when the train-bell rang loudly. In England this would have meant "five minutes"; but not being sure of the manners and customs of French trains, I set down the cup and went hastily along the row of carriages, where porters and guards were calling and alarining doors. In the half-lighted station, on a dark evening in March, I could not find my carriage, till at the extreme end I saw a large white bonnet with white flapping wings, agitating itself in an alarmed manner. It

was the stout Sister, who had sat composedly while our train split into parts. In this great central station; our "ladies' carriage" had got to the hinder end, and the sister was in a great alarm lest I should miss her and it, and all the cloaks, bags, umbrellas, &c., lawfully belonging to me. She put out a powerful arm, enveloped in the picturesque blue serge, and pulled me up the steps. I was not a moment too soon, the slamming of doors, the quivering of the carriage, and the long-drawn note of the horn by which a French railway guard bids the driver "go on," were all simultaneously in the air, when our door was hastily and violently flung open, and a railway official, in a handsome important-looking uniform, pushed a young woman up the high steps into our carriage, where she would have tumbled on to the floor in a heap if the stout Sister had not caught her, and placed her on the opposite seat near the window; through which, as we moved off, the official flung parting syllables of, "Now, Madame Bertrand, there you are—gone! You'll be at Lyons in two hours—the devil, what a race!" His exclamations were drowned in the increasing rumble, the long train cleared the vast station, and rolled out into the dusky suburb of St. Etienne, and to our extreme consternation the young new-comer burst into a passion of hysterical tears.

She wept and sobbed, muttering, "*Oh, mon mari! mon mari!*" and burying her poor little face in her hands, so that we could see nothing but the pretty frilled border of her white cap. She was very neatly and well dressed, and all her distress had not prevented her putting on that fresh cap and a handsome shawl, and taking her umbrella. She evidently belonged to that respectable class of small *bourgeois* whose external appointments are always so perfect in France.

It then became touching to see how the stout Sister rose to the emergency, and how her bewilderment and mild gossiping manner vanished, and became changed into a gentle motherly dignity, seeking to strengthen and console. She took the umbrella out of the trembling clutch, and with a sort of persuasive authority extracted the pitiful little story. Monsieur Bertrand, a young man of twenty-five, had been three years married. He was guard to a luggage train constantly passing between St. Etienne and Lyons; he had a hard life of it, was usually up at four in the morning, and his salary was 50*l.* a year. His wife lived at St. Etienne, kept his little home snug, and welcomed him to his occasional meals by their own fireside. On this day she had started him early, and had been expecting him home to an eight o'clock

supper; when, about half-past seven, the all-important *chef du garde* himself, a man whom she never saw from year's end to year's end, had come in violent haste to her lodging, bidding her prepare to go off to Lyons by the evening express. He bore in the open telegram, "*Bertrand, gravement blessé,*" and told her, moreover, of the verbal account brought by a porter, that her young husband had been on his train in the long tunnel of Lyons, when a concussion took place; he had been thrown off on to the line, and something had either fallen on him or passed over him. Her mother had been sent for to him: the old woman lived at Lyons: and now they had sent for *her*. She sobbed out that the accident had taken place at eleven in the morning, and why had they not sent for her before?

That two hours' agony is never to be forgotten. Though the train was the evening express, it kept stopping at station after station of that populous and influential district. Every stoppage seemed unendurable. Madame Bertrand, sitting quiet for five minutes, would suddenly burst out in an agony, saying he was dead—had been dead when the telegram was sent. And though we gainsayed her vigorously, it was with doubting hearts and lips that half-betrayed their insincerity.

I had to quit the train at Givors, half an hour short of Lyons. As I left the station with a porter deputed to show me the way to the inn, the cold sleet was driving down through the darkness, and the lamplight reflected in the puddles just served to show the black and dirty neighbourhood. Yet on the morrow a cross line would take me on to the great highway to the blue and sunny Mediterranean, and ere four-and-twenty hours had elapsed, that cold and dreary darkness would be as a dream. Not so the human tragedy. As we left the station I asked my guide, "Was there not a bad accident in the tunnel at Lyon-Perrache this morning? Did you hear of it down the line?"

"*Mais oui, Madame. Je le connaissais bien, Monsieur Bertrand. Hélas! il est mort!*"

And the poor young wife was even then speeding through the night, to be met at Lyons by those awful words. I was haunted by images of her arrival at the station, of the meeting with her mother, of the terrible vigil in store for her that night. Alas! for the simple household destroyed in an hour by some carelessness in dealing with the mighty monster Steam. Alas! for the young man cut off in the force of his manhood. Alas! for the cruel ending of those two hours of hurrying suspense. This story rises with every detail

into my memory whenever I see the ticket hanging at the door of a railway carriage, bearing the words, "For Ladies Only."

BESSIE B. PARKES.

FACT OR FANCY?

"Do you believe in ghosts?" Few questions are ever asked more idle. But the general answer, "I do," or "I do not," is worthy of it; that is to say, if "I do not believe" is to be taken in its fullest sense of dogmatic unbelief. It is impossible, in the first place, to help admitting some belief in ghosts, for that belief runs through all the history of mankind. People of all nations, languages, and religious creeds, have believed in ghosts in all ages. In days as sceptical as the present the wisest of the classic ancients told their ghost stories, wisely refraining from saying whether they believed them or not. No man among the Romans was less superstitious than the sceptical poet Lucretius; yet, instead of repudiating the existence of ghosts, he proceeds to account for them on perfectly natural and scientific principles, as being filmy emanations from the people to whom they belong.

Pliny the Younger has a famous story of a haunted house, with its usual dramatic incidents. Cicero believes, at all events, in the fact of spectres appearing to the dreaming. The difficulty in all cases is scientific verification, and this is a difficulty which, from the nature of the subject, appears insoluble. That the appearance of a spirit in the sleeping or waking state has been a mental fact to numberless persons, is undeniable; the question remains whether or not this mental fact is to be considered in the light of the usual phenomena of external nature; whether, to use the language of philosophy, it has an objective existence. Perhaps no person is entirely without experiences of the kind, either at first hand or second-hand; and a record of such experiences, however trivial, is always interesting, although no possible accumulation of facts may lead us any nearer to the final determination of the general question. For instance, I have the following case on such unquestionable authority that I cannot for a moment dispute it:

Many years ago a young surgeon, on board a man-of-war in the Indian seas, was observed by his messmates one morning to wear a very care-worn and anxious look. They questioned him as to its cause, and with some reluctance he said that the night before he had seen his father lying dead in an open coffin.

He noted the circumstance in his log-book, with the date. In due time a letter came announcing the death of his father at that exact date.

No one from this story could infer the actual objective appearance of the spectre; but it is difficult to refuse to the human mind in states of sleep or trance, a power of clairvoyance, consisting in either the nullification of space or of time. In this case space was overleaped.

The next instance I can perfectly vouch for, as an example of apparent foresight:

An English clergyman, whom I knew very intimately in Germany, lodged in the same house with a native family. On the night on which the lady of that family was confined, he dreamt that the nurse came to call him in the middle of the night, requesting him to come down and christen the new-born infant, as the child was in such immediate danger that there was no time to send for the Lutheran clergyman. In the morning, however, on inquiry, the answer was that mother and child were doing well. However, in exactly fourteen days afterwards the incident of the clergyman's dream actually occurred. His memory could not have deceived him, as he had mentioned the dream to his wife the next morning.

To the question whether I have ever seen a ghost? I should answer, "No"; but I know some one who has—that is to say, who fully believes that he has—seen one. Here is the story just as it was told to me:—

Near the town of Weimar, in Saxony, on the right of the long alley planted with chestnuts, that leads from the town up to the summer-palace of the Grand Duke at Belvedere, there is a spot bare of trees, showing the site of some ancient building, the ruins of which have almost entirely disappeared. Near this site, among the brushwood, are openings to a most extraordinary series of subterranean passages, which, it is said, have never been thoroughly explored. Some say that human bones have been found in them; others, that persons endeavouring to explore them without a clue, have become bewildered and perished of hunger. Some attribute them to human hands, and some to natural geological causes. It is only certain that they are there, and that no one is able to give any definite account of them. As to the building, whose foundations alone are visible among the bushes, it is said to have been an ancient castle belonging to some former Dukes of Saxony. Some few years ago a friend of mine, Herr H—, of Weimar, was

in the habit of making frequent visits to Oberwisma, a village at the end of the park, one of the ways to which lies through the Belvidere Allée. One evening in October, after the sun was set, he was passing along this road in a thick fog, illuminated by the moon; as he passed the spot where the ancient castle formerly stood, he was aware of an appearance in the mist beside him, which he at first did not pay much attention to, as he thought it might be the reflection of his own form. After awhile, however, it struck him that the image which followed his steps so closely was accompanied by the image of a dog, and he had no dog with him. This circumstance caused him to stop and look at the figure, when, to his horror, he observed that it wanted a head.

Herr H—— walked towards it, it retired; he ran from it, it followed him; he fell into his usual pace, it continued to keep step with him; he addressed it, but it did not answer. Herr H—— is a Roman Catholic. In mortal terror he mechanically made the sign of the cross. The ghost immediately vanished in the direction of the remains of the old castle.

There is an old tradition connected with the scene of this adventure, that a former Duke of Saxony caused his son to be beheaded for some fearful family crime—either the murder of his own mother, or an intrigue similar to that which forms the foundation of Lord Byron's *Parisina*.

At Berka, a small bathing-place among the hills, seven miles from Weimar, there is also to be seen, on a woody knoll, the site of a ruined castle, from which the Grand Duke of Weimar derives his title of Count Berka. The old people of Berka still talk of a headless apparition which used to haunt it, and which often appeared to their grandfathers.

G. C. SWAYNE.

ST. OSYTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—You are probably quite right in your statement* that there is no male descendant of the Nassaus now in Essex. But it is just possible that you may not be aware that John Nassau, a brother of the late Mr. Frederick Nassau of St. Osyth, is, or was quite recently, living in London in comparative poverty, and that he has at least one son. He himself is blind. On the death of his elder brother he made an attempt to claim the estate of St. Osyth, but the entail having been cut off, he was unsuccessful. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

AN ESSEX MAN.

* See page 488.

THE PRIZE MAIDEN.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

THE First of May came.

From the earliest hours strangers from all parts poured into the gates of Magdeburg in variegated streams of colour: peasants in their coarse blue woollen shirts and wooden shoes, burghers in fine leather jerkins, and nobles in brilliant silks and velvets, filled the streets and houses of entertainment to overflowing.

The centre of attraction was the shooting-ground at the west gate of the town. A large space had been enclosed with wooden rails: at the end facing the city gates were fixed the butts; at the extreme right hung from tall poles three birds coloured green, red, and blue, which were fired at with bolts made to split off pieces, each splinter having a value; the bolts that lodged were drawn out, and the one whose point was nearest the heart gained the prize: this was for boys and youths. Targets of other kinds for long-bow shooting were at the other end, but in the centre stood the great attraction, the target for the prize of the cup and maiden. This was a huge tower-like erection of wood, with the target in front; on the top stood the figure of a dwarf, gaily painted. The markers were below the line of fire, and when a bolt struck without sticking in, drew a cover over the target and marked the hole with the number of the bolt and the name of the shooter, which was written on the bolt.

In the centre of the right side was a covered gallery for spectators of the better class, while the left side was open to all. Running along the end opposite the butts, in lengths sufficient for covering each target, were forms, with a sort of awning to keep off sun and rain; it was from these the shooting took place.

At eight o'clock the procession was formed in the large square of the town.

The pritschmeister, assisted by his familiars, about ten in number, arranged the procession, being further assisted, or hindered, by about one hundred boys of the lower class, who, dressed in the same colours as their chief, had liberty during the feast to do all that fun and mischief could do.

A part of the city guard cleared the way, then came the syndic and councillors, then the competitors at the birds and long-bow; then a long line of girls, all dressed in the white of maidenhood, in the centre of whom, seated on a beautiful white horse, and sheltered by a richly decorated canopy, borne aloft by the spearmen of the town, was the

Prize Maiden; next came the banner with the arms of the city, and then the great cup full of guilders; and lastly, the competitors, not in the order of their rank, but of their places as drawn by lot.

By one of those freaks of fortune that sometimes occur, Karl found himself in the centre of the line with the count as his companion. The count, as much surprised as himself, remarked,

"So, so, my pretty goldsmith, you are safe, and ready to win the fair prize. I think you'll fail. I do so hope you will, if only to see your looks when I claim the pretty Gabriella as mine."

"Have a care, sir count; you have during this last week insulted and outraged me in every possible way; your men have struck me, spat on my face; you have yourself scattered the mud from your horse's hoofs on me as I passed in the streets; and I have endured all, everything, because I could run no risk of losing this day's contest; but I swear to you that when once it is over I will make you fight me like a man, or cudgel you like a dog."

"'Cudgel,' you have cudgelled. Look at my mouth and see the gap in my teeth; look at this scar that has drawn my eyes all awry; I have something to love you for, and I do love you much—I'll show it."

"You brought it on yourself. I did not harm you but in self-defence."

"And you really think, if you do win this maiden, she will be yours? I tell you I have those about me who hold life so cheap, that for five crowns they would hang, drown, or in any way rid me of you pretty fool, before you can get near enough to touch her lips."

"Hold your vile tongue, or by Heaven I'll send some more of those fangs that grin at me to join the others."

"I owe you so much, good goldsmith, and I will pay my debts, you may depend."

The long train of the procession at last reached the field, and after the maiden had taken her place in the spectators' gallery on the right, the shooters were taken to the great official tent, for each man to receive his bolts, which were marked distinctly with his name. The bolts being distributed, they were marched to their respective sheds and seated, and the sports began.

Any unruly behaviour on the part of any one in the crowd was immediately visited on the offender by the vigorous application of the loud-sounding swords of the deputy pritschmeisters, which, though they hurt but little, drew instant attention to the culprit, and caused him to become the butt of a hundred shafts of wit and ridicule.

Seated next to the count, who was before

him in the order to shoot, with his bolts in his pouch, Karl watched earnestly the face of the target as one by one the bolts flew out. He saw enough to convince him that at present he had nothing to fear. The count's turn came, and the bolt flew straight, and struck nearer to the centre than any previously struck.

Karl's turn came; he carefully fitted the bolt's notch to the string between the forks of the trigger, put the bow to his shoulder, and with his left arm like a rock underneath it, sighted the target. At the instant he was pulling the trigger, the count leaned to him and whispered in his ear, "Bastard!" It served his purpose. The bolt struck the ground in front of the target.

"Foul shot!" cried a voice. "Foul shot! The count spoke to him at the moment."

"You lie, dog!"

"I lie, sir count! I am lieutenant of the city guard, or you would find my dagger in your hound's carcase. I heard you whisper in his ear. Foul shot, I say."

The noise of the dispute attracted the attention of the pritschmeister, who rode down.

"Look you, good pritschmeister, I am lieutenant of the city guard, and stood behind the seats, and as this one fired, the count here called him 'Bastard!' in his ear. A foul shot! I say, and I've seen and done some shooting in my time."

"Did he speak?"

"We did not hear him," said several of the count's followers who were round at the back of the seats.

"He did, Herr Pritschmeister. At the very moment I pulled."

"And I say he did; I heard him. Blood of Hercules! it's strange that a parcel of platter-licking varlets should hold their words as good as that of a lieutenant of the city guard."

"Let the shot be counted foul, and returned to the shooter, and look, sir count, if there be any attempt at a repetition, I will myself strike you from the lists, and answer to you and to the city at a convenient time."

The bolt was picked up; and, luckily, having only struck the soft grass, was not damaged. Carefully freeing it of every particle of dust, he again fired it, and this time without interruption.

"Bravo, Aschersleben!" said the lieutenant; "a good bolt; better by a nail's breadth than any yet in."

The whole rank failed to beat Karl's shot, and he could see, almost with regret, that the contest lay virtually between the count and himself.

The target being removed, and another put

in its place, the shooting went on. It soon became evident to all, that the contest lay between the two. The others were constantly drawing ridicule on themselves by the mannikin at the top of the tower biting his thumb at them for bad shooting; for the figure being an automaton, set in motion by the markers, waved its hat over its head for a shot within the ring, and bit its thumb when the shot failed to strike the target at all.

Eight targets had been removed, and the last but one had come, and it was evident that Karl was the superior shot, when the count exclaimed to one of his attendants at his back,

"Cut me the seam at the left arm of my doublet; 'tis so tight I am not at ease at the shoulder."

The man leaned forward with his dagger and cut the stitches at the shoulder, and then, allowing the keen heavy weapon to slip from his hand, dropped it with careless care right upon the tightly-stretched gut line of Karl's bow. The line snapped in an instant, and the weapon was useless.

"Careless devil," said the count, "see what you have done."

"Shame on you, count, shame," said the lieutenant. "Nay, not so fast, my pretty varlet, you shall pay for this, as I'm a true man. City guard! city guard!"

Half a dozen men sprang to his side in a moment.

"Hold this varlet of the count's fast. What ho, pritschmeister!"

The whole of the assistants, speedily followed by the pritschmeister himself, came up.

"Look here, herr pritschmeister, my bow is useless."

"You can put a new string."

"A new string now, and but two bolts to be shot? You must be mad, count."

"Mad, indeed," said Karl; "I knew this weapon as well as a father knows his child; of a new string I should know nothing. As well ask a man to ride for his life on a strange horse, or fight for it with a strange sword, as shoot with a new string."

"It was done on purpose," said the lieutenant of the guard; "I saw him motion and whisper his varlet to do it."

"The matter is past me, I will have the council's opinion."

The whole of the party concerned went to the official tent, and the case was stated to the council. The count denied all intention on the part of his servant, and showed the cut stitches of his doublet.

"Look you, good gentlemen," said the lieutenant, "he shows his doublet. Did it need cutting? I can get my two fists in at

the seams. Besides, it's not likely that the servant's dagger would drop by accident on the only string in the rank from which the count had anything to fear."

The council heard all—the tent was cleared, and in a short time re-opened.

The sentence was that Karl should use the count's bow if he wished, or he might have any other in the rank, and that the servant should be handed over to the pritschmeister and his myrmidons for judgment and punishment. The whole party moved back to the stand and resumed shooting.

Again Karl was more fortunate than the count, and with the same splendid weapon made a nearer hit than his adversary.

The ninth target came, after much thumb-biting on the part of the figure, and another incident diverted the attention of the crowd.

The count had shot, but made a very bad shot; the figure was motionless; he then gave up the weapon to Karl.

Karl had taken his bolt in his hand in forgetfulness that he would have to strain the bow, and he laid it down at his right side on the seat beside him, while he pulled the thin lines of the pulley that put the string over the trigger. He then took up the bolt from the seat, put it carefully in the groove, with the point under the barrel, re-arranged the feathers, and shot. In an instant the figure threw up both its arms and whirled round its hat, while the air was rent with shouts of "Aschersleben! Aschersleben! Good for the cup-maker, good for the goldsmith of Aschersleben!"

It was the crowning shot: it was not possible to go nearer the centre than the centre itself. Little attention was paid to the tenth target, some shot at random and laughed at the thumb-biting mannikin. The count only just struck the target; Karl shot as carefully, but not with the same success as before; his bolt struck a little outside of the centre ring.

As soon as the last shot was fired, the competitors were marched back in order to the town to dine.

All the Aschersleben men crowded round Karl, and congratulated him; the lieutenant shook him by the hand, and he was the hero of the feast.

Dinner over, they were again marched back, and the whole of the shooters were drawn up in front of the gallery. Here the chief magistrate awarded the day's prizes according to the official list, and read off—

"Magdeburg great prize of a fair maiden and a golden cup filled with guilders."

"No. 1, Count Cassimer, of—"

"No! no!" shouted a thousand voices.

Look you, lads, cut me a dozen or two of points from your laces, and I'll see whether the music's in him or not. Now, lash these to the youngsters' swords and see."

The result was what he expected. While the thin slips of wood of which the sword was made were free to move, the blow was harmless, but bound into a solid mass by the laces, the boys' strength could give vigorous and hurtful blows.

"I thought it would," said the delighted lieutenant. "Now, lads, run at it, and we shall have music enough."

The more the man shrieked the more the crowd cheered, until at last the assumed surgeon said that he had had enough, and ordering him to finish his draught, dismissed him.

The lieutenant assembled his men, and marched them into the town, to which, by this time, all had retired.

The whole town was one scene of rejoicing. In every inn and in every house whose owner was a free citizen, guests, more or less numerous, were assembled to feast.

The great town-hall was once more filled with guests. The chief magistrate, as before, occupied the centre place at the table, and next to him were the bridegroom and bride, and, after them, alternately right and left, the prize winners in the order of their importance.

Hunger was no sooner appeased than the whole company stood up to drink a measure of wine to the prize-winner and his new wife. When it was announced that the cup then presented was the work of the prize-winner, the noise and congratulations were redoubled. After that the rest of the prize-holders were named in companies, and a measure of wine was drunk to their success in all future struggles.

About half-past nine the bride and bridegroom left the feast, and went to the mayor's house, where they would be lodged during the remainder of the feast. The bride was accompanied by her bridesmaids, and the bridegroom by some of the men of his own town, who, after sundry ceremonies relating to the bride's stockings and the bridegroom's shoes, left them.

Meantime, another scene was enacted without the walls.

The lieutenant had no sooner dismissed his men to their evening's duty of patrolling the town, than he set out for the house at which Count Cassimer lodged.

Reaching the door, his uniform secured instant attention even from the count's insolent servitors, and in a short time he was in the presence of the count.

"Count Cassimer, I think you know what I come for. I've wanted to meet you for more than twenty years. You took from her home as your supposed wife my youngest sister, and left her to hunger and starve. I ask you not what has become of her—that I know—but of her child. Where is he?"

"You do me much honour, my good lieutenant. I'm sure I hardly knew you. I was a mere boy of twenty-three or so when those things happened—and—I really forget all about it. The girl, as you say, died. As for the brat—he is—I know not what—or where. Have you any further business with me? for, if not, I'll join my friends over the flask."

"No, no, most noble count. You may bring one here, and then come with me to the city walls. You've lived long enough, and this night you must die, or I must. I've waited too long to be balked."

The count moved to the door.

"Not so, count. On second thoughts, I will not let you out of my sight. Send one of your men, or I will beat you like a dog with the flat of my sword."

There was no help for it, so the count sent a servant for one of his friends, and accompanied the lieutenant to the city gate, and out into the open beyond the walls.

The combat was almost fatal to the miserable count, who was brought in a dying state to his lodging. The near approach of his end, and the exhortations of a priest, so subdued his spirit, that he was anxious in his last moments to render what reparation he could to the lieutenant and his family.

The supposed wife was dead, and it was in the person of the child only that he could fulfil his new-formed desires. He lingered for several days, during which inquiries were set on foot in the town of Aschersleben, where his wife had died, as to the existence and whereabouts of the child. These inquiries at last reached the ears of the old goldsmith, Karl's master, and he hurried to Magdeburg to see the count; and, on learning some of the details of the wife's death, said he could find the lost child.

After what appeared to the count a sickeningly long time, he brought in his late apprentice and the Queen of the Feast, and declared that this apprentice, left at his door in the night, was the child of the count and of the sister of the lieutenant.

He produced the linen in which the child was wrapped, and a letter, the hand-writing of which the count recognised as that of the poor girl who had passed for his wife.

In a few hours all was over. The dying count's repentance had blessed the union of

those who, in his life, as the slave of his passions, he had so injured; and he breathed his last in his son's arms.

Years after this, visitors to the town of Aschersleben had pointed out to them a large house in the centre of the town,



(See page 557.)

where the goldsmith and the prize maiden lived.

The old pritschmeister went with his daughter to her new home, and found there the rest he needed, and, no longer a fool of necessity, he was esteemed one of the shrewdest of the townsmen, and when in the course of time

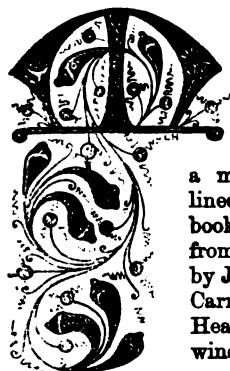
the little Karls and Gabriellas grew up, there was no more amusing companion in the world for them than the dear grandfather, who never wearied of telling this tale of the great May feast, and the prize maiden of Magdeburg.

FRAXINUS.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XIV.



R. CARMICHAEL'S

study was a small room at the side of the house, looking into the flower-garden. The walls, as

a matter of course, were lined with books, but the books were seldom removed from their shelves excepting by Joyce and Doris, for Mr. Carmichael was no reader. Heavy curtains shaded the windows; the furniture was very handsome, and there

was a luxuriously stuffed easy-chair on either side of the fireplace.

In this room Mr. Carmichael transacted his business, here he read his newspapers, and here in fact he spent most of his time. And here the two men stood by the fireplace now, the one the model of a neat and well-dressed gentleman, the other a man of non-descript type. The one a sedate respectable-looking person; the other, unkempt and disreputable in his appearance. And yet there was an expression decidedly similar upon the face of each, as they stood gazing steadfastly at one another. Thus they stood for several seconds, and then Mr. Withers, throwing himself into one of the luxuriously stuffed chairs, spoke.

"Times are changed since we last met, Hugh." And he gazed round the comfortable apartment.

Mr. Carmichael, who had seated himself in the opposite chair, nodded.

"You made money after *that*," said Mr. Withers, with emphasis.

Mr. Carmichael winced.

"What's the use of referring to an unpleasant subject, Withers?"

"None at all, except by way of contrast," responded Mr. Withers; "and between old friends it's safe enough; there's no one knows anything about it but me and Jack Gresford, if he's still alive."

Mr. Carmichael fidgeted, rose, poked the fire, sat down again, and finally, in a constrained voice, replied,

"John Gresford is still alive, and living in

this very place. Those were his boys you met to-day."

Mr. Withers started to his feet.

"Good heavens! Then what has induced you to pitch your tent in these parts?"

"I had been settled here ten years or more when he came, and I couldn't well leave."

"Hum! Well, you're safe as far as he's concerned."

"Yes. I'm not afraid of that; but it's not agreeable to meet with a living witness of what one would rather forget," said Mr. Carmichael, bitterly.

"Pooh! As long as no one knows, what does it matter? He'll never peach, now. He didn't before, for poor Nelly's sake, and he wouldn't now, because he in a manner compounded a felony; besides, there's no legal evidence. Tut, man, you've no need to mind; lift up your head and growl back at him if he gives himself any airs."

To do Mr. Carmichael justice, he growled a good deal more than his neighbour, as people who are under deep obligations that they cannot throw off are apt to do. The benefited person often feels as though his benefactor had injured him. And so it was with Mr. Carmichael: he had hated John Gresford all his life; he had begun by doing him injury, which John Gresford had looked over; he had continued to persecute him, and John Gresford had helped him out of a difficulty, —nay, more than a difficulty, a penal offence, that would have ruined him for life. Certainly he assisted him for the sake of another; but that, under the circumstances, rendered it none the less galling. He was, and would be, John Gresford's debtor to the end of his life, in a matter in which he could never be quits with him.

"And where does Jack Gresford take up his quarters?" asked Mr. Withers.

"At a place close by, left to him by an uncle, whose name he has taken. He's John Gresford Lynn, of Lynncourt, now."

"And the 'Lynn Arms' belongs to him, I suppose?"

"Yes, part of the property."

"He's well off too, then," mused Mr. Withers; "something of a great man in these parts; would scarcely care to see a friend of early days. Why, I remember him a lad, with hardly a penny wherewith to bless him-

self, and yet he managed to scrape enough together to get you out of that mess, Hugh."

"I wish you'd talk about something else," interrupted Mr. Carmichael, sharply.

"Well, now, I don't see why one shouldn't go back to early days. If one's early faults are repented of, and have been lessons through life, one ought to be obliged to them. You didn't carry on business over and above scrupulously in those times, but you've had to be more particular since, so the warning was beneficial. If I were you, I should make quite a moral sentiment out of it, something quite edifying. You were always something of a sticker-up for morals and piety, even in your worst days, and now you're surrounded with so many blessings," continued Mr. Withers, assuming a sanctimonious expression, that oddly contrasted with a twinkle in his eye, "I should think you might practise piety with all the pomp and vanity that this wicked world dresses it up in."

"What are you driving at, Withers?"

"At a stone wall, it seems, since you can't understand. I was never much of a church or chapel-going fellow myself, and didn't pretend to be, and I'm not more so now; but I'd lay an even bet that your piety and mine wouldn't make a bad couple in a race. I think they'd come in pretty equal in the long run."

Mr. Carmichael did not answer. Mr. Withers's lucubrations decidedly fretted him, but he had his own reasons for wishing to keep on friendly terms with him. Had it suited him at that especial moment to quarrel, he would most assuredly have lost no time in turning him out of the house. But it did not suit him, so he remained silent, and awaited Mr. Withers's next speech.

"Jack Gresford was a good-looking fellow, and a sensible one, too. Though he was years younger than we were, Hugh, I don't know anyone whose opinion I'd sooner have taken in any matter of business."

"No."

"How cleverly he managed that business for you! How he got the note into his own hands, and paid the money down for it, and then destroyed it before our eyes. You'd have been a ruined man if it hadn't been for that. You'd never have been settled down here. Why, you ought to——"

"Be quiet, Withers," said Mr. Carmichael, in a voice of suppressed rage; "you're enough to drive one mad. Why do you come down to a man's house and bring up old scores in that way?"

"One can't help moralising when one looks back and sees how different things might have been. Here are you, surrounded by

every comfort and with lots of money and with lots of credit; and here am I, a poor fellow who never made a slip of your sort, as poor as a church mouse."

Mr. Carmichael sprang up.

"Withers," said he, "I'll have no more of this."

"I don't mean any offence, Hugh; but when I see you up so high and I'm down so low in the world, I can't help having a fling at Fortune and her tricks."

"I saved and you spent," suggested Mr. Carmichael.

"Not exactly, I hadn't it to save as you had. Yours came in in the lump, mine in waifs and strays."

"Are you married, Withers?"

"My wife is dead."

"Have you any children?"

"None."

"Would fifty pounds be of any use to you?"

"It would."

"Well, I'm willing to give that to an old friend if he's willing to remain one."

"All right."

"Then you'll stay at Green Oake whilst you're in this neighbourhood?"

"Thank you, Hugh; my purse isn't so heavy but that I shall be glad to save it. I'll come, and you may depend upon me. And how about Jack Gresford; am I to see him or not? Won't it be awkward?"

"You're not likely to see him unless you go to church, which, judging from by-gones, you're not very likely to do."

Mr. Withers laughed.

"Besides," continued Mr. Carmichael, "he's going up to London to-morrow or the next day. His wife died about a fortnight since, and——"

"Then he did marry?" interrupted Mr. Withers.

"Yes. He went to the Brazils after he turned up in that wonderful manner, when everyone thought he had been dead for more than a year; there he married a Spanish lady, a poor delicate creature, and they came over to England about eight years ago, when old Mr. Lynn died and left John Gresford the property."

"I never heard that he did turn up; I thought he was in his grave long ago. It's years since I left the colonies, and I never hear anything about the folks there now. If Nelly had lived he'd have married her, I suppose," said Mr. Withers.

"Very likely," returned Mr. Carmichael.

And a softer gleam passed over his countenance, the first that had lighted it up since the arrival of Mr. Withers. Had he then any lingering spark of feeling? Could the

memory of a dead one have an influence on his cold nature? Perhaps it might, perhaps he felt some degree of gratitude to her for whose sake his guilty business transaction had been covered.

There is a skeleton in every house, says the old proverb: might it not go further and say, a skeleton in every heart? This was Mr. Carmichael's skeleton. He had lost sight of it for years, he had buried it and placed a great stone over it, but at the sight of John Gresford the tomb had burst open, and the skeleton was raised to life. Time was again producing some effect in re-burying it, when at the appearance of James Withers it again rose up stronger than ever, and confronted its master. There was but one way in which to lay it, and that was not in Mr. Carmichael's nature.

He had been a bitter enemy of John Gresford's, and in the benefit conferred his hatred was in no whit abated. His dishonesty had not hurt his conscience so much as his respectability; he mourned over it, but did not repent of it; mourned over it as an unlucky step, and wished it had turned out differently. The commission of the act was a matter of little weight with him, but he would have given worlds if John Gresford had not known of it. It was but the once: his business affairs had been since then carried on most creditably, and yet those years of good conduct and good fortune had not laid the spectre.

There was but one way in which he could cast it from him, and that one way it was not in Mr. Carmichael's nature to take. Why did he not go straight to John Gresford and throw off the weight that oppressed him? Why not have said, "John Gresford, I am sorry for the past; it has been repented of."

But he was too proud to humble himself before one whom he had tried to injure in other ways. He was too proud to ask forgiveness for those injuries. He could not so humiliate himself.

Humiliate! How little men understand humiliation, if they deem the confession of wrong-doing humiliates them. A pardon asked is often a debt honestly paid, and a noble nature will impulsively ask it, where a cowardly and mean one shrinks from such a reparation.

Therefore Mr. Carmichael's skeleton tormented him, and therefore he tolerated Mr. Withers,—not that he feared Mr. Withers in this matter, for he knew him to be a good-natured fellow, who would not do him an ill turn for old acquaintance sake. And though no harm might come of it, it would be as well to keep him from meeting with John Gresford.

So Mr. Carmichael decided, and he managed

matters to his satisfaction until just upon the eve of Mr. Withers's departure.

CHAPTER XV.

MISFORTUNES never come singly—so thought Mr. Carmichael.

Had he been in the habit of studying the classics that reposed in such handsome bindings upon his bookshelves, he would have compared himself with Epimetheus, just presented with Pandora's box.

But as Mr. Carmichael was not classical and had never heard of Epimetheus, the simile did not present itself to his mind, therefore he was contented to consider himself as one of the most unlucky men that ever lived. He was annoyed beyond measure,—nothing could have happened so unfortunately. Why could he not be left in peace at Green Oake? It was an out-of-the-way place enough.

Mr. Carmichael had forgotten that there are no out-of-the-way places in the world now; scarce a place where a man can lose his identity; scarce a place where some one will not turn up, linking him with the great chain of society from which he wishes to sever himself. Impossible! he can't snap it. The great cable winds itself round the world, it stretches and tightens at the same moment, for as it increases it draws closer together, until like a network it takes in the whole mass of humanity.

And therefore Mr. Carmichael could not get rid of the links that still kept him in connection with the chain, and which, though broken, were being patched up again. He could not free himself, struggle as he would; for a subtler power, which men call Destiny, was at work, and was twisting him into the cord he had tried to untwist himself from. The Fates were weaving their web, and the warp and woof were getting into knots and tangles. Was Mr. Carmichael skilful enough to keep the fabric smooth? Why had this consternation seized upon him?

It was caused by the unexpected return of Mr. Chester, who had not started so early for the Continent as he had intended, and now, having a few days to spare, had turned his steps towards Green Oake.

Mr. Carmichael devoutly wished he had turned them anywhere else, but he did not say so. On the contrary, he invited Mr. Chester to stay at Green Oake, and Mr. Chester accepted the invitation.

"What will he think of Mr. Withers, I wonder?" was Aunt Lotty's inward meditation.

Perhaps Mr. Carmichael's meditations coincided with those of his wife. If so, they shaped themselves from thought into action, for Mr. Carmichael suddenly announced that

he was going over to Winstowe, and wished to take Mr. Withers with him.

Mr. Withers, not caring for ladies' society, and having likewise had *his* meditations, and having arrived at the conclusion that the new-comer was by no means a "man of his sort," was nothing loth to accept the impromptu offer. And so the two departed.

Doris gave a sigh of relief.

"How delightful!"

(Aunt Lotty of course not being in the room.)

Mr. Chester turned to Joyce.

"Have you been dreaming much lately, Miss Dormer?"

Joyce looked up in wonder. Doris laughed.

"That is just like Gabriel."

"What do you mean, Doris?"

"Why, your thoughts have gone wandering as they often do, and Gabriel has found it out. But I wish you'd find out more, Gabriel, for Joyce is dreaming a story, and I can't make out what it is about. I believe it's all in her diary, but I'm not to read that till I'm quite an old woman, and that's a long time to wait. Can't you find out the plot for me?"

"Perhaps I might if I were Odin, and had a couple of wonderful ravens to collect information."

"Who were the ravens?"

"Hugo and Mumin, Thought and Memory. Hugo would perch on Miss Dormer's shoulder and penetrate the secrets of her brain, whilst Mumin would remember everything that Hugo revealed, and bring it home to me at night, and I could tell you in the morning. But you see my unassisted powers won't enable me to do this, and these wonderful birds died out with Odin."

"What strange fancies those old-world people had: and yet the birds have a curious poetic meaning about them," said Doris.

"Yes, it was the way with the old-world people to materialize attributes, and some of their conceits are very beautiful."

"And to idealize facts also, was it not?" said Joyce. "I have often thought that old myths are but a figurative rendering of mind and matter. A fact was figuratively dressed, and then the idealization grew into fact again, until the fact that gave it being was lost, and its new form became an accepted truth."

"Lord Bacon had the same sort of idea," replied Mr. Chester, "that every Greek myth, if people would take the pains to decipher it, is but the typification of some phase of nature. It was the genius of the early nations to idealize in this way; a sort of struggle out of the chaos of ignorance in which the growing mind found itself, the effort of an uncultured brain teeming with impulsive intuitions. See how the Gothic

soul explained to itself the wonders of creation, and called up in sublime superstition giants, whose wrath was thundered forth in the devastating storm and the fierce wind; whilst greater than the giants in his power and in his perfections rose the sun-god to send peace and plenty upon the earth. But what has all this to do with the point we started from—Miss Dormer's day-dream, or story that she is dreaming?"

Joyce looked deprecatingly at Doris, but Doris took no heed of her.

"Who is the hero or heroine?" asked Mr. Chester.

"I cannot make out," said Doris, "it cannot possibly be Uncle Carmichael, and I'm certain it is not you. The story must be some sort of a personifying of ideas until a group of living characters moves around her. Perhaps she brings up nixies and water-nymphs, for I think she has made a good deal of it up whilst we have been out boating."

"What nonsense you are talking, Doris!"

"Not at all; you confessed to a story."

"Doris does not understand," said Joyce, appealing to Mr. Chester; "one lives in a tale sometimes, besides living one's actual daily life."

"I don't know," interrupted Doris; "I think sometimes what you call the actual life is not half so real as the one lived within one's self."

"We are getting metaphysical," said Mr. Chester. "How many lives are you going to give to people?"

"I should give two," said Joyce.

"I should give three," said Doris.

"I should give one," said Mr. Chester.

"Well, Miss Dormer?"

"An outer and an inner life," said Joyce, in answer; "the one we are compelled to live, the other we make for ourselves."

"Hum! doubtful," responded Mr. Chester. "Now, Doris."

"The actual life, by which I mean living surrounded by outward circumstances, performing a daily routine; then the mind, then the soul——"

"You put mind and soul together, Miss Dormer?" said Mr. Chester, turning to her.

"I did so, but perhaps I might divide them like Doris, for the two may be separated; though I had considered the two as making up the inner life."

"What is the soul?"

"The immortal part."

"And the mind?"

"The intelligent thinking part."

"Does not the soul think, act, receive, and is it not intelligent?"

Joyce looked a little puzzled.

"All people," said she, after a moment's hesitation, "have a soul."

"Yes."

"But all have not mind; a lunatic, for instance, is bereft of mind, and yet he has a soul. Would not that prove the existence of two distinct elements?"

"Is his soul responsible in such a case?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because there is no mind to influence it."

"Is he accountable for his actions?"

"No."

"Therefore he is not a perfect being; for not one of those three elements that Doris calls lives is acting its individual part, is capable of maintaining what Doris would call a life irrespective of the others. For a perfect being there must be an union of the three elements to make one perfect life. I prefer your theory of the two lives, Miss Dormer, though that can only be carried out to a certain extent; for our inner life can never be insensible to outer causes. It is influenced by the outer life, and cannot have an entirely separate existence. Joy and sorrow do not arise in our hearts of themselves. Thoughts even are suggestions of the outer life, no inner life being independent of extraneous causes."

"You tie me down a little too closely, Mr. Chester. All I meant was that one might lead a very matter-of-fact quiet life, and yet in the inner life be living a sort of story."

"You don't tie me down, though, Gabriel, for I believe in my three lives still," said Doris.

Mr. Chester smiled.

"You want the three to make one, Doris; the one won't divide into three."

"You never believe in anything, Gabriel, I know."

"Don't I; but go on with Miss Dormer's story."

"As far as I can make out, it is this:—Once upon a time two princesses came to an enchanted castle: a giant was the owner of it, but I can't tell you his name. He was an exceedingly dreadful giant, and if it had not been for his wife he would have been unbearable. He did not drink barrels of mead and eat whole oxen, but he made everyone around afraid of him. I'm sure of the story so far, but the part I can't make out is what is going to happen to the two princesses, for Joyce won't let out the plot."

"And I'm not to be the hero?"

"No, she does not appreciate you sufficiently, Gabriel."

Mr. Chester looked at Joyce, but he could not see her face, for it was half-turned away; she felt very much vexed with Doris.

"May I ask wherein I have offended?" asked Mr. Chester.

Joyce turned round.

"You must not believe what Doris says. I hope I do everyone justice."

"There," said Doris, "that is just what I object to; people are for ever talking of justice, and justice is such a poor beggarly element in this world's creed. It means allowing just as much as you're obliged to, and not an atom over. I hope no one will ever do me justice; I'd much rather they wouldn't."

"What would you have more than justice, Doris?" asked Mr. Chester.

"I'm not talking about justice as it ought to be, perhaps; but justice as it is. In fact, I don't believe there is any at all, and I quite believe in the old story, that Justice left the earth in the golden ages, and that now she only looks upon it from afar, or pays it a hasty visit now and then. She never stays very long, not feeling at home here."

"Then you would appeal to Miss Dormer's mercy in my behalf, and pray her to make me a hero in the story."

"I believe," said Doris, suddenly, "that Mr. Withers is part of the story: he is an ogre who could tell about the giant something that he does not want known."

Joyce started.

And here to her relief Aunt Lotty came into the room, and so the conversation turned upon different subjects.

And at night Joyce took out her diary and made a long entry.

I can't help thinking that there is something in what Doris says, else why should Mr. Carmichael be so attentive to such a man? Besides, how anxious he is to prevent his conversing with any one. There is another thing I can't make out—he does not seem to mind about Mr. Chester's being with Doris now. It can't be—no—Mr. Chester cares as much for Doris as ever, and Doris seems even fonder of him. I can't make it out.

I'm sure I heard Mr. Carmichael tell Mr. Withers that Doris was his brother's daughter. It might have been a slip for sister, but I think not; for I looked at him at the moment, and I'm sure he went just the least bit in the world red; and that's a very unusual thing for Mr. Carmichael.

Perhaps, after all, he may have a little conscience. But certainly his statements do not agree with one another.

I have been lecturing Doris for all that she said this afternoon to Mr. Chester; but I make no impression upon her. She says she shall not rest until I thoroughly appreciate him. I'm sure I do now; more's the pity, for the

next thing will be his coming as a shadow between us.

Oh, Doris, Doris! if you could only see what you are doing, you would be sorry for your work. It's easier to do than to undo; and I don't want to get envious and jealous. Oh! whatever happens, I trust that no jealousy will ever enter my heart. It's the one thing above all others I scorn. I can suffer anything; but let me keep myself from this meanness of soul.

Ah! how foolish I am. There is Doris looking more lovely than ever; like a fragile spirit moving about. What a loving creature she is—so impulsive, so thoughtless! I could see Mr. Chester watching her all the time. He spoke to me about the packet again, and made me promise to write if any need should arise.

"I can't understand about this fortune that is to come to Doris," said he. "Mr. Carmichael tells me he must get some information from Australia before he can proceed further in the matter. He says he has all his evidence ready, and that it is clear and decisive; that he thinks there will be no difficulty."

"I don't understand him," I said.

"Neither do I," returned Mr. Chester. "He's some interest himself in the matter; for though he would naturally be anxious to secure a fortune for his niece, yet there's an eagerness and an air of triumph about him that I cannot comprehend."

"He cannot want the money for himself," I answered: "he seems to have no lack, and there is only my aunt and himself."

"No, I don't think it is money," replied Mr. Chester, thoughtfully.

"Have you any idea from whom this money is to come?"

"No, I never heard Mrs. Carmichael speak of her husband. I believe my mother knew the whole story, but she never said anything about it. All I know is, that she was in Australia at the time of her husband's death; he died or was killed in an expedition up the country. Mrs. Carmichael remained there three months afterwards, and then set sail for England; but the vessel met with a storm two or three days out and went down. Only a few managed to get into the boats, and of those in the boat with Mrs. Carmichael only Doris and herself were saved. They were picked up by a Spanish vessel and taken to Lisbon, whence after great hardships she succeeded in making her way to England with her daughter. She seemed to have no relatives but this one brother; therefore I cannot imagine where this property is to come from."

Perhaps, I thought, Mr. Withers may know something about it, and that is why Mr. Carmichael and he have been over to Winstowe;

but I did not mention it to Mr. Chester. I don't know why, but I had a dislike to his thinking that Mr. Withers could in any way be mixed up in our family affairs.

I know Mr. Chester must think him a very odd person. Aunt Lotty thinks so too.

"My dear," she said to me, "I wish some one could tell Mr. Chester that Mr. Withers has never been at Green Oake before, and that I had never heard of him until the other day. I would do it myself, but I know I should make some blunder over it."

So I was glad to see that Aunt Lotty had my views; for if one doubts one's own wisdom, it is a comfort to think that others can be equally foolish.

(To be continued.)

A BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.



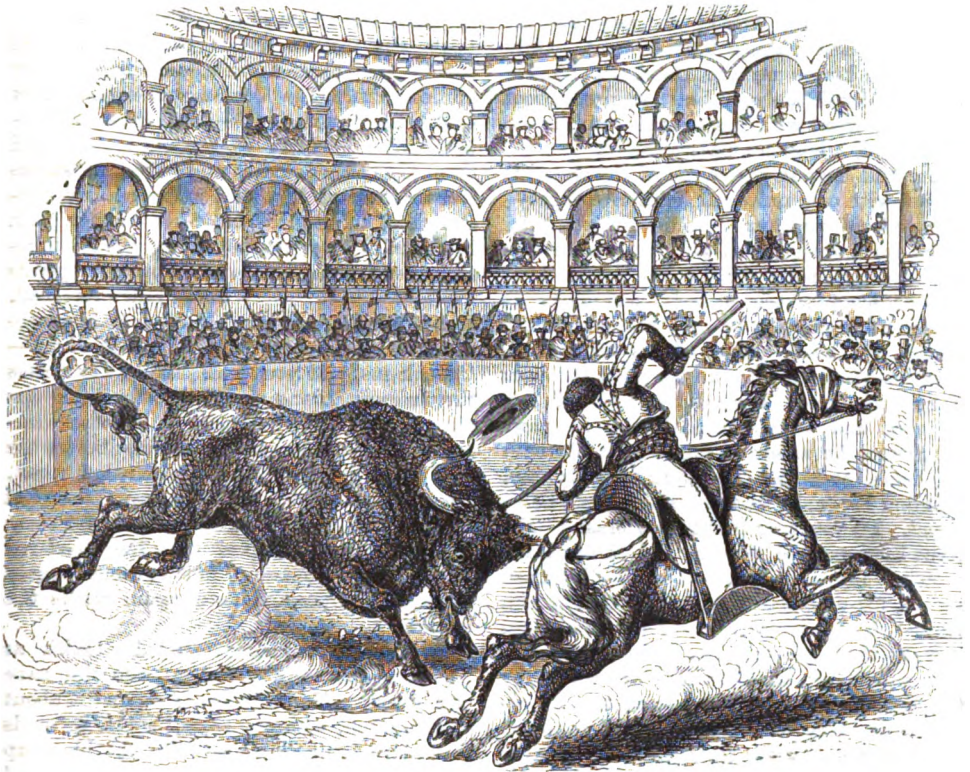
The Matador. See page 568.

THE capital of Spain is justly regarded by all travellers as one of the very dullest and most uninteresting cities of Europe. Its gallery of paintings and its armoury are indeed magnificent, and should be visited by all lovers of the arts; but with these exceptions there is little to repay a lengthened sojourn within its precincts; for its public places of amusement are few and poor, except as regards one sport—that truly national one of the "Toreo," which in this metropolis of the land of bull-fights is to be seen to perfection. During a short visit to Madrid, a few years since, we were fortunate enough to be present at one, which we will describe from our notes made immediately after the "funcion," as it is grandiloquently termed in Spain.

Passing through the entrance-corridor of the amphitheatre—which struck us as resembling, on a vast scale, some of our country circuses, only open at top; a sort of cross, indeed, between the old Roman circus and Astley's—we are soon seated in the front row of the first stage, surrounded by a bawling crowd, the men all smoking "cigarillos," and the women all flirting their "abanicos," whilst they anxiously await the opening of a small

door opposite to us, from which the bulls destined to be fought and killed for our amusement and instruction will soon enter the arena.

A number of gaily-dressed amateurs, gentlemen of the ring, we conclude, in full "majo" or native swell-costume, short jacket of many colours, two diminutive white hand-



kerchiefs, one each side, jauntily peeping out of breast-pockets, gaudy-coloured silk waistbands, many-folded, and long ashen wands, peeled at short intervals for ornament, saunter in groups around the arena. The "innocent" Isabella does not occupy the royal box in her own proper and royal person, but is represented by some of her noble and intellectual court.

A trumpet now sounds, and, lo! a gentleman in black rides in, something like *Hamlet* grown very corpulent and shabby; and he is followed by the "toreros" who are to figure in the games of the circus. They advance in procession to the royal box, and making each his obeisance lowly as he passes, wend silently out again. Shortly the door opens once more to admit some half-dozen "picadores," cased in ungainly suits of stout and inflexible yellow leather, and wearing broad-brimmed "sombreros." They bear, in martial manner, each

his long lance or goad, and, mounted on very sorry Hudibrastic hacks, they take their station at intervals within the circle, amidst a sudden and deep silence. Not a word is now spoken; there is something awful in the silence of that vast multitude of human beings, with their eager and glittering eyes fixed so earnestly on one point. The bright blue vault of heaven spreads cloudlessly overhead; the scorching sun looks fiercely down on the scene. Suddenly the door again opens, and a dark object, indistinct through the dust raised by it, rushes into the arena. It is the bull. He pauses for a moment to look around him, and then we see him, black and broad-chested, with glaring blood-shot eyes, that seem to dart fire. He lashes his sides furiously with his tail, but only for a few moments, whilst he eyes his foes, who await his attack motionless as statues, each horseman fronting him with firmly-levelled spear. He dashes madly at

the nearest of his foes : in vain the spear opposes him : horse and rider roll over with a crash. There is no time now to see whether he is killed, for the bull, despising his prostrate foes, rushes at the next, and the six picadores are ignominiously overthrown in as many seconds. Some vault over the barrier, whilst others are helped to rise by the "chulos," and make a hasty retreat. Only one of the horses remains standing : blinded and bewildered, the poor beast staggers about the sandy arena with his entrails trailing on the ground, a horrible mass of blood.

The bull, now in the centre of the arena, is saluted with one universal shout of delight—"bravo toro! viva toro!" but he glares around at the applauding crowd with blood-shot eyes and bleeding head, for he has not escaped without some severe wounds, and looks as though he would like to clear the barrier and destroy the whole crowd of his tormentors, when his eyes suddenly alight upon the poor staggering horse. Immediately he bends low his gory and foam-covered head; he paws the ground for a few moments savagely with his hoofs, and then, receding slightly and growling lowly, he makes a sudden and fierce bound. Do you hear that hollow crash? His horns have pierced through and through the wretched animal, whom he bears bodily up in the air for an instant, and then dashes him against the barrier with a shock which seems to make the place tremble. The applause is now redoubled; handkerchiefs are waved by fair, delicate hands; and "bravo toro!" resounds on every side. After a short pause the "bandilleros," with their sheaves of little darts, leap over the barrier. They run fearlessly, one after the other, up to the bull, each dexterously fixing in his streaming hide his small barbed and bannered weapon. The bull, wild and distracted with the number and agility of his enemies and the stings of the darts, blindly rushes, first at one, then at another, and now stands still a few moments, roaring with rage, and vainly trying to shake off the fluttering arrows. The "chulos," with their coloured cloths or veils, now run up to him, tempt, taunt, and dare him to attack them. One man holds the obnoxious veil low upon the ground, and as the bull, with bent head, makes a rush at it, jumps nimbly over his horns, amidst the "vivas" of the spectators. Ah! that bold fellow with the blue veil is surely caught. No, not yet; but the bull is close upon him. With head low bent he makes a rush: he has him on his horns. No; the nimble "chulo" has vaulted over the barrier amongst the spectators, leaving his veil, however, behind him, which the bull tears into a thousand tatters. Mad with rage

and panting with fatigue, he moves slowly into the centre of the ring, glaring savagely around him, sole and victorious hero of the scene—

Solus et in madidâ secum spatiatûr arenâ.

The laughter and shouts which greeted the lively "chulos" subside: a death-like silence pervades the whole place. The bull seems to know the meaning of it by instinct. He stands motionless himself, and gazes dully around him. The door again opens: now enters the "matador,"—slim, lithe, and debonnaire. He bows to the royal box, and then, marching jauntily up to the bull, stands full in front of him, and with one arm outstretched, holding his blood-red banner, with head and body erect, feet firmly planted together, and the right arm drawn back, he points his light straight sword at the bull's forehead. The action is significant. It is a language the bull appears to understand perfectly—"touch me, and you die." Thus motionless they remain facing each other for some few moments. The "matador" becomes impatient. He waves his red banner before the bull's eyes to enrage him. With a low moan, the bull holds down his head, paws the dust with his fore-hoofs, and backs slowly for some yards, his eyes still fixed upon the blood-red banner. The "matador" follows him up, again assumes his position, and again waves the banner.

The bull now rushes forward. Quick as lightning the steel is driven into the nape of his neck. He halts, staggers, and is about to fall, when, with one violent effort, he sends the sword, still vibrating with the blow, up into the air. What a roar of rage, pain, and despair echoes through the amphitheatre, crowded with animals more savage and brutal than the animal they thus delight to see tortured. It was pitiful to watch the poor beast, as he staggered up to the barrier for support. Pity, indignation, and disgust moved us by turns. What can these people be, who find a pleasure in such cruelty, such inhuman and bloody work, and think it good sport? Our whole heart was with the poor brave bull; but in vain. No one can help him: he ~~must~~ die. The "matador" has regained his sword, and again approaches his devoted victim. The indomitable animal, worn out, wounded, and foreknowing his fate as he does, still shows no sign of giving in—nay, he seems bent even on a still greater effort, for he now follows up the banner steadily, but warily, and clearly meaning mischief. At last he makes his final bound forward, and the sword again is driven, but this time up to the hilt, in his muscular neck. His knees bend under him, he gives one low moan, his head sinks down, and he falls

heavily, a lifeless bleeding mass, prone on the ground—

Ad terramque fluit devezo pondere cervix.

Rounds of wild applause salute the smiling, bowing "matador," as he proceeds to withdraw his sword from the neck of his prostrate foe, cleanses it from the blood with his banner, and, once more gracefully bowing to the assembly, marches proudly out of the arena. Again the door opens, and a man drives four horses into the ring, with thick ropes trailing after them. These are attached by hooks to the carcasses of the dead horses, which have been left where they fell, and are now carried out. Finally, the heavy body of the noble bull is dragged ignominiously away at full gallop, sending up a cloud of dust, and leaving a blood-red mark on its track.

The first fight over, groups of "majos" leapt over the barriers, and noisily discussed the performance: shouting, laughing, and talking rise again once more with unpleasant liveliness on the ear; the ladies, laughing right merrily, went through all the fan exercises, and a general movement of sit and stand-at-ease took place throughout the amphitheatre.

Subsequently to this, which was pronounced to be a first-rate battle, five more bulls were sacrificed to the popular thirst for blood; but the ladies laughingly agree that none of them showed such mettle as the first. One of the poor animals was struck three times unsuccessfully by the "matador," who was finally hooted out of the arena, whilst the poor bull, crouching on the sand, moaned and sobbed in the agony of its anguish. Perhaps its thoughts had reverted to its lost liberty, to the green pastures by the flowing Tagus. I think, indeed, it must have been so, for it stretched forward its head with a look of indescribable longing and despair, and licked the dust with its parched yet blood-stained tongue, as though it saw there the fresh running water of the stream. Three men now approached, two of whom held the bull down by force—it did not require much to effect that—whilst the third, raising a long and glittering knife aloft, plunged it deep into the animal's spine. With one convulsive bound the bull sprung up, and then suddenly fell prone and motionless in the dust.

We felt sick and disgusted when we left the field of blood, and yet such a powerful fascination did the whole scene exercise on us that it required some resolution to avoid attending the subsequent bull-fights which took place during our sojourn in Madrid. We did, however, refrain, and thus ended our first and last bull-fight in Spain. J. B. WARING.

A BÉARNAIS SKETCH.

PART I.

THE present generation of Englishmen, to whom, with few exceptions, the yeoman class of old England is unknown, and whose ideas of property and proprietors, with their attendant associations and sentiments, are limited to noblemen and gentry, would scarcely believe in the existence of these same sentiments among a class which corresponds, if to any class of English, to that of our labourers, working for their weekly wages of from twelve shillings to a pound. Those, however, who have lived among the common people of Switzerland, Norway, and France, know that the well-to-do labouring classes of these countries, in common with others where the peasants are generally proprietors, regard their homes and families, and the two in relation to one another, with feelings much more resembling those of an English squire, than those of the labourer or farmer with whom we are acquainted.

No youthful scion of a noble house, heir to broad acres and a lofty name, was ever watched with more pride and anxiety than little Pierre Péré by his grandfather, as he strolled among the shady trees of the small "place" at Eaux Chaudes.

It had been a hot day in May, and we who had fled to this cool ravine from the heated plain below, were luxuriating in the shelter of the lime trees which compose the miniature Quincunx, and in the refreshing sound of the Gave. Among the many picturesque groups about, my eye had been at once arrested by one consisting of a handsome young woman, knitting on a bench, a tall, gaunt old man, and a pretty child of six or seven years old. The universal blue blouse and *berret* (or knitted cap, much resembling the Scotch lowland bonnet) never betrays the social position of a Béarnais; but something in the expression of face and independent bearing of old Pierre Péré indicated that he was of a somewhat superior rank; while the gentle manners of the grandson gave an impression of refinement, which was borne out by the delicacy of his complexion. So pretty was the boy in his little peasant costume, that I did not wonder the old man feasted his eyes on the picture, and I could not but linger as I passed the bench, to share in his enjoyment. The grandfather noticed my admiration of the child with so much and such evident gratification, that I was surprised by the reserved and discouraging manner in which he replied to my question.

"Il est délicat, n'est-ce-pas, monsieur?"

"Non pas, non pas." At the same time

drawing the boy to his side, saying in patois, as he rose,

"Sabi, Pierre, qué bam ha ve, pétite prou-ménade." (Viens, Pierre, nous ferons une petite promenade.)

Begretting the pride which made him, as I supposed, fancy what was simply an expression of interest, a patronising of my poorer neighbours, I resumed the sketch I had begun of the tiny street, my thoughts wandering to the little pet Pierres in our English village homes, suggested by the Béarnais child. The sun leaves these mountain gorges very early in the day, and only a gleam remained as I shut up my sketch-book at five o'clock. Tea had been announced to us from the balcony by the buxom lass who acts as waiter at the hotel before the fashionable season sets in, but the foreign and animated scene around made me forget all else. Everyone, and everything, seemed to be waking up after the oppressive heat of the day. On all sides were bright groups: shepherds with their enormous Pyrenean dogs; washerwomen carrying home their snowy burdens, their little red and green capped children toddling by their side, looking from a distance like many-coloured beetles; and guides, in their bizarre costumes, only smarter and more dandy than the regular dress of the mountaineers. To the left was to be seen a troop of tall lithe girls working at the pump, who, in their short, close-fitting, blue woollen dresses, plaited like Highland kilts, and red capulets, were striding about with an agility which made it difficult to believe they could be of the same race as the be-crinolined ladies strutting up and down the promenade. Of these, however, the number was very limited, for, unlike its gayer rivals, Eaux Chaudes does not aspire to being a fashionable watering-place, or rather, water-drinking place. While Luchon affords, perhaps, the best specimen of the last, Eaux Chaudes is, of all the mountain resorts I have seen, that which possesses the greatest charm for those who wish to enjoy the scenery at leisure, and without being interrupted by the claims of society. This can certainly not be said of Luchon, Eaux Bonnes, and the larger places, where the tables-d'hôte, the promenades after the daily dose of mineral water, the band, and the rides, not forgetting evening promenades and soirées, afford our French friends excuse for elaborate toilettes, of which they often make as many as six in a day.

This not being our idea of enjoying the mountains, we betook ourselves to Eaux Chaudes, where we were delighted to find nothing provided for our amusement, but beautiful walks and rides, good ponies and donkeys, and intelligent guides; while Ma-

dame Baudot's unpretending, but nice hotel, left us nothing to wish for in the way of comfort.

One of the prettiest, as well as one of the most interesting features of Cauterets, Les Eaux Chaudes, and such places, is the numbers of Spanish, Basque, and other peasants, who flock to them before the fashionable and profitable season, as the poor are then allowed to drink the mineral waters gratis, and to avail themselves of the baths provided in the établissements at a merely nominal price. Troops of Spaniards frequent Les Eaux which lie nearest the border, looking very much like New Zealand chiefs, as they descend from the mountains with their swinging wild gait, so enveloped in their large striped blankets as to leave nothing else visible but their black velvet sombrero hat, and their legs and feet encased in calf-skin gaiters, and the Spanish sandals called *spadrilles*.

Herding together—for they are avoided by their Béarnais neighbours, with whom they are very unpopular—they return to Spain as soon as they have completed their *neuvaine*, or nine days' course of water-drinking and baths, taking back with them, as they almost superstitiously suppose, a stock of health and cleanliness to suffice them till the following spring. That even nine days only of thorough stewing in hot baths and of drinking bracing and purifying mineral waters may effect something for health during the next twelve months one may imagine; but we must be permitted to doubt whether even the miraculous effects of these sulphur and other baths, taken for nine days, with a view to cleanliness, can extend over the remaining three hundred and fifty-six to the counter-acting of the proverbial filth of Spain!

Coming from the French side, and forming a strong contrast to these grim, suspicious-looking giants, whose season at Les Eaux is almost invariably made *en garçon*, groups of mountaineers from the Vals d'Ossau and d'Aspe, surrounded often by their wives and children, dawdle away at these places the fortnight or three weeks during which their spring crops do not require their attention. Genuine primitive mountaineers are they, unlike the got-up pedlars who haunt the towns with their wares, and who in their real everyday costume have a more natural appearance than even the gaudy guides. Notwithstanding their simple and somewhat shy bearing, almost as childlike as their marvellously pink and white complexions, said to be the result of their milk diet, the tall erect figures and broad shoulders of these peasants give them an air of dignity, which is increased by the long hair which falls from under their gigantic berrettes.

The old men, especially, with flowing white locks hanging over their shoulders, have quite a patriarchal appearance, as they stride or sit in the midst of their women-kind and children. They afforded abundant subjects for my pencil, wrapped as they generally seemed to be in thought when not actually speaking and busily occupied, the women in spinning with the ornamented distaff, the men in knitting; the latter, when not working, tuck the unfinished leg of the worsted stocking or gaiter into the side of their caps, whence it falls, looking like a thick lock of white or brown hair. They were, almost without exception, courteous and kindly; but intercourse with them was much restricted by their limited knowledge of French, as they speak their own curious patois only among themselves. It was therefore with the greater regret that I remembered that Monsieur Péré who, coming from the neighbourhood of Pau was better instructed, had discouraged sociability. I determined however not to run the risk of another snub, and when, the following morning, I found myself on the same bench with the Péré party, I abstained from asking to be allowed to sketch them as I longed to do.

This did not however prevent my availing myself of every opportunity of so studying little Pierre's figure and features, as to be able, as I hoped, to draw him from memory. I did so, especially when unobserved. Later in the day I found a good opportunity of committing to heart the little tableau. Pierre was sitting still as a statue, intent on his occupation, that of holding a skein of wool on his outstretched hands, while his pretty but haughty-looking mother wound it into a ball. Not even his feet, adorned with tiny buckles, moved, as they dangled from the high rustic bench; only his head waved slowly from side to side, as he followed with his eyes the movement of the snowy wool. Not a line of the pretty *bombé* face, or a curve of his soft brown hair escaped me; and I moved away with surely one of the loveliest childish images ever seen, photographed on my mind. My sketches were, however, not worthy of my subject, and I replaced in the pocket of my drawing-book the sheet of paper covered with unfinished fragments of Pierre's tiny phiz with a feeling of disappointment. Imagine my surprise when, having betaken myself in despair to drawing some peasants near, I was addressed from behind my seat, in very tolerable French, with,

"You draw all that is picturesque, Madame—all that pleases your eye; but you will not draw Pierrot, notwithstanding that he is pretty. Is it not so?"

I answered by producing my rejected sheet of paper, covered with Pierrots, or bits of Pierrot. In one corner was a face complete but for the mouth, whose angelic expression had baffled me. In another fragment the mouth smiled truthfully forth from the white page, but its expression was contradicted by the perplexity conveyed by the eyes, the consequence, probably, of some momentary difficulty attending the unravelling of the refractory skein of wool. Stray waves of hair, noses, and general contours besprinkled the paper. Disjointed and unfinished as all was, there was sufficient likeness to gratify the affectionate pride of the old man; and his eyes sparkled with pleasure when I suggested a sitting in the neighbouring cottage of a guide, where a spare room made me a pleasanter studio than our little parlour at the hotel.

We accordingly adjourned there, and this was the beginning of many a pleasant sitting and chat with the two Pierres, often ending in an evening stroll. They were sometimes accompanied by the mother, who sat and knitted while the drawing was going on; but they oftener came without her. I confess I was glad when she did not appear, for, though not uncivil, she was far from genial, and even the resentful expression of her face, as she sat at her work, never speaking, threw a chill over the party. She never made any objection to the proceeding, or in any way interfered; but, nevertheless, she seemed by her very presence to disturb the *entente cordiale* existing between the child and his grandfather. She evidently doated on her boy, and one would have supposed her father-in-law's love for him would have been a tie between them; but there was clearly no cordiality, though they were scrupulously civil to each other. Monsieur Péré was almost deferential in his courtesy to the young woman, always referring to her the simplest question about the child. Indeed, had not his independent, straightforward bearing contradicted the possibility of timidity, one would almost have thought he was rather afraid of her.

"Homage au peintre," was Péré's invariable playful greeting as I sat down to draw, and Pierrot was made to clap his little hands together in applause whenever I offered the picture for criticism. With the truest delicacy and good-breeding the child's criticisms, pronounced impulsively in patois, were immediately translated by the grandfather into his quaint French, that I might not imagine them to be strictures, or that I might at least know the full extent of their severity! He himself, when unable to praise and unwilling to blame, would fill up the awkward pause by the somewhat equivocal ejaculation—

"Ah! what it is to be a painter!"

When comfortably settled, Pierrot standing between his knees, Péré would break off from time to time to make inquiries about England, her ways, her laws, and especially her agriculture, and beguile the time and entertain the boy with some such nonsense as the following:—

"What an idea!—what a droll idea! Our Pierrot having his portrait made, like some great man—Napoleon, par exemple, or La Peyrouse, or Vauban. Eh bien! What must it be, then? Pierrot must do like these, and make of himself a great man! There are some such who have had an origin more humble even. What shall we make of him, then? What desires my little Pierrot to be? Soldier? sailor? or shall he become a learned lawyer?"

"I suppose you intend Pierrot to succeed you on your farm, do you not, Monsieur Péré?"

"Ah! how I wish it!" he exclaimed, looking longingly and lovingly at his little heir, regarding him as successor to the estate with as much pride as if it had been entailed from time immemorial; but he added hastily, "I have no particular views for him,—I will not bias him," while a shade of the *hauteur* I had remarked the first day we met stole over his manner. This, however, quickly passed away, though a sad expression remained on his face.

"What will be his turn? V'là la question. Mon Dieu, that I reply well to it!" was his next observation, made as if to himself.

"What are his tastes? or has he none as yet?"

"He has," relapsing into his playful strain, "the bad taste to admire his grandpapa's society—a taste for grandpapa and bon-bons; no other, I fear it. Nothing here to conduct him to a *métier*, unless [hopefully] Pierrot exchanges his blue berrèt for a white paper cap, and turns pâtissier. But no [sadly], he will eat his confitures so fast as he makes them. No, he has not the force of character necessary to a pâtissier!" Great applause follows this sally of wit. Soon, choosing with great judgment (*wonderful* judgment, considering how one is generally carried away by any sudden suggestion towards the solution of a problem!) a moment when, occupied in washing my palette, I did not require immovability on the part of my sitter, Monsieur Péré clapped his hand to his head, exclaiming—

"An idea presents itself to my mind. How I have been stupid! Grandpapa perceives now why Pierrot causes his portrait to be made. Why? For whom? For whom but for his little sweetheart—his 'bonne'—his

little Marie of the *fichu bleu*? Ah!" turning to me, "Madame cannot figure to herself how this Marie is charming, how she is *mignonne*! How constant she has been to Pierrot for three whole long weeks, ever since Pierrot gave her the Easter-egg he had as cadeau from the curé. He of it ate all the inside first; one cannot deny it. But so disinterested is this Marie, she made him no reproaches, but hung it at her bed's-head, where one can see it yet. Ah! without doubt the picture is destined for her pretty blue eyes!"

Unlike his seniors, when subjected to such chaff, Pierrot was unabashed, and laughed merrily. I was slightly dismayed to find my good friend had any views as to the ultimate destination of the sketch, which I had regarded as my property; but, as in duty bound, we all joined in applauding and encouraging the facetious old gentleman, who laughed heartily at his own wit. So Pierrot laughed, and I laughed to see their mirth, and Monsieur Péré and I rejoiced in the unusual glee of the wee manny; for Pierrot was generally though placidly happy, quiet beyond his age, preferring to wander about hand in hand with his grandfather to playing with other children. But why should it not be so? for the old man made himself a child for Pierrot's sake, and surely no child was ever so gay as Grandpapa Péré, roaring with laughter, or so amusing as that dramatic old grandfather, howling like the hyæna he represented as he crawled on all fours, two of the four being ancient and rheumatic knees, not fitted for such gambols. An inventive old grandfather, too, was this; for when a series of pouring wet days set in, such as one so dreads in these summer, out-of-door places, the tiny brick-floored studio in guide Labarthe's house was transformed into the scene of many a gallant exploit. Battles were fought here; Waterloo re-enacted, Péré and Pierrot representing Wellington and Blucher, with newspaper swords and cocked hats. Straight-backed mahogany lions fell an easy prey to these adventurous sportsmen, while it was astonishing to see the rapidity with which the headstrong and refractory bullocks, yoked to the little chintz-covered sofa, were reduced to submission by Pierrot's fearless energy.

Ah, me! I never cast my eyes on a chintz sofa covered with carnation pattern without that little scene rising before my eyes. The wee agriculturist, his grandfather's stick representing the *aiguillade* which prods the patient cattle, over his shoulder, leaping from his sofa *charette* to rush to the wilful heads of the two wicker chairs, properties of the small Labarthes, abstracted for the occasion.

(To be continued.)

WHEN ?

SOMETHING in either heart unspoken,
Only a glance of the tell-tale eyes—
Of Love's dear secret a startling token,
Given by a witness that never lies !

Then we parted, his brave ship sailing
Over the breakers, thro' mist and rain ;
Autumn winds round the bleak cliffs wailing,
Night's wild longing—day's weary pain.

Winter is past, but my heart is breaking,
Summer is coming over the sea ;
All things living to new life waking—
When will my lover come back to me ?

EVELYN FOREST.

THE TERRORS OF THE SUBURBS.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK (or Cowper for him) considered "dwelling in the midst of alarms" as the worst imaginable phase of civilised life. We who live in London in 1866 have got so accustomed to the "alarms" which to the eighteenth century poet seemed so terrible, that we take them as a natural feature of human life, and no more murmur at being run over in the streets or smashed in a railway accident than at feeling chilled by the east wind, or finding our hair growing grey at sixty. But, resigned as we may be to mutilations and sundry kinds of death abroad, it does appear rather hard that even in our houses we must still dwell among the alarms, and find the much-vaunted "sanctuary of home" no sanctuary at all from pursuers of all kinds. If an Englishman's house be his castle, it is a castle usually in a state of siege. We must detail our woes and wrongs, and ask for public sympathy, if redress be beyond hope or reach.

We are "lone women," which means of course, in London, women who are very seldom alone from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M. After the latter hour, however, that solitude, in whose face "sages" behold such charms (to continue our reference to Alexander Selkirk), would be the object of supreme desire, if only it might be enjoyed. But what with cabmen mistaking doors, and robbers *not* mistaking them, and telegrams, and fifty other disturbances, night brings us anything but repose. Our worst fears of course are of the robbers, and, fact and fancy combining, we have had a pretty time of it, thanks to them, last winter. One night we knew they were in the back-garden ; then we thought they had got in the front coal-hole. After that they broke into an arbour, and stole a pennyworth of matting. Next they bored a hole in a neighbour's garden-door. Then they robbed a gentleman ten doors off of his coats, and a lady six doors off of her spoons. Then two men (exceedingly

drunk) called at midnight to say they had overheard several burglars plotting to rob our particular house that night. Then the police knocked us up to know if it was our light they saw burning in the room, where we had kept it, like faithful vestals, every night of the year. We did everything for defence we could think of. We bought a rattle ; we bought a double-barrelled pistol ; we bought a six-shot revolver ; we kept a dog ; we put up bars by the dozen and bolts by the score ; we invented irremovable shutters ; we hung bells on every door and window ; we left brandy in the dining-room, in hopes the thieves would drink it and stop there ; we sent our plate to the bank, and sold our trinkets, and put imitation ones in handsome boxes where the burglars could take them comfortably ; we riddled our garden-door with bullets, and then drew chalk targets round the holes, to show how well we could shoot at a mark ; we worried the day-police and the night-police, and the sergeants and the inspectors, to the verge of madness, and called them in to examine our bolts and bars at least once a fortnight. It was all useless ! The state of siege continued. The robbers were always prowling about and breaking our walls. The dog wouldn't bark ; the bolts slipped back at a touch of the inspector's knife ; the cat terrified us by playing with the bells ; the brandy was never drunk ; and the police assured us they would take every care, but still, if the robbers *did* come, they couldn't help it ; and our locks and chains, and bolts and screws, and bars and bells, were simply of no use at all.

Thus passed the winter, till we must confess our nerves were not in the best order after about two hundred nocturnal alarms. As it happened to us once at Naples, at the time of the eruption in 1858, when there were ninety-five earthquakes noted at the Observatory in six weeks, and we were accustomed to ask each morning of our friends, "How many shocks had you last night ?" so here in solid England we kindly inquired, "Were you disturbed *often* in the course of the evening by the robbers ?" To detail all the scenes which occurred would be tedious, but the last and greatest alarm we must needs describe ; and when the reader has perused the direful tale, we expect at least his sympathy and compassion.

We had retired for the night about an hour or two. There had only been two robberies in the previous fortnight within a dozen doors, so we were perhaps unusually calm in mind, and soon sunk into that first slumber, from which awaking is so singularly disagreeable a process.

Bang! bang! bang! Tremendous knocking and ringing at the hall-door. Of course we concluded it was the robbers, or fire, or the end of the world; and after needful delay, two shivering ghosts of maids made their way to the scene of disturbance.

With chattering teeth and shaking voices came the demand—

"What do you want the-ere?"

"It's a telegram."

"Oh—oh—oh?" If telegrams were infernal machines calculated to blow up half a town, they could not cause more alarm than they do in the female and domestic breast.

"A telegram for Mrs. Rotherfield."

"Mrs. Rotherfield doesn't live here—oh, oh, oh."

"Where does she live, ma'am?"

"I don't know—oh, oh—yes—yes—she lives—she lives at number twenty-one."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'll go there."

Off went the telegraph messengers; and the frightened maids recovered a little, and went up to bed innocent of the fact that they had sent the telegram *not* to Mrs. Rotherfield, but to the house of an inoffensive elderly lady whose life was already a burden with the terrors of robbery, and to whom the knocking at the hall-door was as the trump of doom. To the banging of the telegraph messengers she answered in an unexpected manner, namely, by opening a window and violently springing a rattle. The rattle was an enormous one, formerly belonging to an extinct animal of the genus "Charlie," and the noise thereof reverberating through the night roused all the echoes of the neighbourhood. The nearest policeman gallantly obeyed the call of danger, and rushed to the back premises, where invasion was chiefly to be feared. Not scatheless, however, did he advance. Aroused by the knocking and the rattle, the inhabitants of half-a-dozen houses simultaneously threw open their windows, and screamed threats or entreaties, as their dispositions inspired them. Two put out revolvers, and one fired in the air. Another let loose a large and rather ferocious dog, who, of course rushed at the policeman.

"Don't shoot me! Don't set the dog at me!" cried the hapless policeman.

"We will shoot! You're not a policeman."

"I *am* a policeman. Pray don't fire."

"If you're a policeman, show your bull's-eye."

"I've got no bull's-eye."

Off went the pistol, the dog barked, the policeman howled for mercy, the lady rattled, and everybody screamed and asked questions in universal chorus. At last a benevolent gentleman suggested to the wretched police-

man to scale the wall, and seek shelter from the dog and the revolvers in his back parlour. The guardian of law and order obeyed; trampled down our pet bed of lilies of the valley, and found peace and a glass of brandy in the house of the Samaritan. Meanwhile, the lady had gone on incessantly rattling, inasmuch that all the other police from the remotest regions around rushed to the summons, and filled the arena, clamouring to know what had occurred, and naturally little surmising that the telegraph messengers, who still went on knocking at the lady's door, could be the cause of the tornado. At last, by some unknown means, these messengers found they were at the wrong house, and thereupon naturally proceeded to the right one, and commenced anew the process of knocking up the family.

Worst of all was the alarm in the present case, for the mistress of the house was in a delicate state of health, and anxious about her mother, inasmuch that, as soon as she understood there was a telegraphic message for her she went off into violent hysterics and became perfectly insensible. Her husband and servants of course could do nothing but attend to her as she screamed and wept, the police thundered for admittance, the clerks clamoured for their receipt, the big dog barked furiously, the neighbours screeched their inquiries, and over all rose the rattle, which the old lady was much too disturbed to think of relinquishing before all alarm should subside.

Finally, the lady recovered so far as to be able to glance at the tremendous document which had caused this universal uproar. It was brief, and not quite worthy of the panic it had created:—

"Mrs. Jones's lodgings, No. 2, — Street, Brighton, are vacant. Mrs. Rotherfield can have them for 25s. a week."

Such are the results of scattering telegrams among the terror-stricken inhabitants of a London suburb. O. P. F.

TRANQUILLITY.

A Study.

He stood—a sober City clerk,
Who'd toil'd, and seen no holiday,
For twenty years from dawn to dark—
Alone beside Caermarthen Bay.

He felt the salt spray on his lips,
Heard children's voices on the sands;
Up the sun's path he saw the ships
Sail on and on to other lands;

And laugh'd aloud. Each sight and sound
To him was joy "too deep for tears";
He sat him on the beach, and bound
A sad bandage round his ears.



"Solo in Fittore Secum."

VIRGIL. Georg. iv.

And thought how, posted near his door,
His own green door on Campden Hill,
Two bands at least, most likely more,
Were mingling at their own sweet
will

Verdi with Vance. And at the thought
He laugh'd again; and softly drew
A "Morning Tatler" that he'd bought,
Forth from his breast, and—read it
through.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

A WAGER FOR A WIFE.

"WELL, Fitzgerald, welcome to Lowmoor," exclaimed my old friend Garnett, as I stepped out of the carriage at his front-door. There was not much animation in the greeting, but he clasped my hand as only an Englishman does, and only he after long years of separation. We had last shaken hands (how vividly the scene came before me!) in the fringe of jungle skirting the bloody field of Russoolnoor. Garnett was leading his company to the front, and we had only time for a hurried greeting before the guns opened upon our position. He was struck down soon after by a grape-shot, carried back to the cantonments, and sent home invalided. I had gone through the thickest of the fire at Chillianwallah after that, served in China and North America (it is to be hoped, *non sine gloria*), and had now availed myself of leave of absence from Chatham to run down by the Great Northern to Lowmoor.

"Come in; Harvey, see to the things!" so I was ushered through a conservatory that looked like the Garden of Eden after barracks, and introduced to Mrs. Garnett.

"We are going to have the Comptons over here to-morrow, Fitzgerald. Julia is the belle of Hertfordshire. I wish you would follow my example—sell out, and settle down."

"To tell you the truth, I have been thinking of it. There is nothing to be seen in the way of service now, unless a man likes being tomahawked by a Maori. Besides, you have found such comfortable quarters, that even without the charms of your friend Julia I could find it in my heart to give up soldiering."

"Very well, Mr. Fitzgerald," observed my hostess; "you shall have a fair field and no favour when the Comptons come."

"You had better surrender at discretion, you see. But it is just seven. Shall my wife give you a cup of tea? No? That's right; you and I can't stand that before mutton and the *Veuve Clicquot*. Let me take you to dress."

I had plenty of time during dinner to admire Mrs. Garnett. She was lively and intelligent (how prone we bachelors are to look to this point in a friend's wife!), stately, and most certainly handsome. Her nose was slightly aquiline, her eyes were dark, and as large as lustrous; abundance of black hair was gathered up at the back, and fastened, after the fashion of the Athenian matrons, with a tie of golden grasshoppers. Mindful, as all women are, of effect, she had enhanced these charms by the addition of a large but simply-formed pair of jet earrings, which con-

trasted with her neck like the points of black rock one sees high up by the side of an Alpine glacier. The *menu* was unexceptionable, *equipe en suite* excellent of its kind, and in first-rate taste. I could see (what one likes to see in all military wives) that Garnett was, in her opinion, the hero of every campaign in which he had served. Knowing his means used to be somewhat slender, and that seedy-looking fellows, who might have been dilapidated uncles, but who were more probably Jewish usurers, used to call at his quarters a good deal, I must own to a pleasing surprise that Garnett had feathered his nest so well.

At length the door was closed, and he and I drew round to the fire.

"Very glad to see you once more, Fitzgerald. Try this magnum; 'tis cold enough for anything out of doors; and tell me how you like Mrs. Garnett."

"I have been envying your luck ever since I saw her; but I hope I have not gone on to break the tenth commandment in my admiration. You always were fortunate; and if you promise me such a paragon amongst the Comptons to-morrow, why, I'll engage to marry her without seeing her!"

"Well, Fitz, that's exactly what I did with my wife!"

"Ah! you made love to Lady This and That in some *salon* at the West End, and induced her to provide you with what we fellows all want sooner or later—a pretty wife, and a consideration for taking her. Talk of the marriage-brokers of Bokhara! You may find their English types, only twice as clever, in every Belgravian ball-room!"

"Don't be cynical, and help yourself. Whatever you feel, I enjoy this wine a good deal better than the Russoolnoor grape. Mrs. Garnett shall put off the Comptons' visit, if you despise a friend's kind offices."

"Nay, heaven forefend! But, by way of encouragement to one who has long forgotten how to make pretty speeches to the women, tell me what you mean by marriage before sight, before even love at first sight."

"You will stare at the avowal, but I engaged to marry my wife for a wager before I had seen her. I don't mind telling you all about it, now that I have drawn such a prize in the lottery."

"I am all ears."

Then Garnett told his story, something in the following way:—

When I became convalescent, and it was time to rejoin the regiment, I was ordered to the depot of the "Highland Invincibles," at Kenmare. It is rather a jolly station, with plenty of trout-fishing, Killarney handy for

pic-nics and salmon, and with McGillicuddy's Beeks, far away in the blue distance, shining like the Ghauts of our old country. The first night I messed with the fellows, of course we spoke of the attractions of the place. I learnt there was plenty of dinner-giving and dancing, and that flirtations were not altogether unknown to the black-eyed daughters of Erin round Kenmare. There was a Miss Bryan, however, with whom no one could succeed in getting intimate. She was heiress of an old curmudgeon, who sat in his library and read himself blind; and being descended from Brian Boiroimhe, that blessed harper of mythical memory, was naturally as proud as she was exclusive. The Darrells gave a dinner, and young Tremlett (you remember him?) took her in. Though not given to much bashfulness, and very well able to hold his own against any amount of *badinage*, he confessed he could not get on with her. At the Mulrooney's dance another sub took the fair Helen in hand, but succeeded no better. At length the senior lieutenant, who commanded the *dépôt*, a man who did not condescend to attack a lady's defences unless she were very obdurate or very beautiful, was put into requisition, and ordered to the front like a forlorn hope. I well remember his disgusted looks that night at mess, when the others rallied him on his defeat. He could not engage her in conversation, or even induce her to give him a second waltz. It was the first time, he vowed, he had ever been so thwarted, and he had had a pretty large experience, he flattered himself. However, his star had now visibly paled; even Tremlett proceeded to doubt his previous victories, and such scepticism was worse than the gallant lieutenant's defeat in the present instance. Of course I laughed at them all, and hinted that things had degenerated very much with the regiment while I had been away. In old days Miss Bryan would soon have fallen before a lady-killer of the "Invincibles." I was eagerly besought to risk the adventure myself, or, as they preferred putting it, to regain their lost laurels. "Come, Garnett," was the cry, "go in and win: with that interesting wound and moustache that has smelt powder, you *must* succeed!" I need hardly tell you, Fitz, that my accounts were then in some confusion, to speak euphemistically; ready money was always acceptable in those days, and any little spice of chance that could be brought in might fill my exchequer, at the same time that it contributed to the general interest in my undertaking; so I said—

"I am open to go in and win, too; even to marry the fair Helen, if the governor walks before long!"

Derisive laughter resounded through her Majesty's mess-room at this.

"Let the galled jade wince!" I said; "who's for a bet? My horses are not come over yet, but I shall be happy to accommodate any gentleman with a pony; I might even stand a monkey—eh, Tremlett?"

"All right," said that worthy; "if she didn't look at me, she won't at you! Done along with you for a monkey!"

"And my young friend Anderson, eh?"

"I am game for a pony, any day," he replied.

"And you, oh most puissant lieutenant; you of the well-curved love-locks and affable address, what say you? Will you, too, ride on this quest?"

"Most certainly. Mr. Hopebetimes; put me down, too. I had an ugly bill from Cox's sent in the other morning. They find a fellow out even down here."

"Very well; pass me a cheroot, and let me think out my plans."

The smoking censer of gold, filled with charcoal, that we took from the summer palace of Rajah Bang Hukah, and which now is always reverentially placed after dinner in the centre of the "Invincibles' mess for the gallant fellows to light their weeds at, was handed to me. While the fragrant vapour curled around I matured my design, and by the time our post-prandial rubber was over, and all the old stories told once more, I was prepared for immediate action.

The first thing to do was to find out the lady's habits. I learned that she used to walk daily by the side of the little river that ran past her father's domain. I sent to Dublin for a complete trout-fisher's equipment, and diligently began whipping the stream. Sure enough Miss Bryan came on the opposite side the first morning, and every morning after for a week. I posted my servant, with a huge basket and landing-net, a field behind me. Still there was something wanting. I had not softened Miss Bryan's mind towards our sex, and nothing could be effected with her till that was done. Luckily, her cousin Mantell was at the *dépôt*, and was a great friend of mine. Tennyson's "Princess" was just out, and I persuaded him to send her a copy as a birthday present. The charm soon worked, for I speedily saw her reading it as she took her daily walk. There was still an item of my equipment wanting. I inserted an advertisement in the Kenmare Journal, requesting anyone who had a terrier clever at taking the water to apply to "R. G., The Barracks." I wish you could have seen the letters that came. The fellows used to be highly amused at them. They would run in

the following style:—"Respected sir. I have a littel bit of a kur from County Kildare his father's name Jumper 2 yeres old next Ester swims like his rivrence's head the mornin' after a wake;" or, "I have a tarry-here black and white kills rats of a pure breed, named Captan and has no objecshun to water when he can't help it." The one that we chose eventually was selected, I believe, entirely because of his owner's pathetic letter:—"I am a poor lone man my wife Died the yeare of the fammine and has won dog Bojer which was Biddis and doesn't like to part him. If you would humbly like to take him for five shillins may God reward you and lave you long with your wife which is a tarrible dog for water and would niver go with me when I had drunk potheen." A sorry-looking animal this same Bojer was, of a sulphur colour, and but an indifferent temper; yet he soon attached himself firmly to his new master.

A few nights later I made the announcement to the men at mess, that on the morrow I should cast the die. Fast and furious was the fun and the betting. Next day I sallied forth and contrived to reach a famous "stickle" on the river, about twenty yards from a deep hole, just as Miss Bryan appeared on the opposite side coming towards me. Now was the time; I made a sudden but fanciful "strike" at a fish, and suffered my flies to be borne on steadily by the current towards the hole. Sims, the man, was of course at the end of the field with Bojer, where I had placed them to look interesting by a huge fish pannier. As I turned round to shout "Sims! the gaff—quick! quick!" I contrived to step straight forward into the pool, and took a tolerable header to begin with (seeing it was a very hot morning). When I came up I spluttered, and kicked, and roared "I help! quick, help!" and as I saw Miss Bryan opposite, fainting with terror, I intensified it by taking a quiet dive to the bottom, where I had noticed a stump, "convenient," as the natives say. I clung to this, and held on a few seconds, contemplating my chances and the green streaks of water that rolled on over my head. Up I came again, and lay as if exhausted, with a good amount of splashing, on the surface for a minute. Sims came by panting (I knew he could not swim) and ran in up to his knees, halloing meanwhile to a couple of Paddies, who were running across from a flax field to render aid. Bojer had also sprang in, and was contributing (as I desired) to the confusion. However, as he seized me most unceremoniously by the collar of the coat, and took rather too large a portion of my neck with it to be pleasant, I found it

needful once more to dive to the post, just as I saw Miss Bryan gesticulating frantically to the Paddies to save me, and she would give them any money they wished! Thus stimulated, as soon as they had recovered from their run, one observed carelessly, "Faith, Mike, will ye tak care of my toggery? When ye save life, save also your coat."

"Monomondiaul!" roared the other. "Holy Moses! how cowlid it is!"

He walked in up to his neck, and stretched to me; but, in my frantic efforts to save myself, I managed (drowning people always do) to thrust myself further in just out of his clutches.

Meanwhile Sims had torn out a railing from the hedge, and handed it to the valiant wader. As I saw he meditated poking my ribs with it, I judged it prudent to descend to my friendly stump a third time. When I once more emerged, I was evidently exhausted.

"Hooray, ye spalpeen!" observed the Paddy on the bank; "tak my shillelagh and just clutch his honour's feet with it! It's ill work touching a man till he's well drowned, Mike!"

Now, however, as I floated supine nearer them, Sims jumped in, and, holding Mike's hand, lugged me out, to all appearance in a swoon. I had calculated the place nicely; a hand-bridge, some thirty yards off, crossed the stream. Miss Bryan had passed over this, and in extreme agitation, while she sent Mike off at once to barracks for a doctor, knelt down by me, raised my head, and tenderly chafed my hands. It was a trying position, Fitzgerald, and was not improved when she applied her scent-bottle to my nose and hung over me to assure herself life was not extinct. I kept my eyes closed, and if I breathed at all took care to do it "stertorously," as the manuals on drowning say. While Mike and Sims were rushing for the doctor, and I was receiving Miss Bryan's *petits soins*, Paddy was lighting his doodeen and commenting on the situation.

"Bedad, my lady, he must be one of Father Mathew's bhoys; they're all fond of could water."

"Oh, mercy! will they never come back?" exclaimed Miss Bryan.

"Aisy now, the lad will soon come round again; he's a proper jintleman, and I shouldn't mind waking him with Larry and Mike. It's they are the bhoys to sthritch a corpse at an intarment!"

"If he would but open his eyes I should not think him so bad!" but he could not open his eyes and meet Helen Bryan's sorrowful, anxious look, though he *did* see it from under his furtively opening eyelashes.

"Oh, thin, why would the poor jintleman go dhrowning himself? Life isn't too hard for an officer like this broth of a boy."

At length the messengers were heard driving in breathless haste to the end of the field. In company with the regimental doctor, Harland (who was deep in my book on the "event"), they soon ran up. Harland took my wrist, and spite of my holding my breath till I was half-suffocated, soon discovered my secret. However, he terrified me to some purpose by saying, "Madam, I fear he has swallowed a quantity of water; I think I must apply the stomach-pump." How ignominious to be found out, I reflected. There would be nothing for it but marvellously to recover before the stomach pump was inserted, or else to have tetanus so vigorously that no human efforts should be able to introduce it. While I pondered on these devices, Miss Bryan knelt with her hands clasped in despair, gazing, first at me lying to all appearance hopelessly insensible, and then at Harland, who was occupied in opening my shirt collar, raising my head, and so on. While thus engaged he took the opportunity to whisper in my ear, "You cunning dog! lie still, I won't betray you!" Then, addressing himself to Miss Bryan, he seized the chance of comforting her, assuring her I only wanted rest, but that it was imperatively necessary I should at once be put to bed. While the two Paddies and Sims carried me on a hurdle to her father's house, that clever practitioner Harland gave Miss Bryan his arm, and did his best to improve his opportunity and cut me out on our way up the hill. I knew how the mess would roar at it all, and how he would enlarge on his intimacy with the fair heiress at my expense, but there was nothing for it but to remain quiet.

We were met by Mr. Bryan at the door, who felt my hands, and exclaimed that they were very warm. "Ah, he is reviving already," said Harland. I took the hint, moaned once or twice, and opened my eyes, to see Miss Bryan's suffused with joyful tears. Then I was borne up-stairs, where Sims and Harland tucked me up. Soon the latter and Mr. Bryan came up with brandy and sal-volatile and plenty of hot bricks, but I thought it as well slowly to recover consciousness after the internal stimulants had been administered, and before the outward appliances were called into use.

Now came the difficult part of the enterprise; to win the young lady's affections after so strongly exciting her sympathy on my behalf. I had entered upon the frolic without much reflection, but I confess to you, Fitz, that when I was in the scrape it seemed to be

acting very dishonourably towards Miss Bryan to steal her love by false pretences while receiving so much kindness under her father's roof.

These meditations were deepened after breakfast next morning, when I found myself well enough to descend to the conservatory. I had spied Miss Bryan working there beside her canaries as I entered the drawing-room, and forthwith joined her. I began by introducing myself to her, but was told that Harland had done that already. The question was, was I better and stronger to-day? Having answered this to her satisfaction, we talked on general subjects; and I must own, though she is my wife now, that I discovered depth of feeling and knowledge of the world combined in her, which somewhat surprised me, considering how little she seemed to go into society round Kenmare. She told me, however, that they went to London every spring. Of course we soon found out friends known to both of us, and spent a very pleasant morning chatting together till lunch.

After that meal, rendered somewhat serious to me by the recollection of what I had to do, I ventured to ask Mr. Bryan to admit me to his library, where repute spoke of several choice Elzevirs. That was the sure way to the old man's heart. After admiring them, I told him unreservedly of the whole scheme, excusing myself on the score of thoughtlessness, for engaging in a frolic which had turned out so real that it was absolutely necessary, as a gentleman, that I should inform him of it before prosecuting my acquaintance with his daughter any longer. He took it very much better than ever I expected him to do—much better, in short, than I deserved. Harland soon came over and prescribed, with a sly twinkle in his eye, rest and abstinence from all excitement for a few days more. Of course I remained where I was. Luckily Sir Ralph Garnett, slain at Hexham, was a direct ancestor of mine, which much consoled Mr. Bryan for entertaining me. The fair Helen had now some one to accompany her on her lonely rambles by the river, or to canter by her side on the breezy moors. I returned to mess that day week an accepted suitor, and to do them justice, the fellows paid up in full, only stipulating that they should all dance at the wedding. You know what a bore married men are to garrison society, so I soon sold out, and am a great deal happier with Helen and her fortune (old Bryan died three years ago), than I ever deserved to be.

"Well," I said, "thanks for your story. I still think you a lucky fellow, and, better

still, a clever deviser. With your talents you would have made a good general."

"Come, come, Fitz, you are jealous. Sherry? No; then we will join Helen."

Next day the Comptons came. Garnett gave me a sly poke in the ribs as we returned from trying a new breech-loading rifle on the young rooks, and encountered Mr. Compton, a great man personally and mentally too, in that he was chairman of petty sessions and sheriff of the county. His daughter and her mother accompanied him—the latter a pleasant, good-looking matron as ever incurred the profane criticism of our American friends; the former—well, how to describe her? I am not much of a lady's man, so perhaps it will be enough to say she was slightly built and lithe, with large brown eyes, and what the affected poetry of the day calls "a wealth of flaxen hair." I must say I was highly prepossessed in her favour at first sight, and did not need the egging on which Garnett every evening when we retired to the billiard-room was careful to give me. No one need expect details of our love-making. A man who has seen as much of it as I have, in all quarters of the world, becomes rather callous to sentiment, and is not exactly the best companion for gushing young ladies. Miss Compton was very sensible, and a very few words in the course of the next fortnight sufficed to show how the land lay, and that I had only to put in my claim and take possession. A few days after, Garnett and old Compton rode on ahead while his daughter and I surveyed the prospect over a fair expanse of country—as beautiful a home scene, with its grey towers, and hay ricks, and nestling villages, and masses of foliage, as may be found even in that beautiful county, Herts. When we turned our horses on to the common, both were silent awhile (how is it that a fine view always makes one thoughtful?), or perhaps an idea of what was to come next made us pensive. At length I said, "Julia, I am a man of few words; shall it be Yes or No?"

"Yes," said the lady, with a frankness that would have delighted Abernethy.

"Very well, let's have a gallop." And so we galloped. That's all.

M. G. WATKINS.

BLUE-STOCKINGS.

DE QUINCEY remarked as a phenomenon of his time, that the order of ladies which had reproachfully been called "Blue-Stockings" was becoming totally extinct amongst us, except only here and there with "superannuated clingers to obsolete remembrances." The reason of this change he held to be interesting,

and honourable to our intellectual progress. In preceding generations any tincture of literature, of liberal curiosity about science, or of ennobling interest in books, was found to carry with it "an air of something unsexual, manly, and (as it was treated by the sycophantish satirists that for ever humour the prevailing folly) of something ludicrous." But such a mode of treatment was possible only so long as the literary class of ladies formed a feeble minority. Gradually, however, the universal spread of a genuine taste for letters swept away the very name of "Blue-Stocking." "The very possibility of the ridicule has been undermined by stern realities, and the verbal expression of the reproach is fast becoming not simply obsolete, but even unintelligible to our juniors."

The origin of the term seems to be somewhat a matter of doubt. De Quincey notices a statement in Dr. Bisset's "Life of Burke" (1798), that the *sobriquet* was originally imposed by Mrs. Montagu and the literary ladies of her circle upon a certain Mr. Stillingfleet, who was the only male assistant at their assemblies in Portman Square, and chose, "upon some inexplicable craze," to appear always in blue-stockings. The same story, as De Quincey did not appear to be aware, had been published some years earlier in Boswell's "Life of Johnson;" the biographer states that such was the excellence of Mr. Stillingfleet's conversation, his absence was felt to be an irreparable loss, and therefore it became a frequent observation, "We can do nothing without the *blue-stockings*," and in such-wise by degrees the title was established. De Quincey did not think the translation of the name from the legs of the gentleman to the ankles of the ladies was sufficiently accounted for, and sought to supply an explanation of his own. He rejected Mr. Stillingfleet altogether, and traced the term to an old Oxford statute; one of the many which meddle with dress, and which charges it as a point of conscience upon loyal scholastic students that they shall wear cerulean socks. Such socks, therefore, indicated scholasticism; worn by women they would indicate a self-dedication to what for them would be regarded as pedantic studies. Female taste might possibly reject such articles of attire. "But," he argued, "as such socks would symbolise such a profession of pedantry, so, inversely, any profession of pedantry, by whatever signs expressed, would be symbolised reproachfully by the imputation of wearing cerulean socks." In conclusion, he stated that now the vast diffusion of literature as a sort of daily bread having made all ridicule of female literary culture not less ridiculous than would be the attempt to ridicule that same daily bread.

whole phenomenon, thing and word, substance and shadow, is melting away from amongst us.

The Blue-Stocking period—when English-women might have been roughly divided into two classes—a majority who loved cards, and a minority who preferred books—more especially pertains to the closing years of the last century, though certain of its characteristics survived to much later times. It was in 1786 that Miss Hannah More published her poem called "The Bas Bleu, or Conversation," inscribed to her friend Mrs. Vesey. The advertisement stated—"The following trifle owes its birth and name to the mistake of a foreigner of distinction who gave the literal appellation of the *Bas Bleu* to a small party of friends who had been sometimes called by way of pleasantry the Blue-Stockings. The slight performance occasioned by this little circumstance was never intended to appear in print; in general it is too local and too personal for publication, and was only written to amuse the amiable lady to whom it is addressed, and a few partial friends," &c. The poem gives no clue to the origin of the *sobriquet*, and is not, indeed, a work of much merit. It probably served Miss More's purpose of affording gratification to her friends, whose names are freely introduced into her verses—of applauding the pleasures of lettered society, and of decrying card-playing; not, however, upon those religious and moral principles which the lady at a later period of her life so heartily advocated.

Boswell says of the production: "Miss Hannah More has admirably described a *Blue-stocking Club* in her 'Bas Bleu,' a poem in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned."

The poem begins as follows:—

Long was Society o'errun
By whist, that desolating Hun;
Long did quadrille despotic sit;
That Vandal of colloquial wit;
And conversation's setting light
Lay half-obscur'd in Gothic night;
Till Leo's triple crown to you
Boscawen sage, bright Montagu,
Divided fell; your cares in haste
Rescued the ravaged realms of taste,
And Lyttleton's accomplish'd name,
And witty Pulteney shared the same:
The men not bound by pedant's rules,
Nor ladies *précieuses ridicules*—
For polish'd Walpole shew'd the way
How wits may be both learn'd and gay,
And Carter taught the female train
The deeply wise are never vain;
And she who Shakespeare's wrongs redrest
Proved that the brightest are the best. &c.

The redresser of Shakespeare's wrongs was, no doubt, Mrs. Montagu, who had written an

essay on the poet's writings and genius. Further on were described the pleasures of the literary evenings, both mental and material, in a similar strain.

Miss More's poem circulated some two or three years in manuscript before it was entrusted to the printer. It was rapturously received by the small circle to which it was originally addressed. The Blue-Stocking Club was in some sort a society for encouraging mutual admiration; the productions of any one member were certain to receive enthusiastic adulation from every other member. But the fame of the "Bas Bleu" spread wonderfully, far beyond the boundaries to which it was originally prescribed. George III. is said to have requested Miss More to make a copy of the verses for him in her own handwriting. It became a fashion to possess a copy of Miss More's work. Ladies sat up all night to write it out with their own hands, having begged, borrowed, or stolen the poem from some more highly favoured friend. Dr. Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale: "Miss More has written a poem called the 'Bas Bleu,' which is, in my opinion, a very great performance. It wanders about in manuscript, and surely will soon find its way to Bath." The great man himself informed Miss More—who revealed the fact to her sister upon her promising faithfully not to reveal it—"that he considered there was no name in poetry that might not be glad to own the work." (The doctor's health was waning very much at this time.) Walpole called it "a charming poetic familiarity." After this, it was not to be wondered at that the "Bas Bleu" should find its way to the press. But type and printers' ink somewhat dispelled the charm. The poem as a book did not please so much as in manuscript. Its attractions were not long-lived; certainly its readers and admirers at the present day are few enough.

For years afterwards the Blue-Stockings remained a favourite subject for the shafts of ridicule. It will be remembered that the poet Moore's only dramatic venture was a play in three acts, with songs, called "M. P.; or, The Blue-Stocking," performed at the Lyceum in 1811 by the Drury Lane company, who had been burnt out of their own theatre. The play was repeated several nights, but its success did not satisfy the poet. "I knew all along that I was writing down to the mob," he says, rather angrily, in a letter to Miss Godfrey; "but that was what they told me I must do. I, however, mingled here and there a few touches of less earthy mould, which I thought would in some sort atone for my abasement. I am afraid, however, I have failed in both; what I have written up to

myself is, they say, over refined and unintelligible; what I have written down to them is called vulgar. I have, therefore, made a final resolution never to let another line of mine be spoken upon the stage, as neither my talents nor my nerves are at all suited to it." He charged the Times newspaper, which had censured "M. P." rather severely, with having made the most ridiculous and unaccountable mistake of accusing the author of royalism and courtiership, whereas, in truth, the piece was dangerous from the opposite quality, and he had had a long struggle with the licenser for the retention of several ticklish passages about bribery. The songs in "M. P." retain a place in the poet's collected works—"To Sigh yet Feel no Pain" has always been a popular favourite—but the play itself has not been reprinted. A chief character was *Lady Bab Blue*, a pretender to poetry and chemistry, who has written a poem upon Sal Ammoniac, which she calls the "Loves of Ammonia," and an equivoque arising between the title of her poem and the name of her niece whom she is anxious to marry, furnished the most amusing part of the performance. The play, however, was hardly worthy of the poet's reputation. It was not repeated after the season which saw its production.

In 1820, Lord Byron published in the Liberal, Leigh Hunt's newspaper, "The Blues, a Literary Eclogue." A *Lady Bluebottle* figures in it; also a *Mr. Inkel*, an author; but the humour of the poem is not very brilliant. It was said never to have been intended for publication, and in one of his letters to Mr. Murray his lordship himself described it as "mere buffoonery." The candid reader will probably not be disposed to quarrel with that description of the work by its author.

After this, the Blue-Stockings, as a subject for satire, seem to have been left in peace. Literary tastes on the part of women had ceased to be ridiculous—no longer warranted remark, least of all, of an unfavourable kind.

DUTTON COOK.

MY SCHOOLFELLOWS;

BY ISA BLAGDEN.

PART I. LINA ROSAS.

SITTING quietly in my solitary home, I often amuse myself, like other lonely spinners, with recollections of my long past youth. Not personal recollections. No: from the beginning to the end, my life has been a grey and uniform one. But in my girlhood I was associated with many blooming and brilliant creatures, and from a peculiar adhesiveness in my nature which has never permitted me to lose sight of them, I have kept in view

—myself unseen—the favourites of those thoughtless days.

Of myself I will not speak. What could I say that would not be more tedious than a thrice-told tale. Suffice it to say, that I was one of a set of school-girls brought together from many foreign countries, whose faces were as various as the countries from which they came, but who were merrier, more individual in character, and more ignorantly innocent, than now-a-days I think school-girls ever are.

The words, woman's mission and woman's pursuits, were then as unknown as in the days of Lady Jane Grey; but somehow, as with her, great mental and artistic endowments were developed among some of us, in spite of what would be now termed imperfect educational advantages. Lina Rosas was the first of my companions who left school, and I will therefore speak first of her.

Who speaks of a heroine without describing her? Lina was one of the tiniest of human beings; she was more like a bright-eyed mouse than anything else; and, strange to say, on her brown temple, partially concealed by her black hair, was a scar, which school tradition attributed to the cutting out of a small downy elevation, in shape and colour like a mouse. The cruel knife might have eradicated the singular mark, but it could not alter the resemblance to a mouse which pervaded the whole of Lina's person. Her large black eyes were bright, vigilant, timid, like those of a mouse; she had the same softness and roundness of figure, and the same half coquettish, half nervous swiftness of motion. Lina was not clever. I think, in fact, she was rather s-t-u-p-i-d, as an overbearing governess once called her, hissing out the letters as she did so; but she was so dainty in her method of doing things, so fanciful in her tastes, and so docile to all who chose to rule her, that she was much beloved, and considered by most of us as the nearest approach to perfection the walls of a school-room had ever held.

Her one gift was her beautiful melodious voice. She sang magnificently; then all the mouse vanished, and she would electrify us sometimes as she sang, "Lascia ch'io pianga." or "Robert, toi que j'aime." This gift was inconsistent with everything else in her. It turned our heads, but did not affect her. The Muse who poured out those bewitching strains disappeared as soon as the piano was closed, and the little mouse came amongst us again, "grignotant" bonbons or nuts, or other forbidden delicacies, like the mere school-girl she was. Another of her faults, besides that of "gourmandise," which I have just sug-

gested, was an extreme love of dress. She was fabulously neat in her own little person, in the arrangement of the soft black hair, which was smoothed down in two pencilled arches on her broad projecting forehead, and in the choice of her gloves and shoes. And the bright black eyes would detect in a moment either a solecism or a success in the toilette of another.

Lina was an only daughter, her father was an Austrian merchant. She inherited her dark hair and eyes from him, but her small person and delicate features were like her mother's,—Mrs. Rosas was an Englishwoman. Her father doted on her as a charming plaything, her mother worshipped her as an idol.

"Are you glad you are going home for good, Lina?" said some of us the day before the vacation began.

"Very glad to go home, but very sorry to leave you all," she nestled closer to me as she spoke. I was her favourite, though she was so little demonstrative, that it was only by a little pressure of the hand occasionally, a look now and then, and a few words once or twice spoken of me to others, that the fact became known to me.

"How happy Lina is," said one girl, with an envious accent in her voice.

"She has no brothers," said a poor brother-ridden victim.

"She is an only child."

"She is so pretty."

"She is so rich."

"And she is so beloved, she is everybody's favourite."

"How I envy you, Lina; and you will be sure to marry."

"Some beautiful young man, who will turn out some great person, and her life will be like a story-book,—a country-house, and diamonds, and Sunday schools and poor people, and a court dress and beautiful children."

So spake all the school-girls, each according to her nature.

"I intend to come and see you all as often as Madame will allow me, and tell you how happy I am."

Madame was our schoolmistress.

We all gave her presents when she left. Mine was not a very pretty one, but I was too poor to afford much. It was a grey lava brooch, with a head cut in it representing that most mournful image of resignation, miscalled Hope, by Guido. Lina kept her word, and came to see us very often. She was especially kind and good-natured to me, and would often come during the dreary holidays, which I always spent at school, to cheer me up as she called it, and sometimes would ask me to accompany her home.

Her home was in an unfashionable part of London, but it was a most comfortable and luxurious one. Her father spared no expense in adorning the casket which held his treasure, and the mother's refined elegance subdued the crudeness and barbaric splendour of his taste, and made the house complete and charming like an ideal home. But one peculiarity there was in it, which whenever I have since noticed it, has made me doubt the happiness of the home in which I have admired it, a most unusual amount of needlework. Mrs. Rosas and Lina were in keeping with it, but not its master. Mr. Rosas was a coarse, heavy-looking, handsome man. He could have crushed his daughter between his finger and thumb, and his very caresses were rough and perilous to Lina. He used to lift her up to kiss her, and put her down with a jerk which would ruffle all her prettinesses of dress and ribbons, and make her look more nearly cross than I had ever seen her. Then he would bring home to dinner rough well-to-do men, like himself, who would eat, and drink, and smoke, and pay heavy German compliments to Lina, and ask her to sing to them, and then would snore in the middle of her choicest songs.

But for these trifling checks I could see that Lina was perfectly happy.

When I spent a few days with her I shared her bed-room; it was a charming room, all rose-coloured chintz and snowy draperies. I can see Lina now, as she stood sometimes after she had taken off her evening dress (which was always most carefully smoothed out and folded before she put it by), running over some song which we had just heard at the Opera, with a truth and a power which would very much have surprised the prima donna she was imitating; or poised on one leg, with outstretched hands she would spring, and dance, and whirl like a ballerina; or, curved backwards, flit about like Cerito in the shadow dance—as fair a creature as her prototype—and look like an Undine made of foam, or dew, or fire. Oh, what happy nights they were! But these little exhibitions were for me alone, unless Mrs. Rosas would enter, as she did sometimes, and unheard and unseen become a witness of them too; but she soon put an end to them, and would see us both safely into bed and the light put out, before she left the room.

But, plastic as she was to all outward impressions, Lina was singularly reserved in the expression of her own feelings. I, of course, in my own heart, had made her the heroine of unnumbered love-stories, and with the passionate admiration of girlish friendship, felt sure that every man who saw her must be

consumed by his adoration for her; but she had never made me a single confidence. I saw that she was much sought after, but she as yet distinguished no one. She and her mother were so happy in each other's love, so wrapped up in each other, that neither of them at this time had a thought beyond these household delights; and Lina enjoyed to the utmost her balls, plays, and operas, and certainly then sought for nothing beyond the orbit of her thoughtless pleasant life, with its innocent gaities and abundant diversions.

Sometimes she would say to me, "How I wish, Susan," that was my unromantic name, "that I could do something to show mamma how I love her. She gives me so much, and I can do nothing for her. I feel as if, after all, I was but a selfish creature."

Once, as she spoke thus, Mrs. Rosas heard her, and so did her father. The former looked up with her tender smile at her daughter, and answered her,

"When we are old, dear, then it will be your turn to take care of us; but now you must let us take care of you."

"Unless she is married to some Don Whiskerandos, who will spirit her off to America, or India, or Egypt."

"Oh, papa, I will never leave mamma."

"Tut, tut, all girls say so, and it is very pretty to hear it; but it is not true, and would be very unnatural if it were true. No, Lina—oh mine, you will be married, I hope, long before I have made up my mind to be old and taken care of; and you will leave us, just as all daughters leave their parents."

Whenever Mr. Rosas spoke on any subject which was near his heart, his usually commonplace voice took a foreign tone, which was a very peculiar and not an agreeable one. He spoke like a Jew, with a thick nasal utterance, which gave a most repulsive expression to what he said—something cynically mocking, and yet deceitful.

Mrs. Rosas fixed her eyes upon him, and turned pale. Lina paused one moment, but then went on in her careless laughing way,

"I did not say I would never marry, but I could not go far away. I shall marry some one who would live in London, or England at least."

Mr. Rosas frowned. "Tell us something more about your intended, Lina. Of course he is to be very handsome, very clever, a great singer, very young, not rich—that with young ladies is of no consequence—but noble and high-born!"

It seemed, as Mr. Rosas thus ran through the qualities which were necessary for Lina's choice, that he was evoking some one in his mind who possessed none of them, but whom

he had, nevertheless, selected as his son-in-law. He always appeared to me like a cat playing with a mouse, when he jested on certain subjects with Lina. He seemed to be playing, and joking, and touching her with velvety softness; but there was always some sudden suggestion of the claw beneath; and though no apparent bonds limited her freedom, it was evident that the least advance beyond a certain point would be peremptorily checked.

"No," said Lina, musing, "I do not care so much about those things. I should choose some one to whom I could be a great comfort, or who suffered from some unhappiness, which I could lighten by sharing it with him."

"So be it," said Mr. Rosas, making a grimace; "only do not ask me to sanction your throwing yourself away. I swear to you, Lina," and he clenched his hand and struck the table with it with an energy which startled us all, "that no consent of mine will be given to any romantic sacrifice of that kind. You had better dispense with my permission if these are your intentions, for as surely as my name is Rosas I would refuse it, and curse you if you disobeyed me."

Nothing more was said at the time. I soon afterwards returned to school, loaded with presents from Lina and her mother, and with a pressing invitation to spend the summer holidays with them.

Lina wrote to me often. Just before Easter she was going into the country to spend a month with a young married relative, a Mrs. Balfour, who had a pleasant country-house in one of the midland counties. She was to take her maid, a middle-aged woman, who had been with her from her birth, and who always accompanied her on such occasions. Mrs. Rosas could never leave London on her husband's account; but when Summers was with Lina, Mrs. Rosas felt that she was as well cared for as by herself.

Lina wrote to me from Oakthorpe, and her first letters were cheery brief notelets, such as she habitually wrote. She had a most telegraphic style. Her letters were a pithy summary of facts, without comment, and almost without personality. No human being was ever more reticent than Lina about her own impressions. She was timidly reserved to every one but to her mother and to me, and even we rather guessed at her feelings on different subjects than knew them positively from her own avowal. She was thoroughly truthful, but not not frank. I prefer that kind of character myself. Very frank persons have often deceived me. They so volubly utter their most evanescent impressions, that one is at a loss to discover which is to be relied upon as the abiding one. After a few weeks

Lina's letters were briefer and more abrupt, as if written in haste, and then I did not hear from her again during her visit.

Soon after her return from Oakthorpe she came to see me. I was called down to the sitting-room to see her. After a warm embrace



I looked at her. I never had seen her look so pretty or so excited.

"What is the matter, Lina?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Are you well?"

"Don't I look so?"

"Yes, and yet——"

"You dear old thing; full of fancies, as usual. But never mind my looks. Do you think Madame would let you come home with me to-day? Mamma is not well, and—and we want you."

Permission was obtained, and I accompanied her. When I saw Mrs. Rosas I was quite alarmed, though she assured me she was not really ill, only a little weak and nervous.

I do not know whether I was most shocked at the change in her appearance or at her evident strong wish to hide it from her daughter and from me. She was flushed with fever, and her eyes had a dry haggard look, which told of mental anxiety as well as physical suffering. Every sound startled her, and her hands shook so that she could scarcely hold the

book which she was pretending to read as we sat working by her side.

She told me that during Lina's absence she had had a bad attack of influenza, and had been so weakened by it that she had sent for Lina, as she really did not know what might have happened had it lasted much longer; but she was now all but entirely recovered. I have rarely seen more tender and loving eyes than those of Mrs. Rosas, and when she looked at Lina there was a sweetness in them which was quite pathetic.

Mr. Rosas came home as usual for dinner. It was strange, but it was no less indubitably true, that during the three months which had passed since I had been at their house, each of the members of the family were altered. Lina's thoughts were far away, and she looked prettier but less calmly happy than I had ever seen her. Her mother was a wreck. Mr. Rosas was louder, coarser, redder than ever, and far less good-tempered. He seemed impatient with his wife, and looked sternly at Lina.

He had brought a gentleman home with him, and I saw at once that he was brought in the capacity of suitor and intended son-in-law. Lina was totally unconscious, but I saw that Mrs. Rosas was aware of it. I thought I had never seen any one look so pale as she did when she joined us at dinner, but she united with her husband in giving the stranger every encouragement and opportunity to make himself pleasing to Lina. He was a very disagreeable-looking though handsome man. He was a Prussian. He was superior in rank and position, but inferior in knowledge of the world to Mr. Rosas. Where Mr. Rosas was cynical and severe, Mr. Norbrecht was brutal and insulting. He was either so awkward or so shy that at first he could not open his lips, but after a time he became so familiar and overbearing that he was unendurable.

The four letters which spell "lout" were the best designation for him; but he was not an amiable lout. As to Lina, she was so wrapped up in some secret thought, some golden reverie, that I think nothing would have disturbed or offended her. She was more affectionate than ever to her mother, though she was evidently unaware how ill the latter was; and, to do her justice, never did a poor woman make such an effort to conceal her failing health from all around her as did Mrs. Rosas. Lina coaxed and caressed her father, and smiled with adorable unconsciousness on Norbrecht. It seemed as if sunshine and roses were her daily portion, and that storms and blight could not touch her. To me she was kindness itself, but she was changed. I saw at once that she had left the little world of books and girlish play, in which she had so lately dwelt, for an existence in which I had no part.

One day after dinner (Mr. Norbrecht had dined there as usual) I found I had dropped a hair bracelet which I always wore. I sent down the servant to look for it, and ran down myself as far as the landing-place, on which the dining-room door opened. The servant went in, and as he left the door ajar, I could hear the loud voices within. They were talking German. I heard Norbrecht in a most insolent tone insisting on something which Mr. Rosas opposed.

"No, no, man; the time is not come yet. I do not shirk my bond, but I will not anticipate it."

"But I do not advance one whit. She is like a mermaid. One thinks one is grasping a woman, and she slides off like a fish. I sometimes think you are all in league against me."

"Walter Norbrecht," replied Mr. Rosas, with a terrible oath; "enough of this. On the

first of January next, Lina Rosas shall be your wife, or I——"

"I was a fool to give you such a margin."

"That's your affair; but what do you call a margin? Our compact was made on the third of February—you have not given me one whole year to repay you."

The door was shut, and I heard no more.

"I am afraid it is broken, miss; it was under master's foot." I took my poor bracelet. It was crushed and broken; ground down beneath those heavy feet. It could never be worn again. It was made of Lina's hair, and I cried over it as if my heart would break. It seemed like an omen.

I went into my own room, for I was in a perfect paroxysm of fear and agitation. Should I tell Lina? No, I saw at once that was impossible. I was too great coward to do so. I could as soon have stabbed her with my own hands. Mrs. Rosas? Was it not more than probable that she was already aware of it, and that the fear of such an impending sorrow was the cause of her illness and changed looks. I was bewildered, and when Lina came up to look for me, it was no excuse to say that my head ached, so that I could not go downstairs again.

The next morning when I went down it was late, and Mr. Rosas had gone to the City. Lina's face was radiant over a letter she had just received. It was another invitation to Oakthorpe.

"Do let me go, mamma—if you are well enough to spare me."

"But you only returned a fortnight ago, Lina. Your papà——"

"Yes, mamma; but you know I came back before my visit was over, because you sent for me; they have put off a great many gaieties till I could go back. Do let me go."

Mrs. Rosas looked at Lina, and then at me. There was a helpless kind of look in her eyes, which almost upset me.

"Do let me go, dearest mamma."

"Yes; but how can I ask your papà? We can ill spare you, Lina."

"Then mamma I will not go." She spoke eagerly, but her face changed as she spoke.

"No, my child, you shall go. You shall enjoy yourself while you can," she added softly.

"I wish," said Lina, looking wistfully at me, "I could take you with me, Susan, to Oakthorpe."

"Oh, Lina!" I said, and burst into tears. I could not bear to see her so full of other hopes when in a few months such a fearful fate awaited her. I was too inexperienced to dream of the possibility of an escape for her,

and I still heard her father's harsh voice swearing that on the first of January she should be Walter Norbrecht's wife.

Lina comforted me, and said I was very foolish to cry because she was going away; she would often write to me, and I must come to them at midsummer.

"Let me speak to your papa about Oakthorpe," said Mrs. Rosas; "do not you ask his permission. I will do so!"

She did so. Mr. Rosas was very angry at first, but after a long private interview with his wife, from which she came out as white as a sheet, he consented, and it was decided as Lina wished.

As soon as it was settled, she ran singing out of the room to look at what dresses she should take with her.

Mrs. Rosas looked after her, and then turned to me, "Do not think her selfish, Susan; her head is a little turned by Oakthorpe, but she does not love us the less, dear. My poor child! these are her happy days."

"Mamma," said Lina, running on, "where are the pearls you always lend me to wear with my white silk? I told Summers you would be sure to let me take them, but she cannot find them. Don't you keep them any longer in your wardrobe?"

"No; never mind; you will look just as well without them, Lina."

"But where are they?"

Mrs. Rosas changed from white to red, and from red to white, but was silent.

"How strange," muttered Lina; "I saw them there yesterday." She left the room. I do not know why, but I connected the disappearance of those pearls with the permission granted to Lina to go to Oakthorpe. I felt I turned scarlet as the idea entered my mind; and, to add to my confusion, when I looked up I saw Mrs. Rosas was observing me keenly. She came up to me and took my hand.

"Will you promise me, Susan, that if anything happens to me, or to her father, or if she were married and not happy in her marriage, you will take care of her,—will you not?" It was a strange promise to exact from one so young as I was, but Mrs. Rosas knew that next to herself no one loved Lina so much as I did. Alas! how vain was all our love to shield her.

I returned to school. Midsummer came and went, but I never saw either Mrs. Rosas or Lina. Lina had returned from Oakthorpe. So far I knew. She had been ill, was ordered to the sea-side, and so ended my midsummer dream. She wrote seldom. Her letters, always brief, were briefer than ever. At last they

ceased altogether. My heart began to fail. Had Lina become alienated from her school-friend? About the beginning of November, to my great surprise, I received a scrawled note from Mrs. Rosas herself, begging me to go to her.

I obtained permission, and went.

At the door I was told to go up-stairs to her bed-room. She was ill in bed.

I had asked for Lina as I entered the hall, but had received no answer from the scared servant. When I entered her room, Mrs. Rosas almost sprang from the bed. "Has she written to you, Susan?"

"Who?"

"Lina!"

"Lina! Where is she?"

"O, my God! my heart will break! Lost—lost!"

"Do tell me," I entreated, in agitation almost equal to her own.

"I will tell you," she said, at last, as soon as her sobs allowed her to speak.

"Lina returned from Oakthorpe much as usual, except that she seemed a little serious and dull, but this I attributed to the re-action after all the excitement and gaiety of Oakthorpe, and took no notice of it. What struck me, however, as most singular was, that she would not go to see you. When I proposed it, she said she would not disturb you. About a fortnight afterwards she had what the doctors called a nervous fever. She was very ill, and nothing seemed to do her good. Again I offered to send for you. 'No,' she said; 'it was too bad always to send for you when we were ill. No. You were to come at midsummer.' When midsummer came we went to Bognor, and though I told her it would be a pleasant change for you, she would not hear of it. She said it would be no holiday for you to be shut up in a sick room, attending to the caprices of a sick person. I accompanied her to Bognor, but could only remain a few days with her, for my husband could not leave town, and I could not leave him alone. Summers stayed with her. About a fortnight ago her father said he was afraid of the cold, and wanted her home before the winter set in."

Here Mrs. Rosas paused, and caught her breath, and went on in a different voice.

"There has been a great pressure lately in the commercial world, Susan, and we have been great sufferers. We have made great sacrifices. All my private property, all my jewels, have been given up. I have only kept a few diamonds and my marriage settlement. In case of the worst, Lina will not starve. Early in the year Mr. Rosas was absolutely driven to the wall, and could not have met

his engagements, but for the timely aid of Mr. Norbrecht. His assistance was given on the express stipulation that if we could not retrieve our lost fortunes, he should consider that sum his wedding present to Lina."

Mrs. Rosas always spoke now in the plural number, "We," as if, poor woman, she had been an accomplice with her husband in the sacrifice of his daughter, when I knew that if her own life-blood could have saved her, it would have been freely poured out.

"Fortune has been against us," she continued; "and loss has followed loss. I do not mind telling you, Susan, that we see nothing before us but ruin. When Lina returned we tried to interest her in Mr. Norbrecht. He is not attractive, I know," said the poor woman, with a pathetic attempt at deceiving her listener and herself, "but he is a man of great probity in business and generous to a fault; but Lina never seemed to understand him or us. One morning, about ten days ago, we were sitting quietly together, reading the morning papers after breakfast. I must tell you Lina had taken to reading the newspapers latterly, quite a new thing for her, but she had done so for the last few months; when she suddenly threw down the paper, fell from her chair in a dead faint, and when her senses returned, sobbed and screamed, screamed and sobbed, for hours, till I thought she would have died, and I with her. What was this dreadful sorrow? What affliction had befallen my child? I could not find out what was the matter with her; but that day she could not leave her room. Her father was not anxious about it. 'Womanish hysterics,' he said; 'she will be better when she is married.' I was bewildered. The next day she came down as usual, but looked like a ghost. Three days afterwards her father told her that Mr. Norbrecht had proposed and been accepted by us. He told her the fatal bond which bound us to him; had he not done so, it might have been better. As it was—as it was—" Again Mrs. Rosas gasped for breath. "Lina did not say a word, but listened to him. I saw the veins in her forehead tighten, and the pulses in her throat throb, as she turned white and then red, and looked round and round, as if for escape. At last she gave a kind of groan and left the room. I wanted to go after her, but my husband would not permit it. 'She will come to her senses by herself,' he said. 'Wait two or three hours, and then you shall go to her. She will be reasonable then.' I waited: at the end of the time I went up-stairs. The house was as silent as a tomb. I went to her room. It was empty. I called. No one answered me.

I went to my own room. She was not there. I went up-stairs and searched for Summers; she was gone too. From that day to this—it is now a week—I have seen neither of them. I was told that Lina had rung her bell for Summers directly she had gone to her own room that morning, and that, after some minutes, Summers went up-stairs, put on her bonnet, and that then they both went out. Lina often went out shopping with Summers, and therefore no one had particularly noticed it. The housemaid, who had met Summers going to fetch her bonnet, said she was as pale as ashes, but she fancied she might not be well. She also had seemed very poorly since her return from the country. Lina had taken all her money, but none of her clothes or trinkets except the brooch you gave her. Had she gone alone I must have been dead by this time; but I cling to the idea that as Summers is with her she is, somehow, safe."

The poor mother wrung her hands.

"And her father?" I asked.

"My husband has been like a madman!" and, at the bare thought, Mrs. Rosas trembled like a leaf. "Sometimes he thinks it is my fault. I know Mr. Norbrecht thinks we are both to blame, while I——"

She rocked herself to and fro, and could not utter all her fears.

"Have you written to Oakthorpe?"

"Yes; but Mrs. Balfour was not there. I have written to Bognor, but she has not been heard of at the house we occupied. My husband will not make any inquiries that are likely to make the thing public. He will not be ashamed by her, he says."

"And Mr. Norbrecht?"

"He swears that if Lina is not his wife by the 1st of January, Mr. Rosas must refund his debt, or——"

"What?"

"I scarcely know what it is, but it seems we are in his power, and he may convict us as criminal—God knows how!—as fraudulent bankrupts."

The poor woman looked so hopelessly confused and agitated, that I would ask no more questions. I told her that if I heard from Lina I would come to her at once, but I feared Lina would not write to me.

I would not stop to dine, but hastened home. I was miserable. It was so startling to turn from my sunny dreams about Lina's future to these fearful realities. How could I conjecture what had become of her? I, whose world was circumscribed by schooldays and holidays, who knew nothing of love or crime, but what two or three chivalric novels of Walter Scott could teach.

(To be continued.)

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XVI.



LN the household of Green Oake sleep reigned supreme. The owner of the wonderful umbrella chronicled in fairy lore made his way from chamber to chamber and held it over the head of each sleeper in turn, and to each sleeper came dreams in consequence.

Mr. Withers went back to early days and the multiplication table. He multiplied five by ten, and then proved the sum to himself by arranging golden sovereigns in separate heaps and counting them carefully over. And as he counted them they melted all at once into a lump, and the lump changed into a long thread that shot far away like a slender serpent, and he followed its windings till he found himself up in the north at the bar of "The Sailor and Mermaid," and there in his dreams he rested.

Mr. Carmichael was by no means so comfortable whilst the umbrella overshadowed him. He started and was uneasy, for in the distance he saw James Withers and Mr. Chester walking arm in arm, and Mr. Lynn rapidly overtaking them. He gave a plunge, and knocking the enchanted umbrella off the bed, awoke in the darkness.

Then the umbrella owner vanished, and lo! Doris was sobbing in her sleep over the Lynn children, who lay bruised and wounded at her feet, whilst an angel stood sorrowfully gazing at her, saying in the low, sweet tone she well remembered, "How could you harm them?" And then her dream was over, and Joyce's began, but it was so confused that she could make nothing of it. There were plenty of pictures painted on the umbrella, but something had blurred them and she could make out nothing clearly, so knew not whether they would serve to illustrate her story or not. The only one that stood out at all distinctly was one of Doris and Mr. Chester working at a large painting together. And as she watched, a beautiful landscape seemed to grow beneath their fingers, with majestic forest trees in the foreground, whilst across the blue lake the sun, descending in golden glory behind the distant hills, threw a pathway of light. And it seemed a vision to her of the life before those two, and she knew that *this* was an

illustration of the tale she was weaving. No wonder she could see nothing else; what did aught else matter to her?

The umbrella opened no future to Mr. Chester, it only showed him the past, and he was once again receiving the packet from Mrs. Carmichael, who, with tears in her eyes, besought him to take care of Doris if ever she needed it. And somehow Mrs. Carmichael changed into Joyce Dormer, though why Joyce Dormer should give him a packet he could not make out, and he became bewildered, and a great wheel went spinning round, showing a fresh face at every revolution: first it was Mr. Carmichael, then Mr. Withers, and then Joyce Dormer; and they all seemed trying to say something to him; only the wheel went round so fast that they had not time to speak, but he knew that what they wished to say had some connection with Joyce Dormer's story, of which he never could be the hero; so after all what had he to do with it?

And thus the night wore on and morning came, and the sleepers awoke, and rubbing their eyes, wondered whether they could have been dreaming, since everything had seemed so real.

Mr. Carmichael soon convinced himself of the fact that it was an impossibility for Mr. Withers, Mr. Chester, and Mr. Lynn to have been together during the night, and he resolved, if he could by any means prevent it, that they should not meet during the day. And he shook off the visions of the night and subsided into a calmer state of mind.

Mr. Withers assured himself of the untransmuted state of the precious metal and the correctness of his little calculation, by opening the pocket-book that had been filled at Win-stowe the day before.

But the others, not having anything especial to realize, could not wholly divest themselves of the phases of feeling through which they had passed; and so they descended to the breakfast room half-shadowed still by the marvellous umbrella that had been so effective during the night-time.

Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Withers had been very early that morning, and had almost finished breakfast before the rest of the party appeared.

"My last morning," said Mr. Withers, "so I am making the most of it, you see."

The fifty sovereigns in his pocket-book had emboldened him to address Mr. Chester, although he did not feel quite at ease with him.

"Are you travelling far to-day?" inquired Mr. Chester.

"As far as I can go; I'm northward bound. You're on the wing, too, I hear?"

"Yes, but my path is southward."

"Over the seas, I suppose?"

"Not exactly, I'm only going to cross the Channel."

"Oh, ah! I see, going among the Frenchmen and the foreigners."

Why Mr. Withers separated Frenchmen from foreigners perhaps even Mr. Withers himself could not have explained. But having done so, he paused, and then another thought striking him, he added,

"Southward with me means far enough away, over the seas to where Hugh and I spent many a day in the best years of our lives."

Aunt Lotty was horror-stricken. Mr. Withers had actually spoken of Mr. Carmichael as Hugh, in Mr. Chester's presence. What must Mr. Chester think of his being familiar with such a person?

Mr. Carmichael waxed uncomfortable also; but his feelings had no connection with those of Aunt Lotty.

And Mr. Chester, still under the shadow of the umbrella, saw the wheel going round with only Mr. Withers' face presenting itself, and he had a vague idea that Mr. Withers was going to reveal what there had not been time to tell him in the dream. Wherefore he asked,—

"And where was that?"

"In Australia, to be sure," responded Mr. Withers, wholly unconscious of the stern glance Mr. Carmichael was directing towards him, and utterly unaware of a large slice of ham to which Mr. Carmichael was endeavouring to call his attention.

"Oh, thank you, yes, what?" said Mr. Withers, suddenly becoming alive to both facts. Then holding out his plate he received the ham in silence, and became absorbed in consuming it.

Mr. Chester pursued his questioning.

"Is it long since you were in Australia, Mr. Withers?"

But Mr. Carmichael gave him no time to reply. Assuming a careless tone, he answered for him,

"About five and twenty years, Withers, is it not?" and he looked fixedly at Mr. Withers.

"Five and twenty?—yes," assented Mr. Withers; "I think it must be about that."

"That was before your Australian days,

Doris," said Mr. Chester, dreamily, helping himself to a piece of dry toast.

Mr. Withers put down his knife and fork and stared earnestly at Doris. He looked thoroughly perplexed.

"He evidently knows nothing about the fortune," thought Mr. Chester, and he went on with his toast.

Doris had caught Mr. Withers' look of perplexity.

"I was only in Australia a few months, Mr. Withers; I was quite a baby when I left, and so I don't remember anything at all about it."

But this explanation, instead of diminishing Mr. Withers' perplexity, served only to increase it.

"I did not know that Charles——" he began, looking at Mr. Carmichael.

But Mr. Carmichael interrupted him.

"Oh, I thought I had told you about that, Withers. Well, never mind it now, some other time."

Mr. Withers, thinking that silence and the fifty pounds in his pocket had possibly some connection (for how else could he interpret the significant nod that Mr. Carmichael bestowed upon him), made no reply. And Joyce felt satisfied that Mr. Carmichael had made no slip on the previous evening, and that Charles was the brother referred to.

Breakfast went on without further allusion to Australia, and Mr. Withers set to work and made a fresh meal as heartily as though he had eaten nothing before.

There were two things that gave Aunt Lotty great comfort; first, that Mr. Withers was going away at twelve o'clock, and therefore he had not very much longer to stay; secondly, that Mr. Chester had put off his departure until the following day; for Mr. Chester brought sunlight to poor Aunt Lotty, and she would like to bask in a little more warmth ere the winter set in.

She placidly watched him and Doris, and settled in her own mind what a charming couple they would make, and what a pleasant thing it would be to have a wedding at Green Oake. There would be so much to do that she should have to give up her knitting for she could not tell how long, and so the knitting would last on indefinitely. Joyce would be one bridesmaid; but where to get others she did not know. Doris had no friends, but perhaps Mr. Chester might have a sister or a cousin, or some one he might like to ask; but then two bridesmaids were not enough in these days. She wished it could be as it was at her own marriage, when one was considered sufficient. And Doris's dress! If Doris came into this fortune she ought to have a very

handsome one, perhaps white satin. But still she could not fancy Doris in white satin. And so she went rambling on, and she saw more pleasant pictures in her day-dreams than any of those who were still to a certain extent under the influence of the magic umbrella, had seen in the night.

Man may plan, but man can't always execute, and so Mr. Carmichael found it. He had triumphed at the breakfast-table, and prevented the communication between Mr. Chester and James Withers that had so much troubled him in his dreams. But he could not go on for ever with Fortune always on his side. Fortune, being a fickle dame, can never be reckoned upon even by her favourites. And Mr. Carmichael had enjoyed her patronage longer perhaps than he deserved.

Fortune in Mr. James Withers' estimation was at the present time veering round in his direction. His chancing to pass through Craythorpe, and there by accident hearing of his old friend, had turned out so very much to his advantage.

He could not help wondering, however, what had put it into Hugh's head to give him fifty pounds, for Hugh used to be pretty close with his money; "but it was a friendly thing to do, when he saw I wanted it, and I'm bound to him in consequence," soliloquised Mr. Withers, who had strayed from the garden into the road, and straying down the road, smoked his cigar and felt at peace with himself and the world in general.

So completely engrossed was he with his pleasurable cogitations that he did not notice that someone was coming behind him, nor that some one was on a line with him, nor that someone had passed him, and had half-turned round, and then had quite turned round, and was standing looking at him.

The church-clock chimed the three quarters—a quarter to twelve; he must be returning. His eyes had been bent on the ground, but he now raised them and saw a gentleman in mourning steadfastly regarding him. He saw more, he saw a face he had known over twenty years ago. It was a boyish face then, but the twenty odd years had only given it manliness, without interfering much with its boyish beauty, so that he easily recognised it at once.

And the face gazing so earnestly on the battered worn face of James Withers recognised therein the features of an old acquaintance who was decidedly the worse for wear, yet still to be identified.

"Withers!" exclaimed Mr. Lynn; "is it possible?"

"Jack!" returned Mr. Withers, taking the offered hand, and forgetting Mr. Carmichael's

enmity to the man before him, "we three never expected to meet in this way."

"Three?" said Mr. Lynn, interrogatively.

"Three," repeated Mr. James Withers; "me, you, and Hugh Carmichael."

"I don't know Mr. Carmichael," said Mr. Lynn, coldly.

And suddenly in the breast of James Withers rose the desire to become a mediator, not from any benevolent ideas on his part, but from purely selfish intentions. If he could be friendly at both Lynn Court and Green Oake, it would be very desirable. He saw it at once—he had lived too long a hand-to-mouth life to be insensible of opportunities, or to neglect making the most of them.

Fortune had put the cue into his hand, and it was for him to make the best game he could.

"No, you *don't*," returned Mr. Withers: "he's an altered man, he's been kind to me, and he's good to those nieces of his that haven't a penny."

"I'm glad to hear it," replied Mr. Lynn, stiffly; "but I heard Miss Carmichael was an heiress."

"I don't believe it; it's some tale or other. She's poor Charley's daughter, it seems, and he'd never anything to leave, I'm certain."

"Charles was the best, by far. Poor Charles."

"And came to the worst end. He died of drinking, Hugh says, more than eighteen years ago."

"And Miss Carmichael is poor Charles's daughter. I should like to see her sometimes for the sake of old days," said Mr. Lynn.

"She's a pretty girl enough, too," said Mr. Withers, meditatively; "but she does not feature any of the family. I wonder who her mother was?"

"I have no communications with Green Oake," said Mr. Lynn. "But if you will take a message for me I shall be greatly obliged. Will you tell her that my little boys often ask for her, and want to see her?"

"It's a pity you and Hugh don't make it up," said Mr. Withers.

A deep flush came over Mr. Lynn's face.

"You do not understand, Withers," said he. "We may forgive, but there are some things in the past that can never be forgotten."

"I believe," pondered Mr. Withers, "that Jack's about as implacable as Hugh." Then he said aloud, "Well, of course you know your own business best; but to me it seems that when old acquaintances meet there's nothing like being jolly."

As Mr. Withers gave utterance to this sentiment, a third person appeared on the scene,

this third person having emerged from the garden, and having come in search of Mr. Withers.

And found him!

Yes, found him. And Mr. Carmichael stood petrified with rage and dismay, for the shadowy fear of the night-season was a reality. James Withers and Mr. Gresford Lynn had met!

He turned back, and sent a boy, who was working in the garden, to go and tell Mr. Withers that the dog-cart was waiting, and that Mr. Carmichael was ready to drive him to the station.

Then Mr. Withers awoke to a sense of his delinquency; for had he not been conversing amicably with his friend's enemy for full ten minutes by the church clock?

"But he's no enemy of mine, and I can't see that I've done any harm."

And as Mr. Carmichael in the course of the drive, after a sharp cross-questioning, also decided that no harm had been done, he parted with Mr. Withers in an amicable manner.

He came, however, to two conclusions on his way home. First, that he had thrown away fifty pounds; secondly, that he would not mind if the girls were now and then to take some notice of the Lynn children.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. CARMICHAEL, on returning from the duty of speeding his parting guest, was in a much better frame of mind than he had been at breakfast-time.

Matters had certainly not taken the course he had intended; still, on the whole, he was not dissatisfied; indeed he was by no means sure but that everything had happened for the best, and that the interview with Mr. Lynn had been a gain instead of an injury.

So Mr. Carmichael arrived at home in a better temper than he had set out in, and Aunt Lotty, nervously taking a glance at him, felt assured that the storm which she had seen gathering in the morning had passed away.

"Did you see Mr. Withers off?" she asked.

It was a bold effort on the part of Aunt Lotty, who was not in the habit of asking for information. But Mr. Carmichael being, on this morning, disposed to be gracious, replied in a tolerably polite affirmative.

And Aunt Lotty looked pleased and was very near making another remark; but not feeling sure that a second effort might meet with the same success, she wisely remained silent, quietly smiling to herself, investing her ideal picture of Mr. Carmichael with another coat of varnish, and giving an extra polish to the frame.

Then Mr. Carmichael's eye fell upon Joyce, who was sitting with her aunt.

"When does Mr. Chester leave England, Joyce?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"How long will he be away?"

"All winter, until quite summer, I think."

"So much the better." Then, looking round the room, he asked,

"Where's Doris?"

"In the drawing-room. Mr. Chester is there."

"And why are you not there?"

"Mr. Chester was talking to her about her mother, and I—I thought I might be in the way."

Mr. Carmichael uttered an impatient exclamation. "I wonder you have not more sense, Joyce, after what I said to you. You will please to return to the drawing-room. How long is it since you left?"

"About half-an-hour."

Mr. Carmichael looked livid with anger; still he merely said, in a slow suppressed voice, "Go back at once;" and he left the room.

"I don't like to go back," said she, rising slowly.

Aunt Lotty looked puzzled.

"No, dear; but still Mr. Carmichael thinks you ought. It seems a pity, they must have so much to say. I can't see why Mr. Carmichael should object to their being together. It's the most natural thing in the world that they should like one another, and very desirable too, for Mr. Chester has more than enough to live upon, and I don't see that there's any fault to find with him. Do you?"

"No."

"I had planned it all so nicely, dear, and you were to be bridesmaid; and I thought how pleasant it would be to have a wedding at Green Oake. How we should all enjoy it!"

The girl made no answer; she felt her heart quivering, but she knew that Aunt Lotty had no idea of the secret that was nestling there. Oh! if there were no secret, how much happier she should be. She must turn it out; why had it crept in like a cruel serpent to mar her quiet life?

Poor Joyce! she had never seen a hero before, and so had magnified this one accordingly, and had bestowed an amount of hero-worship upon him that was growing into something deeper, do what she would to prevent it.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," quoted Aunt Lotty. She was not given to quotations, but this one every one knows, and it had been a favourite with her in bygone days: indeed at the time of her own

engagement it had been almost a stumbling-block, since her own love experiences ran in so exceedingly smooth and untroubled a stream that she was inclined at times to doubt whether it could be the "true love" that it ought to be.

"It never did," repeated Aunt Lotty, "at least not often," she added, in correction, as though excusing something to herself.

"No," responded Joyce.

"Ah, dear, I see you're just as sorry about it as I am; still we must not go against Mr. Carmichael; he knows so much better than we do. So I think you had better go now, Joyce."

"Yes," said Joyce, and she moved slowly away. She walked equally slowly across the hall, and placed her hand on the handle of the door. She opened it.

Mr. Chester was putting his sketches into his portfolio, whilst seated in an arm-chair near him was Doris, busily engaged in severing a long brown lock from her head.

"You're just in time," said she, as Joyce entered; "I was going to send Gabriel for you. I'm going to give him a charm to keep him safe whilst he is away: I want a piece of your hair to plait with mine; so sit down and let me cut it off. Gabriel ought to be very proud of it."

But Joyce put her hands away.

"No, Doris; your own is sufficient."

"Nonsense!" replied Doris, "I must have yours as well. Gabriel, do ask Joyce to give it to you; the knot won't be perfect without."

"I should not dare to ask Miss Dormer so great a favour," said Mr. Chester, without looking at Joyce.

"He must say something," thought she; "and perhaps he's said the best he can under the circumstances. He does not want it."

But she did not speak.

Doris looked disappointed.

"Don't you wish well to Gabriel? Remember it's a long journey."

Did she not wish him well? She was glad Doris was blind, and Mr. Chester, too: so she tried to turn the matter off jestingly.

"How long have you believed in talismans, Doris? The dark ages must be coming back again if a twist of plaited hair will avail against the dangers of land and sea."

"I have my own little superstitions, Joyce; I don't disbelieve in everything that is not quite prosaic and matter-of-fact. And I do believe we should all be the better for a little touch of romance to soften our hard calculating hearts. I don't mind a little credulity now and then, it shows one that there is still some faith in the world—an unquestioning faith that has a touch of the beautiful in

it, though people may be called fools for possessing it."

"What a grandiloquent speech, Doris," said Mr. Chester; "and not quite to the point either."

"I was not thinking of points, and I don't care about them; one thing sends one's thoughts straying off into another, and—— But I must return to my point, I see. I don't suppose that the knot of hair will act as a life-preserver, but I do think that every time Gabriel looks at it, it will lighten his heart to think that there are two people caring for his safety."

"I am sure," said Joyce, raising her eyes at last to Mr. Chester's, "that I sincerely hope you will meet with no dangers on your journey;" and she met his eyes looking doubtfully at her.

He did not believe her.

Doris shook her head.

"I don't like set speeches, Joyce; and I can't think why you persist in shutting Gabriel out of your story."

"Perhaps whilst I am away I may meet with some danger, or do something heroic enough to entitle me to a place in it." And again Mr. Chester looked at Joyce.

"Yes, but you ought to be in it now; and I think if Joyce would let me plait her hair with mine for you, that it would in some way make her take an interest in you. It's a sort of superstition I have, Joyce; I must have my own way with people I like. There are so few in the world for me to care about, or to care for me, that I must have all those I love love one another. I shall look upon you as Gabriel's enemy and mine, if you refuse to grant my request."

Mr. Chester's enemy!—The idea was not pleasant; still, perhaps, it was better that it should be so.

"And my enemy, too," repeated Doris.

"Oh no; not your enemy, Doris."

"But mine, am I to understand, Miss Dormer?" asked Mr. Chester, laughing, yet there was a grave look in his eyes.

Joyce felt her face growing crimson; but she looked up steadily, and answered,

"No, Mr. Chester; not your enemy."

"But unless you give part of the talisman, he will have no proof of it."

"I think Mr. Chester will believe me without that."

"Better with," said Mr. Chester, softly.

Joyce half started. Ah, no! It is for Doris's sake. He cannot bear to see her vexed. And then she raised her eyes once more.

Mr. Chester's doubting look was gone, and he gazed kindly at her.

Could she refuse ?

Had he not in a manner asked for it ?

"There!" exclaimed Doris, triumphantly. "I knew if Gabriel would only ask himself you could not say no. Dear old Gabriel always has his own way."

And again Joyce felt how foolish she was; but she had not said "Yes" yet. She would show she was not to be persuaded; she would have some strength, and she would still say "No."

Alas! it was too late, for Doris had dexterously unloosed the long fair locks, and had severed one tress from its companions, which she now held up in triumph.

"And now I may weave and weave, and as I weave I shall sing a magic song; but no one will know what it is but myself, or the charm would be broken."

But Mr. Chester, quietly stepping to Doris, took the shining lock from her hand, and laid it before Joyce.

"I cannot accept stolen property, Miss Dormer. The lock must be fairly given."

What was Joyce to do? Why had Doris brought her into so uncomfortable a position? Had she obeyed her impulse, she would have seized the severed lock, and have thrown it into the blazing fire. But she remembered how she had allowed her feeling to manifest itself on the occasion of the sketching attempt, and she determined to act less hastily this time. She saw that Doris looked really annoyed, and she felt vexed with herself at bringing about anything approaching a scene. With some effort, therefore, she took up the piece of hair, and turning to Doris, said,

"We will not quarrel over it, Doris. I give you my contribution towards the talisman."

But Mr. Chester still was not satisfied.

"Pardon me; it is not quite right yet. You must give it freely, or it will be of no avail."

"I have given it freely," said Joyce. "I give it freely to Doris for you."

Mr. Chester did not look as if he were quite satisfied even with that, though he answered, "I suppose I must be content, Miss Dormer."

And Doris wove the dark and the light tress into a complicated braid.

(To be continued.)

THE FOOTMEN'S GALLERY.

OF old the proprietors of theatres acted towards their patrons upon the principle of "first come first served." If you desired a good place at the play-house it was indispensably necessary to go early and to be in time: to secure your seat by bodily occupation of it.

Box-offices, at which places might be engaged a fortnight in advance of the performance, were as yet unknown. The only way, therefore, by which people of quality and fashion could obtain seats without the trouble of attending at the opening of the doors for that purpose, was by sending on their servants beforehand to occupy places until such time as it should be convenient for the masters and mistresses to present themselves at the theatre. When Garrick took his benefit at Drury Lane in 1744, the play—"Hamlet"—was to begin at six o'clock, and in the bills of the day ladies were requested to send their servants by three o'clock. It was further announced that by particular desire five rows of the pit would be railed into boxes, and that servants would be permitted to keep places on the stage, which, for the better accommodation of the ladies, would be railed into boxes.

The custom of sending servants early to the theatre to secure seats in this way, was, no doubt, a very old one; and, of course, at the conclusion of the entertainment they were compelled to be again in attendance with the carriages and chairs of their employers. Meanwhile, they assembled in the lobbies and precincts of the play-house in great numbers, and considerable noise and confusion thus ensued. In one of his epilogues, Dryden makes mention of the nuisance occasioned by the noisy crowds of servants disturbing the performance:—

Then for your lacqueys and your train beside,
By whate'er name or title dignified,
They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs,
Tom Dove and all the brotherhood of bears:
They've grown a nuisance beyond all disasters,
We've none so great but their unpaying masters.
We beg you, sirs, to beg your men that they
Would please to give us leave to hear the play.

"Tom Dove," it may be noted, was a "bear-ward," or proprietor of bears, of some fame; his name is frequently mentioned in the light literature of the period.

At this time the servants were admitted *gratis* to the upper gallery of the theatre on the conclusion of the fourth act of the play of the evening. In 1697, however, Rich, the manager of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, placed his gallery at their disposal, without charge, during the whole of the evening. Cibber speaks of this proceeding on the part of Rich as the lowest expedient to ingratiate his company in public favour. Alarmed by the preference evinced by the town for the rival theatre in Drury Lane, Rich conceived that this new privilege would incline the servants to give his house "a good word in the respective families they belonged to," and, further, that it would greatly increase the ap-

plause awarded to his performances. In this respect his plan seems to have succeeded very well. Cibber relates that "it often thundered from the full gallery above, while the thin pit and boxes below were in the utmost serenity." He proceeds to add, however, that the privilege, which from custom ripened into right, became the most disgraceful nuisance that ever depreciated the theatre. "How often," he exclaims, "have the most polite audiences in the most affecting scenes of the best plays been disturbed and insulted by the noise and clamour of these savage spectators!"

The example set by Rich seems to have been soon followed by other managers. For many years the right of the footmen to occupy the upper gallery without payment was unchallenged. In 1737, however, Mr. Fleetwood, manager of Drury Lane Theatre, announced his determination to put an end to a privilege which it was generally felt had grown into a serious nuisance. A threatening letter was sent to him, which he answered by offering a reward of fifty guineas for the discovery of its author or authors. The letter is given in full in Malcolm's "Anecdotes of London" (1810):

"SIR,—We are willing to admonish you before we attempt our design; and, provided you will use us civil and admit us into your gallery, which is our property according to Formalities; and if you think proper to come to a composition this way, you'll hear no further; and if not, our intention is to join a body *incognito*, and reduce the play-house to the ground.—We are, INDEMNIFIED."

A riot of an alarming nature followed. The footmen, denied admission to their own gallery, as they regarded it, assembled in a body of three hundred, and, armed with offensive weapons, broke into the theatre, and, taking forcible possession of the stage, wounded some twenty-five persons who had opposed their entrance. Great confusion prevailed. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family were in the theatre at the time. Colonel Deveil, justice of the peace, who was also present, after attempting in vain to read the Riot Act ("he might as well have read Cæsar's 'Commentaries,'" observed a facetious critic,) caused some of the ringleaders to be arrested, and thirty of them were sent to Newgate. While in prison, they were supported by the subscriptions of their sympathising brethren. Meanwhile, anonymous letters were thrown down the areas of people of fashion, denouncing vengeance against all who attempted to deprive the footmen of their liberty and property. A further attack upon the theatre was expected. For several

nights a detachment of fifty soldiers protected the building and its approaches; but the public peace was not further disturbed. The footmen were compelled to acknowledge themselves defeated. They were admitted *gratis* to the upper gallery no more.

Arnot's "History of Edinburgh" (1789) contains an account of a servants' riot in the theatre of that city on the occasion of the second performance of the Rev. Mr. Townley's farce of "High Life Below Stairs," originally played at Drury Lane in 1759. The footmen, highly offended at the representation of a farce reflecting on their fraternity, resolved to prevent its repetition. In Edinburgh the footmen's gallery still existed. "That servants might not be kept waiting in the cold, nor induced to tittle in the adjacent ale-houses while they waited for their masters, the humanity of the gentry had provided that the upper gallery should afford *gratis* admission to the servants of such persons as were attending the theatre." On the second night of the performance of the farce, Mr. Love, one of the managers of the theatre, came upon the stage, and read a letter he had received, containing the most violent threatenings both against the actors and the house in case "High Life Below Stairs" should be represented, and declaring "that above seventy people had agreed to sacrifice fame, honour, and profit to prevent it." In spite of this menace, however, the managers ordered that the performance should proceed. Immediately a storm of disapprobation arose in the footmen's gallery. The noise continued, notwithstanding the urgent orders addressed to the servants to be quiet. Many of the gentlemen recognised among this unruly crew their individual servants. When these would not submit to authority, their masters, assisted by others in the house, went up to the gallery; but it was not until after a battle, in which the servants were fairly overpowered and thrust out of the house, that quietness was restored.

After this disturbance, the servants were not only deprived of the freedom of the play-house, but the custom of giving them "vails," which had theretofore universally prevailed in Scotland, was abolished. "Nothing," writes Mr. Arnot, "can tend more to make servants rapacious, insolent, and ungrateful, than allowing them to display their address in extracting money from the visitors of their lord." After the riot in the footmen's gallery, the gentlemen of the county of Aberdeen resolved neither to give, nor to allow their servants to receive, any money from their visitors under the name of drink-money, card-money, &c., and instead, augmented their wages. This example was "followed by the gentlemen

of the county of Edinburgh, by the Faculty of Advocates, and other respectable public bodies; and the practice was utterly exploded over all Scotland."

It was not only while they occupied the gallery, however, that the footmen contrived to give offence to the audience. Their conduct, while they kept places for their employers in the better portions of the house, appears to have been equally objectionable. In the *Weekly Register* for March 25th, 1732, it is remarked: "The theatre should be esteemed the centre of politeness and good manners, yet numbers of them [the footmen] every evening are lolling over the boxes, while they keep places for their masters, with their hats on; play over their airs, take snuff, laugh aloud, adjust their cocks'-combs, or hold dialogues with their brethren from one side of the house to the other." The fault was not wholly with the footmen, however: their masters and mistresses were in duty bound to come earlier to the theatre and take possession of the places retained for them. But it was the fashion to be late: to enter the theatre noisily, when the play was half over, and even then to pay little attention to the players. In Fielding's farce of "*Miss Lucy in Town*," produced in 1742, when the country-bred wife inquires of *Mrs. Tawdry* concerning the behaviour of the London fine ladies at the play-houses, she is answered; "Why, if they can they take a stage-box, where they let the footman sit the two first acts to show his livery; then they come in to show themselves: spread their fans upon the spikes, make curtsies to their acquaintance, and then talk and laugh as loud as they are able." Further, as to the manners and customs of theatrical audiences of the period, we may read in the *London Evening Post* of December, 1738. The editor, under the character of Miss Townley, writes: "I am a young woman of fashion, who love plays, and should be glad to frequent them as an agreeable and instructive entertainment, but am debarred that diversion by my relations upon account of a sort of people who now fill, or rather infest, the boxes. I went the other night to the play with an aunt of mine, a well-bred woman of the last age, though a little formal. When we sat down in the front boxes, we found ourselves surrounded by a parcel of the strangest fellows that ever I saw in my life. Some of them had those loose kind of great-coats on which I have heard called *wrap-rascals*, with gold-laced hats, slouched in humble imitation of *stage-coachmen*. Others aspired to being *grooms*, and had dirty boots and spurs, with black caps on, and long whips in their hands. A third sort wore scanty frocks, with little shabby hats put

on one side, and clubs in their hands. My aunt whispered to me that she never saw such a set of slovenly, unmannerly footmen sent to keep places in her life: when, to her great surprise, she saw those fellows at the end of the act pay the box-keeper for their places." Fashion's ordinances are very strange and unaccountable. It was at one time the mode to be ruffianly in manners and attire. As to the carrying of cudgels, we read in the *Universal Spectator* (1730): "The wearing of swords at the Court-end of the town is by many polite young gentlemen laid aside: and instead thereof they carry large oak sticks, with great heads, and ugly faces carved thereon." The fashion, it is evident, endured some years.

DUTTON COOK.

MY SCHOOLFELLOWS, BY ISA BLAGDEN.

PART II.

A FORTNIGHT or three weeks passed away, and with this heavy anxiety at my heart I do not think my studies were very successful, but I was getting almost too old for the ordinary routine of school avocations, so that it was of less consequence.

One morning, as I sat listlessly turning over the leaves of my French history, a note was brought to me. My heart gave a leap. I tore it open. I recognised Lina's hand. It ran thus:—

"My dearest Susan,—Come to me. I have sent Summers for you. Ask Madame to let you come for two or three days,—Yours affectionately, Lina."

That was all, and yet the characters danced before my eyes, and a choking fear was at my heart. Those three words, "Come to me," seemed fraught with a piercing entreaty. Lina's words were at all times so few that the simplest appeal from her bore a significance which was irresistible. I jumped up and ran to Madame's room, and handed her the note.

"May I go?"

"Certainly. Summers is gone to fetch a cab; you need not return till Monday next for your music-lesson?"

Did Madame guess how passionately I was wanted?

I ran up to dress and put together a few clothes, but I made such haste that I was quite ready by the time the cab arrived. I jumped in before Summers had time to get out, and we were off.

"Oh, tell me, Summers," I said, and I caught her hand and put back her veil. The poor woman's eyes were swollen with crying.

"No, no, Miss Susan, I can't—do not ask me, I cannot speak about it. My poor child!" for so the faithful woman always designated her nursling.

Like all young people, I jumped to conclusions more rapidly than reasonably, and had taken it for granted that Lina was at home again. I did not hear the address given to the cabman, and my surprise was therefore great when the drive extended itself long past any known parts of the town to a suburb at the north of London.

Summers got out at a small house in a very modest-looking crescent, paid the cabman, and holding my parcel in her hand, took a latch-key out of her pocket and let herself in.

"Will you wait a moment, miss?" she said, as after we had gone upstairs she waited a moment at the drawing-room door.

"Yes," I whispered. All this preparation had frightened me, and I trembled from head to foot. After a few minutes, which seemed ages, Summers beckoned me in.

I passed through a small drawing-room into a smaller bed-room beyond. On the bed, looking as white as death, drooping as a broken lily, was Lina. She put up her arms as I approached, and, impelled by what feeling I know not, I fell on my knees beside the bed. A sense of reverence, such as is inspired by some great bereavement or terrible calamity, overpowered me.

"Dear Susan," said Lina's gentle voice, "tell me about mamma, I have not seen her for more than a month."

I told her what I knew, and the tears dropped slowly down Lina's cheeks.

"But tell me, dear——"

"I wrote to mamma in case I died: there is the letter, will you read it? And then do not speak about it, it is best not."

"Please, ma'am," said Summers, "you must be quiet now, I will give Miss Susan something to eat while you rest."

Lina bent down her dear little face and kissed me. I left her with the letter in my hand. After the lapse of so many years my eyes fill when I remember the few simple words in which poor Lina told her story.

As concisely as the events could well be narrated, I read how she had met at Oakthorpe a certain Mr. Melville, a half-brother of Mrs. Balfour's; Mrs. Balfour was Lina's relative, and the mistress of Oakthorpe. Mr. Melville was in bad health: he had been obliged to give up his profession, the navy, in consequence. The contrast between the bold adventurous life he had formerly led (he had twice joined an Arctic expedition), and this forced retirement from active life, was a most

painful trial to him, and he suffered acutely. Lina became interested in him; he fell in love with her; he was averse, however, to confessing it. When, however, she was sent for by her mother, he betrayed himself in his surprise and regret at the sudden parting. He told her at once that he knew it was hopeless, that no parents in their senses would permit their daughter to marry a man without health and without a profession. Lina thought her mother, at least, would not discourage him, but he entreated her not to confide in any one for the present. "There might be a possibility," he said, "in the future, in the event of his health being better, and he would not throw away the chance; meanwhile, he held her free. As she was not engaged to him, it was unnecessary to speak of him." Lina was always reserved, and as she had nothing to tell but that there was a person who loved her hopelessly and ardently, but to whom she had not even affianced herself, the silence he had enjoined fell in with her own shyness on such subjects. Besides this, she felt, without knowing why, there was a great change in her home. She had a presentiment of coming evil, and a conviction of present danger. Her sensitive mouse-like nature took the alarm, and she kept his secret. She returned to finish her visit at Oakthorpe, and found Mr. Melville much worse, and clinging to her and to her presence with intense though despairing love. As a last hope, though a forlorn one, his medical men ordered him to leave England for Madeira. He refused to leave England; he wished to die, he declared, at Oakthorpe, during Lina's visit. He said he could not part from her and know that before he reached Madeira she would be married to some happier man. At last, after his sister and Lina had exhausted every entreaty, he consented to go, but on one condition, Lina must marry him. The marriage might be a secret one: he would part from her at the altar's foot if she pleased, but he should secure her; and if he survived to return, his beloved would await him, his own faithful bride. Mrs. Balfour was romantic, and young, and devotedly attached to her brother; her influence over Lina induced the latter to consent. Mrs. Balfour arranged everything, and she and Summers witnessed the marriage. (Summers, who had been suspicious of Mr. Norbrecht, was, I believe, delighted to snatch his prey from him.) After ten days the young couple separated, Lina went back to London with Summers, and Mr. Melville sailed. They were to correspond through Mrs. Balfour. Lina repented of her share in this imprudence as soon as she met her mother's loving care-worn eyes; but it was too late, her regrets and

her anxieties were the cause of her illness. She entreated Mrs. Balfour to release her from her promise of secrecy, but Mrs. Balfour was resolute in not doing so. The accounts from Mr. Melville were encouraging, and in fluctuations of hope and fear Lina passed the time from June till November. She avoided me, for she felt that my keen girlish eyes would have read a secret in her face. Her mother's were so dimmed by incessant tears, shed over her husband's impending ruin, that she only felt that Lina was changed, without the remotest guess at the cause.

Lina returned to London early in November. In a newspaper she had taken up one morning she read among the deaths, Mr. Melville's. Mrs. Balfour was absent from Oakthorpe at the time, and had not been able to write to prepare her for the shock. This was the explanation of her extraordinary grief. Then followed Mr. Norbrecht's proposal: the time was certainly an ill-chosen one, Lina's heart was well-nigh broken. She felt she must fly, "anywhere, anywhere out of the world," where this fatal talk of bridals and bridegrooms would not mock her sorrow for her lost love. To be placed by her father and mother, in what seemed a crisis of their fate, in a position to save them by the terrible sacrifice of herself, and at the same time to hear the knell of perished happiness echoing in her heart, and giving the lie to all the false vows they wished her to take, was more than she could bear. Summers, who alone knew what had happened, saw that absence was necessary, if her young mistress's life and reason were to be spared. She must have a respite; she must weep her first widowed tears alone, before she could, poor child, even listen to what her parents required of her. Summers had a sister who lived at Islington who could receive them, and she and Lina took refuge there. The agitation brought on a brain fever, and for two or three weeks Lina lay between life and death. She was now recovered, as if from a grave. She wished to return home, but she had not courage to do so till I had seen her mother and told her all.

She had now rested, and I went back to her. She received me with a faint wintry smile.

"You know all now, dear Susan. Will you tell mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"Tell her all, but ask her not to speak to me about it, only to say she forgives me. I could not bear to talk even to her about it yet. I shall get over it in time, and then—and then I will do what she wishes." I saw the drops of perspiration rise to her brow as she

spoke. "I will atone to her for all the anxiety I have given her and papa too."

"Must Mr. Rosas know?"

"If mamma thinks it right he should. I feel I deserve all their reproaches and all their blame, but I have suffered, indeed I have."

I stayed with her all that day. She was just as simple and reserved as ever. Never was heroine of a tragic episode less "sensational," if I may so call it, in her manner; and it was this absence of all even unconscious tendency to *poser* which constituted one of Lina's charms. There was so much more depth than appeared externally in all she said or did. It required the gentlest, delicatest touch to draw forth the emotions of that heart, and therefore it was little known or even suspected that few women had deeper or more passionate feelings than Lina.

The next morning I went to Mrs. Rosas. I told her all. Her ecstasy of gratitude that Lina was found—that she was comparatively safe—was indescribable. She seemed, in truth, to have been called "out of the depths" to life and light. There was no blame, no reproach, only joy.

"Only let her return, my poor Lina!"

"Shall you tell Mr. Rosas?"

She paused, and her face changed.

"Yes, I will tell him," she said, after an effort. "He may bear it better now, for Mr. Norbrecht has left England, and a sudden change in the money market has enabled Mr. Rosas to pay him part of our debt. I will tell him," she said. "I will go at once, and we will both go to Lina, and fetch her home. If all is right, I will wave my handkerchief out of window."

She went. What arguments or what precise explanations she made use of I knew not at the time, but they must have been cogent, and of the kind best understood by her husband, for she conquered him. At first his rage was terrible, and he would have cursed Lina, but she overruled him, so that he consented to accompany her, and, what was more, she succeeded in making him swear that not a word should be uttered to her of reproach or blame. Within the last twelve months Mrs. Rosas had learned the limits of her husband's parental love, and knew how to manage him. I may as well mention here what I only learned afterwards. The mother's diamonds and dowry had purchased the daughter's pardon, as some other valuable jewels—her pearls—had bought the fatal permission to go to Oakthorpe, which had been the indirect cause of all this grief.

I watched them from the dining-room. I saw a cab drive up; a handkerchief fluttered at the window for a moment. When they

came in, Mr. Rosas seemed to think it necessary to feign entire ignorance of what had happened.

"Is dinner ready?" he asked, as he came in.

"Sir! it is only five o'clock," answered



the servant, in a surprised and aggrieved tone.

"Ah! Well, I shall go out for a walk till six. Lina, you had better have some tea. You have had a long journey. How do you do, Susan? What a stranger you have been lately. Well, I'm off. By, by;" and thinking he had effectually stopped all conjectures on the part of the servants, he went out.

As soon as the door closed on him, mother and daughter fell into each other's arms. They could not imitate him, or comply with his love for hollow falsehoods for the sake of keeping up appearances. What mattered aught else? They were together again, after what might have been an eternal parting. Lina sunk through her mother's arms, lower and lower, till she was on her knees.

"Forgive me, dear. I must have been mad to leave you. But it was all so dreadful, and I think from the moment that I read in that paper that my husband was dead, I was not right in my mind."

There was something very touching in the way Lina pronounced the word husband. She was not in mourning. She looked as girlish as ever; but one could see what a terrible blow she had received. Mrs. Rosas looked transfigured. She was always more demonstrative in her feelings than Lina, and she kissed her and cried over her, and cried over her and kissed her, till she was exhausted.

When dinner came, Mr. Rosas appeared. He had a kind of all's-well-that-ends-well expression in his countenance which provoked me, but we all humoured him, and talked of trivial every-day matters; but there was a look about his wife's and daughter's face which was in direct contradiction with the false smoothness of his. They looked as those saved from shipwreck look during the first hour of gratitude and of terror. Everything afterwards seemed to go on as before the first visit to Oakthorpe.

Lina was devoted to her mother, and gently submissive to her father. But she seemed to

have lived her life, and to be now in a mere death-in-life state. Her own individuality was merged in that of her parents. There was another significant change. She sang no more. Her voice was gone!

I passed Christmas with them. It was the first sad one I had ever known. Like the Lady of Shallott, my mirror of careless youth was broken, and life was no longer a faint and shadowy reflection, but a tragical reality. I was brought face to face with a deep sorrow, a terrible fear, a great wrong. Lina, her mother, her father, had each and all suffered acutely. With the affliction and anxiety of the two first I sympathised profoundly. There was, besides, a general sense of insecurity about the household, a feeling that some catastrophe was imminent. Mr. Norbrecht had been paid, but there were creditors on all sides. Mr. Rosas had speculated away his enormous fortune in the most reckless manner. It could only be explained by the supposition that the insanity which developed itself later, was latent even then. I returned to school, and the first break in my long intercourse with Lina was made by a change in my own fate. I was sent for by an aunt, my only surviving relative. I left London for Devonshire. She was ill, and I was detained with her for a year. Three months after I went I received the following letter from Lina:—

"We are going away, dear Susan. Papa is ruined. God bless you. Do not forget me. When I return, if ever, I shall go to you. Papa will not allow me to say where we are going. I love you, dear Susan, and shall love you always."

This was the last letter I received from her, and the last I heard of her for nearly twenty years.

I need not say how often and how sadly during that period I thought of the bright-eyed companion of my early youth. She, who was the envied one amongst us all, and who seemed to us called to such brilliant destinies, had vanished into obscurity; and I, for one, was filled with apprehensions at what might be her fate. But I was wrong throughout. If her youth was not spent in the Arabia Felix I had anticipated for her, neither was her maturity doomed to the Arabia Petrea I had feared.

About twenty years after I had received Lina's letter, I was travelling with some friends in Switzerland, and for the first time came upon a trace of Lina. At a *table d'hôte* I met Mrs. Balfour. We had committed the unpardonable sin, in some English eyes, of speaking without being introduced. On the second day, speaking of the beauty of different countries, she mentioned her own place—Oak-

thorpe. I started as if I had been shot, and in a moment told her who I was, and asked about Lina. She told me she heard occasionally from her. It appears that Mr. Melville had left a will, by which half his property, about 5000*l.*, was left to Lina. Mr. Rosas had left England deeply in debt, and had, therefore, left no clue to his foreign abode. Several years passed before he could be discovered. At last Mrs. Rosas and Lina were found. Mr. Rosas was in a mad-house, and the mother and daughter were earning a laborious livelihood—the mother by embroidery, the daughter by teaching music. Mrs. Balfour told me how nobly Lina had behaved. She would not hear at first of accepting a farthing of her legacy; but when Mrs. Balfour wrote herself to tell her that she must do so, or that the property would revert to the Crown, for there was no other heir to it, Lina wrote, giving orders that it should be all employed in the payment of her father's debts. She said that her mother and herself preferred labouring for their daily bread to living in ease on poor Melville's money. In fact, that episode of her life was so painful to her that she rejected an offer of Mrs. Balfour's to visit her in a way that precluded Mrs. Balfour from repeating it. She wished to forget, she said, for her mother's sake as well as her own. But, during the settlement of these debts, which had spread over a number of years, Mrs. Balfour had heard from time to time of Lina, through the solicitor charged with the liquidation of them. The last she had heard was that Lina was married to a Mr. Saibach, in the neighbourhood of Lucerne. That was enough for me; the next day saw me on my road to Lucerne. Arrived at the hotel, I despatched a note with the vague address of "Madame Saibach, near Lucerne." To my amazement the very next day I received an answer from Lina.

"Come to see me," she said; "I can scarcely believe it possible. Come directly, if you can." A few directions how to find the house, and that was all. Lina Saibach—how I looked at the well-known writing in which was signed the strange name!

I took a carriage and drove some miles out of Lucerne; I was so impatient the time seemed interminable. How different it had all been from our early dreams. At last a white house with two turrets rising up at each side stood before me in the middle of some farm buildings. The carriage drove into a farm-yard, and I was deposited at the door of a rude-looking mansion, half farm, half school. When a Swiss house is not elaborately quaint, it is vulgarly mediocre, and this house was certainly a very ugly one.

As I hastened upstairs, I stopped the servant who had opened the door for me. "How is your mistress? Is her mother with her?"

"Madame is very well for her, she is never very well; but does not the lady know that Madame's mother is dead; she died here five years ago."

I suppose I turned so pale that the woman noticed it.

"Apparement Madame knew that *bonne* Madame Rosas. She came here fifteen years ago with her daughter when she married Monsieur, and was like an angel, so good, so reasonable, so charitable."

I hastened into the little drawing-room. I could not check my tears, for over the fireplace, facing me as I entered, was a portrait of Mrs. Rosas. It was badly painted, but there was a faint shadow of her smile, and of the tenderness of her eyes, and not even the rude painting could obscure these. The next thing which struck me was that as I had often noticed in the drawing-room at B—— Square, there was more than the usual proportion of needle-work in it.

To some eyes, these evidences of patient industry would have revealed much. Both the mother and the daughter's lives were told by the same mute witness. A few minutes passed and Lina entered. Was she changed? No—yes! At first the large black eyes, the tiny features, the delicate complexion, the smooth hair, looked just as they did twenty years ago. A second look showed that these were all there, but the expression was changed; there was no vitality in it. It was the same death-in-life look, but now abiding and fixed, which had been faintly shadowed forth when she returned home after Melville's death. Lina—the former Lina—was dead, had been dead all these years. There was another change; the elegance, the taste in dress, the coquettish prettinesses, were all gone. A drab-coloured dress, worn, or rather undergone; hair smooth, but folded back with only the idea of being put out of the way; a stoop in the figure replaced the winged Psyche, bright and buoyant, of former times. In a few minutes an old lady entered.

"My mother-in-law," said Lina; and then the mother-in-law took all the talking into her hands, and Lina sat beside me, silent, holding my hand. I felt now and then a tremulous motion in hers, as if the pulse was beating strong and fast, but that was all.

Presently two little girls entered.

"Yours, Lina?"

"Yes," she said; "this is Mary, and this is Susan. I named them after mamma and you."

The little girls were fine little creatures, and

promised to be much taller than their tin; mamma, but they had nothing of her grace.

What a contrast between this home and the one in which Lina and I sat side by side in the days long ago! The furniture was simple, the arrangements so homely; but in stead of the poor view of opposite houses, which was all we saw before us then, what a glorious panorama presented itself from the small windows near which we now sat. Here was compensation, I acknowledged.

The mother-in-law was animated, and talked with a great deal of cleverness and spirit. She was evidently fond of Lina and of the children; but her face grew radiant when she talked of her son. He was to her what Lina had been to Mrs. Rosas. I could scarcely realise the fact that Lina was only the second figure in the domestic group; I had so long seen her the first, the centre of all.

While we were talking, Mr. Saibach came in. He welcomed me with grave kindness asked some eager questions about a cow that was expected to calve, pinched his little girls ears, and then went into the garden to smoke and read his newspaper. His mother followed him.

"Are you happy, Lina?" I said.

"Yes, Susan, and mamma was happy, which was best of all."

"She lived here with you?"

"Yes; Jacques has been very good to us all. When we were all but hopeless, papa so ill, and we almost unable to support him as it was right he should be supported, Jacques came forward and asked me to be his wife. I told him all. I would rather never have married, but I saw mamma wished it, and I had promised her I would atone for all the anxiety I had caused her by doing exactly as she wished in everything. I did so."

"And you are happy?"

"Yes; mamma lived ten years with me here. She died, a year after my Susan was born, with my hand in hers, contented and at peace."

I looked round the room. She smiled, for she understood me.

"Yes, this is all very different from our home in England, but I like it better; so did mamma. We are at peace here, and there she suffered so much, and all its splendour had to be so dearly paid for at last."

"Mr. Rosas?"

"He died many years before mamma."

She spoke quietly as of old. I explored her face, and tried to read its calm.

"You remind me of old days, looking at me so earnestly."

"I should like to read your heart, Lina."

"It is not difficult; I am satisfied with my

lot. I had a great shock once: it is as if I had lost some limb or some sense; I am perfectly recovered, but of course I cannot be as I was before."

"This is so different——" I said.

"From our early dreams,—yes; there are no diamonds and court-dresses, and no prince; but I have the Sunday schools and the children. I have, what is best of all, duties to fulfil here, and hopes to look forward to in heaven. To you my life may seem a dreary one—you do not see what is in it; it is like this opal, which appears nothing but a milky monotony, but holds fast in its centre a spark of fire."

"I see," I said; "they are all kind, good-humoured, and unselfish; but the smile yonder (I pointed to the portrait of Mrs. Rosas) has more warmth and heart in it."

Lina sighed.

"You are unjust, Susan. I was loved more than I deserved by her; it is better for me now to feel it is my turn to love."

Mr. Saibach came in, and we recommenced talking German. I saw that he esteemed her and was kind to her, and that he was an upright and just man; but—but—alas! I had expected such a different husband for my fairy queen.

Some visitors came in while I was spending the day at Wienacht, and I could see by the manner Lina received them that all the liberal sweetness of her innocent love of pleasing was gone.

That night she came into my bed-room while I undressed. "Jacques is asleep," she said, "and so we can have a little chat."

We talked till dawn. We watched the snowy mountains opposite, shining in their white splendour beneath the stars, and then saw them fade gradually into the grey and ghastly dawn.

"I am so glad to have seen your home," I said; "I can now picture you to myself as something real, not as the visionary memory I have had all these years."

"I do not feel real always," said Lina, "and you seem to make the present more shadowy than ever; you belong so entirely to my living past, to the day that is gone, not to this night, or rather to this new dawn."

There was a look in Lina's face as she said this, that made me think of the expression in that Hope of Guido's I gave her so long ago; that Hope with upturned eyes which ought to be called Faith or Patience.

I kissed her. She turned quickly.

"But you must not think I am not happy. I am, perhaps, not so happy as you fancied I should be,—at least, not happy in the same way, but happier than many are. Are Olivia, Ger-

trude, Ellinor, happier than I? And you, Susan, the least fortunate of us all once, is there one of us with whom you would change now?"

"As to me—" I said; "but no matter, it is useless to talk of one's self; but for you I had anticipated such a full feast of happiness."

"Be assured, Susan, that I am not unhappy; and believe also, as I believe, that the good wine will come later; the water will be made wine yonder," she looked up, "for I love, and I hope, and I trust."

The next morning I bade her adieu. I was rejoiced to have found her, glad that her home was so peaceful a one, but in my heart was a questioning regret. I confess I was very foolish. Life is never an entire fulfilment or an absolute failure; there is a middle path we none of us look forward to, which is the one apportioned to us all. It is safest after all for the "dear gazelle" to "marry the market-gardener."

(Concluded.)

THE HERDSMAN'S REPOSE.

THE herdsman rested awhile at noon,
At noon when the sun was shining bright,
And the hills and valleys were all a-light
In the glow of Summer glory.

And the rivulet lazily hummed a tune,
And the flaxen-haired herd-boy soundly slept,
And into the herdsman's thoughts there crept
A long-forgotten story.

Quietly grazed the cattle around,
And the pony cropped the herbage sweet;
The worn-out dog at his master's feet
Stretched out was fitfully sleeping,—

The valley in trance slumber was bound;
Only the herdsman and Hector grim,
Who had watched through many a watch with him,
A dreamy look-out was keeping.

The herdsman sighed a heavy sigh,
And his thoughts went back to days gone by,—
The herdsman lighted his pipe. Quoth he,—
"All things must happen that are to be:
There's never a day, be it ever so bright,
But must darken and darken into night;
There's never a night so black and drear
But the morning light draws ever near;
And the darkest night that ever shall be
Must brighten into eternity.

• • •
"There were two brothers in days gone by,
Loving each other tenderly—
Loving till love stepped in between!
Who was fairer than little Jean?
Little Jean with the golden hair,—
Why should hate come through one so fair?
One was loved, and one was not—
One was flushed with triumph, and one
Was as his heart were turned to stone;
All the pulses of life seemed gone,
And the blood in his veins to rot.



" Whence rang out that terrible cry ?
 The river was deep, and the current strong,
 And a drowning man was borne along.
 ' Let him die !
 Death hath been mine for many a day,
 I might have died, and what cared they ?
 She may weep, and she may wail,
 And her cheek and lip turn ashen pale
 As her lover in his shroud shall lie.'
 And again rang out that terrible cry.
 They were two brothers,—in days gone by
 Loving each other tenderly."

The herdsman took his pipe from his mouth,
 And he wiped his burning brow,
 And a choking sob in his throat arose,
 As the tale he thought over now.

" Thank God there was no murder done,
 The strong man rescued the drowning one ;
 The strong man looked in his mother's face,—
 The strong man had in her prayers a place.
 And little Jean with the golden hair
 Blessed the strong man again and again,
 Till his stony heart throbbed free from pain,
 And the blood coursed softly through each vein.

He might not now despair.
 Years ago in the quiet grave
 Little Jean is laid at rest,
 And only one brother lives to bear
 The secret in his breast,
 Of the band that was stretch'd forth to save
 Him from a life of dark unrest,
 Him from the curse of Cain."

JULIA GODDARD.

AN EPISODE IN AN EDITOR'S LIFE.*

I AM an editor; and I must say that, of all professions, that of editorship is the most difficult and the most thankless. Still, it has its bright spots, its pleasant reminiscences.

Softening of the brain, hysteria, mania, monomania, paralysis and apoplexy, are thought to await the man or woman whose dire destiny has called him or her to this mode of earning his or her livelihood. Breaking stones on the road is thought to be easy in comparison to it. Statistics are said to inform us (and though a friend of mine maintains statistics are fallacious, I am a believer in them,) that a great proportion of the unhappy tenants of asylums are literary men, chiefly editors. Still, as I said, the editorial life has its bright spots.

And yet, on the whole, the condition of an editor, as Thackeray found to his cost, is a laborious and thankless one. To those who love excitement, it is also somewhat dull and dreary. By a singular fatality the houses in which publishers live, and where consequently the magazines or reviews which are their property are edited, are of the most lugubrious and mysterious kind. It is well-bred darkness, but still it is darkness. If by chance you stumble into one of these houses, although may be it is at the West End, you recoil with that fear which the vague, the shadowy, the unintelligible, always arouse.

The tenement is not a shop, or a warehouse, or a cellar, or a club, or a private house, but it partakes a little of the characteristics of all these abodes. The male sex abound there; and however lively and *debonnaire* these identical men are up to the moment they enter, as soon as they cross these thresholds they are changed into mournful undertakers' mute, fatigued, hopeless-looking specimens of mortality. The higher one ascends these cavernous places the worse they are. There are strange echoes up the stairs; there is a buzz and a murmur of voices, and yet there is an unnatural quiet as if dreadful surgical operations were being performed behind closed doors; that sort of stillness which one feels is liable at any moment to break into violent screams; and altogether there is a

strong savour of Hood's "Haunted House" permeating them from top to bottom.

In a back room, on the drawing-room floor of one of these houses, I have spent about six hours a day for the last six years. The carpet has been changed four times, for the marks of my steps pacing up and down, with manuscripts in hand, can, alas! too soon be traced on it. But the chairs have not been changed; the black horse-hair is worn in parts to white; the table-cover is dingy; the dust of twenty years looks down upon me from the window-curtains; the panes of the windows are made partly of clouded glass, but whether by ingrained dirt, or an artificial process, I have never yet discovered. A dim religious light pervades the apartment. The close, mephitic odour of manuscripts blends itself with that indefinite and oppressive compound of smoke and gas which is known as the London smell. If I open my windows I look upon a black balcony where rot the fossil remains of some antediluvian plants. They are furry in texture, and spiky and brittle-looking in form. They may be rudimentary geraniums. The view from these windows is of the backs of other houses or warehouses, I think, for no opposite windows break the monotony of the bare, bald walls. It is utter desolation. The court is paved; but through the interstices of the flags some churchyard-looking weeds grow, coloured faintly to a blue greenness. There is a broken pump in the corner, which occasionally is inspired by some evil spirit to leak, and then it drops, drops, drops, with uncertain yet sharp-toned splashes on the stones. That noise is horrible to me, and on the days I hear it my temper, I fear, is not all that it ought to be. Such is the *mise-en-scène*, and the occupation carried on in this delectable spot is as follows:—

I arrive at nine o'clock. On one table are the letters which the first post has already brought, on another the manuscripts. I sit in an arm-chair, before my desk, at a third. On an average I read and answer daily about three dozen letters; I read every day several manuscripts. What some of these letters, what most of these manuscripts are, words are powerless to describe. There is a belief common to the British mind that the editor of a magazine, besides accepting or rejecting articles offered for his magazine, can distribute patronage and shower pecuniary aid on all who apply to him. He is supposed to be at once and together a Croesus, a Lord Mayor, and a minister of grace and justice. (N.B. How completely Spanish and illusory is that last-named combination of qualities!) Some of the letters, though unutterably silly, are touching from the trust and confidence in

* This story is based on fact.—ED. O. A. W.

blindness and sympathy which they reveal. Great sorrow, like great happiness, often teaches an Arcadian simplicity. But these are the minority. The majority are written by persons whose alpha and omega is their own puerile personality. And the manuscripts! To a Rochefoucauld, how much would their mere outsides betray! Desultory, untidy, careless persons send unstitched manuscripts, without addresses, or with false ones. Defiant of spelling, or subversive of grammar, with neither beginning, middle, or end, the melancholy spectacle, the pathetic record of their contents, would make angels weep. There are undoubtedly exceptions. It has occasionally happened that an author who has afterwards found a world-wide acceptance, began his first timorous steps in the field of public favour by sending a story to my periodical.

But do the public or the authors ever remember the patient labourer who toils through reams of badly-written foolscap or cream-laid, to find the few pearls amidst all those shapeless oysters? I have always thought that Mrs. Hemans' poem of the Diver would find an answering chord in the breasts of many editors.

One bitter cold morning, a few days before Christmas, in the year —, I sat as usual at my desk. Among the heap of manuscripts was one, written on the softest cream-laid French white paper, in a childish lady's hand, on lines which had been carefully erased afterwards. It was a little story of no great literary merit, but there was an aroma of youth and of sweetness in every line. There was a promise in it; it was like the light in the sky before the sun has risen on a fine day—an omen, a portent of sunshine and warmth, but no more. I put it down as if I had touched the petal of a rose. There was a tiny scented note beside it—of course full of italics:—

— *Street, Dublin, Dec. —, 186—.*

“DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I send you a little story. I am only sixteen, and papa and mamma do not know *anything* about it, but please tell me if it be worth anything. I *want* it to be printed; I *want* to be paid for it. It is not for myself, though, but I want the money to give my *dear* little brother a *nice little* birthday present.—I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,
EMILY —.”

Then came the address and the signature. The writing of the note was less neat and regular than the manuscript. But there was the same fragrance of dainty youth about it.

I held it a long time in my hand. I am an old man; at all events middle aged; perhaps something more; my beard is grey,

my hair is grey too. I have no doubt that to the *jeunesse dorée* whom I occasionally meet I wear the look of Dickens's patriarch, but my heart is younger than my appearance. Little distillations came, or seemed to come, from the paper I held. Had I been a Foster or a Home I might perhaps have divined the writer; but, certes, it was with no common feeling of interest that I sat down and wrote my answer to the note. I returned the manuscript, but I wrote gently and tenderly. I gave it as my hope and my opinion that, with a little more care and study, the youthful writer would achieve a success. I even promised to print that identical manuscript if it were a little revised and corrected, and I pointed out how it might be made available. I opened the window of my den after I had written my note. The weeds piercing through the flags below had a less dreary look than they had ever had before; a gleam of sunshine shone on them, and their frosty verdure borrowed something of Picciola brightness from it. I posted my letter and the manuscript to the address named, and went home, wondering if ever I should hear from the writer again. With that, however, all thoughts of the manuscript passed away. The author was too timid to reply.

On Christmas Eve I was asked as usual to dine with an old friend of mine at St. John's Wood. He was a married man, with a pleasant comely wife, and several small children, male and female. We dined *en petit comité*.

“The children are not coming down to dinner,” said my hostess, “for they are going to give us a surprise afterwards.”

I bowed and was delighted, both at the anticipation of pleasure to come and of privation for the first time of considerable present annoyance. I need not say I was then a bachelor. When we went up-stairs after dinner we found the folding-doors which divided the front from the back room closed.

They were opened after a while. The Christmas hymn was sung, and a German tree of the most brilliant splendour was revealed; on its branches were hung gifts worked and embroidered by the children for their parents, and for the friends of their parents. The three little girls and their governess had done it all.

While my friend and his wife were embracing and thanking the children, I had time to notice the governess. She was very young, almost a child herself. A mass of bright hair was gathered up in great waves at each side of her head, and fastened in a loose thick loop behind. The bright curls were so arranged as to reveal the ear. The ear and cheek were, I should rather say they are, like those painted by Leighton in his “Painter's Honeymoon.”

Need I say more of their ravishing loveliness? But the pretty blue eyes looked as if they had cried a good deal; and there had been recent tears, for the eyelids were somewhat swollen. She was not sad at present, however, for she played on the piano for the children and for me, their old godfather, to dance to, and she joined with us in a game of blind man's buff. When the children retired, she retired also.

"What a charming person," I said.

"She is most excellent," said my friend. "Although she is so young, Miss —— is the bread provider of her family. Her father and mother have, according to the cant phrase, seen better days; in fact, they are people of good birth, and once had a good fortune. They have a son and daughter; the son is a fine fellow also. Both the son and the daughter give the greater part of their earnings to their parents; but the son has not been very fortunate. My little governess, she is only seventeen (my children are so young they do not require a prim regular governess, for they only study with her three hours a day), does more with her salary, mediocre as it is, than her brother can do with his hard work. He is clerk in a bank."

"And she helps him also, I suppose?"

"I dare say she does, but I have never inquired, for she is full of reticence and reserve on those points. I only know she would sit up all night, and work like a horse all day, to help both her parents and her brother. She is going home to-morrow; but he, I fear, cannot afford the expense of the journey. The parents live now in Scotland."

"Could we not help him?" I said, bashfully.

My friend smiled. Both brother and sister spent Christmas at home.

My good fortune threw me a good deal after this with my friends' governess. Must I say that from that Christmas Eve I was never heart-whole?

The following Easter we were engaged, and before the Christmas Eve which followed we were married. What an aim and a hope my life had now acquired!

We have a little suburban house, and I leave my wife every morning to pursue my editorial labours, and return every evening, forgetting my work and my worries, knowing that the sweetest heart and the fairest face I have ever known await me in my modest but happy home. I have never heard again from the author of the manuscript which had so much interested me; and, truth to tell, had never thought of her since that Christmas Eve. Two or three years have passed since then, and we have two babies. Such babies! I will not rhapsodise; but if rosy flesh, and round contours, and lovely limbs can be called beauty,

my girl and my boy would win the prizes in any show of babies in the world.

Their mother is always playing with them. She often puts her delicate slender white hand under my baby girl's foot, and the baby makes believe to stand on it. What a picture it is! the pink toes, and the dent in the round little ankle, and the pearly instep, harmonise yet contrast so gloriously with the taper fingers, and the blue-veined white of that flower-like hand. It is like a rosebud laid on a white camellia. She then holds up the baby-girl to me, and I kiss it before I go. My two-year-old boy toddles after me and gives me his chubby little fist to hold till I get to the door. And so we live. I could not help, as I sat at my labours a few days ago, recalling the picture of motherly beauty and womanly loveliness I had left at home. How I wished all womanhood could be typified thus!

As I walked up and down the room reading a scratchy scrawly manuscript, and fumbling over it in desperation, for the tiresome person who had sent it had by some ingenious carelessness mulcted it of its last page, my thoughts flew far and wide, and by some association I cannot attempt to explain, the pretty manuscript from the youthful writer who had sent me no more was recalled to me.

Unconsciously the manuscript I held faded from my mind, and the other was present with me. I wondered what had become of her—had she written any more?—where and how was she?

Every moment I became more and more possessed with this memory. I was so happy myself that I felt for all who seemed to have care and struggle in their lives. I looked out the address to which I had written before, and wrote to the unknown a few lines. I said that time had passed (five years, almost) that the youthful inexperience which had prevented the paper she had sent from being accepted must now be corrected, and that I should be glad and willing to see anything else she had written, if she had written anything since then.

Within a few days I had an answer. The writing was in a feigned hand, quite unlike the round hesitating girlish hand I had remembered. The words were, however, as sweet and innocent as the first had been.

"It is so good of you," ran the note, "to remember me, but I do not write any more. I am so happy. I have such a dear, kind, good, noble husband [Oh, these womanly exaggerations, I thought, as I sat in my editorial chair], and such darling babies. I wrote, for I wanted to help my dear ones, but they have been better helped by others than I could ever have hoped to help them. God has given them a better friend than I could be. If

you seek to know me, you shall do so. If when you go home you see a woman with a rose in her hand, hold out yours, you will know me."

I smiled at the romantic fervour of this reply, and a faint desire arose that my wife and the writer of that letter should know each other, and then I went on with my stupefying avocations.

As I went home, I confess I looked about for a woman with a rose in her hand, but as might naturally be supposed, neither in cabs nor omnibuses did such an apparition manifest itself.

As I entered my own door I gave an impatient shrug at the idea of having been the subject of a foolish jest. But whom did I see standing just within the threshold of my home? my darling, with her fair child-like face, and bright hair; love, and joy, and youth crowning her with a triple crown, and in her hand was a rose!

"Dear husband," she said, as I kissed her, "I think I loved you from the moment I had your kind, indulgent, thoughtful note. I had written that absurd little story, for I sadly wanted a little money to pay for Gerald's return home at Christmas, to be with papa and mamma, and I had a foolish notion I could write."

"And you were disappointed, my pet; what a savage I must have seemed."

"No; I felt how foolish I had been, and I cried heartily, but I thought you good and kind all the same. And Gerald got home, too, and we had a happy Christmas after all."

I kissed her.

"But are you never going to write a story for my magazine again?"

"I do not know," she said, archly; "meanwhile, you can write ours if you like."

THE WELCOME GUEST.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY MÜRGER.)

I.

Host. Who knocks without there at so late an hour?
Who art thou, stranger, knocking at my portal?
Tell me thy name—thus late within my door
Comes unannounced no mortal.

II.

Voice. Open! (the Voice repeated.) I am old
And poorly clad; the snow is falling thickly.
Would I were dead!—the dead can feel no cold,
I shiver. Open quickly.

III.

From west to east, from north to south, all day
I've toiled upon my journey long and dreary.
Within thy chimney-corner let me stay
And rest, for I am weary.

IV.

Host. Not yet. Thy name must first to me be known.
Voice. I'm Glory! Open! Thou shalt be immortal!
Host. Hence, mocking phantom, I would dwell alone;
Thou shalt not cross my portal.

V.

Voice. I'm Love and Youth—twin halves of the Divine.
Host. Pass on upon your road, ye emblems rotten;
The love she felt for me when youth was mine
She has long since forgotten.

VI.

Voice. I'm Poetry. My gift is deathless fame!
On earth by men I am proscribed and banished.
Host. Too late! Whom can I sing? Her very name
Has from my memory vanished.

VII.

Voice. Open thy doors. I'm Gold! All gods above
I reign, and my dominion ceases never.
Thy mistress shall return.
Host. But not the love,
Our love—that's gone for ever.

VIII.

Host. Open thy doors to me, for I am Power!
'Tis my hand crowns the candidate with glory!
Host. Canst thou bring back the dead for one brief hour?
Untell the human story?

IX.

Voice. If I must wait until my name you know,
Hearken! and here no longer let me tarry.
I'm Death! I'm Death! For every mortal woe
A healing balm I carry.

X.

The grating keys of the abodes of gloom,
You see, about my girdle are suspended;
Come with me, and hereafter shall thy tomb
From insult be defended.

XI.

Host. Enter, Sir Stranger, and abide with me;
Forgive my poverty and scanty table;
Misery herself dwells here and offers thee
The best that she is able.

XII.

I'm weary. Enter. I the future scan;
But there for me extends no bright perspective,
And long ago I've formed, but feared, the plan,
The only true corrective.

XIII.

Enter, and welcome! I will be thy host.
To-morrow, with the dawn when thou awakest,
Thy entertainment shall be void of cost
If me away thou takest.

XIV.

Long have I known that thou wouldst come—in vain
Long for thy coming, like an infant, fretted:
Bear me away; but let my dog remain,
That I may be regretted.

BRAUSEANT.

GOLD DIGGING IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE discovery of gold, always an object of ambition, has not unfrequently been prosecuted with eagerness and avidity, and the wildest schemes have been proposed, the most extraordinary attempts made to obtain this coveted treasure. Alchemists, adventurers of all nations and creeds, navigators of renown, the educated and ignorant, the wealthy and

needy, have in turn devised and assisted in the endeavour to discover gold, and nearly every part of the globe has been ransacked for the same object. Three centuries ago companies were formed, large sums of money subscribed, vessels fitted-out and able commanders appointed to attempt a discovery—a great discovery; and though gold most certainly was not the original object, it is equally certain that it had a most important influence on the continuous and vigorous prosecution of the discovery, and that the hope of it largely contributed to swell the list of subscribers in two out of the three celebrated voyages undertaken by Martin Frobisher in search of a North West passage. Previous attempts, it is true, had been made to discover this passage; but on the accession of “the Virgin Queen,” a host of adventurers presented themselves. Arguments, letters, and memorials followed in succession from persons anxious to attempt the discovery, and equally willing to encounter dangers in order to attain it. Sir Humphrey Gylberte’s discourse to prove a passage by the north-west no doubt contributed to stimulate efforts in that direction, and was most probably, as Chalmers says, the cause of Frobisher’s first voyage.

A year before its publication in 1575, Frobisher was the bearer of a letter from the Queen to the Muscovy Company, in which they were exhorted to again attempt the discovery. Twenty years had elapsed since Sir Hugh Willoughby’s unfortunate expedition, when most of his company perished with cold in Lapland. The Company’s answer was not favourable, and the Queen was induced to write a second letter. Soon afterwards Frobisher, with Michael Lok, and others who would be adventurers, obtained the required licence from the Muscovy Company, and a voyage was resolved upon. It was, however, delayed a whole year for lack of money, and might perhaps have been abandoned altogether but for Michael Lok. It was mainly through his exertions that the necessary expenses were collected. Lok himself subscribed upwards of 700*l.* out of the required sum of 1600*l.* Everything being at length in readiness, Frobisher sailed on his first voyage from Gravesend on the 12th June, 1576, with his little fleet of three small vessels and thirty-four men.

It is not my purpose to speak of the geographical discoveries which were made by Frobisher in this or either of his celebrated voyages. They were, as it is well known, of very considerable importance, and thoroughly established his reputation as a great navigator and commander. After much suffering and great hardships Frobisher returned in the fol-

lowing October, with the loss of one of his vessels and two-thirds of his little company. Thirty-four persons had sailed with him, thirteen only returned. “He also brought a strange man” from “Frobisher’s Strait” with him, who was seized, and by main force pulled on board by Frobisher himself, while in the act of receiving a present of a bell.

Before sailing, Frobisher had made a promise to Lok that he would give him “the first thing he found in the new land.” A piece of black stone, “as great as a halfpenny loaf,” was the accepted gift, and upon this black stone hangs our history of the (supposed) gold discovery. The stone was in Lok’s possession, and as a proof of the value of it in his opinion, he lost no time in handing pieces of it to the assay-master of the Tower, and to other gold refiners. Several proofs were made, and “so much marvaile” at the results, that Lok took them to the Queen herself.

A second voyage previously resolved upon was confirmed, and commissioners immediately appointed to carry out all the details; the Privy Council having unhesitatingly reported in favour of it. The few who knew of the gold discovery were exhorted to secrecy, but without avail. The news soon spread, and doubtless gave some offence to the Queen, for Lok, in a long letter to Elizabeth, took considerable pains “to set down all his proceedings in this matter.”

All were now eager to join in the adventure. The Queen doubled her subscription, making it a thousand pounds. The Lord Treasurer, Lord Admiral, and other high dignitaries subscribed £100 each; Sir Thomas Gresham twice that amount; Sir Philip Sydney, £50. All the charges of this voyage were estimated at £4,500.

Frobisher sailed on his second voyage the 26th May, 1577, with three vessels victualled for seven months, and 120 men. Thirty of his company were either miners or refiners, and they were taken expressly to work at the mines whence the piece of ore was brought. If the mines failed, Frobisher was instructed to send one of the ships home while the other two were to proceed to make the discovery of the north-west passage. If they proved successful, he was commanded not to discover the secret of their riches. After four months’ absence the ships arrived at Bristol, and Frobisher was immediately ordered by the Privy Council to unload them and discharge the ore. This was to be deposited in Bristol Castle, or some other safe place, under four locks, the keys of which were to be kept by Frobisher himself, the Mayor of Bristol, Sir Richard Berkeley, and Michael Lok. One object of this voyage, the obtaining a quantity

of the supposed gold ore, was, no doubt, thought to have been successful. Lok was in a fever of excitement; he believed in the complete success of the gold discovery, and imagined his fortune already made. He urged the council to determine on the speedy melting of the ore, and also that his office of treasurer to the company of Cathay might be ratified.

A month elapsed. During this time the officers of the Mint had been directed by the Privy Council to receive the ore into the Tower. Lok had reported to Secretary Walsingham that though not yet brought to perfection because of the jealousy of the workmen, who were loth to show their coining, it was very rich and would yield £40 a-ton, clear of all charges, adding, "this is assuredly true, which may suffice to embrace the enterprise." Notwithstanding this report, it is evident that the opinions of the various "workmen" differed materially. One certified that two tons would yield in fine gold twenty ounces; a second asserted that, although he had proved it to the utmost, he found "no such great riches"; while a third declared that he could discover in the ore neither gold nor silver, or next to none. Some of these proofs of "Frobisher's ore," in the shape of small particles of gold fastened to paper by sealing-wax, are in Her Majesty's Public Record Office, and in a perfect state of preservation.

If any unfavourable reports were spread of the value of the ore, they must have been quickly suppressed, or, at all events, have met with little credence. The Queen commanded Secretary Walsingham to write to the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Chamberlain that her Majesty, "understanding that the richness of that earth is like to fall out to a good reckoning, is well pleased that a third voyage be taken in hand." Before the truth could be really ascertained, another voyage was resolved upon, and the necessary expenses quickly subscribed for Frobisher's third voyage. The Queen, her officers of State, Lords and Commons, were anxious to be adventurers "in the goods now come home or else in the next adventure." An expedition more costly than both the two preceding was quickly put in preparation and pressed forward with expedition. Lord Burghley, himself an adventurer, brought all the resources of his active mind into vigorous use to ensure the success of the enterprise. All his memoranda are preserved. Ships were to be sent capable of bringing home 5,000 tons weight of ore. He calculated that one miner could dig half-a-ton of ore a-day, and then reckoned the number of tons that one, two, or three

hundred miners could dig in a month. The wages of the miners, the freight of the ore, and the charges of keeping a hundred men in the country for eighteen months—in fact, every detail connected with this voyage was, to the Lord Treasurer, a matter of careful consideration. On Frobisher's arrival at Warwick Island, he was instructed to repair to the mines and minerals where he wrought the year before, and there to place the miners and other men to work and gather the ore. While in Warwick Sound, he was ordered to search in other places for other mines; and if any were found richer, to remove thence. Strict injunctions were given against allowing assays to be made of any metal, matter, or ore without authority, or keeping for private use any ore, under severe penalties. Eleven vessels were fitted out at a cost of 13,000*l.*, and sailed from Harwich on the 31st May, 1578; the Queen herself watching their departure, and wishing them "God speed."

Ten weeks afterwards, on the 10th of August, all the miners were set ashore at Bear's Sound. During seven days Frobisher himself visited divers sounds in search of ore. Two of the vessels were laden at Bear's Sound, others at the Countess of Warwick Sound, at "the Countess of Sussex" mine, and at Corbett's Point. Edward Sellman, the registrar of the fleet, in his journal of this voyage, gives a detailed account of the places from whence the ore was obtained, the difficulties of finding it, and of lading it. He says they could not light upon any of the rich ore found last year, that the mine in the Countess Island entirely failed, and that he thinks "much bad ore will be found."

A little house was built at the Countess of Warwick mine to stand until next year, and many mining implements were left in it. The vessels laden, they sailed homeward in "a terrible storm." Immediately on his arrival at Cornwall on the 25th of September, 1578, Frobisher repaired to the court at Richmond, and from thence to London. "No small joy was conceived" for the safety of the men, though many died of sickness, but especially for the treasure brought home. The ships were laden with "rich gold ore," supposed to be worth 60*l.* and 80*l.* a ton; and more than double the quantity was brought home than was expected. Several assayers and gold refiners commenced their proofs, and workmen from Saxony and Germany were sent for; but, unhappily, the first trial "proved very evil." Further trials were made in the presence of Sir Thomas Gresham and the other commissioners, but they showed "far from the riches looked for." The ore grew into discredit; the adventurers began to fear their

brilliant hopes might prove illusory, and withheld the money due for payment of the ship's freight. During the next six months further proofs were made in presence of Frobisher himself and other persons, with various results, but none were very satisfactory or encouraging. Then complaints began to be heard, and Michael Lok lamented that "the works at Dartford lie still dead as yet, to the no small damage of the company." Their stock amounted to upwards of 20,000*l.*; of which the Queen alone subscribed 4,000*l.*, members of the Privy Council, 3,740*l.*; the Earl of Oxford, 2,520*l.*, and Lok alone 2,380*l.*, while Frobisher's subscription was but 270*l.* Time passed on; nothing satisfactory had been done. In despair, Lok petitioned the Privy Council, beseeching their consideration. He had for three years taken charge of all the business of Frobisher's voyages, and ventured all the goods he had in the world; and he, his wife, and fifteen children, were left to beg their bread henceforth, "*unless God turn the stones at Dartford into his bread again.*"

Two years elapsed, and even then the positive value of the ore had not been ascertained, though the Queen, and all interested, must by that time have been convinced that any amount of gold from it could not be expected. No quantity appears to have been melted either at Dartford or the Tower during all this time. The real truth, however, came out at last, and all doubts were finally set at rest by two assays made by William Williams, in July, 1583. The two minute particles of silver found in two hundred-weight of "Frobisher's ore" were not nearly so big as a pin's head, and they remain, to this day, fastened by sealing-wax to the paper, an evidence of the worthlessness of the ore. Thus fell to the ground all the golden dreams of the great value of the supposed discovery.

Michael was the son of Sir William Lok, an alderman of London, and had travelled upwards of thirty years "through almost all the countries of Christianity." He was "an old acquaintance" before Martin Frobisher sailed on his first voyage, but the ruin of one and the disappointment of both embittered their subsequent relationship and made them enemies. According to his own account, Lok had used Frobisher "as his fellow and friend," had opened all his own private studies and twenty years' labour to Frobisher, had shown him all his books, maps, charts, and instruments. "I daily instructed him," says Lok; "making my house his home, my purse his purse at his need, and my credit his credit to my power, when he was utterly destitute both of money, credit, and friends." The last we hear of Michael Lok is unfortunate indeed.

A prisoner in the Fleet, he petitions the Privy Council for consideration for "his present poor state." Nearly 3,000*l.* was still owing by the adventurers to Frobisher's voyages, and for which Lok was unhappily bound. He earnestly prays for his release, for his accounts to be discharged, his bond for 4,000*l.* for the Queen's adventure to be cancelled, and a warrant of protection for debts owing by the company. Let us hope his petition was granted. There is evidence that Frobisher lodged at the house of one Brown in Fleet Street, and then, "to be nearer Lok," at Widow Hancock's in Mark Lane. Soon after Frobisher sailed on his second voyage, the pitiful voice of his wife was heard, praying to be kept from starvation. Isabel Frobisher, "the most miserable poor woman in the world," as she styles herself, petitioned Secretary Walsingham for relief until her husband's return. She asserted that she was first the wife of Thomas Riggat, of Snaith, in Yorkshire, a very wealthy man, who had left her in very good state and with good portions to all her children; that she afterwards "took to husband Mr. Captain Frobisher (whom God forgive!)", who had spent all, and put them to the wide world to shift," and that her children of her first husband were with her in a poor room at Hampstead, ready to starve. Unfortunately we have no clue to the result of this appeal. Whether Frobisher had spent all his wife's and her children's portions in the further prosecution of his great discoveries we cannot tell. Though unsuccessful in "gold-digging," Frobisher had no reason to complain of the excitement in that direction. The hopes alone of a gold discovery proved of inestimable benefit, no less to himself than to his country. They helped to rouse the enthusiasm of his admirers, and they encouraged the liberality of adventurers in his voyages for the avowed purpose of discovering the north-west passage.

W. NOEL SAINSBURY.

PURE WATER FOR LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—May I call your attention to a statement in a recent article, entitled, "More and Better Water for London," where it is said that half an inch of rainfall is equivalent to 1132 gallons per acre? I should have taken notice of it before, but thought it might be a clerical error, and that an acknowledgment would be furnished by the author of the article. The number of gallons mentioned above would be supplied by a rainfall of little more than *one-thirtieth* of an inch; and half an inch of rainfall would give 11,311 gallons per acre. The correction may not be of great importance, but it would give your many readers a better idea of what is to be done in attempting to "imitate the grand doings of nature." I remain, yours truly,
J. M. H.
Keelby, Nov. 22.

A BÉARNAIS SKETCH.

PART. II.

THE third of these wet days found me a prisoner to the bare little parlour of our hotel, owing to a bad cold. As our stay at Eaux Chaudes had come near its close, and I was anxious to put a few finishing touches to the picture, I sent a message asking Monsieur Péré and the little boy to come up for an hour or two while it was yet light. They came, unaccompanied, to my relief, by the incessantly knitting mother. I lingered lovingly over these last strokes of my brush, seeking to account for the unusual charm I found in the couple before me. I had not long to seek, or rather I soon put into unuttered words what I had all along felt, that the simultaneous likeness and unlikeness between the two Pierres constituted this charm. They were indeed very interesting in being what Tennyson calls "like in difference," and one felt as one looked at Pierrot's delicate, childlike complexion and softly moulded features, that "in the long years liker must he grow," that even these differences must vanish before the unsparing hand of time, that that delicate aquiline nose would magnify into the national nose, so characteristic in the elder Péré; the tiny, wax-like features grow stern and rugged. There was something saddening in the thought that this transformation was inevitable, that to fit the little soldier for the battle of life he must be hardened and roughened, the delicate edge of his refinement blunted, his almost girlish modesty and shrinking,—not from danger, for physically he was in no way nervous,—changed into self-reliance and independence like his manly grandfather. And yet why regret that God should with his own tools so fashion his handywork that it may best serve its end? No, my little Pierre, let me not grudge thee the sphere appointed for thee by a wiser, further-seeing Parent than even that kindly old grandfather. "What will be his bent? Voilà la question," had old Pierre said. Leave God to answer that question, Monsieur Péré. Trust Him to reply well to it.

The picture finished, and tea preparing for all the party, it was surprising to see Pierrot at high romps with my little ones. The very children he had for the last fortnight eyed in the "Place" as though they were his *bêtes noires*, now enacted the very lively parts of rival wheelbarrows, on whose respective merits the little cantonnier was to decide. For this purpose they were trundled by their legs round the room, but at last Monsieur Péré was applied to for a professional opinion. Pierrot was made supremely happy by the promise of

a real wheelbarrow next winter, when I hoped to find my way from Pau to my country village home. A real barrow, such as he could use on the farm, to be painted blue, with "Péré fils," or as we afterwards decided, "Péré, Petit fils," on it in red letters. How imitative are children of all nations. Did we bear this more constantly in mind, and remember what a powerful weapon example is for good or evil, we should, I think, be more careful how we comport our old selves in the presence of our lynx-eyed little Pierrots. Some quieter entertainment succeeded the barrow race, and occupied the interval before tea. Twice during the afternoon had Péré left us to report of little Pierrot's well-being to his absent mother, the matter-of-course way in which he took this, (as it seemed to me,) needless precaution, struck me. Judging from the terms on which they were, it could not have been exactly a labour of love. On this, as on other occasions, his bearing towards his daughter-in-law regarding the boy was much that of a tutor or guardian, bound to look after the child intrusted to him, and to report of him to the mother, as of a charge for whom he was responsible.

He returned from his last visit to their lodgings in the town, just as I was groping in our rickety little cupboard for a pot of quince *confiture* with which to regale the exhausted wheelbarrows and cantonnier. He was greeted by Pierrot eagerly exclaiming in patois.

"Assi qué lou, grand paù! Assi qui l'uncle Louis!" (Look, Grandpapa, here is Uncle Louis.) This was suggested by an unfinished drawing of mine, which had by accident found its way into the children's scrap-book. An embryo Pierrot, an early attempt. Monsieur Péré's testy answer to the gentle child somewhat surprised me, as he flung the book away, and drew Pierrot to the tea-table. It was a merry meal, my little John Bulls chaffing little Crapaud on never having tasted tea before, and which was only made palatable to his pretty little mouth by a treble allowance of sugar. He retorted gleefully that tea was only fit for the women, that men like himself drank wine. Old Péré's pride in the boy's quickness and pleasure was great, and he said to me, "Oh! that he had always such companions."

"It would be good for him," I replied, and added, "Is it for his sake you come to Les Eaux?"

"Du tout, du tout," he answered, gruffly, and without his usual *bonhomme*, "we are here because of myself; not that I am ill, but to recruit myself after the work of the winter, and before the hay harvest begins."

To look at the two one would certainly have supposed the delicate looking child to have stood in more need of recruiting than the rugged old peasant, whose health and activity were wonderful for his age. That it was not so, however, he was very anxious to impress on us; for, turning to Pierre, he continued, chucking him under the chin, "Madame does not know how strong is my little Pierre. He accompanies his old grandpapa, and amuses himself by drinking the waters, as though he were ill, the little hypocrite. He is very well, Madame, but a little fever he had this spring makes him look pale."

Tea was now over, but we lingered on, feeling that to rise would be a sign for saying good-bye, and we were all, I think, unwilling to part. So we chatted on about a little *château en Espagne*, or rather, *château en Béarn* we had built, of a visit to the Pérés in their *campagne* next winter, when we should have returned after a summer in England, and settled into our winter quarters at Pau. The wheelbarrow was to accompany us for presentation, and Pierrot became eloquent, and, I may add, incomprehensible, as he dilated in patois on the constant work it would have in the farm and garden. He also described to his little English friends an enormous granary belonging to his grandpapa and papa, in which they would play—so large that they could there have wheelbarrow races without once turning round; but all this we decided would require more than a morning's call, and we vaguely accepted Monsieur Péré's cordial invitation to pay them a week's visit in the spring, as soon as Pau became too hot for enjoyment. Neighbour Somthève's Marie, Pierrot's little sweetheart of the blue eyes and *fichu*, was also to be invited, that my little sisterless "Dora" might not be dependent on the boys for amusement.

"Oh, mamma, I wish we could jump right over into April!" exclaimed my eldest boy, for which he was rebuked by matter-of-fact little Dora's remarking:

"Then you would not see Uncle Jack and Aunt Ellinor."

Observing that they would see us the following morning before we started, and that therefore he would only now say, "Bon soir," and "Au revoir," Péré rose, adding, "Et le portrait, Madame; vous n'en avez pas besoin pour le copier?" Putting his well-filled purse into my hand, he said, "Madame understands these things better than I," and with true delicacy turned away that I might at my leisure reckon over the supposed price of my work. Unlike the lower classes of English, the French have no idea of discredit or of

anything derogatory attaching to working for money; and Monsieur Péré turned away, not to spare my blushes, but that I might not hesitate to repay myself amply, or suppose that he could wish to *marchander*.

My heart was so softened by the prospect of parting, that without a pang I begged him to accept the picture, only bargaining that I should be allowed to borrow it to copy in the winter. I have no doubt he imagined he was saying "Bon soir" to some female Richmond or Dubufe, at least!

We had a hurried meal before starting the next day, but we found time to say "adieu" to Péré and Pierrot in the "Place." I felt very sorry, foolishly so, I told myself, to see the last of little Pierre's blue blouse and berrét. It was strange that my very last, like my very first impression of his grandfather, was one of hauteur and reserve. After kissing Pierrot, I said to Monsieur Péré, as I shook him by the hand, "Au revoir le mois de Novembre, Monsieur. Vous avez notre address?"

"Oui, Madame, et vous n'oubliez pas Pierrot, je crois?"

"Jamais," I replied, adding, as I looked into the boy's sweet, pale face, "Il est ange."

"Il le sera bientôt," said a bystander, alluding to Pierrot's delicate appearance. The words were not intended for Péré's ears, but we both heard them. The old man turned angrily away, forgetting even to repeat his adieux to me; saying, as he walked off, "Mon Dieu! comme c'est poli de se mêler à la conversation des autres!"

My friend Monsieur Péré, thought I, excellent as you are, you clearly are somewhat touchy!

Detained in England till Christmas, and then kept prisoners to the house by influenza and cold weather, February came before we could accomplish our visit to our friends of Les Eaux. The third time, however, that I got out we—my second boy, Pierrot's cotemporary, and I—turned our horses' heads towards the village of which Monsieur Péré was *maître*. Walter was in wild spirits at the idea of seeing his friend again, and in his own home, and we lost no time on the way. The village was easy to find, and Péré's house was very conspicuous from being, as he had told us, on the top of a hill, close by the church. We rode up to the large farm *portail*, surmounted, as is the picturesque fashion in this part of the country, by a roof resembling the Lych gates of the Devonshire church-yards. We knocked on the nail-studded door with the heavy knocker, looking about meanwhile for any traces of our friends. We received no

answer, and Walter rode into the deserted-looking yard, shouting "Pierrot, Pierrot."

I looked round for a servant or neighbour to whom to apply, when a hand was laid on my horse's mane, and I saw Monsieur Péré standing on the other side. Poor Monsieur Péré! Had he been dressed in black and crape, instead of in his working costume, I could not more instantaneously have taken in the whole sad truth! Calling to Walter to desist from his shouts for his friend, which were piercing Péré to the heart, I acceded to the old man's request, that I would dismount and enter the house. As I gave my bridle to little Walter to hold, I warned him by a glance not to follow. Once indoors, Péré became more natural. Placing a chair for me near his own, he said, in a low voice, "I have not been able to go and tell you, Madame. There are six weeks since I went to Pau market. Pardon me. It was not that I was ungrateful or forgetful, but my heart breaks."

"And his poor mother?"

"She says he is happy—spared much. She is very good to me. But I make reproaches to myself all day—and Pierre, too, my poor son—he is very good to his father—too good!"

There was a softness and humility about Monsieur Péré I had never seen in his happier days, and my heart bled for the old man, thinking he must in some way have been the instrument by which the poor parents had been bereaved. But no; the few words he said, described a return in autumn of the fever Pierrot had had the preceding spring; this left him ailing though not ill, and in his weakened state a bad cold he had caught before Christmas proved too much for his strength. He sank quietly to rest, on Christmas Eve.

"He never ceased to speak of you, Madame, and of your children. He looked for a visit from you. Two days before—before—Christmas Eve the doctor said we must not let him go out of doors till spring."

"What a pity, grandpapa," said our little one, as soon as the doctor had left, "I shall not be able to use my barrow. Ah, yes! perhaps I can indoors, in the granary; and I must lend it to Marie, she and her brother can play with it till spring."

"Ah, Madame, surely the good God sent you to take his picture just then! I could not live without it. He looks so happy there, between my knees. He was always happy when with me, even when ill and in pain. Yes, I made him happy. It was the last thing he looked at—that picture; and he murmured as he fell asleep on my arm: 'Nous sommes ensemble, grandpapa!'"

I soon left Monsieur Péré, begging him to spend next Sunday with us at Pau. A second interview would, I felt, be less trying, and more productive of comfort. His heart was too sore as yet, for memory to do aught but wound him. I insisted on his not following me out. No trifle could have shown me more pathetically how undone he was by sorrow, than this—a Frenchman, consenting to relinquish this social observance. I rode home sadly, with my boy, who was quite awed by the sudden change which had come over the spirit of his boyish dream.

Sunday came, and with it Monsieur Péré. To our great pleasure he returned Sunday after Sunday, coming to us, after attending mass at the cathedral of St. Jacques. He treated us quite like friends, and though association with little Pierre's memory was the basis of our friendship, we learnt to find an independent interest in intercourse. Another motive for him to spend an occasional Sunday at Pau was, that he felt it to be good and healthy for his mind, that from time to time he should leave the scene of his past happiness and present sorrow. Bit by bit, in the course of many conversations which we had on those sultry Sunday evenings in the Bois St. Louis, or sitting on a bench in the park, we learnt Monsieur Péré's history. Short as it was, still, like many a small key to a large box, it opened much to our view that had been concealed, and gave us the clue to inconsistencies we had observed in the old man's bearing. I put together, and in the right order, the few facts which we learnt by an association with Monsieur Péré of a whole spring; and which form a sad and simple story of a strong will which could not bend to circumstances, or, in other words, to God. He *would* not work with God, towards the solving of the problem of what is best, and so he found the problem worked out *malgré lui*.

Pierre Péré had been from boyhood remarkable for what is called good luck. His young companions had almost a superstitious faith in his always succeeding in every boyish object of ambition, from getting the best place at school, to the finding the earliest nest of birds' eggs. He had health, good looks, and good abilities, and every quality which would tend to favour these natural advantages,—being good tempered, active and ambitious. His father was poor, but Pierre's run of luck began by his inheriting a nice *propriété* from a distant cousin, who, it is true, disliked Pierre for standing in the place of his own lost son, and left it to him under protest, saying he would not have done so, had he had any other rela-

tive on whom to bestow it. But as Pierre Péré had no affection for this cousin, the terms on which he inherited the property did not affect his enjoyment of it; and being a dutiful and loving son, he was happy in giving his aged father a comfortable home.

He was further fortunate in wooing and winning, during a short stay at Bordeaux on business, the rich daughter of a merchant there in a social position far superior to his own. She made him a devoted wife, in no way inclined to oppose the strong will, in which, indeed, she was glad to acquiesce, even when he peremptorily refused the earnest entreaties of their eldest son to be allowed to study for two years at some college before settling down as an agriculturist: he would not even give him a hearing, and the exasperated youth, who had never before crossed the wishes of father or mother, ran away to sea. Thenceforth Péré never mentioned his name, except cursorily, as though he were certain, when he had had his spree, to be glad to return to his home. They never heard of him for two years, at the end of which time they received three letters from him at once, by some accident, old letters dated long back. The very next day's post brought the news of his death on the coast of Africa. This was the uncle Louis, whose picture hung in the kitchen, and the family likeness to which picture Pierrot had detected in my sketch. Péré never could bear to hear his name, and hence his agitation when Pierrot drew his attention to the resemblance. Unable to exercise her own judgment, the gentle wife and mother was crushed by the consequences of her husband's unyielding will; and by the rapid succession of joy and sorrow at the end of so many months of suspense, she died, leaving two handsome sons.

Péré now concentrated all his powers of loving, which were very strong, on these boys. It had never seemed possible to him that one of his sons should not succeed; and now that he had been disappointed in Louis' career, he centered all his hopes on the second and third sons, whom he regarded as the certain heirs to his now important property. The second boy, however, had doated on his eldest brother, and lived on the hope of his return to their boyish haunts. This hope gone, and his mother dead, home had for the time lost its charm, and he positively so pined and sickened that Péré himself, when the lad was drawn for the conscription, did not press him to buy off, for change seemed absolutely necessary for him. Amid fresh scenes and work health of mind returned, and his letters were full of animation, and anticipation of his return in a few years to assist his father in the farm-work,

which had become almost too much for Péré even with so energetic an associate as his youngest son Pierre, and so effective a band of labourers as he employed. Alas! for such hopes, the bright boy was killed in Algeria. Pierre alone was now left as the support of his father. He bid fair to realise all his hopes. Attached to the farm as devotedly as even his father could wish, they worked together and loved one another as much as was possible for father and son; but a cloud was about to overshadow the domestic serenity. As a younger son, destined to make his own way in the world, Pierre had been his own master as to prospects and intentions. He had become deeply attached to a girl in a neighbouring town, but the death of his elder brothers had altered his prospects; and though Péré had not under former circumstances disapproved of his attentions to Rose, he now, regarding him as his only son and his heir, whose first duty was to himself and the land, intimated his wish, nay his fixed resolution, that Pierre should marry the only daughter of a neighbouring *propriétaire*. In vain Pierre protested that he was pre-engaged, both in heart and by honour to Rose. His will was not strong enough successfully to oppose his father, who had already made every arrangement with the parents of the heiress, and he yielded.

With the healthful qualities, such as sense of responsibility and independence, usually attendant on the possession of property, it is not perhaps surprising that less desirable tendencies should also be fostered. At all events in insisting on a *mariage de convenance* for his son, Péré only followed the example of his superiors; and he had one excuse, that so strong are domesticity and morality among the middle classes of his part of the country, that these marriages seldom turn out ill. Perhaps this marriage can scarcely be said to have turned out ill; happy it certainly was not: for though Pierre's rich bride had been ready enough to marry the handsome wealthy young farmer, without requiring any professions of attachment, it had never entered her proud imagination to suppose he could remain insensible to her charms. She dressed well, looked pretty, and did her duty, and yet he did not love her; and this embittered her nature till alienation succeeded indifference, and coldness and disappointment prevailed at the Manor Farm. For Pierre the case was worse still, for he had known by experience what it was to love and sympathise, and felt what happiness he was capable of. Moreover, Rose's sad, pale face when he met her at the markets, constantly reminded him of the injustice and cruelty of which he had been guilty. Life became intolerable to him, and

though always respectful to his father, weeks would pass without their exchanging words, except on business. Though Père Péré was proud and domineering, he had a warm heart, and bitter was the punishment he was suffering. He had incessantly to endure the keenest reproach, perhaps, that a man can have—to see, without power to relieve, the sorrowful effects of his own misdoing; the evil he had himself wrought, in the pride of his heart.

He could not, he dared not think of Rose. He could not forget the sad look which passed over Pierre's face, when she met them in the market place at Pau one Monday, looking listless and aged. Truly Péré went about his work with an aching heart. So subdued was he that he had almost ceased to think of the great ambition of his earlier days to have a grandson. He never now ventured to frame such a wish. Certainly he felt no disappointment when five years passed without an infant Péré appearing to gladden the sad household at the manor. At the end of that time Madame Pierre died. Rose was still unmarried, but she was so altered and saddened that she did not seem fit to become a bride. Pierre, too, was a changed man,—his spirit crushed, his head bowed; he looked almost as old as his father. The near neighbourhood of his wife's father, who knew, of course, how sad had been his daughter's married life, was a constant thorn in his side. His wife's father, like his own, seemed prematurely aged by his troubles; and all this acted and re-acted on Père Péré.

In due time Pierre married Rose; but all felt only too keenly that this marriage had come too late to answer any purposes of happiness. There was no spring left, or capacity for enjoyment in either Pierre or Rose. Habits of reserve, too, had so grown upon Pierre during the last sad seven years that he was no longer a congenial companion, and it became the rule of the house for the husband to pursue his silent labours with his father, while Rose occupied herself quietly with her knitting. She had too good a heart to be actually unkind to anyone, but it was sometimes only with a great effort that she could keep down peevishness and regretful expressions when she remembered her wasted life; while, though considerate and respectful to her father-in-law, she could not forget that he was the self-made cause of the blight that had fallen on her and her husband. She gradually learnt self-control, however, and at last acquired habits of complete acquiescence and silence, till even little Pierrot's arrival scarcely seemed to ruffle or disturb the dead level of the life at the Manor Farm.

Deep down in their hearts, however, the child awakened affection and interest. Two or three people cannot entirely love one object without being in some sort and measure drawn together; it forms a common tie, a tie of interest if not of affection. So it was in this case, and in the grandfather's unselfish love of her darling son, Rose almost forgot he had been her enemy, while to serve her and the child was old Péré's one joy. He seemed too to grow young again for the boy's sake. He made a great effort to rise up against the depressing influences of the house, fearing that Pierrot's young days should be overshadowed by gloom; and like every pure, unselfish effort, it had some success. He himself, when with his grandchild, forgot his own remorse, except some accidental word revived sad recollections.

Thus late he learnt to leave those dear to him in God's hands, and thus late only therefore was he truly at peace. With Baby Pierrot alone of all his family had he no sad associations. With him he could be happy, almost light-hearted, and the boy seemed to be gayer and brighter when with his grandfather than at any other time. They thoroughly understood one another, and in the peace and happiness of their father and child, the good young couple found a source of rejoicing. At last it seemed as though God was seeing fit to withdraw his clouds, and send the light of his blessed sun on the Manor House again. But, grown timid and distrustful by experience, Monsieur Péré took alarm at every trifling symptom of delicacy in Pierrot; he was not sickly enough to warrant the extreme pink and white of his complexion, but his likeness in this and other respects to his uncle Louis, haunted Monsieur Péré, and made him morbidly nervous. At the same time he strenuously denied being anxious about the child, and tried to persuade himself and others that Pierrot was robust. The expedition to Les Eaux was really made on the boy's account, but Monsieur Péré got up twinges of rheumatism for the occasion, in order to convince every one he went to Eaux Chaudes for his own health. He was, if anything, over-careful of the child.

We know too well what it availed.

Pierrot's last expressed wish was carried into effect, excepting that his wheelbarrow was given, not lent, to little Marie; who, however, persists in saying, "C'est Pierrot qui me l'a prêté," pointing, as a proof of the truth of her assertion, to "Péré, Petit fils," painted on it in bright red letters.

She cannot understand that she has lost her baby lover.

D. H.



HAIL, first-born of the Winter King,
With ivy and bright berries crowned,
With floating silver locks unbound,
And snow-flakes dripping from thy wing :

The icebound waters at thy feet
In silence bow their flowing pride ;
Frost-jewelled like some fairy bride,
Earth dons her robes, her lord to greet :

Whilst o'er the glassy frozen tide,
That paused between its banks of snow,
With gladsome laughter to and fro
The merry-hearted skaters glide.

Hail, wassail bowl ! December's reign
Savours of mirth. Make goodly show,
Holly and white-gemmed mistletoe,
Winter brings Christmas in his train.

Pile up the fire : to-night is given
To scenes that make the heart rejoice ;
Hand shall clasp hand, voice answer voice,
And men shall nearer feel to heaven :

Long-parted friend meet friend ; the jest
Go round, and naught the mirth displace,
Until perchance some vacant place
Shall tell of one now laid at rest.

Hark ! through the air sweet carols ring
To herald in the Christmas morn :
" O Earth, the Prince of Peace is born,
As angels in old time did sing "—

" Peace and good will," O sobbing Earth,
The old new message sweetly chime,
Like joy-bells throughout Christmas time,
And trusting claim thy second birth.

But hush ! Why sounds that passing knell ?
O dying year, thy throes of pain
Are ending with December's reign,
Thy death the New Year soon shall tell.

O good Old Year, too swiftly flown,
O sad Old Year, too slowly passed,
Time with his hour-glass counts too fast
The moments that are yet thine own.

G.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XVIII. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

AND Mr. Chester has gone! Really gone this time, and we shall not see him again until summer. He seemed pleased with Doris's talisman, and admired the contrast of the dark and light hair, and complimented Doris upon the workmanship. It is evident why he prizes it.

Doris wonders I will not let him come into my story. Oh, Doris, Doris! how little you know—But how am I proceeding with my story? I seem to have come to a standstill. Mr. Carmichael is altogether inexplicable. At one moment he is angry if Doris and Mr. Chester are left together. At another he does not care about it. His mind appears to be swayed by contraries.

Doris's account, as far as it went, was correct enough. The two princesses, as she chooses to style us, have certainly arrived at the castle, but the wonderful adventures that are to happen have not yet befallen us. Us, I say; but I don't suppose anything is going to happen to me: that I'm quite clear about; it's all straightforward, and there's no mystery: but I can't understand about Doris. Mr. Chester believes that she is the daughter of Mr. Carmichael's sister, and so does Doris herself, but Mr. Withers has evidently received the impression that she is the daughter of Mr. Carmichael's brother. I knew I was not wrong about the slip that night, that it was no slip.

Neither can I understand why Mr. Carmichael speaks more feelingly about Mrs. Gresford Lynn's death, and says what a blank it must cause at Lynncourt, and how sad for the children, and has actually enquired if we have seen them lately, not as though he feared, but as if he hoped we had. But of course we have not.

He seemed so anxious upon the point that Aunt Lotty asked if she might send to enquire. But to this he did not assent.

"I wish to make no advances to Mr. Lynn," said he, and then turning to me he added, "I don't want you or Doris to take up my quarrels. I don't object to your speaking to Mr. Lynn or the children, if you should chance to meet them."

"Could we not ask if the children might come here?" asked Aunt Lotty, timidly, for her heart yearned towards the motherless little ones.

But Mr. Carmichael's stern "No," prevented her urging the matter.

"But you see, Joyce dear," said she, when Mr. Carmichael left the room, "that there is no objection to your seeing them if an opportunity occurs. Perhaps you might make an opportunity; I should so like to hear something about them."

But the snow falls fast, and and I do not see how we are to make the opportunity Aunt Lotty speaks of. As I look from my porch window it is all one white sheet before me, and the branches of the trees are coated over, and the fir-trees support great masses of snow on their thick spiky bristles. It comes down, down, down, and I watch the flakes whirling past the window, and think of the days when I used to believe in the nursery legend, and used to sit and wonder at the numbers of chickens Mother Carey must have to pluck. Mother Carey, too, presented herself to my mind as I used to imagine her, a gigantic woman, with peaked hat and spectacles, but withal of a good-humoured countenance, and possessed of a vast amount of patience, as she sat on pillows of snow, plucking feathers for snow-beds. I never considered what became of the poor stripped chickens. The one great fact of the down-falling of the feathers overpowered me as they came whirling down and settling upon the window-sill, and upon the ground, and upon the hedges, and upon everything. And if my mind did stray from this one great fact, it did not revert to causes, but leaped forward to results, and I pictured snow-balls, and snow-men, and quite forgot the poor shivering snow-birds.

And now as I sit here, up comes the old train of thought, and it seems to me that a great cloud that has been eclipsing the past has rolled away, and I am once more a little child.

It is very refreshing to call up these old thoughts and feelings, to propitiate the angel with the flaming sword, and once again to be in Paradise—the paradise that once in a lifetime comes to all on earth, the few brief months ere yet our eyes are opened to know good and

evil; months, I call them, for they scarce amount to years; when first we have a sense of the wonderful "me" that is to pass through so many phases.

It is curious to look back upon the development of that "me." To realize that the "me" that now exists was the "me" that existed then, and to watch the progress of that "me" as it passed from the wonder-ages into the world of reality; when it first awoke from its dream-life, and found a world of substance instead of shadow, with rough paths and steep hill-sides to clamber, and hedges thick with thorns, and the roses growing so high that it is well-nigh impossible to reach them.

And so I mused: I saw the "me" of long ago in white frocks and red shoes, hoping to find fairies curled up in the large white lily-buds, or sitting with folded hands and open eyes listening to wild stories without a question of their truth, for this was the age of Belief, when the soul is impressionable, and is an unsown field ready to receive seed; and the seed sowed then takes deep root, though often it does not spring up for years afterwards.

And then the "me" begins to use its senses, to test its sight by touch, to satisfy its wonder by tasting, and so finds itself in the age of Discovery—age ever increasing, and growing even more a wondering age than the wonder-age itself; for beauty is not now the only phase of which it is conscious, since with the beauty comes deformity, with harmony discord, with hope disappointment; yet though darker elements are up-growing to cloud the light, and there is a night coming to the young fresh day, there is, amidst the blackness spreading around, a new and stranger kind of beauty, for in the dark firmament the stars are shining.

Shining, till in the age of Doubt, of Unbelief, they fall from the heavens, and there is blackness all around, darkness indescribable, utter and complete, darkness like to the horror of that Egyptian night whose darkness might be felt.

O light! O light! art thou for ever quenched? Light, blessed light! shall we henceforward walk in blindness?

A pause—a hush—the stillness of death. Shall man lie down conquered by despair, and weary of wrestling? Up! for a fitful ray is glimmering on the obscured horizon. Up! for an angel wrestles with thee—wrestles with thy baser nature and if thou striveest mightily thou shalt prevail. A new sun is rising, higher and higher, brighter and brighter, and the heavens and earth are bathed in a purer flood of glory. The shadows of the past have melted away, the age of Faith has come.

And this was what my musings brought

me to. Yes, I can see that to every thoughtful "me" in the world, either in greater or in less degree these phases must come. Woe unto those who are overcome in the age of Doubt!

This was the sermon I preached from the text of a few snow flakes. I had not time to draw deductions or to apply it practically, for Doris coming in at that moment caused me to pause in my writing.

"At your diary, Joyce?" said she. "What of the story?—is Mr. Chester a hero yet?"

She knew the little book with its clasp and lock.

"I've been writing a sort of sermon, Doris."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, that at any rate you will show me now?" said she.

"Not yet, Doris," I answered, "you must wait till the whirl of life has passed away, and we are in the age of Faith."

"Dreaming, dreaming still, Joyce; when will you wake up? You call me superstitious and romantic, but I believe I've more of real life about me than you have. Why should we not always be in an age of Faith, and believe that everything is happening for good around us, and taking pleasure and happiness as it comes in our way, and leave the future——" but here she broke off suddenly, as though some thought had struck her.

I did not answer, for though her words fell soothingly, they did not quite chime with my state of feeling. So we left the diary and the age of Faith clasped up in it, and turned to everyday life again.

And I told her what Mr. Carmichael had said of the Gresford Lynns, and her eyes brightened, and she began to wonder how we could make an opportunity for seeing them. And then the thought that had struck her at the end of her former speech seemed to occur to her again, for with an energy that startled me, she said,

"Joyce——" and again she stopped.

"Well?"

"Joyce, I think you've a good deal of mesmerism in you. I don't know what to call it, but I think you've some sort of belief in the supernatural, in the connection of the spiritual and the natural."

It was such a vague, rambling, half-expressed speech, that I could not help smiling.

"Don't laugh, Joyce. I'm quite in earnest. I've had a dream."

"And you want an interpreter?"

"Not quite. I can't tell it, it is misty and incomplete, and I should not give you the right impression; and besides, it is so foolish

to tell dreams. I only want you to tell me, do you believe in dreams?"

"In what way?"

"Do you think they are as dreams were in former times, foretelling what is going to happen?"

"You have been dreaming of some trouble in the future?"

"Yes, a foreshadowing."

"Something perhaps has been hinted at, and has dwelt upon your mind?"

"Joyce, Joyce, what does Mr. Carmichael mean? I would not for worlds and worlds do harm to the Gresford Lynns."

I tried to soothe her, to tell her that Mr. Carmichael seemed to be softening in his feelings towards them, that the remark he made might have been but an ebullition of anger, that something might have provoked him, that he was incomprehensible, that I could no more read him than I could a foreign language to which I had no key.

But this was not consolatory. She was impressed with the sense of some coming sorrow, and I could not comfort her. All I could do was to promise her that whatever befell she might be assured that I would help her to the utmost of my power. For her own sake and for the sake of the promise I had made.

CHAPTER XIX.

SNOW-FLAKES do not fall for ever. Sometime or other busy Mother Carey must take a little rest, and then the sun peeps out again, for he has been hidden by the showers of feathers that have been falling from the clouds. But though he shines brightly, his rays have not very much power, for a hard frost has set in, and the white dazzling snow lies on the ground undisturbed.

Doris was restless and uneasy; she could not shake off the impression that her dream had left upon her mind. In vain she tried to laugh off her feelings as absurd. How could one so well disposed to the Lynn children as she was, be likely to do them any injury? She felt if she could only meet the Gresford Lynns face to face once more, that the feeling would pass away. So she hailed the bright frosty day as a means of bringing about the opportunity of seeing them.

Aunt Lotty's ideas were flowing in a similar channel.

"I should think, Joyce, that the little Lynns would be sure to go to see the river now it is frozen over. I think after what Mr. Carmichael said, that it would be well to take some notice of those children. I should like to speak to them myself, but Mr. Carmichael would not approve of that at present."

And Aunt Lotty gave a little sigh, and felt something as near envy at the superior good fortune of Joyce and Doris as it was in her gentle nature to do.

So Joyce and Doris wandered down to the river, and shaped their course along its windings even as far as the boundary of Lynn-court.

And there they heard children's voices, and saw Mr. Lynn and his two boys coming towards them.

Mr. Lynn was very pale, and he looked more thoughtful than usual, though at all times he had a grave serious expression. Still he looked graver than ever now, and the sweet smile seldom played upon his features.

And to-day his thoughts had been straying far away into the past, and had called up old times and painful memories. The late death had brought back another death to his remembrance; and yet "brought back" scarcely conveys the impression, since that other death was ever present, and had tintured his life and cankered his joys, and had so blended all other objects with its memory, that each event seemed in some inexplicable way connected with it. Therefore the late death had renewed the former one, and had brought back his first grief in all its intensity.

And now it stood out in all its horror before him,—a death he had not seen—a death no hand had soothed—a death where wild waves had swept over a stately vessel, and a fair-faced corpse, with a little babe in its arms, had found a grave deep down beneath the raging waters.

Drowned!—drowned!

The cry had sounded in his ears for many and many a year, and to-day it sounded clearer than ever; and his imagination pictured the dismantled ship tossed helplessly upon the surging sea, whilst high above the roaring of the waves rose the despairing shriek of frantic human beings crying for—"Help!—help!"

And no help came.

No help! The fair-faced woman, clasping the little child to her breast, gurgled in her death-agony for help! But no help came.

The cruel waters roared, and heaved, and foamed; the ship went down, the billows broke over her, and there was no trace left of her. The storm howled a requiem over the souls that had gone to their last account, and then, sobbing and sighing over its own wild passion, fell asleep, and the sun shone out.

It was over eighteen years ago.

Oh, that *she* had never set sail in that vessel! Oh, that *she* had waited yet a little longer.

Drowned!—drowned!

Would he never be deaf to that cry? It mingled with every other sound he heard, and even now was mingling with merry childish voices calling on him amidst their play.

He was recalled from his vision by the children who, tired of heaping up the soft white snow, besought their father to take them down to see the frozen river.

"The snow lies too deep in the fields," said Mr. Lynn.

"But Robert has swept a path for us," pleaded the elder boy.

And so they went.

And so they met with Joyce and Doris.

But now that the opportunity had come, Joyce and Doris felt loth to take advantage of it, for they recollected that this was the first time they had seen Mr. Lynn since his wife's death. They would have turned aside, but Mr. Lynn had seen them, and was advancing towards them. There was evidently no recollection of the fact upon his mind, or if there were, it did not strike him painfully. Possibly he was too much preoccupied in his musings for any fresh thought to affect him.

He spoke to them mechanically, and scarcely seemed to hear their answers.

After a little while Doris stole off with the children, but Joyce remained standing by his side; for, though he did not speak, when she was moving away, he said,

"Miss Dormer, do not go; I wish to speak to you."

So Joyce waited; but still Mr. Lynn's speech was not forthcoming.

She stood wondering what Mr. Lynn wished to say, whether it was about Doris, or the children, or about Mrs. Lynn's death; but whatever it was, Mr. Lynn either was in no hurry, or else he did not know how to begin his subject.

In the meantime Doris and the children, warm with exercise and tired of making snowballs, had paused to rest.

Doris, seating herself on a log of wood, had taken the younger boy on her lap.

Suddenly he threw his arms around her. "I want my mamma," he said; "where is my mamma?"

"Hush, Ernie, hush! mamma is dead; she will never come again."

"But I want to see her," wailed the child; "O mamma! mamma!"

Doris turned to the elder boy. "Does Ernie grieve much?" she whispered.

"No," he replied; "only sometimes; and then if nurse shows him playthings or pictures, he forgets."

"And do you forget, Archie?"

The boy shook his head sorrowfully. "No, never; and papa doesn't."

Doris wondered what she could do to divert the little one's thoughts.

"Here, Ernie," she said; "you shall have my watch to look at."

The child was all attention in a moment, but unfortunately Doris had left the watch at home.

"Is this a watch?" asked Ernie, touching the locket that hung round her neck.

"No," she replied; then, after a slight hesitation, she unfastened it. "Ernie, this is a picture of my mamma."

The child looked eagerly at it. "I have a picture of my mamma at home."

"Where is your mamma?" asked Archie, gently.

"I have no mamma now, Archie, she is dead, like yours."

"And your papa?"

"He is dead too, Archie."

"Then you have no one; I am sorry for you," said he.

The younger boy had jumped down, and was now hurrying towards his father with the locket in his hand.

Mr. Lynn was still deep in his reverie, and appeared to have forgotten that Joyce was standing near him, or that he had anything to say to her; and she was just on the point of slipping away and joining Doris, when the child came running up.

"Papa, papa, look; it is *her* mamma," and he pointed to Doris.

"Yes," answered Mr. Lynn, without noticing the locket that the boy held out.

"But, look, look," persisted the child, thrusting it into his father's hand.

Mr. Lynn, to satisfy him, looked down at the locket.

"Yes, Ernie, yes—" But, as his eye fell upon it, he started. Surely he had seen that locket somewhere before. Was he awake? What had happened? There seemed a mist before his eyes as he gazed upon it, and noted its old-fashioned shape and workmanship. He touched the spring, and the lid flew open, and disclosed the portrait of a fair-faced woman. With a loud cry, he sprang past the astonished child, and seizing Doris by the arm,

"Who are you?" he cried; "whose portrait is this?"

"My mother's."

"Ellen Carmichael! for heaven's sake, tell me, is it Ellen Carmichael—" and he gazed at her wildly.

"My mother's name was Ellen," said Doris, half frightened at his vehemence.

"But, my Ellen! my Ellen! tell me, girl, was my Ellen your mother? Can the sea give up its dead? Girl! girl! what do you know of my Ellen?"

And then more calmly, still grasping Doris's hands, for fear that she might escape him, he asked—

"Who was your mother?"

"Ellen Carmichael."

"When did she die?"

"Six months ago."

"And your father?"

"He died in Australia."

Mr. Lynn groaned.

"O God! O God! can this be true?"

He turned to Joyce, whose ideas were gradually sorting themselves from the confusion into which they had lately been thrown; and though far from the truth, she saw at once that there was some mysterious connection between Mr. Lynn and the Carmichael family.

"Miss Dormer, can you tell me anything? Who is this girl? Is that her mother; or is this some cruel scheme of Hugh Carmichael's?"

"I do not know, Mr. Lynn. What is it you wish to know? I believe this to be the portrait of Mr. Carmichael's sister, who was supposed to be drowned at sea."

Mr. Lynn staggered back, and but for the tree against which he had been leaning, would have fallen to the ground.

CHAPTER XX.

Two hours later Mr. Carmichael sat in his study awaiting a guest,—a guest whom, till within the last six months, he had never expected to see beneath the roof of Green Oake.

It is difficult to say what were Mr. Carmichael's exact feelings; now he rubbed his hands softly, and a gleam of triumph lighted up his eyes, and now an anxious expression would cross his brow, and his lips would become compressed.

Of what was he thinking?—Not of the years that had passed since he had left Australia, but of the time preceding them.

A quick ring at the door-bell.

Aunt Lotty, listening in the drawing-room, held her breath.

She knew it was Mr. Gresford Lynn coming to see Mr. Carmichael on important business, but she knew nothing further. A cloud of mist and dust hovered around her, and she saw nothing clearly.

Doris was half-kneeling at Aunt Lotty's feet, resting her head on her lap. She was crying bitterly, though she scarce knew why; but a sense of impending trouble to the Lynn family, of which she was somehow the cause, pressed heavily upon her.

Joyce sat very still, trying to sew, but her brain was busier than her fingers, and the piece of work fell from her hands; so she

leaned her head back, shut her eyes, and tried to piece together the thoughts and events of the last few weeks.

Somehow the servants knew that business of importance was going on,—servants always do know everything; and there was an air of solemnity in the manner in which the man opened the door for Mr. Gresford Lynn, and ushered him into his master's study.

Mr. Carmichael rose, but he did not put out his hand, though he was not rubbing his hands now, they were folded behind him. He bowed stiffly to Mr. Lynn, and the two men gazed at each other as though each were suspicious of the other, and each unwilling to make the first move.

Mr. Carmichael, quiet and composed, yet with the nervous twitch ever and anon working at the corners of his mouth; Mr. Lynn, trembling with emotion, eager and yet too agitated to frame his questioning into audible words. Both were silent. Mr. Carmichael pointed his visitor to a seat. Mr. Lynn sat down and then rose up again, and leaned against the mantelpiece.

"You desire to ask for some information, Mr. Lynn?" said Mr. Carmichael, and a gleam came into his eyes and passed away in a sneering smile upon his thin lips.

But Mr. Lynn did not see it, he was looking down upon the ground, his hands were clasped convulsively, and his lips were trying to frame a word, but no sound came. Again and again he endeavoured to command his voice, and at length with a mighty effort one word burst forth, so sharp and clear in its imploring tone that even Mr. Carmichael was startled.

"Ellen!"

It died away, and there was no answer. And again the anguished lips moved.

"My wife!"

Then came a response in a cold voice.

"Your wife?"

"My wife, my long lost wife!" exclaimed Mr. Lynn. "If you have the heart of a man, tell me what of my wife?"

"Your wife, my sister, Ellen Carmichael?"

"My wife!"

"Sit down, Mr. Lynn," said Mr. Carmichael, calmly; "we have a long business in hand."

Mr. Lynn threw himself into the chair and leaned eagerly forward.

"I find," began Mr. Carmichael, "by the parish register in the village of Hillfield, county——" here Mr. Carmichael was interrupted.

"What need——"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Carmichael, "I am a business man, and must proceed in order. In

this register I find in the year 18—, just twenty years ago, the entry of the marriage of John Gresford and Ellen Carmichael. Why this marriage was kept secret at the time I am not able to say, perhaps you can inform me?"

"It was only to be for a time."

Mr. Carmichael went on,

"The witness to this marriage was Henry Bargrave, and after the marriage you went to Australia. My sister followed in the next vessel with Henry Bargrave and his wife, ostensibly as governess to a great-niece of Mrs. Bargrave's. Am I right?"

Mr. Lynn bowed.

"I had quarrelled with my sister, and had determined never to speak to her again, therefore her movements were nothing to me, and it is not surprising that I was not made acquainted with them. She was free to go where she pleased, and I did not know that she had left England, until I saw in a paper an account of the loss of the Albatross. It was stated that with the exception of a few of the crew saved in the long-boat, all on board had perished. Amongst the names in the list of passengers, I read that of Ellen Carmichael. Of your death, or rather your supposed death, I should say, I had heard previously, and then I left Australia, and until lately have had no communication with any one there."

Mr. Lynn had been sitting compelling himself to listen until Mr. Carmichael had finished speaking. Now he said in a subdued voice,

"And you never knew that your sister was my wife?"

"Never until six months ago."

Mr. Lynn started to his feet.

"And how, how did you know then?"

"My sister told me on her death-bed. Ellen Carmichael did not perish at sea."

"Oh God! not drowned! not drowned! but living through those long, long years!"

Mr. Lynn clutched Mr. Carmichael by the shoulder; fiercely he looked into his face; fixedly, as though he would read his inmost soul.

"Hugh Carmichael, is this true?"

"As I live, it is true."

Mr. Lynn dropped into his chair and closed his eyes.

"Go on," he groaned; "in mercy, go on, and tell me all there is to hear."

"Your wife and child were saved. They had been put into a boat with some other passengers by the captain, and were picked up by a Spanish vessel, bound for Lisbon, where they were landed, and from thence made their way to England. My sister did not go up into the north to the old place, but found a home in the south, where she lived, and where she died."

"How long have you known that she was living?"

"Seven years; but never of her marriage until on her death-bed she disclosed the secret. It could do no harm then, she said."

"And I was never told."

"Why should you be? You came here a rich man, with a beautiful wife and children, and what matter was it to you that the sister of the man you scorned, and who was thought to be drowned eighteen years ago, was getting her living by lace-making in an obscure village in Devonshire?"

"I never scorned you, Hugh Carmichael," said Mr. Lynn, sadly; "and if you had ever any ground for believing so, you are amply revenged to-day."

Yes, Mr. Carmichael was revenged; he felt it; he had triumphed over the man whom he had hated all his life. In that point of view he was certainly tasting of the sweets of revenge. Yet bitter, so bitter, that the sweet would not sweeten it, came the thought that he had been far more sinning than sinned against.

Ah! if people could only believe it, it is much better to be the injured party. If the wound be sharp and severe at first, it leaves no fretting sore behind. Time, the great healer, comes and fans it with his wing and soothes the irritation, pouring in balm and oil till all is well again. It is easier far, and happier, to forgive than to need forgiveness.

Of course, these thoughts found no place in Mr. Carmichael's speculations. True, he had a vague idea that he should be glad to find some instance wherein he, and not Mr. Lynn, had been the injured person; but memory signally failed him in this respect. Wherefore he had to content himself with gloating over his present triumph, such as it was.

"You saw my wife on her death-bed, Hugh Carmichael," said Mr. Lynn, in a low, agitated voice.

"Yes."

"Did she leave no message, no remembrance?"

"None. She knew of your marriage—of your children; and she begged me to take care of Doris."

"No message; not one word?"

"None."

Again Mr. Lynn groaned.

"It is a satisfaction to me that my sister, though dead, can yet be righted by the justice you can do her child. Will you do this justice?"

Mr. Lynn looked wonderingly at Mr. Carmichael, as though he did not see the drift of his speech.

"Will you do justice to her child?" repeated Mr. Carmichael.

"Her child! My child! Good heavens! what do you take me for? My child; my Ellen's child; what should I not do for her? Where is she? Let me have my child!"

"Your eldest child, remember," said Mr. Carmichael, emphatically; "I claim the estate of Lynncourt for my niece Doris Gresford."

But Mr. Lynn heeded not his words; there was but one thought in his heart, his new-found daughter.

Strange that his heart should have so yearned towards her, surely some mysterious influence had been at work drawing them together, bringing the daughter of his first wife to watch by the last wife's deathbed. Strange that they both should have clung to her in their last solemn hours, as though the one had sent a messenger of peace to hush the other to her wakeless sleep, that so in death they might be linked together, and leave a daughter overshadowed by their love, a precious treasure for him to love for their united sakes. O Doris! Doris!

"Take me to Doris," he said.

And Mr. Carmichael led the way to the drawing-room, where Doris still sat leaning her head upon Aunt Lotty's lap. She had left off crying, but her eyes were heavy and swollen.

As Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael entered the room she sprang up.

"What is it?" she asked, for in the faces of the two men she read that some strange revelation was at hand.

"Your mother was supposed to have been drowned at sea," said Mr. Carmichael.

"Doris, my daughter! Ellen Carmichael was my wife."

But Doris did not speak, she gave one wild cry and fell senseless into Mr. Lynn's arms.

(To be continued.)

RHODES.

PART I.

WHEN we were at Rhodes at the Feast of the Tabernacles, 1862, a party of us went to visit the Jewish synagogue.

From the gallery we saw the men below walking round and round in procession, shaking their heads, swinging their bodies to and fro, and in a loud voice praying or repeating from the Talmud; at times their voices rose almost to a shriek,—the noise was dinning.

The rabbi, in black gown and cap bordered by a white band, sometimes walked round with his congregation; sometimes stood apart with a book in his hand. There were several other priests similarly attired. One of them

stood under a canopy, and addressed the people with energy. When he ceased speaking, a lad began a nasal chant, which he ac-



Lazar, in his every-day dress.

companied by rocking himself violently backwards and forwards. About twenty children walked round the synagogue, carrying vessels of silver, in which were the sacred writings—"The Law." The men kissed the vessels as they passed.

At the doors were many white-veiled Jewish women, looking at what was going on. Very handsome some of those Jewesses were—dark expressive eyes, regular features, pale, clear complexions, and the air and gait of queens. Jews exclude their women from the synagogue. Turkish women go to the mosque, when the men have finished their devotions.

Some of the children had red hair and blue eyes; their hair is dyed red with henna.

At the close of the ceremonies we visited several Jewish houses—that of Lazar, our purveyor, among the rest.

Many of the Jewish families live together, and most of their dwellings communicate with each other. In one house were grandfather, grandmother, parents, children, and other relatives, recalling Patriarchal times. The men were attired in the Jewish robe, the women in long gown open in front, showing the gaudy petticoat underneath; a white handkerchief, plain or embroidered in colours, concealing the hair and falling back in graceful folds to the waist; yellow leather boots, or socks would describe them better, over which

is placed a yellow papoosh for wearing out of doors. Unmarried girls alone show their long silken tresses. After marriage the Jewess covers her head, allowing none of the hair to be seen. In this house was a girl of eleven, betrothed to her cousin, a fine lad of fifteen. She was in a pink dress, open at the sides, which showed off her green silk petticoat. Her hair fell in plaits behind, and was profusely decked with golden sequins. She had a sweet winning face, and her manner was singularly dignified for so young a creature. The Jewesses marry very young.

In the principal rooms of most of the houses was a dais encircled by a divan; here the visitors were seated, and hospitably supplied with sugar and almond-cakes, sherbet, and lemonade. At the house of a dragoman and merchant, we were met at the door by the chief members of the family, who conducted us to the reception-room and gave us refreshments. The merchant's wife was in rich embroidered silk; from the back of her head hung an exquisitely-fine handkerchief with coloured border, strings of fine pearls fastened on each side in front. Her necklace of antique gold coins was of great weight and value. She good-humouredly took it off that we might examine it.

One of the chief Jews accompanied us till we got out of the Ghetto, or Jewish quarter. The Jewish cemetery is by itself, on the south side of the fortifications. The grave-stones are flat; on most of them, besides the Hebrew inscription, are hollowed out two or three small round holes, and, neatly carved, a pair of spectacles, a knife, and a pair of scissors. It is said that the spectacles denote the grave of a learned man; the scissors and knife, that the thread of life has been severed. The cup-like holes are to gather water for the birds when the rain falls. In dry weather those bird-refreshers are sometimes filled by kind-hearted people. There are several large Turkish cemeteries outside the town; the gravestones upright, and generally of marble, inscribed with a verse from the Koran. Most of them are surmounted by a turban, or fez, carved in stone. A bright blue tombstone and red fez are not uncommon, and look strangely incongruous in those neglected burying-grounds, where broken turbans and dilapidated gravestones lie about in sad confusion beneath the shade of funereal trees. Turkish graves are found in all directions—on the hillside, in the valley, in utter solitude, and beside the haunts of men.

The ball at the Swedish Consulate in October was quite a grand affair for Rhodes. M. Hedenborg, the Swedish Consul, is a *savant* and author. His wife, who is much younger

than her husband, is an agreeable woman, with a wonderful facility for acquiring languages. They have one son and a very handsome fair daughter. It is a comfortable and pleasant house, Madame Hedenborg understanding how to combine good housewifery with literary pursuits and rational amusement.

There was a large gathering—the Kaimacan in red tarboosh, a German doctor with a pretty daughter, a Swiss lady of goodly proportions, dreamy Italians, lively French people, and Levantines, good-looking and becomingly dressed. A Swedish damsel served us with coffee; in another room refreshments were presided over by Jewish women, whom Madame Hedenborg prefers to Greek servants. The dancing-room was small, but well lit, and tastefully decked with evergreens; the music pretty good. In an adjoining room some of the older people congregated, coming in from time to time to look at the dancers.

In December the weather was occasionally very cold, the lofty Anatolian mountains silvered with snow, the Rhodes gardens golden with oranges, citrons, and lemons. My niece Lily had an inflammatory attack, and was seriously ill. The quarantine doctor, an Italian, showed great skill and attention. His hearty "Coraggio, signorina," to the sick child was cheering when compared with the doleful manner of some doctors. One could hardly help smiling at his repeated injunctions to us at each visit. "Pour l'amour de dieu, mes amis, ne lui donnez rien à manger." And then he peered round the room, expecting to discover some concealed eatables. It was in vain to assure him that we should not venture to disobey him in such a critical case. He only shook his head, muttering, "Mais je sais que les Anglais," and went on to tell of his having seen an Englishman, "bien malade," sit down to beefsteaks and macaroni!

January and February, 1863.—Stores began to get low in the bazaars. The butchers' meat and milk far from good: no cooking butter, and our brooms nearly worn out. As the meat has rarely a morsel of fat about it, Catina, our old cook, is in despair for want of butter or lard. Owing to the stormy winds, the steamers have often passed without stopping, and we not only depend on them for butter and brooms, but for other things equally desirable. The fast-days are numberless. The linen has often been washed and ready for ironing for several days, while the ironer, fasting on decayed olives and rancid oil, could not come to her work. Catina, being a Roman Catholic, talks disparagingly of the Greek fasts. The Italian carpenter was wanted one morning; he had gone to shoot woodcocks!

People think much of their nerves, and have petty quarrels. Ailments are not talked of in a corner; feelings are not hid under a bushel. There is great monotony for those who do not care for books, natural history, or antiquities. A neighbour remarked one day, "There is not even a funeral to cheer one up a bit." The *bonne* is given to falling in love, and then quarrelling with her sweetheart. Instead of mending the children's clothes, she has taken to the Italian Dictionary and love-letters. She told us of her having had a proposal from a Levantine tailor. We asked her how she managed to understand his meaning? "Ah!" she replied, bashfully, "he put his hand on his heart and whispered 'Marito.'" Paniotti, the Greek boy, is breaking our glass and crockery wholesale. They cannot be replaced here. The weather is often variable. Though the north wind is bitterly cold, it is welcome, for it brings the steamer with home letters, while the stormy south wind often prevents the packet from stopping at Rhodes. The letters are then carried on to Messina, where they are picked up by the next steamer from the south, perhaps a fortnight after they are due. The north wind is considered healthful, while the south wind is quite the reverse. As a rule, the former comes on more suddenly than the latter.

March.—The Greeks make a peculiar sort of cake at this season—*culuria*—full of sesame seeds. Some of the bread is flavoured with mastic. During the Ramazan the Turks eat unleavened bread. R—dined with the Kaï-macan before the Ramazan was ended. There were many dishes—sweets, sours, fish, flesh, and fowl; their beverage almond milk; black or white wooden spoons for the soups; a piece of unleavened bread wherewith to attack more substantial viands.

Early in March an oppressive south-east wind was prevalent, which gave headaches a feeling of languor, and a gloomy view of life in general. One night torrents of rain; in the morning a slight shock of earthquake. South winds and headaches ended with the Ramazan on 19th March.

Next day the Bairam began—a general holiday with the Turks; feasting, rejoicing, guns firing, flags flying—the crescent and the star on its blood-red ground. Escorted by Hassan, our cavass, we went to the Turkish fair. A number of men were squatted on the ground, with turbaned heads and solemn faces; groups of children in rainbow colours, their eye-brows painted till they met in front, a black mark, like a crushed currant, in the middle of their foreheads—"an ornament," Hassan gravely informed us. There were merry-go-rounds and merry-go-ups, children

whirling about till it made one giddy to look at them, soldiers also indulging in the pleasant pastime. There were tables of sweet-meats, cakes, oranges, &c., just like fairs at home, except that there was no drinking—a fact to which Hassan especially called our attention. The music consisted of a drum beaten by two negroes; several other negroes danced an extraordinary jig. Among the crowd was a stalwart Circassian, dressed in grey, a policeman in pale green coat, red shoes, white baggy trousers, and little red cap! In a corner of the fair were a few Turkish women, chiefly negresses, whose ebony faces shone through the transparent yashmac.

Next day the little daughter of the colonel commanding the troops here paid us a visit. She came on donkey-back, escorted by two servants, a red embroidered cloth over the saddle, on which she rode like a boy. She is a pretty little thing of seven, with lovely hazel eyes and long black lashes, peach-like skin, eyebrows painted and meeting in front, her fingers tipped with henna. I was alone in the drawing-room when the bright little apparition was ushered in. The child walked across the room, took off her doll-like black shoes, mounted the sofa, and tucking up her small legs, leant back in the sofa corner with the air of an empress. On her head she wore a black kerchief edged with yellow; her dark

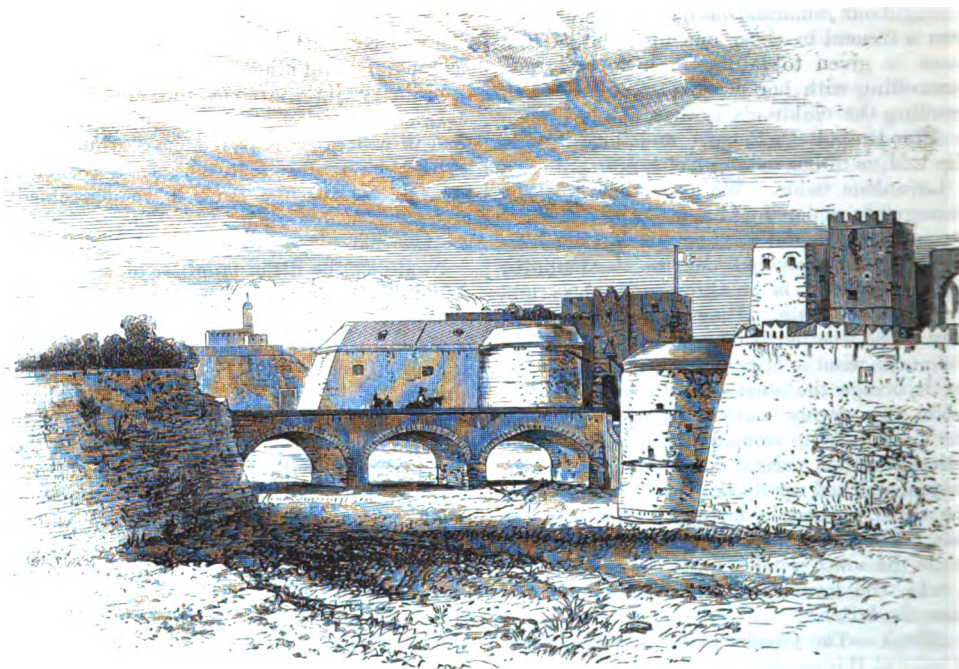


Hassan

hair hung down behind in twelve small plaits. She had on a rich lilac silk jacket, made very long, and wide trousers, the jacket trimmed

round neck and sleeves with blue blonde. Her ornaments were a gilt belt, earrings and brooch of brilliants and purple stones. Her

pocket-handkerchief was stuck in her belt, and had a bright green parrot embroidered in each corner. After partaking of sweetmeats, walk-



Lighthouse, Bridge, and Gate D'Ambodae.

ing about, and *talking* with the children by aid of an interpreter, the little dame departed on her donkey.

B——, Mr. B——, Rose, and I went to the colonel's house by invitation a week or two later. After resting a few minutes in the *selamlık*, the men's sitting-room, and looking at plans of the different islands, the colonel conducted Rose and me to the harem. Passing through a gloomy passage, we entered an ante-room, where the colonel's pleasing wife, in sweeping coloured muslin and bright kerchieved head-dress, gave us a gracious welcome, and led us into her reception-room, where we had coffee and sweetmeats. In this room were the usual divan and mirrors, some pretty trays and vases, but neither book nor ornaments. As the wife knew no language save Turkish, her husband was interpreter. It was amusing to see the tall, broad-shouldered man showing us his wife's elegant needlework, and giving us an elaborate description of it. While she went to fetch some gauze kerchiefs, the borders of which she had embroidered in coloured lace, her husband told us of his first wife's death many years

ago, and how happy he and his present wife were, because "We love each other." He has got only one wife and two little girls, the eldest our little friend, the youngest a delicate child of two years old.

After rejoining our party in the *selamlık*, the colonel kindly took us over the store-room, barracks, and armoury; where, among Turkish helmets and weapons, are still hanging some of the knights' armour, their firearms, spears, &c. In one corner was a quantity of their hand-grenades, like unshapely ink-bottles. A Turkish soldier then guided us over the fortifications, the Arabs' tower, and light-house. Nothing could exceed the interest and beauty of our exploration—the light-house, or Tower of St. Nicholas, with its ramparts and ancient cannon, the glorious view of sea and land from the top of the Arabs' Tower, the massive strength of the fortifications, the picturesqueness of the Turkish and Jewish quarters, the quaint gardens, the air perfumed with myrtle and orange blossoms. On the ramparts is the grave of an English soldier, dated some three hundred years ago, while the knights of St. John were still a

household word, not alone in Rhodes, but all over Europe.

Above the gate D'Amboise is a bas-relief representing an angel with expanded wings holding the arms of D'Amboise, one of the grand-masters; the date is 1512. This gate is called by the Turks, *Eyri-Capou*, or the Oblique Gate, because it is approached either way by a winding road. The fortifications on each side have still got embedded in them some of the huge granite balls left there by the Turks when, after a world renowned resistance, they at last drove L'Isle Adam and his brave knights from their stronghold in Rhodes.

The Grand Master's palace has been made into a prison. Among the convicts are Zeibeks, Bedouin Arabs, and Cretans—the latter are a powerful race. One rarely goes out to walk without encountering a gang of those *galériens*, with their dogged countenances and iron-fettered ankles. One or two cavasses are always with them. Some time ago a number of convicts escaped from their guard, disarmed the cavasses, and fled from the town. One man entered a Turkish house and demanded fire-arms, he was refused, and as he still loitered about the place, repeating his demand, the master of the house shot him dead. Few of the escaped convicts knew that Rhodes was an island, they wandered on and on, still nothing but water from whatever point they looked. In a small creek they found a boat, into which they went, but not knowing how to guide it, got out again as fast as they could. One convict walked round the island, and finding himself at the same point whence he had set out, was persuaded that he was under the power of witchcraft. He delivered himself up to the Konak. The rest of the *galériens* were finally captured.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE GHOST STORY.

I AM not about to enter into a disquisition on the truth or falsehood of ghost stories in general, but merely to relate a few facts, which, as they happened in my own family, and under my own personal observation, I can safely affirm to be true.

Many have been the writers on warnings, "presentiments," &c.; and to the readers of "The Night-side of Nature," or of the still venerable "Mysteries of Udolpho," I am well aware that the following facts will appear very tame and unexciting. But, as they are facts, I have no hesitation in offering them to the public, believing that even those who sneer at ghost stories will have some reliance on, and interest in, what is simple truth. I

have omitted nothing in the following story, but the real names of the parties concerned.

A few years ago, in the north of England, near the little village of G—, there resided a widow lady and her two daughters. Their income being moderate, they had chosen their present abode on account of its distance from any fashionable and consequently expensive place. The house itself was certainly anything but a romantic or "ghostly-looking" one. It stood on a hill, surrounded by a few dark fir-trees, and was principally remarkable for its unassuming yet comfortable appearance. It was a square bandbox-looking abode, of modern date, with a pretty flower-garden—looking, it must be confessed, rather bleak at the time of which I write (which was the beginning of December)—and a small greenhouse and stables adjoining. The country round was barren-looking, and the house standing on high ground, with very few trees to protect it, the wind in general struck cold and cutting, and was very apt to give toothache, rheumatism, and various other unromantic ailments to those strong-minded individuals who pretend never to care about the weather, and who think it necessary to go out every day for their "constitutional." The interior of the house certainly belied the appearance of the exterior, as Mrs. Egerton and her daughters had managed like the generality of women to surround themselves with various little home comforts and feminine luxuries, which it is my firm belief would make a comfortable and cheerful abode of a barn or a log-hut.

The drawing-room of Eastwood Grange, although not a large one, was comfortably and prettily furnished. Sofas made to lie on, and chairs made to sit on; a nice warm carpet of a rich crimson; the walls papered with a light paper, ornamented with a few well-chosen water-colour drawings; plenty of books and work lying about; and last, but not least, a bright blazing fire, the curtains drawn, and the pet cat, "Puffin," reclining at full stretch on the hearth-rug, formed a *tout ensemble*, which on a cold December evening was most inviting. The occupants of the room now deserve some description. Mrs. Egerton, a middle-aged but still handsome woman, with blonde hair, yet untouched by the hand of Time, rippling across her forehead, bright, intelligent grey eyes, a high aristocratic (but not *beaky*) nose, and a mouth which always appeared to have a smile lurking in the corners, was sitting in a large arm-chair close to the fire, busily working at some warm clothing

for the children of the poor cottagers, while her daughters Amy and Georgina, aged eighteen and twenty, two bright and thoroughly English-looking girls, were sitting near her, engaged, the one in drawing, the other in reading aloud. Mrs. Egerton had married early, and her husband, a captain in the Indian army, died of the effects of yellow fever on his return voyage to join his wife and young children in their English home, about fifteen years from the time this story begins. His widow then, with her four children, two sons and two daughters, went to reside at their present abode. Mrs. Egerton wisely thinking it better to choose a quiet situation for their residence than to remain in London, striving to keep up an appearance in the "great world" on an income which was only sufficient to enable her to place her sons at college, and to live a comfortable, happy, although perhaps not what is termed a gay life, with her two daughters.

Alexander, the eldest son, had followed the profession of his father, and was now with his regiment in India, while William, the younger, was in London, studying for the law.

They were sitting, as I before said, one evening, happy in the anticipation of spending a merry Christmas with some friends in the neighbourhood, and talking with delight of the balls and other amusements in store for them, when they were startled by the door in the hall, or front door (which was exactly opposite the drawing-room), flying suddenly open, and by hearing the distinct tread of a man's footsteps crossing the passage. The two girls looked at their mother, their faces blanched with terror, as they knew no friend would call at their house so late at night.

"Oh! don't you know whose steps those are?" said Mrs. Egerton.

"Yes, mamma!" cried both the girls; "of course, dear William's. It struck us both directly we heard them. He cannot surely have come so suddenly to surprise us."

"We will soon see," said Mrs. Egerton, taking the light, and opening the door.

No one was in the hall; the door, it is true, was wide open, and the cold December air struck with a chill, like the chill of death, upon the hearts of the frightened women. The housemaid at the same time came running down the stairs saying that she, as well as the other servant, had distinctly heard the door fly open and the footsteps cross the hall; and thinking how like they were to "Mr. William's," she had come down to see whether he really had arrived so unexpectedly.

"But, mamma," said Amy, "perhaps he may be hiding in one of the rooms, because, you know, we did not open the drawing-room door directly we heard the footsteps, as we were all so startled."

"It is hardly likely, dear," said Mrs. Egerton, "that William would frighten us so; besides, you know, in his last letter he said we must not expect him for the next three weeks, as he could not be spared until a day or so before Christmas-day; however we will look."

She then led the way into the dining-room, from thence into the library and all the bedrooms, looking even behind the curtains, and in every conceivable or inconceivable place where a human being could be concealed. Still, no one was to be found; and giving up the fruitless search, with heavy hearts they returned to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Egerton sank into a chair, covering her face with her hands. After remaining thus for a few moments she said:

"I cannot tell why this should alarm me; you know I am not generally nervous, but the steps were so like William's that I could have been certain he was coming into the room."

"Yes," said Georgina; "besides, William's is such a peculiar step—so firm, and yet so elastic, and I even fancied I heard the swing he always gives his walking-stick."

After some time wasted in vain conjectures, they at length retired to rest, Mrs. Egerton striving to conceal from her daughters the anxiety she could not help feeling in her own heart.

The morning at length dawned, and the three met at the breakfast-table, feeling more cheerful than when they separated the preceding night. Such is generally the effect of the morning, accompanied, as it was on that day, by bright gleams of sunshine, which at different times struggled to break through the wintry clouds, as the sunshine in their own hearts strove to dissipate the clouds that had gathered the night before. The post arrived, and with it some cheering letters, which tended still to raise their spirits, so that by the afternoon they all felt happier, and less inclined to imagine evil, than they had been before.

They had assembled in the drawing-room, as was their custom before dinner, when Amy (who was standing near the window trying to catch the last gleams of daylight, in order to finish an interesting book) exclaimed:

"Mamma, Georgy, look! who can that man be, who is riding so fast up the hill? Surely he is not coming to our house."

Her mother and sister joined her at the

window, and still the man urged on his horse, until, almost before they had time to wonder, he drew up at their gate, and the servant entered the room, bearing in her hand that folded paper which most of us now-a-days know by instinct—"A telegraphic message."

To tear it open was the work of an instant, and the mother and her agonised daughters read, as it were in letters of fire, the following words:—

"London, December 3rd, 184—.

"William Egerton, Esq., died here last night at eight o'clock."

To describe the following horror and distress would be beyond the power of my pen.

On enquiry it was ascertained that the unfortunate young man quitted his office in his usual good spirits that evening, but shortly before he reached his own door, fell down in what was supposed to be a fainting fit, and breathed his last at exactly the same moment when his mother and sisters heard his well-known footsteps. The medical opinion was, that death was owing to "disease of the heart," accelerated by over-work.

The story requires no comment. Whether it is to be regarded as merely a simple coincidence, or a warning permitted by Providence, is not for me to decide.

Although years have passed since it happened, the vivid remembrance of that evening never has been, and I am confident never will be, effaced from my memory.

That so many should have been struck by the same impression, at the same time, without their nerves or imaginations being excited by any previous "evil tidings," is more than I am able to account for on purely natural grounds.

That such warnings *have* been permitted, I have not the slightest doubt; but I trust that I may never again experience the terror I underwent on that eventful night.

A. M. B.

THE PASTOR AND THE LANDGRAVE.

IN a little village not far from the city of Darmstadt, there lived, about the middle of the last century, a worthy pastor of the name of Reinhardt, who united to the more sacred duties of his calling the office of schoolmaster, and was held in universal esteem for his unostentatious piety and kindness of heart. But his prosperity, in point of worldly wealth was, unhappily, in very lamentable contrast to the riches of love and veneration lavished upon him by his parishioners, both young and old; for the excellent pastor was as poor as he was

liberal, and he often lacked himself in order to relieve the distress of others.

Nor was this deficiency of means at all diminished by the presence at his frugal board of no less than eleven rosy-cheeked, sturdy children, with the best of appetites, and the stoutest of digestions, to whom nothing eatable came amiss, unless indeed the "nothingness" presented itself, as it often did, in its very literal sense of "the absence of everything."

Moreover, as it never rains but it pours, his wife had just presented him with a twelfth olive-branch for the adornment of his table, and the poor pastor was exerting himself to the very utmost to regard the new arrival with feelings of joy and gratitude, instead of dismay, and to lose sight of the extra trials and privations which awaited him in satisfaction that heaven had given him a new object for his care; a new soul to be trained to high and holy things. But, with all his best philosophy, his meditations met with very indifferent success; and he was utterly unable to shake off a feeling of depression, almost amounting to despair, at the gloomy prospect which awaited the innocent intruder into the already overcrowded family.

"A twelfth child born to my humble hearth," he murmured to himself; "a twelfth sharer of the scanty meals which hardly suffice for those who have gone before him! how shall I meet the claims upon me? how shall I be able, with even the best will, and cheerful self-sacrifice, to bring up such a family in health and respectability? Yet a child is God's gift, a holy charge from heaven; so it must carry a blessing with it, if frail man can but see its birth in the true light! I ought to rejoice, no doubt; yet how can I rejoice? How can I do otherwise than tremble for the future lot of my new-born son? yet where is my faith in God's mercies, if I do so tremble?"

Long and earnestly did he resolve this puzzling question in his troubled mind, and sorely did he blame himself, that his comfort and hope were matters more of principle than of practice, of acknowledgment with the mind and soul, than of real cheerfulness; but his efforts were all in vain; so, very wisely, he abandoned the hopeless task of settling such a complicated question by any amount of pure reasoning; and went off to the chamber of his wife to see if nature, and nature's impulses, would not supply to the mother's heart a more encouraging view of the present circumstances than he himself had been able to attain.

Nor were his expectations in this direction by any means unverified by actual experience, for he found his worthy helpmate by far too proud of the sturdy limbs, and goodly propor-

tions of her new-born son to be over-despairing as to his future destiny; to her, at least, his arrival was a source of unmixed triumph, and not a shadow of doubt could find a place in her faithful heart, that when God sends the children, He sends the bread to support them. He was her little Benjamin, she said; Benjamin should be his name, and on him should descend the blessing of Benjamin.

The excellent pastor, though better acquainted than his wife with the real history of Benjamin, did not think it worth while to waste time upon the present occasion in pointing out the fact that it was Joseph, and not Benjamin, to whom Jacob and the patriarchs had been indebted for their prosperity in the land of Egypt; he was quite enough of a practical philosopher to look more to the moral conveyed, than to any very strict adherence to the minor details of the history on such an occasion as the present. He listened, therefore, to the bright visions of his faithful partner with the sincerest possible wish to be convinced, and gradually became carried away by the very fervour of her enthusiasm into looking forward to the days when Benjamin should indeed be the pride and stay of his family. But now a new source of anxiety, and one which demanded instant attention, began to present itself to the much harassed pastor: the child must needs have a godfather for its approaching baptism; but it was by no means equally clear in what direction he could look for a friend to act in the requisite capacity. For that exuberant family had so thoroughly exhausted its stock of everything (innocent good-humour and rude health excepted) that even the source of sponsors had been drained dry, and hardly a neighbour of any standing remained who had not acted in that capacity for some member or other of the pastor's household: it was no easy question then to decide who the fresh godfather should be, and long did our good friend ponder over this knotty subject before he could arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

At length his selection was made, though apparently not without great misgivings, and his choice eventually fell upon a certain advocate Stolz, with whom he had been acquainted at the university of Giessen, and who had lately taken up his residence in Darmstadt. "He has not taken much notice of me lately, I must confess," said he, somewhat dolefully; "but I think that he would hardly refuse an old companion this little favour. He is a wealthy man, too, and so need not grudge the petty expense accompanying his adoption of little Benjamin as his godson; not that I covet his presents, or have ever looked on so solemn a tie in a mercenary light; yet there

is no denying that my poorer neighbours are more or less deterred from offering themselves by such considerations. I could not find any fitter person to whom to apply, so I will lose no time in going to him. Gretchen, my darling," he concluded, turning to his eldest daughter, "put out my best coat and stoutest walking-shoes, cut me a good lunch of black bread, and a little bit of sausage for a relish, and I will be off immediately. The sooner that I start, the sooner I shall be back with good news. I feel so secure of success that I am only ashamed of my previous despondency."

Gretchen's simple preparations were soon made, and the hopeful pastor, after having bidden a hearty farewell to his wife, and committed her and her helpless babe to the mercy of heaven, sallied cheerfully forth upon his journey, singing in a rich round voice one of the fine old psalms with which Germany abounds, the burthen of which was the un-failing vigilance of Divine love over all who are faithful on earth. "The Lord is my strong rock of defence, of whom, then, shall I be afraid?" After a walk of about an hour and a half, during which he fell in with no one but a few peasants, with whom he exchanged a friendly good morning, or a passing comment on the fineness of the day, he struck off from the high-road by a foot-path through the deer-park of the Landgrave, which he knew would cut off a considerable angle, more especially towards that part of the town whither his steps were bent, and was trudging manfully forward over the soft mossy turf, which contrasted pleasantly to his feet with the hard dusty road he had just left, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a gigantic stag, which slowly emerged from a neighbouring thicket and stood still in the midst of the path, snuffing the air, and looking around it with an air of suspicion, as though scenting danger in the breeze, yet not sufficiently alarmed to be put to flight. Our good old friend was no sportsman, and very little of a naturalist, so the enormous proportions of the forest king did not produce as great an effect upon him as they might have done upon a person better qualified to judge of their beauties; nevertheless, even the simple-minded pastor was far from being wholly without admiration of the noble animal before him, and he halted on his way to observe its movements. Whatever the fears of the stag may have been, they manifestly were not connected with the only human being at present in sight, for, continuing to look anxiously around in every other direction, it advanced slowly forward towards the spot where Reinhardt was standing, until it was within a few feet of him, without evincing the

least alarm. Struck with the singular tameness of the animal, Reinhardt advanced a step or two towards it, imagining that it very pro-

bably was some half-domesticated favourite of one of the foresters, and intending, if such were the case, to seek by some caressing ges-



(See page 633.)

ture to conciliate its good will, and examine it more at his leisure.

Terrified, however, by his movements, the stag suddenly swerved from the path, and betook itself at the top of its speed to the neighbouring thicket, to the intense disappointment of a grey-coated sportsman, who had been gradually creeping towards it under cover of the noble beeches which lined the path on either side, and who was just getting within shot as the animal took the alarm.

We learn from the unimpeachable authority of Uncle Toby that our armies swore terribly in Flanders; but it must be allowed that if

they excelled, in the volubility and originality of their execrations the disappointed sportsman who now presented himself before the bewildered Pastor Reinhardt, they must have been proficient, indeed, in that undesirable branch of eloquence. Not that in the midst of his wrath he appeared to be at all an ill-natured or morose man, for the general expression of his countenance was decidedly one of genial benevolent good-humour; but he was terribly put out for the moment by his loss of so noble a quarry, and he gave vent to his vexation after the usual fashion of his age and country. Nor must we omit to add, in ex-

tenuation of his offence, that his oaths and ejaculations, though poured forth with the most preposterous rapidity and vehemence of gesticulation, and evincing a lamentable ignorance of the impropriety of intermingling sacred subjects with the petty details of the sport in which he was engaged, displayed no symptom of the malignity or scurrility which so often accompanies the vice of profanity: they were simply tokens of the idle and reprehensible habit of taking God's name in vain, which even now prevails to such an extent in the country to which he belonged; and it is principally because it does so prevail that I have mentioned it in this place.

I shall not, however, follow him through all the medley of strange invocations of the divine attributes and references to the diabolical agencies manifestly working together on this especial day to his detriment, with which his lamentations over the loss of his noble prey were copiously interlarded; but, begging my reader to suppose that the gaps left in his soliloquy were all filled up by a grunt of breathless disgust, and a flowery expression which it is not necessary to transcribe, pass on to an interview which was not without important results to the hero of our simple tale.

"——I was within a few yards of gunshot," growled the sportsman, half-laughing, however, at his own discomfiture; "I believe I could have hit him as it was if I had risked a long shot. —! He was as big as a cow; bigger than that, as big as a fat ox; twice as big as the one which that braggart at Cassel pretended to have shot last year, not that he could really hit a baggage-waggon at ten yards. ——! What horns, and what a barrel," here he consigned the stag, with a grim regret not unmixed with a tender admiration of his beauty, to a region whence he would certainly never have returned, "and to think of having lost him through a tramping wayfarer. I'll close the foot-paths—I'll, I'll—who are you?" demanded he very fiercely of the unlucky pastor, "spoiling one's sport, and disturbing the poor deer, which have never done you any harm that you should shake your fist at them."

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Mr. Forester," quoth the pastor, mildly, "if I have involuntarily done you any injury. As for the stag, I need hardly apologise to him for preventing him from making your more intimate acquaintance, my bark was worse than my bite in that quarter, I am disposed to suspect." The grey-coated stranger chuckled, and took a huge pinch of snuff out of his waistcoat-pocket, where he apparently kept it loose for its more ready enjoyment.

"You ask who I am," continued Rein-

hardt, "and what brings me here disturbing the deer, which you are so amiably indisposed to frighten that you creep up to them on tip-toe from behind the trees."

"——! The old gentleman is a bit of a wag," said Greycoat to himself.

"I'm the pastor at Kleinstadt, and village schoolmaster to boot," continued Reinhardt. "I've twelve children, and as you well know, or may know if you have a family, godfathers are getting scarcer every year. What a great stag, with branching horns, and a round barrel is to you, a godfather who would take care of little Benjamin is to me. I have spoiled your sport, as you tell me, so I suppose that it is an omen that I shall have no great luck with my own."

"Twelve children!" replied the forester, "that is a good number, certainly. I rather like children myself; but as for twelve!" and he finished his sentence with a whistle, which would certainly, in these modern days, have been mistaken for the arrival of a railway-train. "So godfathers are getting scarcer every day?" he recommenced, "and apostle spoons scarcer still, I suppose? That is a very bad business. Did you ever apply at the castle?"

"I am no beggar!" answered the pastor, gravely and somewhat proudly. "I am poor, and often hard pressed for the necessaries of life, but I need no charity from anyone."

"Pardon me," interrupted the forester, earnestly; "I meant only to ask if you had ever solicited the Landgrave to befriend any of your children? The father of a large family, if he brings them up steadily and virtuously, as I doubt not that you have done, has some claim upon the head of the state. I never hinted at charity; the seventh son, you know, is the prince's god-child everywhere; and upon my word, if I were in your place, I should not scruple about bringing my case before my sovereign's notice."

"He is only the sixth son," ejaculated the pastor, dolefully; "my family is equally divided between boys and girls. If I should have a seventh son——"

"It would hardly be worth while to wish for his arrival for the sake of the Landgrave's patronage," burst in the forester, merrily; "but take my advice, and go to the castle with the lamentable history of Benjamin the well-beloved and portionless."

Although there was something rough in the language he used, the forester looked so good-humoured and jovial as he offered this advice, that the pastor could hardly have the heart to feel offended, though he courteously declined his companion's suggestion. The Landgrave was well known to be a most generous and

noble prince, he said; but he had too many claims upon his bounty to listen to the tale of a perfect stranger. Had he (the pastor), ever had the honour of preaching before him, or in any manner been thrown in his way, it would be a different affair; but as it was, the thing was quite out of the question.

"Been thrown in his way!" echoed the forester, with a roar of laughter which puzzled the good pastor not a little; "it is a strange way of recommending oneself to notice to be found in the way. Perhaps you think that his highness would give you something to keep out of his way in future. I never thought of that before, but it is not such a bad idea."

The pastor was about to reply to this ill-timed merriment, as he then thought it, with somewhat more asperity than was his wont, when his attention was distracted from the rough jesting of his new acquaintance by the voice of an aged woman, whose whole appearance denoted the greatest destitution and misery, though the scrupulous cleanliness of her person, and the careful neatness with which the poor, worn-out garments had been mended again and again, gave her an air of respectability which brought with it a firm conviction that misfortune and not vice or improvidence had brought her to this condition, and that her case was one deserving of the deepest commiseration. It was not, however, to solicit alms that she now addressed our good old friend, but simply to inquire her way to the town; where, as she now informed him she had a son, who had taken to evil courses, had gradually robbed her of her little all by his urgent demands for money to arrest the consequences of his profligacy and dishonesty; but who, as she fondly hoped, might even yet be brought to a better frame of mind, could she but see him face to face, and hang in tears upon his neck to beg him to spare himself and her the otherwise inevitable misery which awaited them. For this she had travelled on foot for three long, weary days, with hardly food enough to keep the bare life within her trembling limbs, and over-tasked her feeble strength, till she almost despaired of ever reaching the desired goal; but if she could once visit poor, misguided Carl, and convince him of the error of his ways, she cared little if it cost her life; she could die content in the arms of the repentant prodigal.

"What is your son's name?" inquired the forester, briefly.

"Carl Eckert," replied the poor woman, turning aside, as if ashamed; "his master is court saddler, and a man of note in the city. We were not always so poor: indeed, I must say, that it is very possible my son knows

not the full extent of the misery to which he has reduced me, for I always tried to put as good a face upon matters as I possibly could, that I might not stand in the way of his advancement."

"Carl Eckert," repeated the forester, in a musing tone; "I am sorry to hear it, my good woman. I grieve to say that I know your son's character but too well, and I fear that it is hoping against hope to expect that your advice or entreaties will be of any benefit to him. He is, at this very time, in prison upon a charge of shooting the Landgrave's deer, and unless common report foully belies him, this is the least of his offences."

He would have added more, but the unhappy woman's overstrained nerves entirely gave way at this lamentable disclosure of her son's unworthiness, and she sank upon the ground in a swoon, produced as much by the exhaustion of hunger and fatigue, as even by the terrible news which she had just received. And then it was that all the simple and pure-hearted beauty of the good pastor's character shone forth in all its brightest colours, for it was indeed touching to observe with what tender skill he busied himself in restoring life and animation to the unhappy creature whose head was resting on that compassionate breast which had an enlightened and great-souled sympathy and compassion for every sorrow and trial of all God's children, and how soothingly he poured the sweet words of Divine comfort into her aching heart, when she had sufficiently recovered to listen to his exhortations to take this fearful trial patiently and faithfully, and to put her trust in the only source of strength and deliverance which can never fail. His companion, the forester, had previously thought him an amiable, cheerful man, who had interested him by his simple honesty and frankness, and amused him with his quiet humour: he now began to perceive how much that was really worthy of admiration lay hid beneath that plain exterior, and he was not the man to allow his good opinion to long remain unmarked by something more than a tacit approval. He took no part, however, in the scene before him, beyond an occasional nod of approbation at some remark of the pastor which pleased him more than usual, but remained leaning against a tree, without evincing any disposition to join in the conversation, or to offer to exert himself in any way to aid in the plans which the kind-hearted pastor was so eagerly framing for the benefit of his *protégée*; but he was, in reality, a very keen observer of all that was passing, and the accidental meeting which had now taken place was destined to be of no mean importance to both of his companions.

After a long and earnest conversation with the unhappy widow upon the readiest means of extricating her worthless son from his terrible position, and of preserving him from yet greater dangers and degradations for the future, it was finally arranged that the pastor should make such inquiries as lay within his power as to the exact amount of Carl Eckert's peril, and that the poor woman should await his return at a neighbouring hamlet, distant about half a mile from where they were now standing. In bidding farewell to the new object of his interest, Reinhardt's fingers wandered to the pocket in which he usually carried his slender purse, but returned as empty as they went, no one single stray coin was there to be found; he looked imploringly at the forester, who, to his shame, only laughed at his dilemma, and took snuff with an air of the greatest amusement at his distress; nothing remained, then, but to offer her a share of his own scanty provisions,—yet not a share only, she was already faint with hunger, she must have the whole. The poor woman resisted for a long time his entreaties that she would accept his proffered kindness, but the pastor was now as resolute and immovable as he had previously been gentle and soothing, "It was very wrong," he said, "to allow even an honest pride to stand in the way of a due care for her health and strength, when the means of recruiting them were so freely and cheerfully offered her; it was selfish towards her son, whom she would not be able to visit in his distress, if she allowed herself to be laid up with sickness: and it was ungracious towards himself, who had done all he could to show his sympathy for her, and only regretted that he could do no more." So he was at last successful, and with many thanks for his kindness, the unhappy woman took her leave, and started for the little village where she was to await further news of her son.

"You seem to have studied the art of persuasion pretty diligently, Mr. Pastor," said the forester, jokingly; "and work your way up to the desired object as skillfully as any deerstalker. If the game is not reachable from one side, try the other, that is the true science of the thing, is it not? But, now, tell me, without money and without food, how do you purpose lasting out during the day?"

"I shall, most probably, dine with my friend, Advocate Stolz," answered the pastor.

The forester whistled in a very dubious manner.

"I doubt that most prodigiously," said he, at last; "the man is a notorious skin-flint. You'll get no dinner with him, I feel convinced. But what I want to know is this, do you

really think that you have done right in giving away your dinner in that extremely selfish way?"

"Selfish!" groaned the poor pastor, somewhat taken aback at this very unexpected charge. "I certainly had no idea of being selfish; reckless I may have been, but surely not selfish!"

"Selfish in the highest degree, upon your own showing," quoth the forester, solemnly; "very selfish. If you are half-starved when you get to Darmstadt, you will not plead poor Benjamin's cause with any spirit; you will either take the Advocate's first refusal to act as sponsor too tamely, for want of energy to press him vigorously, or, perhaps, you will be cross, and quarrel with him (for I know by my own experience that fasting is very bad for the temper), and then you will have injured your innocent little son, in order to gratify your own wish to serve a stranger; next, when you get home, you will eat a heartier meal than usual, because of your past abstinence, and that will fall upon your unlucky children; thirdly, the poor little creatures will not even have the satisfaction of feeling that they are stinting themselves for dear papa, but for a woman whom they never saw; fourthly——"

"Hold, friend, that is quite enough!" exclaimed the ill-fated pastor, overwhelmed with this shower of testimony against his misdoings. "I really am afraid that I have been somewhat neglectful of the duty of being just before I was generous, and that you are right in saying that the bread has been taken out of my children's mouths rather than my own, to feed this poor widow; but I meant no harm, and certainly no selfishness. As for my little ones, God will provide for them, as he has done heretofore; and I trust that I have taught them better things than to grudge the distressed and suffering a portion of their scanty substance, sorely as they themselves may need it."

"Their health and strength are not their own to throw away," replied the incorrigible forester, "and as you very properly remarked to Frau Eckert, it is very wrong not to take good care of such invaluable gifts of Providence, which reminds me that I should like to know why the aforesaid widow was so very wrong to refuse, even out of an honest pride, to accept your provisions, and you are so very right to decline to plead the cause of your own flesh and blood before the Landgrave, who certainly would not have to stint himself at his own meals in order to send a portion to little Benjamin."

"The cases are very different, good friend," replied the pastor, with gentle firmness. "Frau Eckert needed support at the identical

moment when I so pressed upon her the necessity of accepting my humble aid ; whereas Benjamin has still his life before him, and I trust that he will learn to make his own way. As for myself, if I have been, or am, guilty of some greater pride than befits my poverty, I can but do my best to check the evil when my conscience tells me that it exists, which, I assure you, is not the case when I decline to be a beggar before the Landgrave even for my own child. Independence is one of the first and grandest lessons which man can learn as regards his temporal welfare ; even as a trust in Providence and unshaken faith in the Divine mercy is the greatest of all spiritual lessons. Such principles I shall do my best to instil into my son's mind, and I have little fear of the result."

"Independence is an excellent thing, no doubt, when you can maintain it," replied the forester, jestingly, "not that I have found many men who could really boast of possessing it. I am generally supposed not only to be as fond of having my own way as most men, but to get it pretty often into the bargain ; but I don't. And so is it with us all ! so Benjamin must bow to the wind that is too strong to resist, and, on the other hand, must not be above trimming his sails according to the direction from which a breeze may set, which may promise to bring him to a desirable haven. He will never get on in the world if he follows his father's example in following out every impulse of his mind, irrespective of the end to which it may lead."

"Indeed, indeed, you do me great injustice," exclaimed the pastor, driven well nigh beyond all patience by the consistent determination of his companion to misinterpret every word he said ; "I am by no means an advocate for following up one's impulses in the blind manner which you attribute to me. I quite agree with you in saying that we must have an eye to the ultimate consequences of what we are taking in hand ; but, at the same time, I earnestly maintain that we must not be too easily dissuaded from doing what is right by fear of failure, or neglect a certain good to avoid an uncertain evil. Life is too short and too full of action to have time to waste upon splitting straws of far-fetched theories, or meeting trouble half-way. When you see a plain, simple duty lying right in your way, go and do it, my good friend, and trust to God for the result. 'Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days you shall find it again,' is a goodly maxim which my dear old father was always impressing on my mind as a boy, and I have never forgotten it ; and I am quite sure that if, in doing a kindly action, one were to be constantly

thinking of every out of the way drawback to its performance, or weighing every possible pro and con in the balance before one could come to a conclusion, though fewer blunders might be made, yet so far less good would be done as to make it very doubtful whether much had been gained. Better follow a good impulse and stumble now and then, than have no heart to risk anything for fear of failure."

"Well-spoken !" said the forester, earnestly ; "to be zealous in doing what we believe to be right is far better than to be wavering and undecided ; nevertheless, we ought not to omit to take all reasonable pains to attain a lawful object. Therefore, I once more repeat my advice that you should seek an audience with the Landgrave and explain to him the circumstances in which you are placed. I will take it upon myself to gain you admission to him, and you must do the rest."

"I should be delighted to have an opportunity of speaking to his highness," replied the pastor, "in order that I might acquaint him with the melancholy history of Frau Eckert ; but as for myself, I shall certainly not trouble our gracious lord with my own poor affairs."

"You are the most obstinate man in the whole world, I do verily believe," exclaimed the forester ; "but perhaps I shall bring you to reason even yet. I shall come and see you in a few days and hope to find you rather more open to common sense. Good-bye for the present. Yet, stay ! if you won't accept anything else, you might condescend to take a little bit of luncheon with me. We are close to the place where I hid my stores in a hollow tree this morning ; if you will wait a minute I will be back almost before you have time to miss me."

"I thank you very much for your kind offer," replied the pastor, "and have no idea of carrying my scruples about accepting favours so far as to refuse a friendly invitation like this. And, to tell the truth, I am rather sharp set already, despite of my resolution to go all day without eating ; so I will make no farther fuss about the matter, but say 'thank-you,' fairly and honestly out."

"Bravo," shouted the forester, slapping him on the back with bluff good-will ; "you're a hearty manly fellow, and I believe in your genuine self-respect and independence all the more sincerely that you do not affect any squeamishness about these little things. I hope that we shall be good friends for many a day."

So saying, he took his departure in search of the provisions, while the pastor seated himself upon a fallen tree and awaited his return. He was naturally as patient a man as one need

wish to meet with, and, moreover, was in no especial hurry to be moving; for the more he thought of his errand to the advocate, the less sanguine he felt, and the more disposed to give up his journey altogether; but he certainly did begin to feel a little weary of waiting when more than an hour had elapsed and there were no signs of the forester's return. He was just upon the point of giving up his companion as an incorrigible truant, who had manifestly forgotten all about him and his luncheon, when his attention was attracted by the re-appearance of the self-same stag, which he had seen at the entrance of the park, and which had led to his introduction to the eccentric forester. Remembering the dire offence which he had before given by alarming the animal, the worthy pastor slunk away as stealthily as possible behind the nearest tree, and remained as quiet as though he feared to let his very breathing be heard, suddenly bethinking him that the prolonged absence of his new friend might perhaps have been produced by his having fallen in with the noble creature, and having followed it thus far without having found a fair opportunity for getting a shot. A couple of minutes sufficed to show that he was quite right in this supposition; the grey-coated sportsman was presently seen, dodging from tree to tree in the direction of the place where the stag was feeding, and making the most grotesque grimaces and signals of caution as he crept towards his unsuspecting prey. The snapping of a dry twig under the forester's feet at last caught the ear of the ill-fated stag, which threw up its head in an attitude of attention, and was in the very act of taking to flight when the fatal bullet was discharged from the levelled tube of a marksman who seldom missed his aim under circumstances as favourable as the present, and with a spasmodic bound into the air the mighty hart fell heavily to the ground, ploughing up the earth with its horns in the agonies of death.

"I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting," quoth the triumphant forester, after having administered the *coup de grace* to his victim with his long hunting-knife; "but the temptation to follow the beast was really too great to be resisted. Never did I see such a stag! much less have the good-luck to shoot one. Upon my word, I'll commemorate it in some signal manner, that the clumsy fellow at Cassel may not crow over me any more. I'll strike a medal; I declare I will, and plant an oak where he fell. I'll—halloa, though! what am I talking about? Mr. Pastor, I've found something which I think must belong to you; it looks like a piece of the bread which you are in the habit of casting on the waters, and though it is rather damp outside,

I think that you will find it a tolerably good dish at Benjamin's christening-feast. By-the-bye, when is it to be? because I should like to be there; indeed, if you will let me be god-father instead of the advocate, I should be much obliged to you, and it will save you a long walk besides."

So saying he extended to the astonished pastor a delicate-looking French-roll, which, as he said, was rather wet outside, but from its unusual weight appeared to contain something more than bread inside it, and strode off in the direction in which he had come, without either waiting for an answer, or saying another syllable about the promised luncheon.

Clearly perceiving from the whole manner of his late companion that there was something mysterious about the strange present so unceremoniously thrust into his hand, Reinhardt hastened to break open the roll, which contained a packet of fifty ducats, glistening with all the brightness of gold freshly issued from the mint, wrapped up in a sheet of paper, on which was written the following note:—

"To the worthy Court Chaplain, Reinhardt.

"You will perceive by the heading of this letter that I have profited by your advice to act on a good impulse without delay, and have therefore hastened to confer upon you the office of one of my chapel-preachers, without even waiting for your consent to the appointment. I trust, however, that you will not decline the post, which you have certainly earned, according to your own views of merit, by being found most undeniably 'in my way' when I was just going to shoot the very finest stag that I ever beheld." ["He shot it afterwards, however," said the pastor to himself, "so no great damage was done."] "I have made a very valuable discovery to-day: I flatter myself I have found a man whom I can so thoroughly trust and respect that I have no idea of easily parting with him. Of course, you must have some better preferment presently than the mere chaplaincy, the management of which I must leave to my ministers, as such things are not in my way. Taking for granted that you will accept me as Benjamin's god-father instead of the advocate,—who must indeed have marvelously changed for the worse since you knew him, if he was a very pleasant man then,—I have enclosed a little present towards the costs of the christening-feast, which I should like to be held on Thursday next, as I shall be disengaged on that day and can come in person. Don't tell anyone of the arrangements until it is all over, or I shall have no peace of my life about the ceremonials. By-the-bye, I hardly think that I should like my god-son to be called Benjamin, let him be named Philip,

after my great ancestor, or George, after the founder of my branch of the House,—I care not which. Some one has stolen my luncheon, so I could not bring it with me; if Carl Eckert were not safe in gaol I should have suspected him; as it is, I suppose he is not guilty. His mother cried and bemoaned herself so piteously that I have been obliged to promise her his pardon; but I am quite sure that he will be hanged at last. Farewell, worthy pastor! we shall meet again on Thursday, and can then converse at greater length as to what we are to do with the rest of the patriarchs.

“LUDEWIG.”

“Then it was the Landgrave himself,” said the pastor, musingly, “and I found fault with him to his face with the greatest freedom. However, he seems to have forgiven me, and to have taken compassion on Benjamin, or George, as I suppose we must call him now. God has, indeed, been plenteous in mercy to me this day; may He protect me in my prosperity as vigilantly as He has supported me in adversity!”

The all-important Thursday arrived in due course of time, and the kind-hearted Landgrave, in strict incognito as a forester, was punctual to his engagement at the baptism of little George, and performed his office of godfather with a cheerful good-humour which quite won the hearts of all the assembled company.

No one conversed more pleasantly with the elders, or romped more merrily with the children; and when he took his departure he was escorted to his carriage, which was in waiting at the outskirts of the village, by a whole troop of his little friends, who parted from him with many embraces, and hopes that so delightful a play-fellow would soon return to join them in their games.

That he kept his word as to striking a commemorative medal, I can testify of my own experience, as I possess a copy of it in my own cabinet, and shall be most happy to show it to any one who is sceptical enough either to doubt its existence, or the authenticity of this veracious history of an episode in the life of “The Forester Landgrave.”

LOVE THE RUNAWAY.

[FROM MOSCHUS, IDYLL I.]

CYPRIS her Eros thus was loudly crying,
 “Whoso by high-ways may have seen him hieing—
 Mine is that Runaway!—when he is found
 A kiss shall be his finder’s: to impound
 The Runaway shall thus rewarded be,
 Not with a kiss, but something more from me.
 My boy among a dozen you would name,
 His eyes are penetrating, full of flame;

Nor white his skin, but red like fire, and all
 His words are honey, but his heart is gall.
 Such variance lies between his mind and tongue,
 This grows the sweeter, as that is more stung.
 It is a crafty and a wanton child,
 And cruelaye, with those its craft has wiled;
 A curly pate, a face so impudent!
 And hands so tiny! Yet those hands have sent
 Arrows to Acheron, and Hades’ king.
 He, like some bird with ever restless wing,
 Hovers o’er men and maids, on every part
 Of earth; then settles sudden on their heart;
 There broods a little; then, away! away!
 His heart is hid, but naked as the day
 His body. He, too, bears the smallest bow;
 On it the smallest arrows which will go
 From earth to heaven; a golden quiver he
 Bears on his back, whose bitter shafts strike me;—
 Me, many a time, his mother; fierce we call
 His arms, but this far fiercer than them all,
 The tiny torch which fires the very sun.
 Oh! never be by him to pity won!
 ‘But if you take him, bring him bound; at will
 He weeps; but if he smile, then hale him still.
 But should he seek to kiss yon, instant fly!
 His kiss is evil; they who taste it die,
 For on his lips is poison. Should he say,
 ‘Take, then, the all I have to give away,’
 Let not thy soul the traitor’s gifts desire,
 Touch not his darts, for all are dipt in fire.”

THE RECENT STAR-SHOWER.

A FRIEND at Hythe, who read with much interest our article* on this subject, has sent us some particulars of the meteoric shower of this year, as observed at that place.

“Madam Rumour,” in the shape of one of the borough police,† stated that a few shooting stars—“wonderful bright ‘uns”—were seen on Monday night, Nov. 12, and this report induced a friend and myself to watch for them on Tuesday. Some meteors made their appearance as early as 9, but they were “few and far between,” and we did not think it necessary to start before 11. In our ten minutes’ walk to the station that we had fixed on as probably affording the widest view in the neighbourhood, we saw a few of the meteors, but only one was of remarkable brilliancy. Arrived at Hythe Hill, we took our stand at a point about three hundred yards north of the church, and two hundred feet above the sea, and prepared to “observe” as well as we could. The night was brilliantly starlight, the moon had already gone down, the air was calm, and not at all cold for mid-November. There was sufficient starlight to see the time by our watches, and at 11.15 we began to count the meteors as they appeared.

* See page 606.

† The policeman’s statement about the appearance of meteors on Monday night must be taken for what it is worth. We are informed that those who were specially watching for them throughout the whole night did not see a single meteor, so far as we have at present heard, the sky being universally cloudy all over the country.—Ed. O. & W.

They seemed, in most cases, to issue from a point, in the constellation Leo I believe, apparently mid-way between Ursa Major north, and Orion south. From 11.15 to 12.15 we counted 242 meteors, mostly with trains, but occasionally without. They varied considerably in brilliancy, as also in the apparent length of their flight, for whilst some disappeared almost immediately, the majority were visible for two or three seconds. Some seemed to attain the zenith, but the greater number proceeded in two streams, not very high in the heavens, the course being more frequently to N.W. than to S.W., and a band of light seemed to rest on the line of chalk-hills above Saltwood Castle (also N.), showing that many were falling in that direction, though beyond our view. Up to 12 o'clock a moderate degree only of brightness was the rule, though there were some that shone with a splendour that I at least had never before witnessed. After 12 the scene altogether changed, the meteors increasing alike in number and splendour every moment. At 12.15 my friend was obliged to leave me for a time, and I could give my attention only to the northern portion of the sky. In the course of twenty-five minutes which elapsed before his return, I counted 214 meteors in that quarter alone, which I am inclined to believe was hardly a third of the actual number. The chalk-hills seemed in a blaze, the before-mentioned luminous band only disappearing when every now and then it was thrown into the shade by vivid flashes of lightning, though we did not hear any thunder. Hastily glancing round, occasionally, at the south, the meteors seemed quite as abundant in that direction also, as was likewise the case overhead. My friend and I now again took our north and south sides, but in a few minutes we were fairly beaten in our attempt to count the meteors. They came in actual flights of ten or twenty on each side of us, with scarcely any appreciable interval, and I cannot venture on even the roughest guess as to the numbers that were visible at one time; all that I can say is, they were literally "innumerable." I have said that they also increased in brilliancy, so much so as to entirely extinguish the light of the stars as they glanced by. Some appeared of a rich blue, some of a bright pink, and their trains varied in colour also, the majority being bright gold, but often fringed with blue and red. The trains were generally straight, though often with something of an undulatory motion; and in one instance, at about 12.40, a particularly brilliant meteor of intense blue had a train spread out in a most graceful curve, like an ostrich-feather, and exhibiting almost as many colours as the rain-

bow. Soon after 2 the meteors began to decrease both in brilliancy and frequency, and accordingly we gave up our watch. I have since heard that an occasional meteor was seen even up to 6 a.m. on the Wednesday morning, but the hours of 12 to 2 here embraced the "grand display." It was, indeed, such an instance of "the heavens displaying the glory of God, and the firmament showing his handiwork," as can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

AMUSEMENTS ON THE CHEAP.

You are going to see the legitimate drama at Drury Lane? We wish we could accompany you, but our taste is for a low and grovelling form of entertainment, as you will be compelled to admit directly we mention one of our favourite places of resort.

We love that establishment originally christened the "Coburg," immortalized by "Mrs. Brown" as the "Queen's own theayter," and familiar to the denizens of the "New Cut" and surrounding purlieus, as the "Vic." There is a unique freshness and vivacity both in the performances themselves and the audiences that congregate to witness them. You get plenty for your money, and to the economically disposed, there is a peculiar charm in the strict moderation of the charges—gallery, threepence, and, skipping intermediate grades, orchestral stalls, eighteenpence. Virtue is invariably triumphant at the "Vic," and, as a rule, noisily so. Its assailants are vanquished amid a discharge of firearms. As regards the *mise-en-scène*, the dresses are not always new, and the scenery is seldom magnificent—there is plenty of it, however, accompanied by "new and surprising effects" in the shape of coloured lights and fireworks. We recollect a drama in which a "real cab" made its appearance. In the same piece there occurred a scene delineative of "Old Westminster Bridge by night," and another representing Cremorne Gardens during a season not quite so unpropitious as that of the passing year.

Order is maintained in the "Vic" by a gentleman in a blue coat and silver buttons, and with a glazed top to his hat—the orthodox helmet has probably not yet arrived at the "property room:" he resembles a policeman, at all events, at a distance, and his duty it is to rap violently with a cane on the back of an orchestral stall, whenever the occupants of the auditorium indulge in more than the permitted allowance of noise.

You, however, of the West-end, who imagine that of all low resorts the poor

"Vic" is the lowest, are the victims of an egregious delusion; if you will listen to us, as explorers in many peculiar districts, we hope to convince you of your error.

Within easy reach of the hallowed precincts of the Archbishop's palace at Lambeth, stands the Growler Saloon. It is hardly a prosperous establishment, but its admirers will inform you that it would get on better if it didn't suffer under a cross fire of opposition from Astley's on one side and the "Vic" on the other. It is to be approached through the hospitable bar of a public, in which, should it be evening, you are likely to encounter sundry individuals in the enjoyment of creature comforts, procured at their own expense, or more probably, that of acquaintances in a less advanced stage of dilapidation. Their whiskerless cheeks, threadbare coats buttoned up tightly to the chin, and generally "seedy" aspect, mark them as members of the theatrical profession, beguiling the tedium of "waits," or on the look out for engagements, undoubtedly honourable, though, it is to be imagined, at times hardly remunerative. The "Vic" is cheap, but the Growler still more so. Perhaps you are not quite prepared for the gallery at twopence; we will therefore, for once in our life, "do the grand," and enjoy worship in the eyes of the ticket-taker by becoming the proprietors of a box-seat at the greatly reduced price of sixpence.

Don't let this selfsame ticket-taker, however, imagine that you are a man of substance, or he may be tempted to improve the occasion, and charge you a shilling.

The Growler Saloon, though an establishment of acknowledged merit, has, as above hinted, always been more or less under a cloud. The only individual who ever extracted from it anything with the remotest resemblance to profits, was the enterprising Widdles; and if he did what nobody else ever succeeded in doing, it was not only on account of his extraordinary capacity for command, but the advantages he enjoyed from the peculiarly favourable condition of his domestic arrangements. Widdles was a family man, and with a weather eye of surprising keenness. Thus he could place before the public, his daughter, Miss Julia—who afterwards contracted an alliance with a provincial tragedian of note—in the capacity of "first walking lady;" his son either as the "lover" or occupant of "utility" parts, as occasion might serve; old Mrs. Widdles for the matronly characters, and himself as the "heavy" man—ripe for anything, from the benevolent father of the comedy, to the grave-digger in "Hamlet." Parties desirous of sustaining a leading part in any piece, tragical, comical, or melodramatic,

could do so under certain restrictions, and by payment of the usual fee of fifteen shillings. Inferior parts went at a lower rate; you could feed your vanity at the expense of your pocket—an admirable arrangement, especially to the proprietor, who under other circumstances might have had some difficulty in keeping the Thespian pot boiling. The scenery at the Growler Saloon was perhaps appropriate, but the reverse of extensive; the stage was on a miniature scale, and the condition of the treasury, combined with want of space, would allow of the employment of but a single carpenter. Thus the members of the company were expected to "lend a hand," not only in the capacity of actors but that of scene shifters, to do a little tintacking and white-washing at times, and if any one of them could "vamp up" an interior, so much the better.

Widdles was a man in earnest, and didn't stand much nonsense. Thus, as the occupants of the gallery were not particularly polished, as regarded either person or manner, he deemed it an essential part of his duty to address them with a periodical remonstrance. The gallery audience, we may observe, was principally recruited from amongst coster lads, a class which, to a discriminating taste for the drama, united an amiable weakness for whistling, criticising the various members of the company in terms the reverse of complimentary, and instituting a series of instructive experiments relative to the degree of manual force necessary for the satisfactory projection of orange peel.

Whenever a tolerably well-dressed child, the wilful offspring of some small tradesman in the neighbourhood, appeared in the Growler merely because he had been strictly forbidden to go there, and innocently assumed a position in the front row of the gallery, he met with condign punishment by being submitted to the process known as "handing back." Dragged from his seat, and pushed from bench to bench, he would presently find himself in the least satisfactory part of the premises, or out of the theatre altogether. Widdles, as we before remarked, was an advocate of order; against outrages such as the above he deemed it unnecessary to remonstrate, the coster lads being his regular customers, and tidily-dressed children only occasional interlopers; he objected, however, to any interruption of the performance; and as his auditorium required regulation by a strong hand, he never allowed improprieties of demeanour to pass without a cutting reprimand. It once happened that when the tragedy of "Hamlet" was in course of representation, a scuffle ensued in the higher

regions; Widdles, who was hard at work digging his grave, suddenly desisted from that enlivening occupation, and pointing at some culprit in the gallery, exclaimed, "Now, I am marking you, my boy; you had better behave yourself, or I shall have you turned out." On another occasion, when somewhat similarly provoked, he caused his head to appear from behind the act drop, and informed the company in general, that unless they controlled their too exuberant spirits the performance would not be proceeded with. We once heard that a "masked ball" took place at the Growler. It must have been dissipation under difficulties, for the gasworks never behaved with an excess of liberality towards that interesting establishment, and, let alone other considerations, the available space must have been the reverse of extensive.

Within the last few weeks, a gentleman who "made his name" at the "Vic." in the part of *Frankenstein's Monster*, has been starring it at the above theatre, in the "Dumb Drover." Those who would encourage real merit in difficulties can do so by a timely and economical visit to the Growler.

Incredible as the statement may appear, there is in the neighbourhood of King's Cross a theatre smaller even than the Growler. It is a sort of Chapel of Ease to the more important temples of the Thespian art, and is to be found inside its proprietor's house. It was erected, we believe, by a gentleman who gave dramatico-musical entertainments on a limited scale. It is now rather bombastically styled a "school for actors." Should you be desirous of viewing the premises, say, in the capacity of an undeveloped "star," anxious to "make your first appearance on any stage," keep up the Euston Road until you come among the "hundreds"; pause in front of a tall, semi-deserted looking, red-brick house on your right hand, and, having examined the brass plate on the door, to assure yourself that you are not at fault, knock and ring according to the written request, and if the great man is at home, you will have the pleasure of waiting in his front parlour till it suits his convenience to grant you the desired audience. Perhaps you will encounter in this selfsame front parlour a young lady between the age of eighteen and twenty, dressed neatly in black silk rather the worse for wear, and with a half-starved, nervous look about her, that at once impresses you with the conviction that she only requires a month or two's practice in the country and a "first appearance" under tolerably favourable circumstances to be in a position to command the suffrages of the most fastidious of metropolitan audiences. Gazing around, you

are by no means convinced that the apartment into which you have been shown is a model of comfort and refined elegance. It has a moth-eaten look; and through the dust-begrimed windows you observe the cabs and omnibuses passing, as it were, through a November fog. There is an angular mahogany table, suggestive of the uncompromising character of its owner; and a desk surmounted with sundry second-hand volumes, certifies that the proprietor of the Garret is a gentleman of literary attainments and studious propensities. The prints against the walls are of a classical and lugubrious character; the vases on the mantelpiece full of what children call "shaking grass," and the horse-hair chairs, fertile in bristles, are the reverse of comfortable to those employing them as vehicles of repose. The young lady taps on the floor with her foot, designs tracery with her parasol on the drugget, and after a few desperate and spasmodic references to the state of the weather, you examine the external condition of your head-gear which you have gracefully arranged on your knees, and fling yourself back on the sofa, innocent of springs, in a futile attempt to appear thoroughly indifferent and quite at your ease. The door suddenly opening, there appears on the threshold a gentlewoman bearing some resemblance to a cook in distressed circumstances, and your young lady companion obeys with palpitating heart a summons to the managerial presence. As regards yourself, being left alone, you sink into the lowest depth of despondency, and are only aroused therefrom by the entrance of a tall, elderly gentleman of solemn demeanour, who, with an air of mingled gravity and condescension, inquires concerning the object of your visit.

It is, as you at once conjecture, the great man himself. You reply, not without an inward tremor, that during the last six months you have been the assiduous pupil of a gentleman formerly an efficient member of the theatrical profession, stage manager, you believe, to a certain retired and eminent tragedian during his farewell season at one of the leading West-end theatres, and who in return for sundry lessons—delivered, you remember, with no great regularity, and a paltry twenty pounds, paid in advance—has been kind enough to state that you are in possession of marked ability which only requires "bringing out," and that in the event of any application for an engagement, you may make the best use you can of his name, and mention unreservedly the flattering terms in which he has been pleased to commend your efforts. Perhaps with a certain bitterness you remember that towards the close of your first quarter, the too

sanguine Grinder stated his conviction that even then you were fully competent to sustain a leading part on the metropolitan stage, that after the payment of the second half of your instruction fee, his air of conviction yielded to one of doubt, and that he qualified his former assertion by the statement that he believed you would "do well in time." Grinder was a bold man at the outset, undaunted by difficulties, and led you to suppose that his powers of "pushing" were almost unlimited. When words had to be verified by actions, he proved lamentably incompetent—he could in reality do nothing; he found it utterly impossible to get you an engagement even at any of the "minors"; having pocketed his money, he was content to descend from the stilts; he was no longer the anxious and hopeful instructor, but the swindler pure and simple; the prospect of the "snug little theatre down in the provinces," where you were to make your first appearance, vanished; in default of anything better, you had been consigned to the tender mercies of the proprietor of the lowest "amateur" abomination in London, a place where you couldn't possibly learn anything but what was so altogether wrong, as to necessitate its being unlearned again on the first favourable opportunity.

However, bent upon making the best of a bad job, you speak only in the highest terms of a gentleman whom in your heart you believe to have cheated you; and when you have said all you can, and resaid part of it in the hope of fishing up fresh arguments, you watch with painful anxiety for the first words that shall drop from the managerial lips, and send you away, exulting in the hope of a speedy triumph, or sunk in the depths of despair.

You are informed, as a preliminary, that the Garret Theatre is a "college" for those who cannot at once go into the country; that it is subject to certain and stringent regulations; that "many of those who once played on its boards have now assumed very prominent positions in the profession they have adopted," chiefly, it is to be remarked, in "Australia and the colonies." After this, you will learn that the days of performance are every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday; that in the course of the week after next, a representation will be given of Sheridan Knowles' play of the "Hunchback;" that a young lady, the pupil of a well-known professor, late of the Princess's Theatre,—in fact, the half-starved damsel whom you met on your arrival,—will sustain the part of *Julia*: that both *Tinsel* and *Modus* are engaged, but that *Sir Thomas Clifford* is vacant, and that the

price to be paid for the privilege of appearing in that character, is thirty shillings; an outlay, by-the-bye, that you can ill afford, but which is absolutely indispensable, as there are the fees for the Dramatic Authors' Society; the dresses, too, have to be hired from Bow Street; and if there wasn't a liberal distribution of tickets amongst your friends, one of the most rising tragedians of the present day might suffer the mortification of having to make his "first appearance" in the presence of something very like empty benches.

"Perhaps you would like to look over the theatre?" You hide your chagrin by observing that it might be advisable.

A bell tinkles, and the summons is answered by a grimy-looking individual, something like a carpenter run to seed, who has a dirty straw hat in one hand and a farthing dip in the other.

You follow him at the word of command down a gloomy passage, ascend three or four rude steps, and, finding yourself in unmitigated darkness, are agreeably surprised by being told that you are "on the stage."

By degrees the darkness seems to roll away and you distinguish objects clearly. At first misshapen masses, they now assume something like a definite form. These are the wings, not cut into the shape of trees, &c., as in the fashionable theatres of the West-end, but terminating in a right line, and bearing an unpleasant resemblance to a shutter. A few inches above your head are the sky borders; at the back of the stage is a "flat" covered with great dabs and scrawls, and delineative of it is impossible to know what. The first sight of the Garret is hardly calculated to raise one's spirits; the carpenter will tell you that there is a first-rate stock of scenery, and may point out a list of half-a-dozen "flats," including one in portrayal of that singular architectural phenonemon, an "Othello arch." He will likewise let you know that though the trade of the establishment is for the most part in farces and comedies, there are occasional, and we should imagine strikingly original, representations of *Macbeth* and the *Ghost* in "Hamlet." Would you care to go over the "front" of the house, and visit the dressing-rooms? These last are the most delightful little snuggeries in the world, rat-holes are nothing to them. They are white-washed; and, without being precisely comfortable, must, when the gas is turned on, bear a caricaturish resemblance to the cells of a model prison when viewed through the wrong end of a telescope. They are not large, neither can they claim to be scrupulously clean; if you expect to have one all to yourself you will be disappointed; "share and share alike" is

the rule at the Garret; and as young gentlemen of the theatrical profession have a tendency to facetiousness, it is just possible that you may encounter other annoyances, let alone the want of space in your dressing-room.

You have witnessed the thrilling ascent and descent of fairies, ghosts, and other supernatural phenomena through the boards of the stage; and though highly admiring the manoeuvre, have perhaps never felt particularly ambitious to take part in it yourself. Of course it is the easiest thing in the world after a little practice, but tragedy or high comedy being your line, you have a laudable aversion to anything bordering on the "clap-trap." Though fully confident of your power to excel even in the most trivial details of the stage, there is something startling, to say the least of it, in the notion of the ground suddenly sinking beneath you; and a doubt may have occasionally crossed your mind whether, in the event of such an emergency, you mightn't have a tendency to tumble forwards, or at least show your paces in such a manner as to bring down anything but the enthusiastic plaudits of the whole house.

Make your mind easy at all events as regards the Garret. There, as your conductor will inform you, the stage has but one "trap," and that is impracticable. With a sensation of relief, you wipe the pearly drops from your brow, and, in an excess of gratitude, reward the messenger of glad tidings with the "price of a pint."

It may be as well to remark, in conclusion, that, independently of the entrance through the proprietor's private residence, you may reach the Garret by means of a couple of folding-doors opening into a bye-street. Through these selfsame doors it is that there will throng that eager host of admirers, whose services you will have secured by a judicious disposal of your thirty shillings' worth of private admissions.

Let us pause for a moment and admire the astute policy of the proprietor of the Garret. Instead of the manager paying the company, the company pays the manager. What a fine time for the rector it would be if he could get his butcher's bill paid by the curate in return for the privilege of delivering the Sunday morning's sermon!

In that salubrious and much-frequented thoroughfare, Leman Street, Whitechapel, there may be found an edifice considerably the worse for wear, known to the world in general under the title of the "Roscius," and celebrated in the theatrical profession for having sooner or later proved a cause of ruin to pretty nearly every one in any way connected

with it. Its proprietors will tell you that it flourished "once upon a time," but they prudently refrain from encumbering that happy period with any precise date. Within the walls of this establishment successive audiences, chiefly of the Jewish persuasion, have witnessed pretty nearly every existing form of entertainment, commencing with high tragedy and winding up with "Alabama minstrels" and conjuring. A sanguine individual, who felt impelled to take in hand that "highly valuable piece of property," which had ruined the knowing ones, merely because he was without any capacity for management at all, discovered, ingeniously enough, that the secret of its non-success was referable to the circumstance of the entrances to the dress-boxes and gallery being in the same passage. "A Whitechapel gallery," he philosophically remarked, "is, as a rule, the reverse of select." A friend seized the opportunity to inquire whether he thought a dress-circle audience culled from the same region was likely to be much more so.

The "Roscius" has long been untenanted save by the rats, one of whom we not long since discovered reclining in a tolerably advanced stage of decomposition, within an inch of the prompter's box. Still the sanguine proprietors of the edifice in question will assure you that the "Roscius" would appear in the entirely new character of a "most valuable piece of property" if it could only fall into the hands of a man of capital, and be submitted to "judicious management." An outlay is requisite; and—well—yes, you would hardly be warranted in expecting any profits for the first nine months, as at least that period is necessary for "bringing the place round." It has got a bad name; but there is a large and intelligent audience to be catered for, chiefly, as we remarked before, of the Jewish persuasion. A superior standard of drama is required; your company must comprise members more efficient than those hitherto developed on the Roscian boards. "Sticks" are at a discount even in Whitechapel; the scenery should be striking, and, above all, the auditorium well lighted. Nothing like a brilliant auditorium. Mr. Issachar Moses, proprietor and quondam manager, will assure you that the great waste of gas is in the dressing-rooms. Never stint the audience, but fix a basilisk glance upon your "company." He did a clever thing once, did this far-sighted Issachar. As a manager in *futuro*, you may profit by his example. Put the carpenter on the salary list. He will fancy himself on the road to good luck. Well, fine him whenever there is any waste. The gas bill will go down at once. Not long

ago we heard that the undaunted manager of a certain large provincial music-hall proposed trying his luck with the "Roscius." He has our best wishes for success; nothing is impossible; if he is a sharp hand, and can bear up against a year of reverses, he may escape the common lot of his predecessors, and in the long run enjoy a more satisfactory reward than that of having wofully burnt his fingers. We shouldn't care, however, to meddle with the "Roscius" ourselves. We once instituted a careful survey of the premises: it may have been that we are not naturally of a sanguine temperament, but certainly the result of our inquiries was hardly such as to warrant us in having to do more than we could help with that hitherto unappreciated mine of possible wealth in Leman Street, Whitechapel.

We were shown over the establishment by a young gentleman, whose financial condition appeared to have been by no means ameliorated by the circumstance of his having in times past been manager himself. Details of a domestic character being always welcome, we were much gratified to learn that his mode of furnishing an "interior" on the "boards" was by means of his own personal property, which he astutely achieved by transporting thereto the contents of his apartments "over the way." He assured us, too, that on his benefit night he had sustained the part of *Claude* in the "*Lady of Lyons*," and with decided success. He pointed, not without pride, to a couple of ragged playbills still adhering to the cozy walls; and, obeying a species of instinct, we glanced from these memorials of past greatness, to our friend's pale, hungry-looking face, trembling fingers, and threadbare garments. He was high in praise of the establishment, and of the wonderful things that might be made out of it. He was considerate enough to state his conviction that a higher form of the drama, conducted upon liberal principles, would prove eminently successful. He felt sure that on Saturday nights the fifth act of "*Richard III.*" combined with serio-comic vocalism and a ballet, would be of wonderful service in replenishing the treasury. He pointed with admiration to the size of the pit, the depth of the stage, and earnestly begged to be allowed to exhibit specimens of the extensive stock of scenery.

To this request we at once acceded, as much from curiosity as from any better motive. We approached the stage. It was undoubtedly spacious, but considerably the worse for wear, or to speak with greater propriety, for a long-continued course of neglect. A "border light" had descended rather unceremoniously

from the higher regions, and lay across it in company with sundry brickbats, fragments of wood, and flakes of stucco. The "boards" would have been all the better for a judicious employment of the scrubbing-brush. They were coated with mud a quarter of an inch thick, and creaked, or rather crackled, in that manner peculiar to wood in an advanced stage of rottenness, as if they were quite prepared to give way and precipitate one into the cellars at a moment's notice. The woodwork was everywhere cranky and suspicious; the machinery, in the way of "grooves," &c., admirable of its kind, but impracticable. When the young gentleman, our guide, endeavoured to bring before our notice a scene "admirably adapted for a ballet or farce," and roughly delineative of a fountain girt in by bushes and stiff gravel walks, the "grooves" proved refractory in an eminent degree, and it was not until after frantic exertions, and the threatened downfall of ropes and beams, that his purpose was accomplished. There was a "capital scene of a street," it having been the custom at the "Roscius" to daub on one scene at the back of another; there was a "splendid drop," which we deemed it unnecessary to lower, not being particularly fond of spiders, and having had dust and dirt enough already. On all sides we inhaled the pungent odour of fungus; and it required no prophetic eye to foresee that, in the existing state of affairs, the whole stage, on a stormy day, would be flooded by rain. There were dressing-rooms, with charcoal inscriptions of a humorous and personal character on their whitewashed walls; and, wishing to sit down, we were favoured with an old throne, which might have been all right in the glare of gas, but by daylight was singularly suggestive of bugs. The great stock in trade appeared to be dust; it was impossible to resist the conviction that anything you might lay hands on would, as a matter of certainty, crumble to pieces.

As regards size the "Roscius" would contain four Growlers and half-a-dozen Garrets. Whether it will ever be a paying concern is a problem for future ages. It is just possible that it may be turned to account in the music-hall line; but if the provincial manager makes his fortune out of it we shall be genuinely surprised. Failure is usually referable not to one, but to a variety of causes; we have doubts then as to the accuracy of our guide's judgment when he attributed the disasters of the "Roscius" to the circumstance that on nights when the audience was scanty, it was the custom to reduce the army in "*Richard III.*" from half-a-dozen effectives to four.

ARTHUR OGLVY.



His Saltum Accumulem Donis.

VIRG.

THE MOORISH GIRL AT HER FATHER'S GRAVE.

BY M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

I.

Oh! sweet my father, proudest of the chiefs,
Low-lying now beneath the silent stone,
By which I come to watch and weep alone:
Will you not hearken to me when I tell my griefs?

II.

Why did you leave me? Did my hands deny
Their dearest service? Were my footsteps slow
To do your bidding? Did my young heart know
Aught of delight save when my sire was by?

III.

How proud was I to watch your courser stand
With broider'd saddle waiting for his lord!
To take your kiss, to buckle on your sword,
And watch you dart like lightning o'er the sand!

IV.

Ah! happy time! I see the palm-trees wave
Over the tent where I was wont to play
With my young camel through the golden day.
Not dreaming of a sorrow or a grave.

V.

But now I have no father any more,
And none of all the tribe can take his place;
Ah, father, though you cannot see my face,
Tell me you love me as you did before!

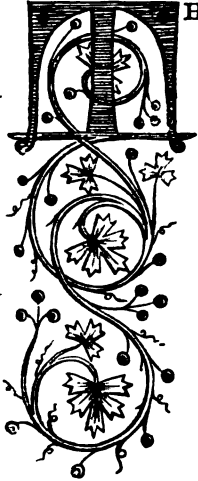
VI.

Speak, my beloved! I cannot stay my tears
Till I have gain'd the solace of a word!
Hark! Are the palm-leaves by the breeze stirr'd,
Or did some voice ethereal reach my ears?

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXI. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.



HIS is what my story has arrived at. Who would have expected such an issue? It is scarcely like real life,—more like a romance; yet is not life a romance? Nevertheless, this seems to me an exaggeration. Should I in my wildest speculations have ever dreamed that Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael could be brothers-in-law, and that Doris was Mr. Lynn's daughter?

I cannot make out life; it is past understanding,—a jumble of curious chapters written

down in the book of destiny that man must spell out letter by letter for himself, and make sense of as he goes along. Chapters with wild weird sentences in them, incomprehensible almost, as we stammer through them, but fitting deftly in when the final chapter comes. Oh! never without that "Finis" can the book be properly read.

Or is it not so definitively arranged? Is it not, rather, a succession of loose sheets thrown into a giant printing-press, which men crowd round, struggling for the impressions as they come to hand; each seizing and making his own that which is nearest to him, longing for that beyond his grasp, and blotting and blurring that which he possesses in his mad efforts to reach the unattainable? Or, again, may there not be blank books in which he may write down for himself, and create as he goes along, the story of his life?

How is it?

I pause and think, and then I see Doris tossed like a spray of sea-weed on the mighty ocean, severed from the parent root, and lost for many a day; yet drawn by strange affinities, still floating along in safe waters, and reuniting with the parent branch.

I cannot understand! What use, if we so drift along, to raise a hand to steer our course? If life is so prepared,—if it is so marked out, so pencilled that we have nothing more to do

than just fill up the sketch, why toil?—why struggle? The sketch; ay, is that it? the outline? Stay, what is a picture, till the lights and shades come in? Work on—toil on, life-painter; do thy painting with a masterly hand. An infinitesimal number of fine strokes, of broad shadows, of patient touches, are needful to bring the picture to perfection. And this is thy work; the sketch alone is traced out for thee; the working-out is all thy own; the finished picture thy free work; can I so understand it? Ah, no; this is but my own explanation of a problem that cannot be solved.

Of this only am I satisfied, that there is nothing too wild, too wonderful, too incredible to happen; yet are we unbelievers, and with the Wonder age, increases the age of Incredulity.

Take the world as it is, with all its marvels, and does one find that faith is on the increase? Nay, faith has rather run into machinery—into mere mechanism, carrying out the practical, until the world runs upon its world-made wheels and faith is over-ridden. Yet is faith needful more and more, since only by faith the light shall come. O, weary, weary world, what dark clouds hover over thee!

So I, Joyce Dormer, write, having fallen into a reverie, and seeing all things, as bits of jagged glass and odds and ends in a kaleidoscope, from a heterogeneous heap framing themselves into shapely patterns.

Mr. Lynn, Mr. Withers, Mr. Carmichael, Doris, have all leaped up into their respective niches; and the up-building of my story, strange as it seemed at first to me, is growing more satisfactory.

It is not so with Doris; the effect the revelation has had upon her perplexes me. She is distressed beyond measure, and completely unstrung. After she recovered from her fainting fit, she seemed stupified, and has been lying in a state of lethargy all day.

She roused herself up this afternoon, and we talked the matter over.

"Joyce," she said, "do you believe in Uncle Carmichael?"

I had many times told her I did not; but I repeated it, as it seemed to afford her satisfaction.

"I believe him to be capable of doing anything to accomplish his own ends," she said.

"But, Doris," I answered, "in this case I do not see what end he has to accomplish. It is natural he should wish his sister's marriage to be acknowledged, and her child to have a share of her father's love."

"But I had never missed it—never wanted it; why could not he let the past lie buried in the grave? why need he raise the stone, and let the dead past come back to life? It would have been happier, far happier for Mr. Lynn to have believed my mother drowned long, long ago, than to know that she has lived and yet been dead to him; to have been comparatively near, and yet so far off. Joyce, it must be torture!—madness to him to think of it. How he must hate Uncle Carmichael! One word from him would have brought them together for one last look; they would have spoken once more to each other before her lips were sealed for ever."

"But Mr. Carmichael did not know till she was on her death-bed that his sister was Mr. Lynn's wife. Doris, I believe that everything is ordered wisely. Look back and answer, would it have been for his happiness to have known it then?"

Doris hid her face.

"O, Joyce, I am so glad that Mrs. Lynn is dead."

So was I, though the thought had not struck me before.

"I shall never be happy again," moaned Doris. "Why was I born to bring so much misery upon those I would not harm?"

"Misery, Doris!" I exclaimed, "happiness. You did not see Mr. Lynn as I did, or you would have no fears. Think what it will be to him to have a daughter who can soothe his heart, and tell him all he so much longs to know of the life of her who has never left his thoughts throughout his lifetime—a daughter who has closed the eyes of the two dearest on earth to him. Doris, there is happiness, there is peace for you."

But Doris was not comforted.

"And this is what Uncle Carmichael has been hinting at," sobbed she; "I am the eldest child, and shall rob poor Archie of his fortune; it is tied down upon the eldest child, my uncle says. My dream has come to pass. Joyce, Joyce, you said you would be my friend in time of need: what shall I do?"

I told her that she needlessly fretted herself, that Mr. Lynn would hold her guiltless of inflicting any injury, that he would willingly give up the property to her.

"But Archie, Archie, I will never touch a shilling of that property, it shall all be his. Why did I ever come to Green Oake? O mother, mother! would that I were lying in the grave beside you. Little did you think of

the sorrow your child would work when you had gone."

Doris is very strange, she has no desire to see Mr. Lynn: she says she is not well enough, that she must have time to think, to believe in what has happened. She will not believe it until Mr. Carmichael proves it by documents. What fancy has she got into her head? As if there were anything to doubt!

Mr. Carmichael goes softly about the house rubbing his hands gently, and drawing his mouth into an imitation of a benevolent smile. He congratulates himself upon his niece being heiress to so excellent a property as Lynncourt. And he remarks to Aunt Lotty that he has been agreeably disappointed in Mr. Gresford Lynn.

Aunt Lotty is very glad to hear it, for now there will be no objection to the little Lynns coming to Green Oake.

And Mr. Carmichael replies that there will be none at all, since they are Doris's step-brothers.

This is a new source of bewilderment to Aunt Lotty, whose ideas have not yet recovered the confusion into which they have been thrown. Nevertheless she indulges in pleasant day-dreams. She has not yet had time to grapple with the subject. I have explained it to her as clearly as I can, but she is not quite at home in all its branches.

"Joyce," she said, after she had been musing for some minutes, "I wonder what Mr. Chester will think of this."

I had not had time to think of Mr. Chester; indeed, I was hoping that I was forgetting him, but Aunt Lotty's words brought me back to a truer knowledge of myself, and a little twinge of—jealousy?—no, I will not call it that, for I am sure that that is not the right name to give it, but a little feeling that will sometimes come into my heart in spite of myself, but which I am determined to conquer. Begone, evil spirit, for jealousy has no place in a true heart.

Thus I exorcised the demon for awhile, and listened to Aunt Lotty.

She hoped that Mr. Lynn would have no objection to Mr. Chester, she was sure he could not have any. And then there would be a wedding after all, only it would not be at Green Oake. Still she should have a great deal to do with it, as Doris had no mother. And then she added, with a look of great relief, "No doubt Mr. Lynn has plenty of friends and relations, so there will be no difficulty about bridesmaids, and that, you know, Joyce, was always the great difficulty."

Ah! Aunt Lotty, you've had a smooth and easy life, if it has been rather a dull one, so you don't know much about difficulties. But

in this case I could not help acknowledging that there could be no difficulties at all.

"I think," I suggested, "that Mr. Lynn will like Mr. Chester much better than Mr. Carmichael does."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Joyce; not that I think Mr. Carmichael disliked Mr. Chester; he was very kind and polite to him, and took a great deal of trouble in talking to him; but you see he knew all about this wonderful matter, that we knew nothing of; so he would not like to encourage anything of which Mr. Lynn would not approve. I see it all now,—Mr. Carmichael is so very sensible. It is so delightful to have some one sensible to rely upon."

And Aunt Lotty again lulled herself into the belief that she had been a fortunate woman in her choice.

As long as a woman firmly believes in a creed of this sort, whatever her husband may be, she is not to be pitied. To her he is still her ideal, and lives in her eyes invested with the qualities that she has lavishly bestowed upon him. It is not until she comes to wake from this dream, and the ideal passes into rude reality, that we need waste our compassion upon her. Aunt Lotty's waking time had not yet arrived; perhaps it might never come. Happily might she slumber on to the end.

I went back to Doris, and found her lying on the bed sleeping peacefully. Her dark hair was all loose, and her face looked worn and weary. She was too much exhausted to be dreaming now, but had fallen into a heavy sleep. So I moved quietly from the bedside, and went into the little porch-room again.

I drew my chair close up to the fire, and there I sat looking at pictures in the glowing embers. I did not light a candle, though the dusk was creeping on. It was pleasant to sit in the firelight and be still for awhile after the agitation into which we had been thrown. There was something very luxurious in the feeling that stole over me, and I could almost have wished that the moment might be prolonged into eternity, so full of rest and peace it seemed. I looked not back into the past: neither forward into the future; the present, as an angel, with outstretched wings, had overshadowed me, and I was borne into the regions of blessedness.

I had been sitting thus for half an hour, or more, when Doris touched me on the shoulder. She had stolen so softly into the room that I had not heard her.

"Have you a candle, Joyce?"

"Yes."

"Light it, and give it me."

I lighted it.

"What is the matter, Doris?" I asked; for looking in her face I perceived that some new idea was working in her mind.

"My mother's packet."

"Well?"

"I might open it if I ever needed assistance," said she; "and heaven knows I need it now."

She took the candle, and in a moment I heard her unlock the box. Then she returned with the packet in her hand.

She sat down by me, and turned it over and over, now examining the seal, now gazing at the superscription. She could not quite make up her mind to open it.

"Joyce, if ever I wanted assistance I want it now. You don't know what I feel. You think that everything is clear, that a smooth path is before me; but I can't get rid of presentiments. Perhaps I am foolish, but this has come so suddenly; it is so incredible that I want more proof than Uncle Carmichael has given me. It seems to me that the voice of my mother alone can ease my doubts and fears. Perhaps she looked forward to this crisis, and I shall find in this packet words to guide me. Do you think the time has come to open it?"

"I do," I answered.

"Will you open it?" she asked, holding out the packet towards me.

"No, Doris; that is for you to do."

Her hand trembled and her eyes filled with tears as she examined it once more.

"Give me a pair of scissors, Joyce; I cannot break her seal."

Tenderly she cut round its edges—then she waited again—then she turned back one fold of paper, then another; it was but the envelope to another packet.

Doris lifted it up—there was writing upon it also.

She read it, and I read it; and the words we read were these—

"To be given to John Gresford Lynn, of Lynncourt."

CHAPTER XXII.

DORIS lay long awake that night. Her poor little brain was bewildered, stunned, and she could not clear it of its confusion. In vain she pressed her hand to her forehead to smooth away the troubled thoughts. She lay still for a few seconds, trying to bring back quietness to her agitated mind. But it was useless; even when she had driven the fierce waters back, they rose again higher than before, and poured their seething tide in an overwhelming torrent over her soul.

She tried to analyse her feelings, but she scarce could comprehend them. All that she

could make out was a desire to be away, a vague presentiment that she had no right to be where she was, and above all an ever increasing distrust of Mr. Carmichael.

The old contented days in the poor lodgings came to her remembrance, and she saw her mother moving gently about and making of that humble abode a blessed place, wherein a guardian angel dwelt and tended her.

That poor mother! How she had suffered and suffered patiently! With the writing upon the packet a new light had dawned upon her.

Clearly as if a voice from the dead had told it to her, she understood now the last seven years of her mother's life. She understood now why she had prized next to her Bible the laureate's poem.

One dreary night in November it had been lent to her.

"It will be something for us to read together," Doris had said.

And her mother, taking the book from her hand, read on the title page, "Enoch Arden."

"I wonder what it is about; one cannot fancy anything very poetical from the name," said Doris. "Enoch, Enoch, I don't think those old scriptural names sound well in poetry."

"Enoch," repeated her mother, softly, and her mind reverted to the one Enoch whose life is given in a single verse.

"And Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him."

What more sublime biography could be written? What nobler epitaph?

"God took him," she said, half aloud.

The wind was howling round the cottage, and the rain beat against the window. The two drew close together, and by the dim candle-light began the story, the wind sighing a wild accompaniment to the mother's voice.

And they read how Enoch Arden left his wife and little ones and went to sea.

Oh, the sea, the deceitful, treacherous sea! And they read on. He came not back: year after year rolled on—he came not back; and then she married—the wife married; and Enoch Arden—Oh, cruel sea!

How her mother shuddered, deep gasping sobs came, and the tears rolled down. How scared and white she looked!

"Put down the book, O mother, mother, do not read!"

But as though fascinated by some irresistible power, her mother still went on. Late, late into the night. It was midnight, and Doris was weary.

"Go to bed, my child, you can finish it to-morrow."

And so she went, and no mortal eye saw the

end of that midnight reading. O God, O God! what agony poor human souls wrestle through, to which Thou alone art witness! O Lord, have mercy upon us!

In the morning when Doris awoke, her mother was kneeling by the bedside praying. She was dressed, and Doris thought that she had risen earlier than usual. She knew otherwise now; she knew that through that night her mother's eyes had never closed, her mother's lips had never ceased to pray, "Thy will be done." She knew now why her mother had treasured up that book, and said it was worthy of a golden binding set with precious stones.

And knowing now that mother's secret, could she live among these people? Was it not like crowning with thorns her mother's memory?

Yet Mr. Lynn was guiltless. True; but she could not see him again, neither would she claim her birthright. She had battled with poverty all her life until now; she could do so again. She was young and strong, and she feared not. Quieter now—quieter, for a plan had traced itself out before her. She had as strong a will as her Uncle Carmichael; she was as brave as he was; he should not conquer.

And then she fell asleep, and Joyce bending over her in the morning, heard a calm voice say—

"I am better."

"You will be quite well by the time Mr. Lynn returns."

"Where is he?"

"He had to go to London last night."

Doris started.

"When will he be at home again?"

"To-morrow."

There are moments in which, with a sudden flash, a whole lifetime will come before one, in which we read causes for the effects we wondered at—excuses for the evil we saw perpetrated; answers to the questions we thought never to have been satisfied about; and the past seems to have made a complete period—a finished chapter, to which there is no addition necessary—a drama, which needs no epilogue. There must be a new story commenced, a new plot invented; what has gone before cannot be carried on into the future, and there is a distinct barrier raised that separates the past from all that shall happen hereafter.

It is not, perhaps, the experience of every one of us, but it is of many.

It was the experience of Doris at this present moment.

The life that had been hers until now seemed to have come to a full stop. She had

read to the end of the chapter, and had closed the book. It was a relief to her, the tale was finished; a new story must succeed, and the outline faintly shadowed in the night gained breadth and sharpness, and did not vanish away with morning light as most night visions do. It arranged itself in her mind, and worked itself out with detailed comprehensiveness.

Aunt Lotty's eyes were gladdened by the sight of Doris looking, if pale, yet contented and almost cheerful.

She wondered she had ever been otherwise.

"A father and two dear little brothers," she said to Joyce; "I really cannot understand it."

But poor Aunt Lotty never could understand anything that was not quite simple and on the surface.

Mr. Carmichael, greeting his niece, met her eyes steadily and searchingly looking into his, and his own for a moment fell beneath the steady gaze. But only for a moment; he rallied instantly, and being in good spirits that morning, addressed Doris as Miss Gresford Lynn, and alluded to the fortune of which she would shortly be the possessor.

"My niece the heiress," he said.

Doris could almost have sprung from her seat, and rushed away weeping; but her resolve being taken, she sat still and firmly compressed her lips.

Then Mr. Carmichael's voice assumed a saddened tone, and he said, softly—

"Would that my poor sister had lived to see this day."

The expression of this natural and amiable sentiment had almost upset Doris's equanimity, but by a strong effort she restrained herself.

"I am going to take a long walk, Joyce," she said, when they were alone again.

"Shall I go with you?"

"No."

"You are not well yet, Doris," she answered, looking anxiously at her; "there is something not right."

"I am a little feverish; this walk will do me good."

And Doris laughed—a strange, hollow laugh that smote upon Joyce's ear.

"I'm not accustomed to being an heiress yet," continued she, "or to being Miss Gresford Lynn, of Lynncourt. How does it sound, natural or not?"

"Not natural at present, certainly. But why should you take it so much to heart? Your mother must have looked forward to this, or wherefore did she give you the packet?"

There was something in Joyce's argument; yet, strange to say, instead of wavering in her

determination, she was only the more firmly resolved to carry it into execution.

"My mother was unselfish," she replied; "but Joyce," she added, then she stopped; a new thought arose, "stay; where is the packet? He need not have it now; I am not in want of assistance. Perhaps this is not the time to give it. I will keep it a little longer."

"I left it on the table last night," replied Joyce, "with some other papers," and she lifted up several papers that were lying there, thinking to find it underneath.

But it was gone.

They searched everywhere: but the packet was nowhere to be found.

"Uncle Carmichael has it," said Doris, intuitively, the blood springing into her face.

"What right has he——? It's stealing! Joyce, I will tell him so! Let me go."

For Joyce had laid her hand imploringly upon her arm.

For a moment Doris was inclined to be angry with Joyce, also; then she turned and kissed her three or four times.

"Leave me," she said.

And when Joyce had gone, she hastily made up a few clothes into a small bundle, opened her desk, and took from thence the money of which she was possessed, collected the few articles of jewellery that she owned, and put on her cloak and hat.

She sat down after this, for she was trembling violently.

Then recovering herself, she concealed the bundle under her cloak, and slipped down stairs. At the foot she met Aunt Lotty.

"I am going for a long walk, Aunt Lotty."

"I am glad to hear it, dear, it will do you all the good in the world." And Aunt Lotty kissed her affectionately.

So Doris went through the garden and into the road. She felt dizzy at first and her steps faltered. She felt as one who is pursued in a dream, as though she could not place one foot before the other, and that she was trying in vain to flee. Before long the fresh air revived her, her courage rose, and with her courage her strength, and with her strength came all her indignant feeling against Mr. Carmichael, and nerved her for what she was undertaking.

She had gone without attempting to recover the packet; second thoughts had shown to her the uselessness of it, and also that it might interfere with her present design.

She walked on rapidly over the fields and through narrow lanes, leaving the high-road, and panting along like a frightened hare: and whither?

She made her way to the nearest railway

station, about three miles from Green Oake. It was a small station, with a poor waiting-room, in which there was no fire. Doris, however, thankfully crept into it, hoping to be unnoticed. The station-master did not know her by sight, and she trusted that she might, at the last moment, take her ticket unobserved.

The train could not be long before it came up. At last the whistle was heard, she hurried out and took a second-class ticket for London; and, without having attracted any attention, got into a carriage, the door of which happened to be open.

The signal was given—puff, puff went the engine, and now for the first time she breathed freely. She should have changed trains before she could well be missed, and all trace of her flight would, she hoped, be lost. And the train sped on; several stations were passed; still it seemed to her as though they were crawling. On—on! quicker—quicker! A snow-storm was threatening; down came the snow, a few flakes at first, then faster and faster.

Aunt Lotty, looking out of the drawing-room window, hoped Doris was sheltering somewhere.

"Oh yes," returned Joyce, "of course she is; I dare say she's at Letty Jones's."

"Don't say so before Mr. Carmichael, dear," hastily responded Aunt Lotty, in a frightened tone. "I don't know that he would be angry, but still it is well to be on the safe side, and I've been careful not to mention Letty Jones's name since that night. You remember, Joyce."

Yes; Joyce did remember.

"You think she is sure to be quite safe?" asked Aunt Lotty, after a pause.

"Oh yes, she would be sure to shelter; she will stay somewhere until it is over."

"But it does not seem likely to be over," said Aunt Lotty, as the sky grew darker and darker.

"Not yet," returned Joyce, rising and watching the myriad atoms chasing each other; "but it is too heavy to last long. We must wait."

And so they waited.

It was more than an hour before the storm began to abate. Such a fall of snow had not been known for years.

It came down with less violence now, but it came steadily, and heaped up a thick covering over the earth.

"It is leaving off, I think," said Joyce.

It was leaving off; but as the darkness caused by the falling snow was dispelled, another darkness came creeping on; the days were short, and twilight was setting in.

Aunt Lotty grew fidgety.

"I think I will send Empeon with an umbrella and cloak to Letty Jones's."

In the meantime the train had laboured through the snow-storm, and had left it miles behind. There was one station to be passed, and then Doris would be in London; then she should be safe from pursuit.

She alighted with the crowd of second-class passengers, of whom the porters took no notice; they were too much alive to their own interest to heed the shabby-looking people who would not be likely to give them a sixpence or shilling for doing their duty; for though attention to passengers without a fee may be the work of a railway porter, attention to passengers with a fee is duty and profit also: therefore when the two are in juxtaposition, both being duty alike, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that the porter should choose the favourable combination of circumstances in preference to a duty that is simply virtue unrewarded.

Doris, having no luggage, had no occasion for the services of these officials, and was advancing to engage a cab.

All at once she shrank back, and drew her veil more tightly over her face; for on the platform, within a few yards of her, stood Mr. Gresford Lynn.

Fortunately he was not looking in her direction, so she hastily retreated, and instead of carrying out her intention, hurried through the maze of cabs and carriages, and passed quickly out of the gates into the street.

There she stood still,—she was alone in London, not knowing her way: and the afternoon was sufficiently dusk for the lamps to be lighted, so that to all intents and purposes night had already begun. The snow-storm had not been so heavy as in the country; still there were traces of it, and the streets were wet and slippery. She was confused and bewildered with the mighty hum of the giant city.

Necessity, however, impelled her to act; she must get on as speedily as possible to the Shoreditch station. She would not inquire her way from a policeman lest it might lead to her being traced in case inquiries were set on foot, and she was certain that every effort would be made to find out whither she had fled. So she followed the stream of people, taking care to keep in streets that were thronged and well lighted, until at length she came to a cab-stand.

There she took a cab.

"Where to?" asked the cabman.

"To the Shoreditch station."

(To be continued.)

RHODES.

PART II.

To the antiquary or man of science few places offer a better field of research and interest than Rhodes.

After a visit to the ruins of the Arabs' Tower, the Light House, the fortifications, and Rue de Chevaliers—Mount Smith or St. Etienne,—the ancient Acropolis, and the surrounding rocks, call for attention from their variety and singular form.

Mount Smith is so named from Admiral Smith having had a house on the summit of this hill, where he was stationed to watch the movements of the French fleet at the time of the expedition to Egypt.

During our stay in Rhodes, we made many excursions, to a Hellenic bridge, near the town, in wonderful preservation, to the ancient Necropolis and Hippodrome, to sites of temples where fragments of marble statues, antique broken pottery, and coloured glass are lying about in all directions. Coins are often found in those places. On the ancient Rhodian coins is the head of Apollo on one side, the flower of the pomegranate on the other. Guérin tells us that it is the flower of the pomegranate, and not of the rose, as is generally supposed, that is represented on the antique Rhodian money.

Rhodes must have been surrounded by a necropolis, from the network of tombs one finds encircling the city; but the necropolis of Rhodes is modern compared to that of Camirus. Camirus, Lindos, and Ialysus were the three ancient cities, and date back to mythical times. Rhodes was founded during the Peloponnesian War. Our wanderings extended far into the country, where the only drawback was, being obliged in every walk to scramble through tangled bush-hedges and over at least twenty walls, some of them in ruinous condition. Strange, wild, and beautiful those lonely walks were—the winter sunshine and the clear soft air carrying us along for miles with little feeling of fatigue; the air fragrant with aromatic herbs; the fields bright with sweet wild flowers. The walls we clambered over were built of pieces of grey, white, and red marble, with inscriptions on some of them; broken statues, Greek altars, bits of antique tiles, shells embedded in marl, tufa, fossils—sermons in every stone we examined. Afar off loomed lofty Taiyros and her sister mountains, on whose summit of old the Greeks reared temples to their gods.

Standing bare and gaunt on the hill-side, or sheltering among evergreen trees, and generally without a sign of life near them, are still remaining many of the knights' country-houses

—some in ruins, the myrtle and rosemary flourishing beside the old draw-well; scared birds fluttering over the great oven and open fire-place; a solitary shutter creaking and flapping in the wind. Others of those knightly houses are in tolerable repair, and inhabited by the Turks during summer. At a dilapidated house, that had been of note in its day, was a fine water-tank, the Judas-tree, pomegranate, and Indian fig growing round in wild confusion. Beneath a grey olive-tree lay a large broken Greek altar or *cippus*, with a sculptured serpent wreathed round it, besides the invariable rams' heads.

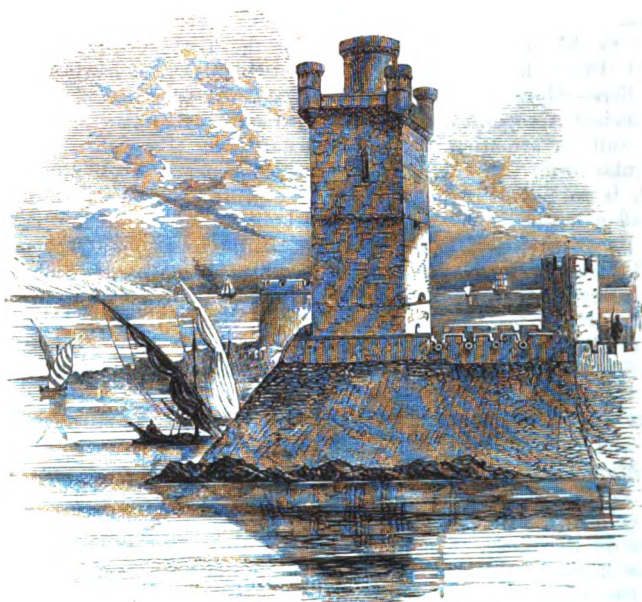
In the court of another country-house were various sarcophagi, converted into cattle-troughs. One of them was covered with inscriptions in Greek and Latin. Broad-tailed sheep were feeding close at hand among the date-palms and pine-trees. Near the site of a temple is an old mansion, dating from the time of the knights, now used as a cow-house. The walls are built and the court partially paved with pieces of white and grey marble. On one side of the cow-house door is the *loupin-on-stane*—an oblong grey marble pedestal, turned upside down, with an inscription signifying that it was erected to the Pythian Apollo by Glaucon, son of Meteocles, Athenian Proxenos (Consul).

Zymbulli, with its splendid fountains, plane-trees, and aqueduct, is about two miles from Rhodes, and a favourite promenade of the townspeople. The water here is excellent. People come for it from afar. When we visited it, a Turkish virago was squabbling with some women who were filling their jars with water. On getting a glimpse of R— she hastily drew a dirty rag over her very displeasing countenance, and hurried away. Tradition says that it was at Zymbulli that Æschines founded that famous school of eloquence which for so long bore a high reputation both with the Greeks and Romans. Not far from Zymbulli are several sepulchres, large chambers cut out in the rocks, some containing niches of different sizes, others smaller and without niches. In a many-niched sepulchral chamber, hollowed out of a great rock, and supposed by some people to have been part of a temple dedicated to Ceres, we found the traces of cattle and a forsaken bird's-nest. This monument has been partly destroyed by earthquakes; but from the huge carved blocks of stone lying near, one can partly judge of its former magnificence. Repeated earthquakes have made many changes, not only in the tombs, but also in the face of the country.

Starting for an inland ramble one lovely morning, we soon lost sight of the sea, and

got into a wild and lonely part of the country. On we wandered by ghostly houses where the owl and the raven might hold council together,

by clumps of pine-trees, by forgotten tombs, by deserted draw-wells, by desolate fountains, by pools of water over whose still depths the



The Arabs' Tower. (See p. 654.)

cedar and cypress cast their dark shadows; over weird-like rocks, where grew the red-fruited arbutus, down into a lonely glen where the forsaken homestead and broken water-wheel told of the life that had once been there. Beside that forsaken homestead blossomed an almond-tree, the "awakener" of the Hebrews. It spoke of spring and hope, where all around was sad and drear as autumn. Presently the welcome sound of a running stream brought us to the bank of a little brook, where, beneath a perfumed myrtle, we had our luncheon, and with our *quaich* quenched our thirst from the clear sparkling water. At a short distance was a Persian wheel, on which hung a bunch of garlic to avert the evil eye.

On our way homewards, by another road, the Greek villagers nodded and saluted us with—"Cali Emera,"—"May this day be happy to you." We met a Greek lad, with flowers in his hair, riding sideways and drumming with his feet against the side of his mule—a common practice here instead of using the whip or spur. Next came on mule-back a silver-haired Greek priest of our acquaintance, with his pretty arch-eyed niece seated beside him. Turkish women shuffled along with their bright children. Further on were herds

of fine goats, accompanied by a wild-looking goatherd, a bell suspended to the neck of the handsomest goat of the flock; broad-tailed sheep dragging their unwieldy appendages over the neglected graves of a Turkish cemetery, and searching for food among the broken head-stones. Men were at work in the fields with oxen and the primitive wooden plough; near the town were mules carrying burthens of stone or grain.

Time would fail to describe the pretty birds, brilliant butterflies, beetles, and other insects of this sunny clime. A mason-bee made its nest in the corner of the ceiling of our sitting-room. Locusts sometimes fly in at the open windows; green frogs and spiders are not uncommon. Snakes and scorpions are found in different places. Cockroaches are plentiful as the Greek fasts, and not half so troublesome.

Early in April the gardens were charming,—oranges, apricot and mulberry trees in blossom; wallflowers, gilliflowers, roses, geraniums, rosemary, and many other flowers in bloom. One Sunday morning a Greek priest, in gorgeous robes, blessed and sprinkled holy-water over the well and produce of his garden opposite our house. Very picturesque he looked as he moved from plant to plant, and

lingered lovingly by the well, evidently giving it a double blessing.

At Easter-time the weather was perfect—all nature joyous. The people kept holiday, and were in their fête attire; *culuria* cakes and Easter eggs were the order of the day. During that time we were admitted within the sacred walls of a mosque; climbed one of the knights' windmills which had so long beckoned to us from the sea-shore; sat with a grave old Turk in his kiosk, and walked about in his orange-scented gardens; visited the Roman-Catholic chapel, where the Franciscan monks showed us a curious old picture of the Madonna, painted on marble. It was discovered by a Christian slave at the end of the seventeenth century buried under the ruins of the church founded by Pierre D'Aubusson, after a victory over the Turks. This picture is now placed over the altar in the Roman-Catholic chapel of Rhodes.

"Bright Rhodes," "The Queen of the *Ægean*," the "Pearl of the East," as Rhodes was called by the ancients, presents a strange and sad contrast now to her former glory. Rhodes was a place of note when Phœnician merchants traded from its ports to distant shores; it was at the height of its prosperity under Greek rule, and famous for its navigation, its wealth, its wisdom,—second only to Athens in the beauty of its temples, its statues and pictures. It flourished under Roman sway, and was so celebrated for its exquisite climate, its literature and arts, that Tiberius Caesar and other great men of Rome sought refuge there from the cares of State.

In the middle ages, the prestige of Rhodes was still in the ascendant under the Knights of St. John, whose name was then a household word all over Europe. The Arabs' Tower, now in ruins, was for long (with the "Street of the Knights," and the fortifications) a monument of those valiant soldiers of Christ, whose departure from Rhodes was speedily followed by the decadence of that classic and beautiful island. The Rhodes of to-day is but the ghost of ancient and mediæval Rhodes. Neglected harbours, broken ramparts, tumble-down houses, miserable roads, barren fields, lean cattle, starved wolfish dogs, denote Turkish rule, beneath which everything goes to rack and ruin.

The Turks have no spirit of enterprise. Improvement in navigation, commerce, and agriculture is entirely overlooked so long as the Moslem can sit on the ground, smoke his pipe, and say, "Allah is great." The modern and degenerate Greek is not tempted to better his condition, as one step forwards in industry

and progress is a signal for new taxes to be imposed by his rapacious masters.

But with all this physical and moral falling



A Greek Priest.

away, the climate is still as good, the sun still shines as brightly as when the town of Rhodes was called the "City of the Sun," and Apollo was the chosen deity of its people.

The fearful earthquakes with which Rhodes has from time to time been visited have also greatly added to its present desolation.

In April, 1863, the earthquake at Rhodes was one of the most terrible that has ever devastated the Island. On the night of the 16th April, there was a slight shock. The morning of the 22nd was calm and fine, a heavy mist overspreading the sea. The wind rose during the day, and at night blew a gale from the north. The cold was great. About a quarter past ten p.m. there was a fearful shock—the houses heaving and swaying, a loud crashing and noise of straining timber, a strong smell of cypress wood, of which the British Consulate was partly built. R——, holding on to the walls as if in a gale at sea, went from room to room to see that all was safe; he found Catina, the old Cypriote cook, crying bitterly, wringing her hands and exclaiming—"Molto cattivo!" She went to another house for the rest of the night, being afraid to trust herself to the cracked walls of the British Consulate, and perhaps to the companionship of heretics, in such an hour of danger. After this there were two slight shocks, and about two a.m. another severe

* *Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon.* Hor. I. Od. vii. 1.

one. The wind roared furiously all night. When morning dawned there was a sad change around. The Arabs' Tower was in ruins. One side of the tower of St. Nicholas, on which the Lighthouse stood, had fallen, together with the stair-case; the walls of the fortifications were rent in various places. In the town and suburbs many of the houses had been thrown down; other dwellings, the Consul's among the rest, were much injured. Thirteen people were killed; one family was buried in the ruins of their house. The Mosques, the Greek and Latin churches had suffered more or less. The Greek churches were crowded with people; bells tolled mournfully—"men's hearts failing them for fear." People hurried from their houses to take refuge in fields and gardens, followed by mules and donkeys laden with their household gods. In the country the work of destruction had been greatest. Throughout the island about 240 people were killed, and 120 hurt. Twelve out of the forty-four villages were utterly destroyed, the others much injured. The village of Massari was levelled with the ground; even its massive church, built only three years before, was shattered—the roof had fallen in, the walls were rent, and the iron-clenched stone arches torn asunder. Out of a population of 200, 126 persons were killed.

It was a heart-breaking sight—bodies lying crushed under the ruins, survivors mourning their dead, and people from the adjacent village of Malona, which had partially escaped, helping to bury their ill-fated neighbours.

The Governor of Rhodes telegraphed to Constantinople, *via* Scio, for 1500 tents and other assistance. Shocks of earthquake continued to be daily felt. On the 28th a heavy storm of thunder and rain threw down several of the partially-ruined houses, and added much to the prevailing wretchedness. The terror caused by the first earthquake was beginning to abate when the inhabitants were again alarmed by a strong shock at noon of the 30th, followed by a more violent one in half an hour. The houses were immediately deserted—tents and huts of sails, carpets, boards, and anything that could be got together, were set up in every vacant space.

The British Consul and his family took up their abode in their garden in a tent made of a ship's awning and boat sails. Fields and gardens were occupied by families huddled together in scanty space. Two Turkish families asked and obtained leave to pitch their tents in the Protestant cemetery, a hot, exposed situation.

The crowding of the tents was so great that it was feared some epidemic would break out. Many people suffered from severe headaches,

sickness, giddiness, and one poor woman lost her reason.

A Turkish steamer arrived on the evening



Catina in her Fête Dress.

of the 30th with an aide-de-camp of the Sultan, who had sent 500,000 piastres to help the sufferers. A few days after the *Mouette* arrived from Syra with three surgeons on board, sent by the French admiral.

The air was sultry and depressing—the ground hot and quivering—a Sirocco wind and leaden sky; strange rumbling noises underground, all seeming to portend another shock; the natives in terror believing the island would sink into the sea! When the moon clouded over one night, the people, in tribulation, declared that a bear had eaten it!

A new danger now threatened the inhabitants. The earthquakes had so shaken the prison—the Grand Master's Palace—that it was feared the prisoners might get out. One evening a plot was discovered; the convicts, 108 in number, intending to make their escape, had burrowed under the walls of the prison. Soldiers were at once posted at different points, and on the top of the palace, with orders to fire on the prisoners if they attempted to get away. Some of the convicts confessed that they intended to set fire to the town, kill every one they could, carry off whatever booty they could lay hands on, and get off by the boats.

Fresh alarm ensued; every one who had the means, armed himself, and regular watches were kept during the night at all the tents.

Next day the ringleaders and most desperate characters were removed to a small prison, where they were chained and watched, the rest remaining at the old prison under a strong guard. I should add, that nearly all the foreigners who had the power began to leave the island, although it is the most beautiful in the *Ægean Sea*. C.

OYSTERS AND DREDGERS.

In these days, when so many people have had something to say on the subject of the delicate bivalves, for which the English coasts have been for centuries famous, when our ingenious neighbours the French are doing wonders in their artificial cultivation, and the South-Eastern Oyster Company seem fairly in the way of following their lead, a word or two concerning the ancient oyster companies of Faversham and Whitstable may not be without interest.

One can scarcely speak of Faversham without calling up in most minds pleasant associations of oysters, and a dim idea perhaps of an abbey, as it was in the olden time. Faversham Abbey, however, has long been a thing of the past, a dream dear only to the inhabitants of the royal borough; it will be a thousand pities if the Faversham oyster, as there seems some reason to fear, should gradually dwindle away among the things that have been, and, like the abbey, become only a remembrance and a name.

The oyster-beds lie closely along the inner shore of the Swale: they are very extensive, though for some reason—probably for want of wealth in the company—they are neither so prolific nor so profitable as those of their Whitstable neighbours; but they produce at least one variety, which, if it could be multiplied in sufficient numbers to make it worth while to send to the London market, would extend indefinitely the renown of Faversham oysters. Unfortunately, the Emrocks are few and far between; moreover, their merits are fully understood in their own near neighbourhood, and they command a ready sale at three-halfpence, two-pence, and even three-pence apiece in some seasons, as soon as they are landed. The eccentricity of cutting an oyster in two must needs, in the case of the Emrock, be carried to the still greater extreme of cutting it in four, ere it is conveniently consumable; and yet, notwithstanding its great size, no tiny "native" has a smaller beard, and certainly no "native" excels it in delicacy of flavour, or equals it in richness.

The Faversham Company was formed in the reign of Elizabeth, and holds directly from the Crown; it includes, at the present time, 230

or 240 freemen, who must in all instances have actually served their time, and have been the sons of freemen. According to the laws of the company, no apprentice having served his time can take up his freedom without taking also a wife; a regulation designed probably to promote the steadiness and responsibility of the members of the company by making them early heads of families. Whether it may not also occasionally do something in the way of promoting "marriages made in haste, to be repented at leisure," may be a matter of question. The same regulation does not exist in the neighbouring company of Whitstable.

With an inherited calling from generation to generation, the Faversham dredgerman has a genuine class look about him, and certainly sustains in himself the reputation of the men of "bonny Kent," for strength and comeliness; his close blue shirt and long-water boots, set off a tall well-knit, shapely figure; his sou'-wester, a handsome, hardy, open countenance. He works hard, as the beds require close care, the oyster being exposed to the attacks of many foes, of which the star-fish is one of the most persevering and fatal; but, as yet, the new idea concerning the artificial preservation and culture of the spat has not recommended itself to the intelligence of the Kentish dredgerman. In the words of a veteran among them, a freeman of some fifty years' standing, "Mr. Frank Buckland may be a very clever gentleman, but he can't do that."

It is to no purpose to object that the French are doing it. "Ah! the French may be able to do a good many things, but I never heard say as they could regilate the winds and the tides; they're in God A'mighty's hands, and so's the spat o' the oyster."

As the old gentleman evidently regarded any meddling with the oyster as a sacrilegious interference with the office of Providence, not likely to prosper in the long run, it was useless to press him for other objections; but in general the objection seems to be, the difficulty of ensuring the fall of the spat in any given place, after it has been detached from the parent shell, risen to the surface of the water for the necessary action of the sun, and thus become at the mercy of the rising and falling tides. Several years since a fall of spat to the value of 60,000*l.* took place on the Faversham dredging-grounds, but owing to the want of capital in the company, the "blessing of Providence," as the old dredgerman styled it, was not able to be improved to its full extent, and no succeeding season has been equally fortunate.

Regular telegraphic communication is kept

up between the London fish-markets and Faversham and Whitstable during the oyster season; as the right state of the tide approaches, groups of stalwart dredgers gather about the quay, waiting for telegrams from London; for, warned by the growing scarcity, not one more oyster is brought ashore than will just meet the probable demand.

Whitstable is between seven and eight miles from Faversham by the coast; a branch of the London, Chatham and Dover line touches it on its way to Margate and Ramsgate. Almost as soon as the train glides out of Faversham station, you bid good-bye to the richly-wooded slopes and trim-garden aspect so peculiar to Kent, and you are out upon a wide marsh, where the only crops are of nature's setting, and the only trees a few stunted thorns, bowed and bent by the boisterous play of the south-west wind, which the universal inclination of the trees would seem to indicate as the prevailing one in these parts. Groups of wild-looking cattle lower their broad fronts for an instant, and then, with a whisk of their tail, scamper away over the soft green swells as the train speeds by; the plaintive cry of the curlew sounds far overhead, or perhaps a solitary heron rises heavily from beside a reedy dyke, his hoarse wild scream adding strangely to the loneliness of the scene. Yet the marsh scenery is not without a charm; and the air blowing over these green flats is very soft and sweet; pity it is so often laden with the malaria of aguish fevers, that are said to have originally suggested the name of Faversham; for in the older maps and prints it is generally spelt Fever-sham.

Just where the marshlands meet the low flat shore of the Swale, rises the little town of Whitstable; in the random way in which it is dotted over the edge of the marsh, and the highly independent position of most of the houses with regard to their neighbours, it is suggestive of a German toy village, set out by a child upon a drawing-room table; and there, too, anchored upon the calm, grey waters beyond, rides a pretty mimic fleet, numbering perhaps a hundred and fifty sail. These are the Whitstable oyster-boats; the beds lie a mile out from the shore, and even at low tide are fifteen feet under water; a watch-boat duly marks them off at each extremity.

This company, unlike that of Faversham, is not composed exclusively of working dredgers; and as it has greater command of capital, much more is done in the cultivation and preservation of the beds. At the proper season of the year, many thousand barrels of young oysters are bought up at different parts

of the English and French coasts, and laid down at Whitstable, there to acquire, in due time, the flavour and quality of "natives." They are reckoned to be fit for market in three or four years.

As yet, however, it would seem that the Whitstable dredgerman is as little impressed by the value of the French experiments in the way of oyster culture as his Faversham neighbour. He listens calmly to what you may be pleased to tell him on the matter, shifts his pipe for the convenience of expectoration, and opines "them French beggars is always up to some queer games." J. R. MEARNS.

ACROSTIC.

❉! THERE are joys that hoar December brings,
N or flaunting Summer knoweth; children's eyes
C an shed glad brightness o'er the moodiest hearth.
E'en sorrow dries her tears when childhood
smiles,
And gives the rein to joy. But are there
not
Who wrap themselves in sad and blank despair,
Ever forgetful of the voice that spake
"Earth, be at peace, welcome good will to men,"
Kind hearts can make this world a Paradise!"
E. W.

THE GREAT VESTMENT QUESTION.

WHILE the Church is being divided into two parties about vestments, the one great vestment question, which concerns all alike, seems more than ever likely to fall to the ground; and though we all know that "when rogues differ, honest men get their rights," we fear that the "wit of one man and the wisdom of many" contained in the proverb, will fail in its application, and that the statistical return given below will remain to the world at large, and even to the body of the Church itself, a dead letter. And yet this same statistical return blazons forth a great wrong; and as there is something specially convincing about figures to our John Bull notions, we shall make no apology for the following extract:—

"About thirty years ago, out of 10,478 benefices, from which returns were laid before Parliament—

297 were under 50*l.* per annum,
1,629 were between 50*l.* and 100*l.*,
1,602 were between 100*l.* and 150*l.*,

so that there were 1,926 benefices under 100*l.* a year, and 3,528 under 150*l.*; of this latter number, 13 contained each a population of more than 10,000; 51 a population of from 5,000 to 10,000; 251 a population of between 2,000 and 5,000; and 1,125 a population of between 500 and 2,000. Now, although a vast deal has been done since that time in the way of permanently augmenting the endowment of small benefices, yet *pari passu* the creation of new districts, and these for the most part poor ones, has but increased the evil. So much so, that

at the present time it is calculated that there are no fewer than 5,000 beneficed clergymen whose incomes from the church which they serve are under 150*l.* per annum."—*Report of the Bristol Church Congress, 1864.*

Nor is it as if the recipients of this pay were curates with one foot upon the first round of the ladder of promotion; these five thousand benefices are held by men who, in the majority of cases, have nothing further to hope for, and of whom but a small minority are in the happy case of the fine old Vicar of Wakefield, who, by reason of his private fortune, could make over to the widows and orphans the 35*l.* he derived from his living.

The days are gone by when the injunction that "the labourer is worthy of his hire" held much weight; and though we have no wish to advocate that all church livings should be such as to induce a man to adopt the profession for the sake of "filthy lucre," we do urge that a sufficiency should be given to each, if only to enable a man to devote himself fully to the holy work he has chosen; and, on the one hand, while it is a sin and a shame that such institutions as the "Poor Clergy Relief Society" should be required, on the other, the requirements being incontestable, the shame and sin that touches us most deeply is, that its funds are at such low ebb. For knowing, as numbers of people must do, that poverty exists in the Church—it may be close, too, at their own doors—it is a scandal that such a small sum as 3,699*l.* includes all its receipts for 1866; and that those who dare not, if they would, administer private charity, should not contribute to a fund open to application from all denominations of needy clergymen. The Society acts promptly, and receives contributions, not only of money but of clothing, which is carefully sorted and dispensed once a fortnight. The week before we write this, not less than fifteen parcels* of such clothing (old and new) were despatched from the office: no unwelcome gift to a family where six or seven children, as many a poor vicar's wife writes, have no change of clothes, and cannot for very shame's sake beg the "squireens" for a share of the warm blankets and garments she distributes among the parishioners. The latter, needy as they may be, have no appearances to keep up, and their case is thus infinitely to be preferred to that of their rector, who may say, as did a gentleman to a friend of mine:—"If I'd been a cottager, I'd have been a happier man: it is the curse of being a gentle-

man, and having to fight against the long odds of my poverty without disgracing my cloth, that is killing me. I may not work with the hands God has given me; and, God help me, my mind is wellnigh gone already, so brain work is impossible."

"Charity," saith the proverb, "begins at home;" and surely, in the strongest meaning of the beautiful word, the Church is our earthly home, and as such has the greatest possible claim upon us, in a temporal as well as spiritual sense; and that her interests may be upheld decently, it is indispensable that they who minister in it should do so free from such temporal anxieties of mind as hinge upon food and raiment.

We talk of "Church and State," and yet leave five thousand ministers of that Church to starve, or to give, if they can, their labour gratis; and yet we might truly say that a State which permits its own clergy to crave public charity is not much honoured by that damning fact.

"Each man for himself and God for us all," is the cry. The parson must look out for himself; he need not go into the Church, unless he has private means, and can give his stipend to the poor, and "feel a secret pleasure in doing his duty without reward;" or, unless he holds far other views than our good friend the Vicar aforesaid, who, we know, was of the opinion "that the honest man who married, and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single."

A curate with 80*l.* per annum, advancing to a benefice of 150*l.*, cannot afford to be a worthy man after the Vicar's reasoning; and, what is more to our purpose in his case, the example and influence exercised by an educated lady over the women in his parish is lost, and his home denied the cheering light of woman's presence. No man, in our estimation, has more need of a wife than has a clergyman; and it is one of the greatest slurs upon the distribution of Church endowments, that the prudence of an early marriage should be open to doubt, or admit of a question, as we must confess it does under the existing code.

The curate in a populous parish where dinners are considered the legitimate means of social enjoyment, and who has his tailor's bills paid out of the parental exchequer, may get through his time, on a stipend varying from 80*l.* to a 100*l.* per annum; but suppose the curate is not in a social neighbourhood, or is not lucky enough to become popular, or has no family exchequer open to tailors' bills, his case is surely a very hard one, and his stipend a beggarly pittance. Still, as we said, he has his foot upon the first round of the ladder, and "hope points before." He may fall

* The Committee, in their last Annual Report, give assurance that the lowest value of each grant of clothing may be fairly stated at five pounds. In the winter season new blankets, flannel, and calico are sent out to the most necessitous cases.

in for a share of the loaves and fishes of the mother-church. Youth, we know, is naturally sanguine; and he does not suffer his eyes to see the other and darker side—the deep valleys which lie between the mountains. But for the incumbent of what is sometimes facetiously styled a “living,” and sometimes a “starving,” hope sheds no such genial distant ray.

We have been thinking and talking a good deal of reform lately; let us talk a little more and act a little more, and have a sweeping reform in church endowments. The necessity of a society such as that for the relief of the clergy, is a disgrace; the beggarly endowments of our small livings are a disgrace; and though it may be well to have prizes in the Church, as in all other professions, though it is well to have hills and valleys, and not a dead level, yet neither very high mountains nor very low lands are desirable.

Poverty always stands in a man's way. Even in secular life, a poor relation is a family bugbear, and every one knows the keen wit of the line—“Nobody sendeth of apples to him who hath not got an orchard.” Poverty, then, being so hard a matter in a general sense, must fall even doubly hard upon those who are called upon to fulfil the duties and requirements of educated social life, who hold a public position, and to whom hundreds of their fellow-men look for help in the way of precept and example, to say nothing of practical aid? Thus straitened means are not only a sore personal trial to a clergyman, but a formidable obstacle to the advancement and welfare of religion; and it was because they saw all this, and dared entertain no hope of any immediate redress of the grievance, that a few well-meaning and warm-hearted men established the nucleus of the fund for the relief of the poor clergy in temporal distress or difficulty.*

The cases brought before the committee of this Society are almost too sad for insertion in such a periodical as *ONCE A WEEK*; and yet, feeling that the dark side of nature should be known, and that a simple statement of facts is always strong evidence, we shall subjoin three or four extracts from cases which came under notice on a recent board day.

1. Attested by the Bishop of Chester and two beneficed clergymen, is the case of a rector whose only available clerical income is 60*l.* per annum, and upon whom a severe illness fell in 1864 and 1865. During some months of those years he was totally incapacitated from duty, having, of course, to provide a substitute at his own expense. By reason of

this illness the poor man had to relinquish tuition, which had brought in a few pounds up to that time; further, his wife and children were taken ill, and, as he pleads, “Medical attendance, added to other expenses incident upon sickness, has placed me in very straitened circumstances.”

To this application the committee granted 25*l.*

2. Represents a case where after a faithful term of service insanity supervened, and where a wife and four children are left to subsist upon the charity of a friend who can ill afford the aid. To the urgency of this case and the strict moral character held by the afflicted clergyman and his family, the Bishop of Edinburgh and Dean Ramsay bear evidence.

Here, too, the society granted 25*l.*

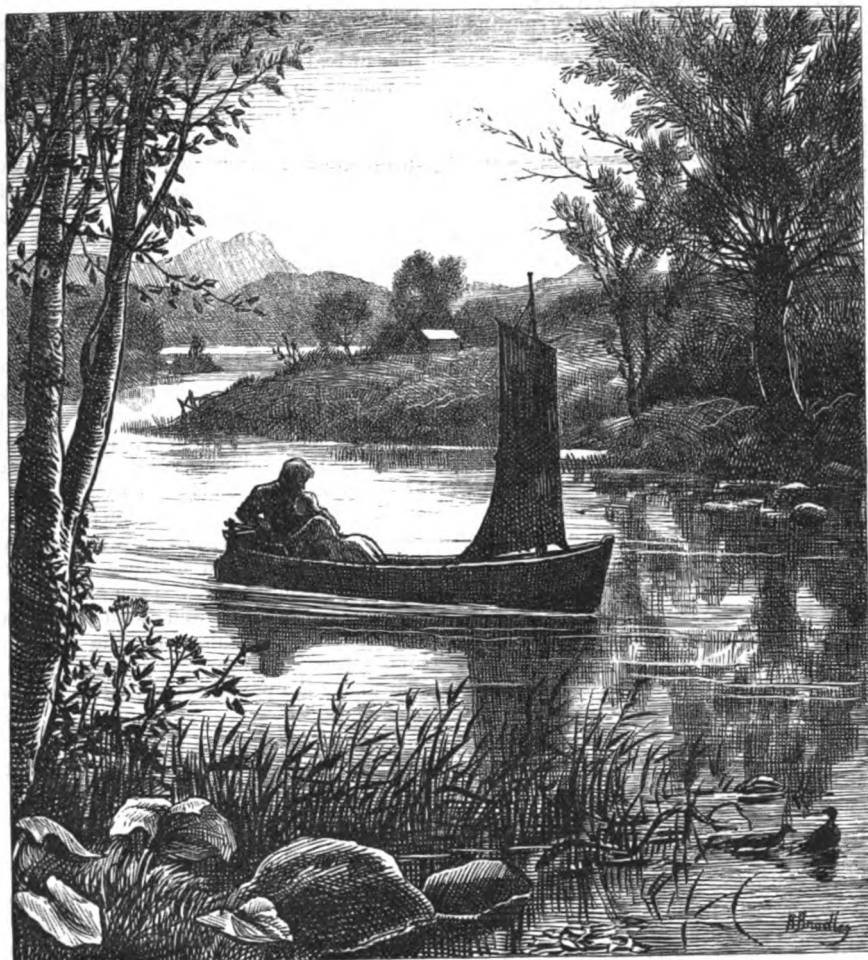
3. The widow and seven children of a hard-working London clergyman. From sinking health he was obliged to give up his duty for a time; and, as one personally known to the family writes, “He never left his bed after he heard that he had lost his curacy.”

Clothing and 25*l.* went to supply, in a measure, the present wants of the widow and orphan children.

4. Is the case of the orphan and only child of a curate, left dependent upon an aunt, who writes: “The income I receive is derived from my situation as governess, and is quite inadequate to provide for the child without assistance; the few pounds I had saved I spent in getting medical advice for him and paying for him at a grammar school in ——. If I can get a little aid, I should be able to provide a home for him before I return to my engagement. Even 10*l.* would be invaluable.” Accordingly 10*l.* was granted.

Hundreds of such cases, nay, sometimes even more heart-rending, might be recorded; and a vast number of well-authenticated instances of clerical suffering was published by the late secretary of the Poor Clergy Relief Society, in a pamphlet entitled “Startling Facts.” Those who are not content with “other witness” than their own, can have ocular demonstration of the reality of the cases by calling at the office, 36, Southampton Street, Strand, where the secretary, Mr. R. Turtle Piggott, is always ready to answer any question, to offer proofs of the care taken to administer justly the funds placed at the disposal of the committee, and to satisfy all doubts as to the authenticity of the cases relieved; and as every candidate for aid must be recommended by the bishop, archdeacon, and rural dean, or, at least, by three beneficed clergymen, there can be no fear but that the wants are sorely felt before an application is made.

* The Poor Clergy Relief Society was established in the year 1866 for the immediate assistance of the clergy, their widows, and orphans in temporary distress. Offices, 36, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.



Missusque secundo defluit amni.

VIRG., Georg. III., 447.

DRIFT ON, MY BARK!

DRIFT on, my bark! The sunbeams sleep
Upon the tranquil tide;
The ling'ring waters idly creep
And nestle to thy side.
The languid breeze that lightly plays
Its softest, sweetest air
Upon the river, fails to raise
One golden ripple there,
And on my breast she is at rest,
Drift on, drift on!

Drift on, my bark! The day is worn,
The shadows round us close,
O'er distant hill and waving corn
The dying sunset glows.
The sapphire tide, grown dark at last,

Wakes with a dreamy sigh,
And joins the breeze, now rising fast,
In mournful lullaby:
But still I hear a whisper near:
Drift on, drift on!

Drift on, my bark! The night winds chill
Sweep round,—the bittern calls,—
O'er waving corn and distant hill
The gathering darkness falls.
One pale and solitary star
Steals out a timid light,
The curfew-bell chimes out afar
A musical good-night!
The day is done, we are alone:
Drift on, drift on! W. CROSSMAN.

THE "GAMIN DE PARIS."
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

*Duas tantum res anxius optat—
Panem et Circenses.*—JUVENAL.

THE street-boy has always formed an obtrusive item in the population of all great cities; and in those several cities it will be found that, though all are classed under the general term of "street-boys," each is marked by the characteristics of a distinct nationality.

These young scapegraces—though we are accustomed to look upon them individually with indifference or contempt—collectively constitute no unimportant element in the social fabric; and we are forced to admit that practically they have more in their power than we may care to acknowledge, and perhaps, luckily, than they are themselves at all aware of. But among all descriptions of street-boys infesting the public thoroughfares of a modern metropolis, where shall we find a rival to the GAMIN DE PARIS? Matchless in all that constitutes the nature of the street-boy, the *gamin* is at once the most idiosyncratic, the most suggestive, and—must we use the term?—the most formidable.

The *gamin* is a type and an authority. He is *only* a street-boy, it is true, but a street-boy of that locality of which Sydney Smith wittily said, on hearing of the *enceinte continue*, that the "*wickedest* old city in the world had put itself into prison."

His name is wonderfully expressive, and as it is altogether untranslatable into any other tongue, so are his characteristics wholly beyond comparison with those of the corresponding class in any other land. He is a compound of incongruities and a combination of contrasts—the concentration of all that is heterogeneous. Capable of noble and generous emotions far beyond his age or his class, he is at the same time the embodiment of all that is reckless and volatile. Impulsive and misguided, he is the incarnation of all that is mischievous, the impersonation of all that is desperate—the very "devil's own."

Endowed with so *bizarre* a nature, the *gamin*, it will be seen, has plenty of stuff in him, both good and bad; and what he may ultimately become depends on the accidents of his lot.

Those of our readers who have had the good fortune to study the wonderful ideal—perhaps we ought to say the "beau idéal"—of him, as presented to us by that unapproachable and versatile genius, the clever and intelligent Bouffé, will at once have apprehended the slippery and capricious type we are attempting to describe.

With this inimitable rendering we are inti-

mately acquainted, and such as Bouffé has represented this singular specimen of the genus homo, on the boards, such have we recognised him in real life: headlong, volatile, reckless, impudent to shamelessness, and yet, at the same time, if put to the test, spirited, honourable, brave, and generous. The same idle, incorrigible *filâneur*, who loves his mother while he breaks her heart, throws himself out of a good place for the sake of a game at marbles, offends his patron because he cannot resist a practical joke, and carries desolation into his home as the price of a moment's fun, will spontaneously lend a hand to help blind "Simon" over the crossing, will run to console little "Jeannette" over her broken pitcher, and tenderly dry her eyes with her pinafore, will readily collect the scattered contents of the old pie-woman's tray, though he has many a time, himself, upset it in a frolic, or jump unhesitatingly into the canal to pick out a child that has slipped down the bank.

The leading motive of all his "mischievousness" seems to be a defiance of every description of authority. Take him, therefore, on the right side, and with good words you may do anything in the world with him. The inconvenience of such a disposition under the present organisation of society is obvious.

The little rascal has lived frightfully fast; his precocity is absolutely startling. At ten he looks fifteen, and talks like five-and-twenty: while his knowledge of all he ought not to know has attained its maximum. We stand aghast at his self-possession under no-matter-what circumstances, and as we watch his unembarrassed air and steady gait, his matured expression and self-conscious aspect, we mentally admit the melancholy fact, "*Il n'y a plus d'enfance!*" The *gamin* is up to everything: he smokes, he drinks, he gambles; but then we must remember, if he indulge in the vices of a man, he is often expected also to exercise the strength and the skill of one. Many a *gamin* is the *soutien de la maison*; a sick father, or a widowed mother and several young sisters, often depend on his earnings for their daily bread: of course it is *only* bread; still it is he who gets it for them, and gets it bravely, too. But unhappily—though also naturally—if a man, he is also a child, and in growing into the one, he has not yet grown out of the other; so that his frolics, and the vagaries to which, often in spite of himself, he is wont to yield, are disastrous to others as well as to himself, and when the mischief is done, he is the first to lament it.

How the *gamin* ever learns anything is a mystery which has never been solved; one of his peculiarities consisting in the fact that he

is entirely self-taught. He takes in knowledge—heaven knows all that it includes—just as he does air and sunshine, in his peregrinations through the crowded and instructive *rues de Paris*. There is a great deal to be learnt there, and he learns it. Put him to school, and you make nothing at all of him. The best you can hope of his future is that one day he will naturally grow into a Zouave, for he is one in embryo already, and no power we know of could train him into a domesticated character.

A *parvenu* "bourgeois de Paris" of whom we have heard, taking it into his head "que tout Marquis doit avoir des pages," picked up a sprightly *gamin*, and, finding him delighted with the idea of jumping at once into the promotion of *valet de pied* to "Madme. la Marquise de Raisiné," had a livery made for him, in which it became part of his duty to walk behind his mistress when she alighted from her barouche to take the air in the Bois de Boulogne. The first day on which the scheme was tried, Madame was much astonished to find herself the object of universal attention, and as the glances she received were not very flattering in their expression, she was completely *intriguée*: it could not possibly be Hyppolite; he had been so thoroughly well-drilled before they started. Nevertheless, after a time, she turned her head, when to her horror she saw the wretched boy, whose nature was *plus fort que lui*, in the act of turning a somersault, the last of a series that had begun at the further extremity of the Grande Allée!"

Equally inaccessible is he to the influence of the schoolmaster. Witness the efforts of a worthy friend of ours, a benevolent curé, who brought to his thankless task an amount of zeal and faith capable of removing mountains. This excellent man established a night-school for Paris *gamins*, and grew almost wild in his frantic efforts to humanise his refractory pupils. They came readily enough, for they enjoyed the fun of teasing him when they were there, and when they found any more amusing occupation, they stayed away. Untameable and unteachable, they at length wore out the poor fellow's patience, and he was obliged reluctantly to abandon the attempt.

The tone in which he lamented his failure was pathetic in the extreme; but, though we accorded him all our sympathy, some of the vexations he related to us were so irresistibly droll that we found it impossible to retain a grave face, and they were so exactly what he ought to have expected, that we were, in our heart, more inclined to blame him than his tormentors.

"Tell me, my child," said he one evening

to one of the most promising, at the close of a long lecture on the subject, "how many Gods are there?"

"Two, M'sieur le Curé," promptly replied the boy.

"Two Gods!" exclaimed the miserable curé, aghast, and wondering what he could have said to leave such an impression. "Two Gods! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! What can you mean?"

"Why," replied the imperturbable catechumen, "of course I have not forgotten there were three to begin with, but as the Jews made away with one, there can only be two left."

In the same class was another with whom his Reverence had taken equal pains.

"Eh bien, mon petit," enquired he of this urchin in a conciliating tone, "saurais-tu me dire de quelle façon Notre Seigneur a été mis à mort?"

"O! yes, m'sieur; the Jews guillotined him."

"Guillotined him, my dear child! Why, do think a little. The guillotine was not invented a hundred years ago, and our Lord was put to death something like two thousand years back."

"Ah, oui, c'est vrai," was the ready response; "ils l'ont donc fusillé."

Perhaps a more characteristic reply still was one received by the same indefatigable preceptor. On one occasion he had to reprimand one of his *gamins* for telling a fib.

"Sais-tu, mon enfant," said he, gravely; "que si tu mens tu iras en enfer? and *en enfer* there is everlasting fire, how will you ever be able to endure that?"

"Well," said the little reprobate, "I suppose I shall find it uncomfortable at first, but in a fortnight I shall get used to it."

There is a provoking aptitude in the *gamin's* repartees, which are prompt and flashing as the lightning, for he is always equal to the occasion.

"How old are you?" said we once to a diminutive urchin at the corner of the Boulevard, selling newspapers, counting his receipts, and giving change with the accuracy and gravity of a practised hand.

"Six," was the curt reply.

"And how long have you been in the business?"

With a roguish sparkle in his eye, which we shall not readily forget, and stooping down to arrange his stock-in-trade on the pavement, with the attitude of a man who is quite capable of attending to two things at once, he rejoined:

"How long? Oh, ever since I was a child."

We very much doubt if he ever had been one!

"Give me to-morrow's *Moniteur*, petit,"

said we one day to a young imp of the same calling, and not much older.

"Sorry I can't oblige you, sir; sold 'em



Madame la Marquise de Raisiné et son "Groom."

all last week," replied the promising youth, who was not to be caught napping.

Let the *gamin* discover a cross-grained old "gaffer" or "gammer," in whatever capacity, there is no trick he will not be ready to play off, and very frequent are the collisions between the *gamin* and the *portière*, or even her worse half, the *concierge*, when they happen—as he considers—to merit his censure.

Such an instance we witnessed one day when passing a *loge*, within which might be seen an old woman wearing a mob cap, comfortably packed up in a large, well-cushioned, wooden chair, with her feet on a *chaufferette*, and doubled up over a basin of soup, which she was discussing with considerable satisfaction. The good-for-nothing *gamin* saw in this picture of comfort nothing but an opportunity of gratifying his love of fun, of which he could not resist taking advantage:

picking up a stone in the road he deliberately smashes a pane of glass in the *portière's* casement, and applying his face to the aperture, shouts in her bewildered ear:

"Est-ce toujours ici que demeure M^{me} Pipelet, s'il vous plaît?"

"Ah c'est toi, petit diabolin, attends que j'y vienne!" screeches out the old woman, who never expecting to have to leave her chair, over the back of which hung the *cordons*, finds it no easy matter to disengage herself, and before she can open the door her tormentor has disappeared down the next street.

The observer who walks through the streets of Paris with his eyes and ears open need not follow the *gamin* very far to hear a humorous remark or a smart repartee.

One day, going down the Rue Vivienne, we remarked the agile step and mischievous *allure* of a small Paris boy skipping before us,

and felt sure he was meditating some wickedness; at last, on reaching the Place de la Bourse, where a shoe-black stood before his box, brush in hand, waiting for custom, he caught sight of an old *Invalidé* minus both his legs, who was passing. Here was a chance; the combination was irresistible.

"Dites donc, M'sieu, si vous vouliez faire cirer vos bottes, vous y voilà:—ça ne vous coutera pas cher, allez!"

"Ah, mauvais garnement," said the good-humoured old fellow, shaking his stick at his malicious assailant, who was by this time far out of reach; "si j'avais mes jambes, c'est moi qui t'en donnerais."

Another day, one of the curious "cris de Paris" arrested our attention.

"V'la le marchand de soufflets, qui est-ce qui en veut? à en voilà," sang out an old fellow, who came in sight laden with bellows and brooms.

"Dieu de Dieu! en a-t'il reçu, des soufflets—celui-là!" exclaimed a *gamin* who met him. "Dites-donc not' bourgeois, serait-ce not' femme qui nous aurait arrangé comme ça?"

We might multiply instances of this description to almost any extent, but there are other peculiarities quite as strongly woven into the physiology of the *gamin* which claim their place. The *gamin*, however diminutive in stature, is invariably an inveterate smoker. He will even commit "*des bassesses*" to possess a cigar-end—the utmost he aspires to, and he knows all the most approved methods of securing these prizes which chance occasionally throws in his way. Thus, outside the Bourse, the Bureau de Postes, or the theatres, a knot of *gamins* may always be seen eagerly watching the frequenters of these places and speculating upon the reversion of their "*weeds*."

Another of his delights is indulging in games of chance with his companions, and gambling away the stray *sous* that he may have managed to earn by occasional services rendered between-whiles in the prosecution of his ordinary avocations. Though the *gamin* is as fond of dainties as other boys of his age and condition, he seldom spends his money—when he has any to spend—in the sweets and trash in which we should expect him to indulge; his tastes are simple and easily satisfied, and he scarcely knows what is meant by a regular meal. He buys a slice of *pain de ménage* at one shop; *pour un sou* of fried potatoes, or a handful of fruit at the corner of the street; and, if he has been unusually *étrenné*, a taste of *charcuterie* as a relish; these scraps he will eat contentedly, sitting on a *borne* or walking along the street, or crouched on the steps of

a church; in fact, anywhere and everywhere: but the greatest delight of the *gamin*, his dominant propensity, his *grande passion*, is the theatre—he is happy even to be able to prowl about the door, and steal a glimpse of the check-taker's box, when it opens for a minute to admit any of those fortunate beings who can afford to enter that temple of delights; but to get inside, to creep into the humblest place and witness a "*représentation*," is to reach the very pinnacle of his aspirations. Here he is a hero, here he is at his ease. During the *entr'acte* his sallies attract the admiration of the surrounding benches, which he is proud to have the opportunity of edifying by testifying his approbation, and thus leading the opinions of all within his reach.

But this rage for sight-seeing is not altogether confined to the theatres, neither is he at all particular as to the nature of the amusement, the inaptitude of the hour, or its incompatibility with the performance of his duties and obligations. The "*Gazette des Tribunaux*," before us, supplies a fair specimen of this vice and its results in the history of the *gamin*. His imperturbable *sangfroid*, and his *déplomb* under detection, are simply inimitable.

"A precocious young scapegrace rejoicing in the name of Bourdon, aged thirteen, son of a poor widow woman, and in the employ of a linen warehouse, where he acted as porter, had been missing for some days; young as he was, he had already passed into—and we may add, out of—the service of many successive masters, who, after a short trial, had all been compelled to discharge him. Having been sent to carry a blanket and a quilt to the house of a purchaser, he neither delivered the goods nor returned either to the shop or to his mother. No trace of him could be discovered, and his master had given up his property for lost; La Mère Bourdon had handbills printed and distributed, minutely describing Master Eugène, and not long after he was tracked and secured. Going his rounds about eleven at night the *sergent-de-ville* of the *quartier* observing something unusually white spread over a heap of rubbish within a demolished house in the Rue St. Jacques, was tempted to go and examine it. On approaching he found it to be a fine white Marseilles quilt, beneath which, snugly rolled up in a thick white blanket, lay the young vagabond calmly sleeping '*du sommeil du juste*.' Master Bourdon, who did not expect to be called so early, turned over again, like the famous 'door on its hinges' we all know of, yawning and protesting as well as he could, in that luxurious semi-consciousness, that he wished to 'slumber again.' This, however, was not the

sergent's game; so, seizing him by the shoulder—collar, being a *gamin*, he had none—and securing the coverlets, he marched him off to the station-house to finish his night and make his reflections. Next morning he was brought before the tribunal of 'Correctional Police,' and underwent his examination, as follows:—

"The President. 'Now, my man, what have you to say for yourself?'"

"Bourdon (shrugging his shoulders). 'I really can't tell.'"

"The President. 'Do you mean to say you don't know what you are accused of?'"

"Bourdon. 'Si, m'sieur; of absenting myself from the shop, and not returning *chez m'man*.'"

"The President. 'Ah! but that is not all; the charge against you is, that you appropriated to your own use a blanket and quilt, the property of your master, entrusted to you.'"

"Bourdon. 'Mais, m'sieur, I never intended to keep them.'"

"The President. 'That is what you say; but how do you account for disappearing with them for several days?'"

"Bourdon. 'M'sieur, I only went to see the troops exercising in the Plaine de Grenelle.'"

"The President. 'What! with a blanket and counterpane?'"

"Bourdon. 'Oui, m'sieur. When it was over and I was returning, I met a friend of mine, Mons. Bijoin, who took me to the opening of the Café Parisien, but though I waited nearly an hour in the *queue*, they would not let me within the doors because of my big parcel. I then took them to their destination, but the parties were gone to the theatre, and when I got back to the shop, that was closed too, so that I went to sleep in the ruins of the Rue St. Jacques.'"

"The President. 'Now, Bourdon, what were you about during the four days you were absent?'"

"Bourdon. 'Absolument rien, M'sieur le President; je m'ai promené avec mes affaires.' (Laughter.)"

"The President. 'Then why did you not carry them to the purchaser?'"

"Bourdon. 'I did; but the lady said she would not have them. She called them dirty.' (Laughter.)"

"The President. 'Well, I suppose they were not exactly bleached after being slept in, on the ground.'"

"Bourdon. 'Oui, M'sieur le President; c'est ça, and that is just why I did not go back to the shop.'"

"The President. 'And pray how did you fare all this time?'"

"Bourdon. 'I had a few *sous*, and lived on fried potatoes.'"

As Bourdon's mother was present, and the young hopeful, to whom the Bench did not consider that fraudulent intention could be attributed, promised amendment, he was given up to his parent.

One day, as the Sceaux omnibus was starting, a very stout gentleman hailed the vehicle, and had some difficulty in squeezing himself in.

"Conducteur!" called out a *gamin*, who was passing, "faites attention; encore un *pourceau*."

"Qu'est ce que cela signifie, petit poliason!" said the irate gentleman, turning sharply round.

"Mais, m'sieu," answered the lad, assuming the coolest face; "c'est que si vous n'étiez pas pour Sceaux il ne faudrait pas monter dans cette voiture;" and with that he made off, reserving his laugh till beyond reach of his adversary's cane.

We have said that the *gamin* is not an altogether unimportant member of society; he nourishes political convictions, and we see in him the insurgent of a future day, if not already of his own. During the revolution of '48 the *gamin* was at the zenith of his glory; the general confusion afforded him fine opportunities, of which he was by no means loth to take advantage. Paris was the vast theatre of his exploits, and the barricades the scene of his triumphs.

On one of these fatal days an incident occurred worth citing, as an evidence, not only of the principle of justice which influences him, but of the ready wit of his lively and intelligent nature. While eagerly climbing a pile of paving-stones which blocked a narrow street, one of these youngsters observed a *garde mobile* at his post, behind whom, with stealthy step, was advancing an armed "*insurgé*." The latter had taken aim at his unconscious victim, and in another moment, "*il aurait passé l'arme à gauche*," to use a military expression.

The *gamin*, with wonderful presence of mind, assuming a confidential tone, addressed the miscreant in a hurried whisper, "*Et ton fusil, grand bêtard, il n'est seulement pas armé!*" The assassin, taken off his guard, stopped to examine his piece, when the *gamin* shot him dead with a pistol he held already cocked in his hand.

And here we may record a "*coup de main*," or rather a "*coup de gamin*," which testifies to the results which a determined band of these ragamuffins may effect under no more efficient guidance than that of one of their own number. We allude to the taking of the prison of St. La-

zare, and the liberation of all the desperate characters confined within that formidable fortress, forming one of the most curious and suggestive episodes of this revolution. A considerable body of these youthful and self-constituted soldiers, armed with flints and other extemporised missiles, assembled at the gates, and began by engaging the sentinel; the sentinel gave the alarm, and all the force within the prison concentrated themselves on this point, endeavouring to defend the entrance. Meantime, these diplomatic young officers had organised their plans with considerable skill; an equally numerous body of their "men" was attacking another part of the prison in another way. They form an *échelle*, and mounting, one over the shoulders of the other, are speedily within the walls. The issues are all guarded by their fraternity, and their numbers overpower the authorities, who are soon forced to give up the keys; the doors fly open one after the other, and there is a general *saute qui peut*; with the assistance of the prisoners themselves, the rest is easy, and in an incredibly short space of time, all these gaol-birds "ont pris la clef des champs!"

Those who had forgotten this singular attempt and its successful result have had their minds refreshed within the last few weeks by a revolt of the same nature, even yet more desperate, and mingled with circumstances of barbarity which are scarcely credible. Our readers will know we are alluding to the frightful crime at l'Île de Levant, Toulon, where the prison was forced, and fourteen of their own number were cruelly burnt by the savage little ruffians confined there, because their victims demurred to joining in the conspiracy. These *gamins*, of whom there were nearly 300, varied in age from nine to fourteen.*

By a singular coincidence, we learn in the same paper which recounts this frightful event, that the condition of the *colonie de Val d'Yèvre* presents a remarkable contrast to that of l'Île de Levant. Mgr. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who administered confirmation to the young prisoners, expressed himself deeply touched by their edifying conduct on the occasion. After the ceremony a letter was read to the boys, addressed to them by one of their number, who, on the expiration of his term, had led a most exemplary life, and had been decorated with his *galons de sous-officier*. He had subsequently obtained the situation of "*facteur*" on a railway, and expressed his gratitude for the advice and education he had received in the *colonie*. He

forwarded a small sum of money to be given as a reward to the next of his comrades who should receive his liberation in consequence of good conduct.

Let us return to the last Paris revolution, and pursue the *gamin* into the abode of royalty broken open, ransacked, and abandoned to the mob. All his life, like the "boy Jones," the *gamin* has longed to see the interior of that Palace of the Tuileries, every exterior stone and window and chimney of which he knows so well. Now is his time! 'No bristling rails defend its approaches, no bullying sentinel keeps grim watch before the gate. Banks and distinctions are levelled, access is free: he enters. The unresisting portals stand open before him, and seem to invite his presence. He scales the marble stairs, he slides along the polished *parquets*, he wanders through painted galleries, and stares up at the gilded ceilings, while he sees himself reflected from head to foot in the noble mirrors; he is master of the place, and he considers himself at home:—

I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things;

Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed!

And so he contemplates all this magnificence which no longer has an owner, for the people are tired of their *Roi Bourgeois* and, "Mr. John Smith" has gone to England. Why should it not be his? his right to it all is as good as any other man's. He passes his smutty hand over the amber-satin couches; he buries his greasy head in the eider-down pillows, and stretches his unwashed limbs upon the silken ottomans; he wanders into the royal wardrobe, and finding apparel considerably handsomer and more to his taste than his own, he changes clothes, honestly leaving his cast-off garments in the place of those he has appropriated, and at length reaching the throne-room, he ascends the consecrated seat; as he throws himself into its treacherous arms and sinks into the velvet folds, he exclaims, too truthfully, "*Tiens! ce n'est pas étonnant tout de même; on enfonce sur le trône.*"

However, we may forgive the follies of his youth when we reflect on what he often becomes: if he sows wild oats, he not unfrequently reaps a harvest of glory, and stores up a world-wide fame. In what country in the world shall we find a regiment like the *Zouaves*? yet the majority of these dauntless fellows spring from this origin.

We have all heard of Eugène Libaut, a non-commissioned officer of this brave corps, the first who ascended the heights of Sebastopol and planted the flag of France upon its heretofore impregnable summit. His General well discerned the stuff of which he was made; he placed the French standard in his hands,

* It is only a few weeks since the Prison of l'Île de Levant was the scene of as desperate an attack from the youthful criminals confined there.

simply saying, "C'est le drapeau signal—partez."

And it was enough: Libaut darted from the trenches, leading after him the whole column. Struck on the head as he reached the ditch, by a heavy stone, this intrepid young fellow did not slacken his progress; he continued to scale the heights, regardless of the shower of projectiles which assailed him, and, overcoming all obstacles, he gained his point, for the colours of the First Division were seen floating from the Malakoff tower, forming a rallying-point, round which the allies grouped themselves and maintained their post with characteristic determination.

Eugène Libaut, the *enfant perdu* of Malakoff, began life as a GAMIN DE PARIS.

THE VALLEY OF THE RYBURNE.

WE have heard and read much of the great beauty of some parts of Yorkshire; but we must confess that for richness of foliage, and variety of surface, we have seen nothing to surpass the valley of the Ryburne in summer. How frequently have we stood and looked about us while climbing its hill-sides, and exclaimed, "Oh, for an artist's pencil!" Every hundred yards present material for a new and beautiful picture.

The valley of the Ryburne, as well as the pretty village or town of Ripponden, takes its name from the Rye, a brook, or "burne," which issues from among the Pennine hills, or that ridge of mountains better known in these parts as the "*Back-bone of England*." The back-bone itself is dark moorland, but the hills or ribs which radiate from it are cultivated to the very top, as pasture-lands; and richer or greener pasture we have never seen; not even in the Emerald Isle; nor have we ever tasted sweeter milk or butter.

Some, we have no doubt, would regret—the author of the "*Deserted Village*" among the number—to see the tall shaft of the factory furnace raising its head among such scenery, dwarfing the very church towers and steeples; but we think these shafts—some of which are beautifully constructed, and tastefully adorned—rather an ornament than otherwise. The number of cotton mills which have been erected and which are in course of erection in these secluded valleys is really surprising. The mill-owners know well the value of mountain streams; they have wisely estimated the weight and the power of the fall of every square foot of water. There is not a drop of it allowed to pass without paying toll at a number of mills. Some of the mill-dams are within a few dozen perches of each other. No streamlet, however young or small, is allowed

to lose much time dallying among the stones; like other little folk, it must go to work at the mill. Though it issue bright and clear from the mountains, it is black enough, especially in winter, before it has run its course and done its work.*

The manufacturers of this district have been the pioneers to railway contractors. There is as yet no railway through the valley of the Ryburne; but a bill has lately passed the Parliamentary Committee for one from Sowerby Bridge to Ripponden, which will run through this beautiful vale. The way in which the news of the passing of this bill was received was positively startling. We happened to be in the neighbourhood at the time, and witnessed the rejoicing. A few minutes to five o'clock, a man arrived in breathless haste—having outrun the parliamentary messenger—and communicated the welcome intelligence that the "*Ripponden Branch Line Bill*" was passed. In a few minutes after, a telegram was received from the House of Commons, confirming the news. The report spread like wild-fire, and probably before an hour had elapsed, every cottage in the district was startled with the cry, "*Hooray! theyn gotten t' railway!*" This was followed by the ringing of church bells, the firing of single and double-barrelled guns, the music of brass bands, and the barking of village dogs, who did not seem to understand what all the fuss and excitement was about.

Before the main line of railway was opened from Halifax to Manchester, the mail coaches ran through this valley. Here and there along the line we are shown deserted inns and post-houses, "*without an inhabitant*." There is a large deserted establishment of this kind, which contained stabling for thirty or forty horses, on the top of Black-stone Edge, a wild moor, now inhabited by grouse, where, we understand, there is excellent shooting. How long this may be the case, now that "*theyn gotten t' railway*" to Ripponden, we dare not say.

To the north of Black-stone Edge, and at the other side of the valley of the Ryburne, is Norland Head, better known as Ladstone. We crossed the river by stepping-stones, and ascended the mountain, with the expectation of seeing from its top the wild downs of Haworth, where Charlotte Brontë and her sisters lived and died. In passing through a wood in our ascent, we looked back and saw we were followed by a hind. We did our best to keep ahead of him, but soon discovered it was no use trying: he was gaining on us every

* The November floods of 1866 along the valley of the Ryburne, and the sad accident by which between twenty and thirty persons were swept away at Leeds, will not readily be forgotten.—Ed. O. A. W.

step, so we sat down on the mountain side and waited his approach.

And what a splendid view we got from that mountain side! Below was an amphitheatre of hills, intersected by deep glens, at the bottom of which the rivulets glistened and shone out among the branches, like silver threads.

The peasantry in this part of Yorkshire are anything but boorish. It is their habit to salute strangers on the road, and, if they can, to get into conversation with them.

"Ah, isn't that faun!" said the peasant who now stood before us, and evidently read our admiration of the scenery in our faces.

"Very fine."

"You're noan thro' these pairts?" [You are not from these parts?]

"No."

"Whear then?"

"London."

"Lundun! That's a long way off."

"Yes."

"And yo cumd all th' way thro' Lundun to see th' Ladstone? Sum cum a long way to see it; but not as far as thro' Lundun."

"We did not come from London altogether to see it."

"Oh, partly to see it, and partly for yer yelth, I reckon?"

"Our health is pretty good."

"Mine isn't."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I'm geen to fits."

"Fits! How often?"

"Abate once a week. I had one abate this time th' last week."

We felt rather uneasy, but asked him if he got any warning when they were approaching.

"I get mazy-loike i' my yed." [I get mazy-like in my head.]

"Do you feel mazy now?"

"Oh, naw; the air duy me gooid."

"We are glad to hear it,—we had better be moving."

"Yo're goin' to see the Ladstone?"

"Yes. Why do you call it the Ladstone?"

"Well, I doant know, if it worn't at a lad wor killed there, by fallin' off on it."

"Who was the lad that was killed?"

"It was a lad they called Jessop."

"How was he killed?"

"He wor printin' his name i' the stone."

"Well?"

"Well, after cuttin' his name he fell asleep, and fell off and wakenedi' t'other world; but I'll show yo' th' name."

We gained the highest point of the mountain, ascended the rock or Bigstone, as some call it, and there, deeply cut on the outer edge overhanging the precipice, were the words, W. JESSOP, 1841.

Our strange guide walked fearlessly out to the edge of the rock, which alarmed us not a little, and then scampered off along the top of the wild mountain.

"Stop. Where are you going?"

"I'm lookin' for my mates," was his reply.

We suspect the poor fellow is half an idiot. The fits have weakened his intellect.

We found we could have ascended Ladstone by two other routes, namely, the mountain-road by Ripponden Church, and the mountain road from Triangle; but we should advise the tourist who loves beautiful scenery to select the road through the valley, and take the narrow path to the right between the villages of Triangle and Ripponden, and cross the Ryburne by the stepping-stones, and boldly breast the mountain side.

We descended Ladstone by the road to Triangle, as we wished to see the house in which Archbishop Tillotson was born, and which stands on the hill on the southern side of the valley. The old house is in the shape of a barn, or rather of two barns united, the gabled windows of which look towards the lower road. The small front room on the first floor, where Tillotson was born, is elaborately panelled with dark oak. The ceiling is panelled in the same way. On a large oaken shield over the fireplace are carved, in high relief, a number of knights with lances crossed in fierce conflict. We were informed it was intended to represent the Battle of Cressy, where the Black Prince gained such a memorable victory over Philip, King of France. The Black Prince was pointed out among the figures carved in the dark oak, but we thought Philip of France as black as he. It was a nice point to say "which was which," so we chose the taller, if not the blacker of the two, to represent England.

On the stone above the fireplace were the figures 1630, the year in which the Archbishop was born. It is quite evident that this stone was erected after Tillotson's birth; indeed, we suspect that the whole of the panelling and all the other decorations of the house were executed after the son of the Sowerby clothier had become Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Primate of all England. The original design and constitution of the house appear to have been poor, humble, and unornamental. It is the general habit in this part of the world to wear clogs, or "wooden shoes," which make a fearful clatter on the flags. There is a story current of Tillotson's father having gone up to London and called at the archiepiscopal palace, at Lambeth, with a pair of clogs on, to see "My son John." G.

"BABY'S TEXT."

"GOING to be married, are you? The girl has money, of course?"

"Not a penny, uncle."

"Are you mad, sir?" And as he spoke, the elder man faced round and struck his walking-stick into the turf. "Married, no money, and a curacy of 100*l.* per annum! How the deuce do you intend to live? No church interest either; and a baby before you know where you are; expensive things, babies; the doctor always wants his ten-guinea fee, I am told, to say nothing of nurses and clothing. You must give it up, Willie."

"That I cannot do. I've asked her to be my wife; she knows exactly what I have, and is willing to work with me. Besides, there is some Church interest; Kate has a cousin a barrister, and intimate with the Chancellor; she thinks he'll do what he can for us. I shall write, too; and, if it comes to the worst, I'll take pupils. We won't starve, uncle."

"If you do, don't blame me," said Captain Jackson, testily; "I wash my hands of you. I never married, couldn't afford it when I had full pay, and now that I've only half-pay I cannot afford to help you to the luxury." After this speech the two men walked on a considerable distance in silence, until, just as they entered the village, Captain Jackson asked,

"Is she pretty?"

"Come and judge for yourself," replied Willie, glad to have such a speedy chance of showing what a fair excuse he had for the folly his uncle denounced. "Here's the house, she'll be delighted to see you." And pushing open a little gate, he led the way up the flower-garden towards a cottage, from an open window in which came a sweet voice, singing "The Last Rose of Summer."

"Is that her voice?" whispered the captain, pulling up his shirt collar, and settling his chin in his cravat. Willie nodded and rang the bell, and presently they were ushered into the drawing-room, where sat the owner of the voice, Kate Vickers.

Kate's colour brightened considerably when, keeping hold of her hand, Willie presented her to his uncle; who, accomplishing a very elaborate bow, in that style which was fashionable in the days when he joined the Duke of York's army in the Netherlands, said,

"Proud to make your acquaintance, madam. Ehem! Miss! no, that won't do either,—Kate, that's your name, I believe, my dear. Kate Kearney it should be, Kate Constable it is to be. We heard you singing as we came up the garden; Willie knew your voice; he'd just been telling me what a fool—what a for-

tunate fellow he'd been. Don't blush, my dear, I am not clever at pretty speeches; but please do not lay the blame of my being an old bachelor to any want of admiration for your sex. I never could afford to marry."

Willie looked appealingly at his uncle, who, feeling he was getting out of his depth, pulled up, and with a tremendous effort to retrieve his position, said gallantly,

"But then, Miss Kate, I never met you," adding, *sotto voce*, as the door opened to admit Kate's mother, "There, Willie, you dog, will that please you?"

Willie was pleased, and so was Kate, who decided that Uncle Dick was the nicest old man she had ever seen. And as for that gentleman's opinion of his nephew's choice, it would indeed be difficult to find words warm enough to tell half what he felt; and, in good truth, all this admiration was no more than Kate deserved, for a better, purer-hearted, or prettier girl was not to be found in the county.

Everything came naturally to her, unlike the famous wife of the unhappy "Cooper of Fife." Kate could "bake and brew," and, had spinning been necessary, I am sure she would have both "carded and spun," without any fear of spoiling either her pretty fingers or her complexion. With all her talents and accomplishments, Kate, though modesty itself, possessed an extraordinary amount of self-reliance, and that rare gift with women, the power of decision and action. She could make up her mind and act up to her standard without throwing down her weapons and flying off upon a different tack because the result was not altogether what she anticipated. And having said all this for Kate, the reader will understand how it was that Mr. Constable had asked her to marry him and his poverty. Also, how it was that he looked forward to the life before them without any of those misgivings his uncle had given utterance to.

Well, the wedding was over: the curate and his young wife had settled down in lodgings at a pretty little house outside the village. Willie was not one of those who are content with a church-and-Sunday-school acquaintanceship with his flock; he knew every man, woman, and child in the parish; and as the rector was always either ill or absent seeking health, and left all the duty to the curate, Willie was doctor, lawyer, and peace-maker; and when the winter came, and brought sore throats and colds, Kate, who generally accompanied her husband, always carried a little basket containing creature comforts.

Time went on, and Uncle Dick's prophecy came true; and, although the advent of the baby did not exactly take Willie by surprise, still in a manner it did. He had watched the

mysterious preparations with a strange quiver at his heart. They had been so happy, he and Kate, that anything, even a baby, would make a change—and no change could be for the better. He had never felt especially attracted towards babies, and rather shirked the baptismal service; then again he thought of what Uncle Dick had said; there was scarcely a margin left out of his slender stipend for incidental expenses, and "babies were expensive things." Willie was out a good deal alone in those days, and thought a good deal too, as he trudged homewards through the dark, muddy spring lanes. And yet the time came when all his fears made themselves wings, when reaching home, late one evening, from a distant part of the parish, he found the small servant-maid of the house standing at the garden gate, her apron twisted tight round her head, and altogether in a state of breathless excitement, as, starting forward, she barred his progress, blurring out in a stage whisper,

"Oh! please sir! it's all over. Missus have got a fine little boy, sir! and is as well as can be expected, and you're not to exite yourself."

The blood rushed to Willie's heart, and a great gush of happiness came over him; he stood, looking up at the bed-room window, where a faint light was burning.

"Well, my dear boy," said the doctor, coming striding along the walk, "let me wish you joy: splendid child, and mother a marvel; don't disturb her, she's asleep, first sleep of great importance, God bless you."

And with a hearty clasp of the hand the doctor passed through the gate. Willie never remembered anything about the ten-guinea fee; there was nothing to remind him of it in the good doctor's voice; and after another look at the shrouded window, Willie rushed away into the darkness, and—but we have no right to follow him—when he came back to the house he was caught in the passage by the landlady, and pushed into the parlour.

"The finest babby I've ever nussed, and I've nussed a many—thirteen on 'em my own."

"May I see her?" asked Willie, humbly.

"It's a boy, sir, just as it ought to be—fust allus a boy."

"I meant my wife." But even when he spoke, Willie flushed with a strange pleasure, as a new feeling of responsibility awoke in him: there were two to think of now.

"The missus 'ud like to see master," said the girl, peeping in at the door, and speaking in a whisper.

Willie was up-stairs in a moment, quietly enough too.

"Have you seen him, darling?" said Kate, after a little time of silent joy.

"No; where is he?"

"In the basket—be careful, dear."

Willie went over to the fire, beside which standing upon two chairs was the berceau-nette sent by the rector's wife, a mass of lace, muslin, and pink silk. Very carefully did the newly-made father lift the muslin and gaze with awe upon his first-born; and then, covering him up, he came back to the bedside.

"Well, dear?" asked Kate, eager to hear the baby extolled.

"He's very small," was all poor Willie found voice to say, and Kate began to laugh; on which the nurse, who had been watching outside the door, bustled in and turned him out of the room.

"Didn't I tell you you'd have a baby?" said Uncle Dick, when he wrote to congratulate Willie. "You can make me a godfather; and as I don't suppose you want a silver mug for pap, I'll give you a cheque to buy the pap itself."

It was the last cheque Captain Jackson drew, as a month after, the terrible panic which seized the money market in 185—began. Bank after bank stopped payment, and, amongst others, that in which the old soldier had invested his savings—not much, certainly, but still just enough to give him the power of doing a kind thing such as that just told. The same shock that swamped Captain Jackson's small fortune, beggared Kate's mother, who went to live with her eldest daughter in a distant county; and although Willie had never permitted himself to look for any help from either side, as far as he himself was concerned, it had been a scarcely recognised consolation that if any unexpected illness or accident shortened his life, Kate would have a home; and it was the sudden shattering of this hope that brought the first shadow upon his path. We know how the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand at first, warned the prophet to gird his loins and flee.

Willie bethought him of the barrister cousin, and went up to London to see what could be done. The cousin was a good fellow; he had no objection to use what influence he possessed; he had simply forgotten his pretty cousin and her curate husband; he liked Willie, too, and introduced him to the Lord Chancellor, who put his name upon his private list, and in eight months Willie was presented with the Rectory of Deepdean; the living was small—150*l.* per annum—but there was a house and garden, and he was his own master.

They furnished the little rectory as plainly as possible, yet still it cost nearly 100*l.*, and that left 50*l.* only, for all other expenses. Willie tried to look at the bright side; he was not naturally desponding, and besides, as winter was nearly over, (the second winter since they had been married), there seemed less cause for fear; the garden, though not as fully stocked as it might have been if they had come earlier in the year, was still an infinite help; and although there was no sumptuous living, there was no visible narrowness. Kate was always the same; bright, hopeful, and careful to keep out of sight her little shifts and contrivances with which she was compelled to eke out their money: and as she sat crooning over the little bit of flesh and blood so peculiarly her own, listening to the parish news, and ready with her sympathy for those who wanted it, Willie had no notion how busy she had been all day, and thought the little maid, who served as sole servant, and went home at night, because, as Kate said, it would be too lonely for her, was a perfect paragon of a domestic.

The year was one that will be long remembered: not only was our blood curdled and our horror roused by the tales of murder and cruelty that came thrilling over the sea from the mutinous plains of India; but the late bank failures and consequent distress in various branches of business, were reaping a sad harvest. Deepdean lay in the north of England, in a district and county over which the stoppage of the N—— Bank spread like a flood of destruction. Landlords were ruined, or paralysed; the rents that might have saved them had been carried away by the current, and, as they were unable to employ their usual amount of labourers, whole families were thrown out of work. Short means often ends in sickness; and when the harvest was in, and the damp autumn weather came, a low fever broke out, and Kate's wits were taxed to the utmost to supply her husband's frequent demands for gruel, broth, and pudding—calls which she found it hard to answer, and yet, at the same time, keep up even the semblance of sufficiency in their own establishment. And Christmas was close at hand, when one afternoon Willie came to his wife with a piteous face.

"Kate, darling, I haven't a shilling left, and poor old Scot is in distress for his rate. Will you help him out of the house-keeping money?"

"I cannot, dear, I've been out of funds for a month; I only was waiting for the stipend coming, not caring to worry you."

Willie said nothing; a cold hand seemed clasp- ing his heart, a giddiness was in his

brain; he could not see Kate's flushing, frightened face; he only felt her clasping arms, and then all was dark.

When he came round, Kate was kneeling beside him bathing his temples; and there was a white set look in her face that tells of intense fear. She had grown so used to think hopefully, even though she had not a shilling in the house-keeping purse, that she never calculated upon the effect such a disclosure might produce upon her husband, whose attention—partly by reason of his necessary duties, but more by her own clever, loving management—had never been roused. As a man, too, Willie felt differently; he saw plenty of starvation and poverty in the parish, and among the labourers; and now the spectre was come to sit by his own hearth, armed, too, with the treble sting that straitened means always must bring upon those in a similar position. His first care was for Kate; but one gaze into the steadfast eyes banished the horror that had been creeping over him: there flashed upon him, as flashes upon a drowning man, an instinctive knowledge of her devotion, and of her work; and Willie knew it would be presumption to doubt or fear for her.

"You are one of God's angels, Kate," he whispered, turning his cheek upon her hand as it lay upon the sofa pillow. But Kate would not trust her voice to reply; the effort to remain calm was as much as she could effect; she dare not trust her lips to speak.

"You must not be frightened, dear," went on Willie. I have been sitting too much in the poor folks' cottages; but what less can I do when they are in trouble? I am all right now, Kitty; an hour's rest will put me straight. I'd like a cup of tea instead of dinner, if you'll make one."

Willie wanted to get Kate to move; he was afraid lest her control should give way. A shrill cry from the baby had the desired effect; Kate was on her feet in a moment, and away up-stairs. The child's helpless plaint shattered the little stock of courage drawn from Kate's eyes. It came upon him that, after all, it was the baby that gave him cause for anxiety—the baby that must be clothed, warmed, and fed, and took up so much of Kate's time; his work had doubled since the baby came, for Kate never went outside the garden except to church. He thought of all these things as he lay there, and for the first time something approaching a regret that he had married entered his mind: it was not for his own sake, nor yet Kate's; it was for the little child's sake, the forerunner, perhaps, of others, each adding to Kate's anxieties and

labour—each requiring raiment and food; and the scalding tears welled over, staining the pretty sofa-cushion. From that day Willie's lot had a new temptation, and that was the baby. He shuddered when he heard its cries; and sometimes, lifting her eyes up suddenly, Kate would find him gazing at the little one with an expression that woke new fears in her heart—a fear, which though she could give it no name, was her first experience of real suffering.

"He does not understand you, my precious comfort," she whispered, laying the baby's soft cheek against her own, wet with tears; "he does not know the strength, and courage, and faith you've brought into my heart. How can he, poor fellow, worked to death as he has been in the parish? and now, since he knows how difficult my work is, even home will be a dread and burthen to him!"

But though the pain caused by this discovery of her husband's despondency was a sore trial, Kate put it far away out of sight, and secretly set herself to watch and ward against anything that might increase the anxiety; and thus the Christmas-tide came. The advancing winter had brought no diminution in suffering. Winter, at all times, is but a hard season for the poor, especially in the North, where farm-servants are hired by the year, and the occasional labourer has to run his chance of work when labour is at a premium, and the work of a farm beyond the hands regularly employed; but as a set-off to this state of things, the cottagers, generally having a good supply of potatoes, and often a pig, can fight through the year. The time of sorrow and privation comes when sickness enters a house. And sickness had ridden rampant in the parish since Willie had been inducted; and until the neighbouring lord of the manor came down to the castle for Christmas, the only help that reached the poor folk was from the parsonage.

With Christmas came Christmas bills; and Willie's eyes grew hollow and his hand shook as he lifted the letters from the breakfast-table.

The proverbial last feather which, we are told, broke the laden camel's back, was but a small thing in itself; and a very slight retrospective self-examination will prove to us that it has often been an event of but trifling moment that has shown us the character of the calamity, or trial, or sin (which ever it has been), that has overwhelmed us. Willie had kept his heart up, and meant to bear on; but the last feather was coming, and it came by means of an invitation to dine at the castle. The note arrived on Christmas Eve.

"I cannot go, of course," said Kate; "I have the baby."

The blood rushed to her husband's face.

"Always the baby!" he said, pettishly.

"No, not altogether the baby; I haven't a proper dress to go in, that's the real truth."

"Why, Kitty, you have your wedding-dress! You've hardly had it on once!"

"But, I've not got it," and Kate's cheeks grew hot; "I wanted a warm winter-dress and shawl, I couldn't go to church in a white silk, so I exchanged it. There's a woman comes round buying ladies' wardrobes, and I got that nice dress you like so much from her. I was quite proud of my bargain, too; so don't laugh at me."

But poor Willie was far from laughing; the muscles of his face were working passionately. He did not in the least care to accept the invitation; but to have to refuse it because his wife had no gown to go in, seemed to give it a different aspect,—this was the last feather. He wrote a refusal, pleading work; and shut himself up to write his Christmas sermon.

Kate's busy fingers had decked the room with holly, and wherever his eyes turned he saw traces of her handiwork. Kate made the curtains—Kate nailed the red baize along the deal book-case—Kate framed the pictures,—it was all Kate; and Willie's heart grew full as he thought of the wise King's words—"Who can find a virtuous woman: her price is far above rubies? The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of his life."

But that would not do for his text, and he must think of his sermon. In vain he tried to fix his thoughts—in vain he ran over, mentally, the parish work of the past few weeks, hoping something might then, as it often happened, suggest a text and subject. But it was no good; the unlucky invitation, and the train of events following, had crushed his power; in vain he turned over the pages of the Bible and cudgelled his brains, until with aching head and weary heart he laid his head upon the desk, and prayed bitterly and despairingly that "light might be given him." It was striking midnight when he lifted up his face. Kate had stolen in an hour before with a cup of tea, which stood cold and untouched beside him; he drank it off eagerly now, and turning up the lamp, opened the Bible.

A soft touch was on his forehead; two tiny warm hands clasped his heavy eyelids, and the baby, secretly trained by Kate, lisped its first word in his ear—

"Hallelujah!"

The next moment baby and mother were



clasped in Willie's arms, and the little one half-frightened at his vehemence, babbling over and over again the holy word.

"It is Christmas morning, darling," said Kate, after awhile; "you must come and rest."

"I must write my sermon first."

"But you are jaded, and you have not even put down a text!"

Willie looked up in her face, and the light she had missed so long was back in his eyes again, as he said—

"Baby has given me my text—the best—the only one—'Hallelujah!'" **I. D. FOSTON.**

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXIII.



HE messenger, Empson, returned with tidings that Miss Carmichael was not at Letty Jones's, neither had she been there. That the snow was so deep over the fields and moor that it was as much as one could do to find one's way; also that in many places, owing to the strong wind, it had drifted considerably. Aunt Lotty looked at Joyce in blank horror.

"It's been on my mind all the afternoon," said she; "I can't get 'Lucy Gray' out of my head."

Joyce looked at her wonderingly.

Now, Aunt Lotty's poetical *repertoire* was limited, and amongst its scanty treasures "Lucy Gray" and "The Battle of Blenheim" had been to her the representative pieces of their respective authors. They had struck upon her fancy when she had first read them, and had remained with her ever since; and on a snowy day, or on the occasion of war or rumour of war, she was apt to recur to one or other of her favourites.

And, in answer to Joyce's wondering look, she replied,

"The child who was lost on the moor, my dear. Oh! I hope Doris is safe. Where is Mr. Carmichael?"

And other fears being forgotten in the one great fear that was oppressing her, she went straight to Mr. Carmichael's study, and walked in, followed by Joyce.

Mr. Carmichael looked up astonished at the invasion.

"Doris!" murmured Aunt Lotty, in a voice that hovered between fear and desperation. "Doris! she's out in the snow, we don't know where."

"I presume that she will be in by dinner-time," replied Mr. Carmichael calmly and syllabically.

"But she isn't at Letty Jones's. She's not been near there; I sent Empson, and they've seen nothing of her."

"Very discreet of her not to go to Letty Jones's after what I said, and very indiscreet of you to suppose that she would go, and to send Empson after her. There is no occasion to distress yourself. Doris has sense enough to take care of herself."

"But she's been out ever since twelve o'clock," suggested Joyce; "and now it is almost four."

But Mr. Carmichael expressed no sympathy with her fears. Doris was not like a girl unaccustomed to hardships or rough weather; he felt no concern as to her safety. Doubtless she would be in by dinner-time. She was sheltering in some cottage, and some cottager would bring her home if there were any danger. "Or, perhaps," he added, with a sneer, "Miss Gresford Lynn has found her way to Lynncourt, to see her two little brothers."

There was a ray of comfort in the suggestion, despite Joyce's doubts as to its probability. Certainly there was no knowing how it might have been; the storm might have overtaken her close to Lynncourt; Mr. Lynn was away, and she knew how fond Doris was of the children.

She tried to hope that it might be as Mr. Carmichael had said, and she went on hoping and hoping.

Aunt Lotty was much consoled by the new idea; it was so likely, so natural; and she blamed herself for her stupidity in not having thought of it, and wondered how she could have been so inconsiderate as to disturb Mr. Carmichael.

"You see, dear," she remarked, "how he thinks of everything. My heart is quite lightened, and 'Lucy Gray' has gone entirely out of my head."

But Aunt Lotty's cheerfulness did not extend itself to Joyce, who could not divest herself of a presentiment that there was something wrong.

Five o'clock struck, and she went to dress for dinner. Half-past five—six. The dinner-bell rang. Still no Doris.

Mr. Carmichael was imperturbable. He would not allow that there was the slightest

cause for feeling alarmed. He knew exactly how everything had happened.

"I wish I did," mused Aunt Lotty; but she did not dare to give utterance to the thought. Joyce grew more and more uneasy, and Aunt Lotty's uncomfortable fears began to steal over her again, so that, by the time dinner was over, "Lucy Gray" was again paramount in her mind.

"Could not Empson be sent to Lynncourt to inquire if Doris is there?" Joyce ventured to ask.

"No."

"But she may not be there?"

"I have expressed an opinion that she is there," returned Mr. Carmichael, very decidedly.

So Joyce made no further reply. Yet every minute she grew more anxious; she could not tell why, but she felt convinced that Doris was not at Lynncourt.

"Aunt Lotty," she said, when they were again in the drawing-room, "I am quite sure Doris is not Lynncourt. I am certain that something has happened; Doris would have sent word. Do send some one to see?"

"My dear, I dare not; besides, Mr. Carmichael is certain that she is there, and he is always right, you know. I think he is never mistaken," said Aunt Lotty, dubiously, as though she were reasoning with herself, and endeavouring to establish Mr. Carmichael's infallibility. But her arguments were apparently not altogether successful, for she concluded her speech with, "Nevertheless, Joyce, I'm as frightened as you are."

"If Mr. Carmichael will not let Empson go, I must go myself," answered Joyce, "for I cannot stand this suspense any longer."

But at that instant Mr. Carmichael appeared.

"I hear that Mr. Lynn returns this evening," he said, "and I wish to put into his hands a packet addressed to him in my sister's handwriting. I found it on the table in the porch-room. Doris ought to have given it to me; as it is doubtless a document of some importance, I ought to have been made acquainted with its existence." Although her fears had well-nigh driven every other thought from her mind, Joyce could not help remembering the lost seal. Mr. Carmichael continued, "It was very careless of Doris to leave it about, and I am going to deliver it up at once to Mr. Lynn."

Joyce was thankful to hear that some one was going to Lynncourt.

Would he be away long? Aunt Lotty inquired. No longer than it would take him to walk there and back. It was impossible to have the horses out on account of the snow.

However, he should merely give the packet into Mr. Lynn's hands and return at once.

He departed, and Joyce and Aunt Lotty remained in their restless, nervous state of apprehension, listening to every sound, and opening the door every time there was the least noise in the hall.

In less than an hour there was a ring at the door bell. It must be Mr. Carmichael. Aunt Lotty and Joyce rushed to the door before Empson had time to make his appearance, and on opening it discovered Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Gresford Lynn with alarm visibly depicted on their countenances.

"She's not at Lynncourt," said Mr. Lynn, in a hoarse voice, in answer to Joyce's eager questions; "she's not been there. My men are out in every direction. Have you the faintest idea which way she would take?"

"No."

"Empson," shouted Mr. Carmichael, "tell them to get lanterns and search everywhere about the fields and grounds. We cannot find Miss Carmichael."

"We must go, too," he added, turning to Mr. Lynn.

They were moving away, when a sudden inspiration came to Joyce; she flew after Mr. Lynn.

"Stay, stay," she exclaimed, "there is one hope. Have you been to the station?"

"The station!" he echoed, in extreme surprise.

"The station," repeated Joyce. "Mr. Lynn, I think that Doris has gone away."

When Joyce came quietly to consider her inspiration, though she wondered at it, she was inclined to put strong faith in it, the remembrance of Doris's vehement kiss occurring to her.

"She kissed me, too," said Aunt Lotty. "Joyce, dear, do you think it was for good-by?"

How were Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael speeding?

The station-master did not know Miss Carmichael by sight. He did not recollect that any lady had gone by the train. He had issued no first-class tickets that day.

"Any tickets at all?"

"Yes, one second-class to London by the 1.20 train."

"Who took it?"

He could not remember, there was a great hurry, for a good many people got out, and the train was behind time.

A boy who was standing by said he had seen a young lady in black on the platform before the train came in, and he did not see her afterwards.

Mr. Carmichael made minute inquiries. He

decided, after cross-examining the boy, that it was Doris, and that she had gone to London.

She was doubtless on her way back to Devonshire. They should soon find her. Nothing could be done that night; they must start by the first train in the morning. So Mr. Lynn went home to read the packet that Mr. Carmichael had given to him, and Mr. Carmichael returned to Green Oake.

"Lucy Gray" vanished altogether from Aunt Lotty's thoughts as she listened to Mr. Carmichael's account, but new fears arose as great as those that had been dispelled; she was happier half an hour later, when Joyce knocked at her door.

Looking into Doris's drawers to see if she had taken anything with her, Joyce had found a slip of paper, with a few words hurriedly written in pencil.

"Don't be frightened; I shall be quite safe."

When Joyce returned to the porch-room, she sat down and wrote a long letter to Mr. Chester. He was at Rome.

Then she unclasped her diary and made the following entry:—

My story still runs on. How little I thought when I began to weave it in my brain, that it would have taken such wild twists and turnings.

I have led so quiet and eventless a life myself, that it has hitherto seemed to me that only in tales of fiction could anything extraordinary occur.

I wander in memory to the pleasant house, with its bow-windowed room looking on the well-kept garden, that sloped down to the edge of the river; to the monotonous routine of the every-day life of my father and myself; for my mother died when I was but young, and we two were left to take care of one another.

How one day passed scarce differing from its neighbour!—how calm and full of rest! As those days rise before me, I seem to be looking on a mellow painting—a peaceful landscape, with a cloudless sky and unruffled waters. No startling effect, no sudden lights and shadows; ever the sun shining down, and brightening with its kindly rays each twig and leaf.

Then I gently sailed down Time's stream, with never a fear lest the wind might change. My father stood at the helm, and steered the vessel; and I, all-confident in his skill, was content and trusting. No doubts distressed me, no discrepancies annoyed, no extraordinary incidents marred the smooth even tenour of my life, which sped on tranquilly, peacefully, and in my books alone I looked for the wonderful.

True, I spent many an hour by the dear old river, fancying all sorts of marvels till I almost believed in them. Now there were fairies hiding in the flower-crowned inlets, and I heard them rustling amongst the reeds, or pluming their wings for an expedition against the great dragon-fly that was darting amongst the flags and rushes. Now I pictured Hylas floating down the stream, or wept over the fate of Hyacinthus, reverencing, for his sake, the fair fragrant blossoms. Then again, half-closing my eyes, I beheld in my day-vision the carriage-and-four that took Cinderella to the ball approaching, and I mentally stepped into it, and it bore me to the palace of the Beast, where, like Beauty's father, I gathered one of the roses growing there. And lo! instead of the Beast, out rushed Blue Beard, and instantly I was on the topmost tower of the castle; leaning over the battlements with Sister Anne, and waving a signal to the horsemen who were coming in the cloud of dust.

These were my departures from matter-of-fact life, but then I knew that they were departures, and not parts of it; and yet when I awoke from my childish reveries, I felt as if I had been in another world.

But this was all very different from romantic adventures occurring in every-day life, and actually being as substantial facts as the most monotonous existence could be. And now I seem to have a second awaking, and the matter-of-fact life appears as the dream part of my existence, and strange unlooked-for events seem to be the real and substantial portion.

Ah! is not reality more romantic than romance itself?

I wonder at Doris's courage in daring to take this journey, forgetting how much more independent her life has hitherto been than mine,—forgetting the hardships she and her mother have passed through, making her older and wiser than her years,—forgetting how they have been their own helpers, battled through their troubles alone, and acted on their own responsibility. All this makes Doris braver than I should be; and the more I ponder upon it, this flight of hers that at first seemed so extraordinary, strikes me now as a much more ordinary kind of occurrence.

She says that she shall be safe, and something tells me I may believe it.

Yet wherefore has she gone?

Why she will not accept an explanation that is so natural, so straightforward, I cannot understand. The evidence is clear, and yet some intuition of her own is stronger to her mind than facts which to me would be incontrovertible.

If I were inclined to jest to-night, I

should say, "You are a true woman, Doris: so unreasonable, so illogical."

But I cannot jest; I think of the poor little thing fleeing away into the dark night, taking her sorrow and her distrust along with her, and pity overpowers any criticism I might be inclined to make upon what I cannot help considering to be her wilful perversity.

The candle is burning low; I must put away my pen. I wonder how I shall sleep to-night? I wonder, too, what Mr. Chester will think of my letter?

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. GRESFORD LYNN paced up and down his room. The packet lay on the table.

More than once he had approached to take it up and open it; but irresolution prevailed, and he resumed his agitated walk.

And yet his heart yearned to read the record of his lost wife's life, though he shrank from the first unclosing of the packet, and from letting the first ray of light fall upon the sorrows of that patient heart.

Oh, that the past could be recalled! Why had she not waited?

And for the last seven years she had lived within two hundred miles of him. She had died, and his neighbour had been at her death-bed, and yet he, her husband, had not known of it.

He chafed under the thought. It was madness to him; his heart-strings seemed stretched as though the next moment they would snap, the tension was so great. He writhed in mental agony, and great drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead.

He took the packet in his hand.

John Gresford Lynn. Her writing! Ellen's fingers had traced it! O wife! O wife!

Then he rose up again; he locked the door that he might not be disturbed, and returning to the table set himself to his painful task. Painful, and yet he felt strange comfort in being allowed thus, as it were, to hold communion with the dead.

Lovingly, he, like Doris, left the little seal uninjured, as he opened the packet. After he had done this, he sat as one in a dream, with the contents spread out before him,—a collection of papers of different dates, much exceeding the original document that Mr. Chester had spoken of as having been committed to Doris's keeping. Probably added to as years went on, and evidently altered and corrected, if one might judge from the sentences blotted out and parts torn off, leaving gaps here and there, which, however, did not interrupt the thread of the narrative.

Mr. Lynn drew his chair nearer the table,

shaded the lamp, and began with the paper of oldest date.

My husband, my long-lost husband! O John, mourned as dead these many years, how cruel has fate been to us. How shall I tell you all I wish to say—all that may make you feel happier when you look upon these lines?

Long have I communed with myself whether to leave you in ignorance of my lot, and to let you still believe that the waters were sweeping over your Ellen's grave. Then, again, I have thought that in years to come, should you live after me, it might be a comfort to you to know that your wife was spared a cruel death, and that she died peacefully, blessing you with her last breath.

O John, through many and many a year I have thought ever of you, ever grieving over the dreadful death I believed was yours. The native who alone returned from that unfortunate expedition described how he had seen you murdered, and left a mangled corpse upon the shore. And when I think of the horror that has been upon me night and day as I have thought upon the fearful scene,—when, with the overwhelming tidings of your being still alive, that awful picture fled away, and for a moment every other feeling was lost in overpowering thankfulness, it seems to me that when you know I was not drowned at sea, you, too, may be freed from a long-haunting horror.

For one moment my feeling was of thankfulness so profound that I forgot all else; and then I read how you had been a prosperous man, and were living happily with your wife and children.

And then—O John! there came upon me a flood of anguish that well nigh drove me mad. O John, I thought I could not bear it. I thought that I must rise up that very instant and flee to you. I know not how I passed that day, nor the days that followed it, nor how in my distraction I was kept from betraying my secret. Yet so it was; none knew beside myself how that the iron had entered into my soul.

I read my brother's letter over and over, and I saw that he knew not of our marriage. And then my better spirit wrestled mightily within me, and I prayed that I might have strength to keep my secret to myself and never harm your new-found happiness. O John, it was not that I did not love you; it was that I loved you better than myself, and so for your sake could bear that which for my own sake I should not have had the strength to struggle with.

I would not harm you; I would cause no sorrow to you or yours. To you I would lie

buried in the depths of the ocean. I knew from my brother's letter that you and he were still at enmity, and that no word of me would pass from him to you.

Perhaps, too, I thought you had forgotten me, and loved this stranger better than the love of other days. That thought was agony. And yet I loved you with a love so enduring that it swept the bitterness away, and I felt that in the end I could conquer.

And two voices seemed striving within me, and one said to the other,—

"I must go to him. He is mine. My husband, and none other's. I must go to him, or die!"

And the other voice answered:

"He has believed thee dead long ago. He is at peace now; why would'st thou disturb his happiness? why unseal the tomb, and, like a risen tenant of the grave, spread dismay? Dost thou not think more of thyself than of him? Answer!"

And the first voice answered:

"It is because I love him; it is for his sake I would go to him, for he loves me."

But the other voice kept to its one note:

"It is thyself thou lovest, and not him."

So the two voices strove against each other, contending fiercely, and I endured, till, worn out with the strife, I fell ill.

For days I lay hovering between life and death; my frame exhausted, and with scarce strength to lift my head from my weary pillow, and I longed to die.

Then in the night season the angels visited me; I could not see them with my earthly vision, yet I knew they were there—ministering spirits sent from the Throne.

O ye who do not believe in such ministrations, ye should pass through my experience; ye should feel the heavenly peace that fell upon my soul. It seemed as though all earthliness had passed away, and that I breathed a purer atmosphere; that the spirit that had wrestled with the poor weak flesh had triumphed, and stood like Michael, the archangel, with his foot trampling upon the evil one. And I was able to say, "Victory! Victory!"

Then, faint and feeble, I fell back, overcome with the effort; but angelic arms were around me, bearing me up, and pouring into my fainting heart the peace that passeth all understanding.

At last I rose from my bed of sickness, and returned to the duties of life. One shadow was removed, but another had fallen across my path. I tried to think it less dark, but, somehow, it was harder to bear, and everything around me seemed dimmed and faded: perhaps I was weaker. But I had prayed

for strength to bear it, and strength was given—

Here the page was torn. Mr. Lynn took up another paper, the beginning of which had also been torn away, and there were many erasures and lines blotted out in it. It began:

After the tidings of your death, I remained for many months with the Bargraves; my little baby—my Doris, was so ill, that I feared I should lose her as well as you. Perhaps her illness saved my life, for if I had had no object that needed my care, grief had surely killed me. But I roused myself for her sake.

The Bargraves did all they could, and wished me to stay on with them, but I determined to return to England with my child, and there in some quiet village end my days in obscurity. It seemed to me, if I could only flee away from all associations with the past; if I could break every tie that linked me in any way with my friends or my former life; that I could, perhaps, look upon the past as a dream, and could live in some new place a life of endurance.

And, so, I sailed for the old country,—not to return to the old home, the old haunts. No; I would not go north, where I had lived before, but to the south; I had read of quiet villages where I could commence a new life, with nothing to remind me of other days.

My name was down in the passengers' list as Ellen Carmichael, for I had resolved to take my maiden name again, since I could not now bear to hear the name of Grewford uttered by those around me, it seemed like profanity; and, so, my brother reading it, and not knowing of our marriage, believed me to be Ellen Carmichael still.

We started with a fair wind, and for several days all went well with us. But on the fourth day the clouds began to lower, and we knew a storm was coming on. The sky grew blacker and blacker, and an awful stillness fell around. It seemed as though walls of iron were closing in on all sides, and pressing round the vessel till they seemed to stifle us.

The captain's voice sounded hollow as he gave his orders.

The sails were furled as by a phantom crew, for the men worked silently and held their breath. They knew what was coming.

There were some mothers besides myself on board, and we drew nearer together, and clasped our children in our arms.

We did not speak.

They prayed.

And I prayed, but my prayer was not as theirs; I prayed:

"O Lord, in mercy, take me to Thyself."
I felt no fear, for what had I to live for?
But my prayer was not granted.
Neither was theirs.

Then came a sudden crash, as though the black walls were split in twain by the lurid lightning stroke. And the wind arose, and the storm burst over us.

The thunder rolled, crash upon crash, and deafened us, so that none could hear the words that the others spoke. And never but in the quick flash of the lightning could I see my companions' horror-stricken countenances.

A young Frenchwoman was sitting next to me; her child, about the age of my little Doris, was asleep in her arms, and ever as the peals of thunder sounded nearer, she crept closer and closer to me, and I felt her clutch my dress—as if I could protect her!

Suddenly we heard above us, wilder than the storm, an awful cry.

The cry of men in distress!

I started to my feet, the Frenchwoman, still holding by my dress, followed me, and we groped our way on deck.

Never shall I forget the scene of confusion.

The ship had sprung a leak.

And there was no hope.

The captain stood calm, and was endeavouring to give his orders, but the men were uncontrollable.

In the brute agony of fear of death, in the mad wild desire for life, they fought and struggled for the boats. Despair had crushed humanity out of them. Each for the time would have been a murderer, if so he might save his own life.

Life! life! all for life!

And I was so weary of mine!

"Yea, a man will give all for his life."

Oh, that I should have so seen it.

The storm was abating, but the ship was sinking.

The captain stood with a revolver in his hand guarding one small boat from the crew. An old sailor and a cabin-boy, who alone had remained faithful to him, were at his side, and by the captain's order the Frenchwoman and myself were placed in the boat, for there was no time to lose.

Then the sailor stepped in and the boat was lowered; but as we touched the water, in clearing the boat from its tackle, the sailor lost his balance, the rope that still held us to the vessel snapped, and we were borne away upon the stormy waves.

The moon, that had half struggled through a rift in the clouds, was suddenly obscured and we were in darkness.

We saw no more—we heard no more, except one terrible cry. We knew nothing save

that we two, with our babes, were alone on the wide waters.

How the slight boat weathered that night was a miracle! And yet no miracle: it was the will of God.

I clasped my baby closer to my breast. I spoke a tender word to the poor Frenchwoman; and lest she should not hear my voice, I pressed her hand.

And she stooping forward kissed me.

Then we clung to the boat.

And the night wore on. The waters became gradually calmer, but still they heaved like the worn out sobbing of some mighty ocean giant.

And morning rose.

Why came those words to me?

"Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken and the other left."

Two living women and two living babes were in the boat at night, but the dawn saw only one living mother, one living child; the other two had perished!

Oh, God!—

Here the manuscript was again torn, and Mr. Lynn took up succeeding fragments also torn and much blotted, from which he learned how his wife and Doris had been picked up by a Spanish vessel, and had been carried to Lisbon; how, after many difficulties, they made their way to England, and found a home in a secluded village in Devonshire, where his wife, learning the art of lace-making, had been able to support herself and child.

There she had found, to a certain extent, rest for her aching heart; and a life of action had in some degree alleviated the sorrows of memory.

She determined to remain as one dead to all who might have any interest in her; therefore she never wrote to the Bargraves, preferring that they should think she had perished in the Albatross.

Once, only once, had she departed from this determination; she was reduced to a state of great necessity,—her friend, Mrs. Chester, was dead, and she had no one to help her. By a strange chance she heard that her brother was living in England, and, pressed by want, she wrote to him for help; trusting that after so many years he would forget his anger against her.

Her brother would not help her. And in his letter she read of her husband's being alive, and that he was married again; and she discovered also that Hugh Carmichael was in ignorance of her being John Gressford's wife. And she never wrote again to him until she was on her death-bed.

Mr. Lynn laid his head on the table, and remained for a long time without moving. The heaving of his frame alone told what he suffered.

There was but one other paper to read now, and it was still unopened.

(To be continued.)

THE VISION OF CAEDMON.

Nu we sceolan herian
heofon-rices weard,
metodes mihte,
and his mod-ge-thone,
wera wulder fæder!*

SONG OF CAEDMON.

THE hour was that most glorious eve of Christ.
The feast was spread. The holly's coral seeds
Wreathed red the wine-cup. High o'er arching roof,
And portal capped with antlers of the deer,
The sun-born mistletoe translucent shone
With berries, dropping like sad angels' tears
As waxed the revelry more fierce and loud,
Unfitting that great advent of our Lord.

From guest to guest passed swift the trembling harp.
Rough hands of riot minstrels flushed with grape
Shook the strained chords till all the music reeled,
And fell, dead-pausing, with a shuddering creak,
Like to that demon wail which swells the breeze
Rude-ruffling funeral harps on yew-boughs hung
Above the burial mounds of slaughtered kings.

Wilder and wilder grew the rout. Glib tongues
Woke evil strains. And graceless was the hand
Which flung the conscious harp to Caedmon's knee.

Shaking, he rose. The shattered harp, o'erthrown,
Bang with a horror-peal that thrilled the roof.
He strove for speech. But the dumb words came not.
The holy passion stirring as a god
Within him, found no chain of silver sound
To bind the brutish herd. So, filled with shame
All crimson to the brow, he strode apart,
And, weeping, left that hall of licence rude.

As fitting place for one of humble gifts,
Among the tongue-mute beasts within a stall
He cast him down. Blest visions found him there,
Amid God's lowliest creatures. Such the spot
Where Mary-mother laid her burthen pure,
Cradled on barren straws which bloomed anew
To greet the coming of the Bread of Life.

He slept: when, rising soft as vapours rise
To meet the cloud-dispersing kias of heaven,
There floated mid the bearded ears around

That dropped their seed in worship at his feet,
A seraph form, snow-winged and amber-haired,
With voice more sweet than voice of fluted morn
Waking new life among the reeded blooms.

"All hail!" it cried; "All hail! Most blessed, thou!
Pure midst the sinning! Mute where all were loud,
Most voiceful shalt thou rise when all are dumb.
Yon breakers of the Sabbath-rest of God
New laid within the cradle of this world
Lie bowed, beast-like, upon the hateful floor
Drowned in the fumes of revel. Rise thou up,
And straight a-foot return, thy God with thee:
Wake up what wine has left of soul to wake
In those drowned sleepers. Take thy voice once more
That dumbly fled thee in that hour of shame.
Go forth undoubting. Speak what in thee works,
Even as a dying man to dying men."

Caedmon awoke. The late deep gloom of night
Hovering unsteady mid the rolling spheres,
Slipt sudden off and left a twofold day—
A daylight starred. Swift rose he at the heat
Of that seraphic vision, filled with strength;
And took his way unto the hall of feast.

No maddening furor, such as moved of old
The heathen voice prophetic but of war,
Moved him who knelt to sing of Christ new-born.
Peace shone around him as a circling moon
Chasing the black earth-shadows. From the ground
He raised the silent harp; and, stringing new
The brassy chords, sent forth a voice of power
Above the wine-alain herd.

Slow rolled the hymn
Unto the great Creator! Solemn-sweet,
And potent as the song the angels sing
To drown men's curses, that they reach not heaven.

As closed the strain, the seeming-dead awoke
From out their bestial slumbers. Haggard eyes
Glared up in wonder where dumb Caedmon knelt
Steeped to the lips in song; with face transformed
Even to the beauty of a face divine,
Made radiant by the glory from within.

Awe-struck, they rose. Then prostrate fell once more,
Each knee low bent to hail Christ's holy dawn,
Which burst through port and lattice, like a god
That will not be denied.

His mission done,
With silent thanks upon his lighted lip
Went Caedmon forth, and lifted face to heaven;
As one who, dreaming, sees rich wonders, hid
From eyes of common mould. Still tranced in soul,
He bent his way unto a house of prayer:
There, nigh to pious Hilda, heaven-devote,
Dwelt aye in perfect peace and joy divine
Beside the fair white sands of Streonshalh,
His glorious gift unsullied to the last.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

A WINTER'S TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

THE reading world has been abundantly supplied of late years with accounts of Swiss excursions made in the summer season, but Switzerland in the winter is comparatively a novelty. It may not be without interest, therefore, to attempt a description of an adventurous expedition into the Jura in the

* "Now we shall praise the guardian of heaven, the might of the Creator, and his counsel, the glory-father of men."—Caedmon, our earliest Saxon poet, is said to have been in his youth unable to compose. On one occasion, at a feast, when the harp was placed before him in turn, he left the hall and took refuge in a stable. He there fell asleep among the straw, and dreamed that a stranger came to him and desired him to sing. He sang, still sleeping, and remembered the song when he awoke. The subject given to him by his mysterious visitor was "The Creation." He was made known to the abbess Hilda, who, with the learned men of that day, believed that he had received the gift of song direct from heaven. "Never," says Bede, "did Caedmon compose an idle verse." His subjects were all scriptural or devotional. He became a monk of Whitby, then called Streonshalh.

third week of January of the present year. Our party consisted of five persons, two being men,—whom we may call the Doctor and Monsieur, following the nomenclature adopted by our Swiss friends,—and one a boy, who may, without offence to his dignity, be called Charley; the remaining two, being ladies, must maintain a modest incognito as M—— and H——. The object of our excursion was to visit one or two curious caves of the district, containing vast masses of permanent ice, under circumstances which would seem to afford no further opportunity than any ordinary cave affords for the preservation of that material through the hot season. Having seen these caves in the summer months, and made joyful use of their cooling stores, we were desirous of visiting them at the season when the annual addition to the supplies of ice might be in course of formation.

Our intention had been to leave Geneva by the route for France, passing at the back of the Dôle on foot by the Faucille road, and so down to St. Cergues and Arzier, leaving the main road before reaching the famous French fortress of Les Rousses. But the high valley behind the Dôle is so completely unprotected from the worst inclemencies of the weather, that prudence and regard for our weaker members forbade the attempt to face it, and the less romantic rail conveyed the party to Nyon. Thence a walk of eight or nine miles, over much snow in parts, led up the Jura to Arzier, from which village the expedition to the caves was to start on the following day. One small cave, indeed, had been intended for the afternoon of our arrival, but various delays made it necessary to omit that portion of the programme, and we visited instead some of our old summer haunts.

It was strange to see everything so familiar, and yet so utterly different from what we had ever known it to be. Lovely and treacherous as the steep green slopes of summer pasture had always been, they were yet more lovely and treacherous now that they lay smooth with untrodden snow. Pure as the fresh green of the young meadows might be in summer, their winter dress was purer still. And never on the loveliest summer's day had the atmosphere been so exquisitely clear, the view so wonderfully grand. The whole range of Mont Blanc stood out free from the dark seams which in the hot season mark the desertion of the snows; and from Mont Blanc eastward the horizon was studded with all the white peaks which link the summits of Savoy with the furthest giants of the Bernese Oberland.

More than one chaotic fall as we progressed forcibly reminded us that there were other

changes besides increased beauty to be taken account of: for on slopes where in summer the foothold had been sufficiently good for all practical purposes, a hearty laugh at the mishaps of any of the party was now almost sure to eventuate in a long roll down the face of the snow.

That night to our dismay the weather changed. As we sat over an excellent though primitive supper, the shutters were driven in by a sudden gust of wind, sweeping down pans and the whole stock of cups and saucers, and creating a disturbance which could scarcely have been greater if the house had come down, a catastrophe which for a time we believed to have arrived. The cold was intense, and every one secured a hot bottle for the feet before going to bed.

Sunday morning brought pouring rain, heavy snow having fallen in the night, and only three of us struggled out to the little village church, the others staying at home and preparing the walking boots of the party. About this time we found that our arrangements for guides could not be carried into execution, as one of our meditated companions was suffering from pleurisy, and the other had sprained his ankle two days before; so in default we took a man whom they recommended as walking well, working well, and talking little, and about two o'clock on the Sunday afternoon we started for the more immediate neighbourhood of the caves.

St. Georges' was the village for which we were to make our way; it was where in summer we had more than once stopped *en route*, and had found respectable accommodation *au Cavalier*. The country was deep in snow, through which we ploughed in a most praiseworthy manner, and there was so dense a fog that any one who separated himself ever so little from the party was for a time lost.

We swept through more than one village, to the utter astonishment of such of the inhabitants as could catch a glimpse of us, and were plodding on our way, desperately wet and slightly out of heart, when suddenly the sun burst out on the right, opening a rift in the *brouillard*, and there, in the centre of the narrow rift, appeared the head of Mont Blanc, with a suddenness and clearness which seemed almost magical. Then the view expanded, and above the boiling, whirling, tearing wreaths of mist we saw the Bernese mountains, the peaks near the Rhone valley, and even—in another direction—the highest summits of the Jura. The very guide was moved to speech and feeling; and we all stood still, lost in admiration, till unmistakable sensations about the feet and ankles reminded us that

compound of deep snow and rain forms an undesirable standing-ground.

The "Cavalier" seemed to think at first

that the place could scarcely fulfil the promise of its sign-board—*Loge à pied*. The woman in charge was not prepared for travellers at such



Winter Travelling in Switzerland.

a season, and it was with difficulty that we made our way upstairs to judge for ourselves of the badness of the quarters. There was a good-sized room, with a bench and two beds; a miserable little back place, containing a wooden trough filled with straw, which counted as another bedroom,—and behold all!

"Was there not a hole of any kind, into which Mademoiselle could be put?" H—— asked.

"Yes," the woman said, "there was; but——" and she looked at Mademoiselle, and said, "No, it would not do; she could not even show it."

"Show it by all means," we urged; "Mademoiselle is not difficult."

It turned out to be a large room, with a long table and benches, some with legs and some without, but all in the vilest state of dirt and evil smell. In an alcove was a narrow trough, with straw, to which the hostess gave the style and title of a single bed, the broader trough in the other room being presumably accounted a double bed. As it was a question between quarters here and quarters nowhere, we at once decided to take these three rooms for sleeping purposes, and proceeded to ask where could we eat, as we were by this time hungry. There was no room which possessed a fire, they told us, and inasmuch as we were wet through with snow-water, we were unwilling to put up with the absence of artificial warmth. Distressed to see us in such a plight, the hostess offered her own bedroom, where there was a stove, informing us that, as there was an alcove, her husband and she would not mind our presence, and we should do very well

there for our supper. There was also a baby a few months old in their bed, but that, she supposed, did not signify, as it could be warranted quiet. That room was naturally declined. Then we discovered that the double-bedded room had a fire-place, and, although the chimney appeared to be hopelessly choked with snow, we succeeded in melting it out with a cheerful blaze of wood, and soon had a glorious fire. The table, unfortunately, was a dissipated sort of table, and could not, without much care, be brought near the fire. When that feat was accomplished, one of its legs struck work, so it rested on three odd legs and two nails in the wall; these last proved eventually to be too frail a support, and betrayed the trust reposed in them in a very treacherous and painful manner. One tallow candle was all the light we could procure in the *auberge*, so we placed the thick carriage-lamp candle we had brought for our subterranean explorations on a similar prop in the wall; but everything seemed to be alike rickety and unsound, and prop, and candle, and all were soon lodged on poor Monsieur's head, depositing there an unwelcome run of melted *bougie*.

No one had a complete change of outer or under clothing, for we were obliged to march light, and in our generally damp state we did not make much profit of the two beds and the single and double trough. The last was the worst of all, for a considerable amount of its straw had been abstracted for some purpose or other, and the vacancy was made up with billets of wood. The Doctor and his wife accordingly got up next morning with their

bodies considerably bruised, and their minds enlightened as to the demerits of this new kind of couch. The natural result of hard beds, and noisy clocks—for the clock of the village struck in the wall of the double-bedded room—and late tea, and universal difficulties, was that the nine o'clock fixed for the start in the morning became a late ten.

At that hour the whole party got actually under way for the cavern of St. Georges, a large cave in the hills, below the surface of the earth, a hundred feet long and sixty high, entered by ladders through a small hole in the roof. The floor is permanently composed of ice, of unknown and great thickness, and as we had frequently visited this cave in summer, and found large and beautiful sheets of ice on the side-walls, in addition to the solid flooring of that material, we were anxious to determine its condition in midwinter. The way by the woods was impassable by reason of the deep snow, and we were in consequence obliged to go round by the main road which passes up the side of the Jura. Even this would have been too much for us, perhaps, considering our want of training, but fortunately men had come down with wood that morning, and their cavalcade had acted as a sort of snow-plough, and made our course less toilsome than it must otherwise have been. It was hard enough work, as it was, and in spite of a dense fog, which prevented the rays of the sun from reaching us, we became so hot that the men walked in shirt-sleeves and the ladies without wraps. When the track of the woodmen ceased to be available, we ploughed along knee-deep, till at length, after an hour-and-a-half's walking, the cavern was almost reached, and then the guides were obliged to cut branches and make a sort of platform for us to stand on, while they shovelled away the snow from the mouth of the hole of entrance.

The ladders were declared to be sound, which had not been the case on one of our previous visits, and we proceeded to descend, tied with ropes as a matter of precaution, for the rungs of the ladders were more or less covered with ice. To explain the presence of the ladders it may be as well to say that ice is taken from this cave in large quantities during the summer, to supply Geneva and Lausanne.

The cave felt quite warm when we got well into it, but that sensation was partly due to the contradiction of our expectations, rather than to the actual temperature of the contained air, for the thermometer observations gave the temperatures within and without the cave the same, viz., half a degree Centigrade above the freezing point; and the hygrometer also gave the same record in each case, a lowering of half a degree due to evaporation.

The large sheet of ice which in summer clothes one of the side-walls of the cave with fantastic and beautiful drapery was gone; but there were grand icicles hanging freely from many parts of the roof, and some signs of the commencement of another sheet on the wall, in the shape of mural icicles, partly connected by curtains. In one corner was a small remnant of a sheet of ice, but it appeared to be fast melting away, and a minute stream of water trickled down a face of rock on which in summer there is always ice. A raised terrace of rock and stones, which in the hot season is difficult by reason of its thick covering of ice, was now perfectly free from that treacherous material. A block of stone, three feet by two, was covered with an efflorescence of ice-crystals, like those of carbonate of lime, but larger, being from half an inch to two inches and a half long, some hexagonal and others pentagonal. These were joined at their bases, but stood out clear from the stone. The great lake of solid unfathomed ice, forty-five feet by fifteen, was dry, very much drier than in summer. A large quantity of snow lay in one corner of the cave, where even in August a collection of unmelted snow is found; this supply penetrates in winter by a hole in the roof, near to that by which an entrance to the cave is obtained, the latter hole being permanently covered with trunks of trees to shelter the ice in summer at the bottom of the cave.

Near this collection of snow we had always understood that there was said to be a hole or tunnel in the flooring of ice, but we had not succeeded in finding it in the course of previous visits. The man whom we had engaged at St. Georges to act as our porter and guide, told us that some men had let their sack of bread fall into it thirteen years ago, and a knife as well, and there they must be still, for no one had ever yet been down. This hole Monsieur was determined to find, and before long he found it, a nasty dark place, with only a slope of the hardest and most slippery ice to descend by. He was speedily roped, and let down for nine or ten feet into the darkness, when M—— also adventured with another rope, and was lowered to the same point, a sort of bridge of ice and rock, lying under the collection of snow. The Doctor and H—— and the two Swiss worked the ropes meanwhile, obedient to the slightest signals from the lower regions, and the boy Charley made himself generally useful.

The standing-place thus reached by the two adventurers afforded an opportunity of examining the further depths of the hole by means of a lantern and blazing paper, the latter being the more useful plan, for the lantern always turned its one glass side to the ice when it was

lowered, and was therefore useless, after the fashion of such lanterns on such occasions. The further slope was an unsatisfactory sort of place for a descent. It consisted of a rather steep *arête* of ice, with sides sloping no one could say whither. If the adventurers could make sure of keeping to the *arête* for fifteen feet or so, all would be well; but there was no certainty about the matter, and the rope was of little use, as ropes will not work in curved lines round a corner. However, by help of a pole which had fallen into the cavity and become frozen on to the surface of the ice, this difficulty was got over, but only to show that there lay more and insurmountable difficulties in front and on each side. Here was found a red measuring-tape, which appeared to be in excellent condition, but melted away into nothing when it was touched, a fate which may have come spontaneously upon the sack of bread and the knife. Further than this it seemed impossible to go, nor could it be determined how far the streams of ice flowed down. We could see, however, for some fifteen feet further than we had descended, making in all about fifty from the mouth of the hole in a tortuous course.

The rapidity of the descent, when once commenced, the darkness and discomfort of the depths, and the difficulty of the ascent, recalled of course a trite piece of Virgil, which it is unnecessary to quote here. The ascent was really most unpleasant, for it consisted of a series of hauls over any little impediments that might lie in the way, and round sharp corners guarded by jagged bits of rock. At one of these corners M—— was so nearly pulled in two by a sudden jerk, and by reason of her dress catching, that she had not breath to cry "Hold!" and was in consequence all but choked by the strap to which the rope was attached. The Swiss men rubbed their chins when they looked down and saw the commencement of what she had gone through, and talked to each other in whispers about *courage*. It was observed that at two or three places, where a little assistance was needed after the party had set off for the return, they helped H—— in the most careful manner, but respectfully drew aside to let M—— take care of her own most competent self.

The walk back to St. Georges was accomplished in less than an hour, more wood having been brought down and cleared the road. The method of dragging wood down the mountain-side, over the snow, is primitive. A sort of driving bench, made to run like a sledge, has four or five chains attached to it firmly, each chain bearing a long point of iron, which is driven into the end of a tree; and the whole apparatus is then dragged down together.

When we arrived at St. Georges, there was an hour and a half left for us to warm ourselves and make preparation for our departure, still on foot, for Bière, from which place another and more singular ice-cave was to be visited next day. It will be understood that starting at five o'clock on a January evening for a walk of two hours and a half, cannot be called starting by daylight, and ploughing in the dark through the deep slush which covered the roads was the reverse of pleasant. After a time the road became a gentle course of water, and in this we walked patiently till the lights of Bière shone out seemingly near at hand, but practically very far off, for a long and deep ravine had to be turned before the auberge of Bière could be reached.

Auberge, however, is scarcely a respectful name for the *Hôtel de la Poste*, to which our steps were bent; and the landlady, being full of guests, adopted the grand supercilious air with which modern hotels at home have made us familiar. She might have served at Charing Cross. The house she said, shortly and decidedly, was full. It was in our power to retort, as a traveller whose weariness could not destroy his power of sarcasm did retort, when the mis-manager of that famous London hotel made a similar statement, "I suppose, madam, it is your affable demeanour that fills the hotel." But we were too anxious for a resting-place to resort to such dangerous weapons of offence.

The firemen of the neighbourhood, three score and ten *pompieri*, were dining with their *pompes* in the hotel, and it was also a skin-fair in Bière, so that the downstairs rooms and passages were all full of rabble, and the affair looked as hopeless as could well be. At this crisis a bonny chambermaid came up to her mistress, and reminded her that there were two spare rooms with two beds each, and one single room; but the landlady declined to recognise this statement, and only unbent so far as to say there was a single room we might have, where we must all sleep together. Our Arzier guide hereupon turned on his heel in wrath, observing loftily that there was no occasion for his company to say no to that, and we trudged off disconsolately to look for another auberge. In all the place there was only one bed to be had, so we returned to the *Poste*, followed by a crowd of idle men and boys, who had been drawn together by the strange character of our cavalcade, and who insisted on believing that we were brigands, whatever that may mean on the peaceful slopes of the Jura. At the door of the *Poste* the pretty maid met us. She had been sure we should return, and she promised to use her influence with the mistress. Eventually we

got the three rooms, and the maid explained the reason of the landlady's objection to our having them. The landlord had been ill in bed for six weeks, in a room between the two double ones we had with so much difficulty secured, and his wife took us for German tourists, who would sit up all night singing boisterous songs, after the fashion of tourist parties of that nation. The necessary noise of the house was of itself too much, and the seventy *pompier*s and the skin-fair had almost driven the landlady mad. We soon set their minds at rest about our nationality, and our sitting up all night, and the natural sympathy we showed for the forlorn case of the mistress of the house obtained for us many little comforts we should otherwise have seen nothing of. Indeed the landlady made us a fire in a little den of her own, where we regaled ourselves on larded beef, "jumped" potatoes, rum and cherries, and a chicken that seemed to melt in its tenderness. Unfortunately poor Charley was attacked at exactly the wrong moment by one of his favourite head-aches, "a regular foorer," as he described it; and as that sent him supperless to bed, it cast some gloom upon the party. The bed accommodation was very decidedly superior to that with which we had grappled at St. Georges, but the Doctor had to be satisfied with a stiff little sofa considerably shorter than himself, and about eighteen inches wide, stuffed so as to display a rounded crest along the middle of the cushion, down which Doctor and *duvet* kept rolling in moments of relaxed vigilance. The ludicrous airs of the *pompier*s' songs kept every one awake for a time, and the people of the house made periodical appeals to the firemen to be quiet or to leave, but they declined to do either, and at two o'clock were still singing and shouting with unabated vigour. M—— slept during the verse, but awoke invariably for the chorus and applause.

Some of us were up at seven the next morning, as we had arranged overnight to start at nine for the ice-cave; but the men of the party were only beginning breakfast at nine, and it was a quarter to eleven before we left the village. This difficulty about getting off early, it may be observed, is a marked feature in winter excursions. Our trusty Arzier guide had secured for us the services of the Inspector of Forests, who had rented a chalet near the cave for three years, and therefore knew the place well. He did all he could to dissuade us from going. More than half-way no one had yet been since the snow came. As far as half-way a man might have been,—in effect, a man had been; but we should find it two feet deep for the greater part of the way

The ladders, he expected, were good, and if we were scientific people (apparently a synonym for *fous*), the expedition was certainly, as far as he could see, possible. When he found that we had not come to Bière for the purpose of turning back, he consented to accompany us. The air was colder than on the previous day, and gloriously clear; the bright-blue sky, seen through the snow-laden branches of the dense firs, was too brilliant for the eye to encounter without pain. The snow was so deep, well above our knees, that we durst not look about us without stopping to do so, for otherwise the chance of coming down on our faces was very great indeed. Sometimes Monsieur led, sometimes the inspector, sometimes the guide, the rest planting their legs in the holes thus made, save when a stumble caused one or the other to flounder about a little on their own account. The snow became deeper and deeper, till a six-foot-three man plunged in frequently as deep as his legs would let him go, and still made no bottom. We passed over a stone wall and a gate without knowing that we had done so. M—— and H—— were wet through and through to well above the waist, and at one place H—— stuck hard and fast, and could only with much difficulty be drawn out. Every one grew silent, and some rather sad; at length, after more than three hours' walking, a long steep ascent appeared right ahead, at the further end of a valley into which we dipped, and the idea of pounding up this slope was too much for the endurance of most of the party. M——, however, had been there before, and to the general joy announced that the slope had not to be encountered, for the cave was in the valley close at hand. Accordingly, a few yards more brought it into sight, its yawning black mouth showing in strange and suggestive contrast in the midst of the deep unbroken snow. The summer-chalet close at hand resounded speedily with the stamping of feet and chopping of wood, and, better still, in an incredibly short space of time the roar of a blazing fire was added to the concert, for which purpose the straw-beds of the last inhabitants were ruthlessly pillaged and exposed to the action of wax vestas. Wine for heating and spicing, and solids at discretion, had been carefully brought in a sack, and to these creature comforts every one applied vigorously. The red wine of the country, when judiciously spiced, is by no means despicable as a cordial, and the guide and the inspector went in for it with emphasis, declaring that it was *parfait amour*.

Arrived at length at the edge of the pit, further progress seemed to be impossible. The entrance to this cave, unlike that of St.

Georges, is by a deep open pit, at the bottom of which a grand archway in the rock leads to the cave proper. For the descent of this pit two long ladders are required, which we found piled deep with fresh snow, and when the fresh snow was knocked off—no pleasant operation—the steps proved to be frozen into a conglomerate of ice and older snow. A ledge of rock, which forms the resting-place for the foot of the top ladder, was so deep in snow that an alpenstock could not fathom it. After much preparation of the ladders, M—— and H—— were lowered by cords, Monsieur having pioneered; and then a long slope of very slippery ice was passed with similar regard for safety, after which came another ladder frozen into a wall of ice, and very difficult of descent. This eventually landed us at the bottom of the cave, where we found a lake of ice, with grand masses of former columns lying about, and a wall of solid ice, twenty feet high, barring our return. On the strength of previous information the floor was carefully examined till a small crack was found, and through this, after it had been enlarged sufficiently, M—— and Monsieur, and Charley, were let down, or climbed, into a lower cave still, which showed a continuation of the ice-wall seen above, as far as the eye could penetrate by the aid of a candle.

But time failed for further explorations, to the great annoyance of the explorers. There was known to be besides a marvellous ice-cave some half-an-hour away among the woods, but it was impossible to go to it even if the inspector had known the way, which he did not. If gentlemen will lie in bed, or on a sofa, as the case may be, instead of getting up and starting in good time, they must expect to be cut short at the end of the day. H—— and the Doctor had already been packed off some time ago, for they had a dinner-party next day, and must catch the evening train at Allaman to give orders. The rest of the party had engaged to walk fast, and reach Bière in time for the *Postes* conveyance, which would take them to Aubonne and Allaman, and so to Geneva; but there was not much use attempting to walk fast. A strong and bitter wind had risen, the snow had become lighter and more powdery than it was in the morning, and going down-hill in deep soft snow after a winter twilight has well set in, is of all things the most bewildering and fatiguing. Every one arrived at Bière too late for *Postes*, or anything else. It was already pitch dark, and a great storm was brewing. There was no help for it but to remain there for the night, drenched as we all were. The hostess, now rid of the *pompriers*, did her best to make things comfortable, pitying the desperate condition of the

ladies of the party, whose dresses made circles of wet on the floor wherever they stood still for a few moments. Thorough ablutions, and such attempts at tidying as were possible, made so great a change in their appearance that the maid exclaimed to M——,

"Mademoiselle, I cannot tell you how many more francs you look worth than when you came in from the *glacière*!"

The *cuisine* maintained its high character of the previous evening, and the beds were comfortable, always excepting the mountainous and refractory sofa; but neither bed nor cookery can make it other than dreadfully unpleasant to put on for the third morning the same thoroughly wet clothes. The skin and flesh assume a parboiled appearance under such circumstances, and become exceedingly tender, the idea of applying clothes stiff with wet to the limbs being unbearable till the moment arrives when it must be done.

In spite of these and other very serious drawbacks, it is well worth while to penetrate into the depths of the Jura in mid-winter. The skies and the loaded trees, and the wonderful undulations of the snow-clad country, have a charm which no other season and no other scene can surpass. In a scientific point of view it was worth while to determine that there was actually less ice in the *glacière* of St. Georges in January than in July, the reason probably being that nature had not yet restored the supply of that material removed for culinary purposes during the summer and autumn, or melted away by the heat of the sun. Much of the columnar ice in these caves was more like alabaster than ice, an appearance due to the great admixture of air. The microscope and the air-pump displayed this character of the ice well, and there was found to be an unusual amount of nitrogen in the cells. The thermometer and hygrometer gave the same results in the *glacière* of St. Livres (the one visited from Bière) as in that near St. Georges.

THE MISTAKEN GHOST.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

ONE afternoon towards the end of March, 1861, a middle-aged gentleman stepped from the down train at the Highbridge Station; he looked about as if he was a stranger to that part of Somersetshire, and stamped his feet as though he were cold and cramped with sitting. Any other Englishmen would have found something to grumble at; but Mr. Chubb was an easy individual, who found good temper and patience excellent remedies for most of the evils of life.

As soon as the train moved off, Mr. Chubb went to claim his property amongst the Ossa upon Pelion of luggage.

"Where to, sir?" asked the porter, shouldering the black portmanteau.

"To be left in the booking-office till my return," replied Mr. Chubb; "and will you," he added, "tell me where I can get some kind of conveyance to take me to Westzoy Farm, somewhere out in the Marsh?"

This matter was easily arranged at the Railway Inn close by, and Mr. Chubb started for his destination in a dog-cart, driven by a remarkably stolid youth, who artfully resisted every attempt made by his companion to extract the smallest amount of useful information from him. The people of this country are proverbially suspicious of strangers, and never give a direct answer if they can help it.

Mr. Chubb had a tabular mind, and delighted in picking up facts, and arranging them forthwith in the pigeon-holes of his memory. He had never been in this part of the country before, and he naturally desired to gain some knowledge of the local objects of interest; but every query was met by the answer, "I don't know noathing on it—may be 'tis, and may be tian't; but I'm zure I caan't zay."

"Against stupidity the very gods fight victorious," says Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Chubb thought something of the same kind, as he unwillingly resigned himself to silence.

After crossing the railway bridge, the road they took proved to be straight, level, and uninteresting, notwithstanding that it runs through the richest land in England. A cold sea-fog half obscured Brent Knoll and the more distant line of the Mendip Hills, and as they encountered but little traffic, the drive was not cheerful.

"I be goin' to make I sensible at the Fox and Goose," said the stolid youth, breaking silence for the first time, and drawing up at a way-side inn.

"Very glad to hear it," rejoined Mr. Chubb; "but don't you know your way?"

Before there was time for a reply, the landlady of the inn appeared at the door, whereupon a most voluble conversation ensued between her and the boy. Mr. Chubb tried in vain to catch what they said, but the people of these parts talk so fast among themselves that no outsider can understand them.

Westzoy Farm, it appeared, was out on the moor, at least three miles from Mark, and the way seemed intricate, but the driver was made "knowledgeable."

The horse, who had pricked up his ears, during the discussion, seemed also "knowledgeable," and jogged on more contentedly, still keeping the bleak Mendips always before them.

At length they found themselves on a by-road skirting the turbaries, where the earth looks black instead of green, and where scores of turf pyramids are the most striking objects. The prospect was only varied by the appearance of numerous square-cut holes, half full of inky water; the spongy ground shook beneath the carriage wheels, and looking round the level waste, Mr. Chubb thought he had never seen so dreary a district. Yet the people of the country, when forced to seek their living elsewhere, consider themselves exiled from paradise!

Meeting some peatmen, by good chance, our travellers got directed on to Westzoy Farm, which was only half a mile further. The immediate surroundings of the place itself were more inviting than the dreary road they had passed; a belt of fir plantation screened the house from the north, and green fields stretched away in the rear of the homestead. The house had more regard to convenience than pretension to symmetry, for successive generations appeared to have built in a most irregular fashion round the remains of a picturesque old grange. A portion of the ancient building still existed in the grey stone porch, and a mullioned window or two: the rest of the house was ugly and modern. A neat flower-garden, separated by a privet hedge from the barton, gave a well-to-do air to the place—the owner probably was:

"A grazier, a hirsch un,
Wi' lands o' his awn."

It would seem that visitors were not very frequent, for Mr. Chubb had some difficulty in gaining admittance. Two small urchins ran off like frightened rabbits, and a red-armed farm servant, who was hanging out caps and handkerchiefs to dry on the gooseberry bushes, twitched her white linen bonnet over her face and disappeared into the interior without giving an answer.

At length a comely woman of about fifty years of age came to the door, in the act of pulling down her sleeves and buttoning her cuffs. Mr. Chubb made known to her that he had called to see Farmer Coggan, upon some business, and asked if he was at home.

"I can't say he's to house," was the answer; "but if you'll please to unlight, sir, I'll send one of the boys down to lower croft, where I'm thinking he'll find him, and I take it Master



(See page 689.)

will be back here before the clock's on the stroke of four."

"Mrs. Coggan, I presume?" said Mr. Chubb, following the farmer's wife through the stone hall.

"The same, sir, and glad to see you," she replied with a curtesy; "you're a stranger to

these parts I seem?" This was a polite way of saying, "What's your business?"

Upon this Mr. Chubb mentioned his name, and said he was from London.

Mrs. Coggan was quite ceremonious in her manners, and bowed and smiled again; she led her guest past the kitchen, where the

blazing fire looked vastly comfortable, and throwing open a door on the opposite side, ushered Mr. Chubb into the parlour. She begged him to be seated, saying she would return directly. The fact was, she wanted to change her cap.

The best parlour was airless, cold, and uncomfortable; and the traveller thought wistfully of the kitchen fire. Meanwhile he had nothing to do but look round on the contents of the room. The stone floor was concealed by a Brussels carpet, the colours and pattern of which would have shocked the School of Art. A mahogany loo table stood in the centre: on this were placed six gilt-edged prayer books, a bead mat, and an ornamented pen wiper. Twelve horse-hair chairs were ranged against the wall like so many jurymen, empaneled to try the cause of a shabby cabinet piano, which stood opposite. The frame of the chimney-glass was stuck round with photographic likenesses and funeral cards, and at the end was an antiquated concave mirror, which turned the whole room into nonsense, and attenuated Mr. Chubb's portly figure into the form of a cupid's bow.

While he was contemplating all these signs of gentility, the servant-girl entered the room with her flap-bonnet still on her head, and an armfull of sticks. She proceeded to pull out the ornamental shavings, as if they had no business in the grate, and she crammed in wood and turf, which she soon set in a blaze. The smoke, however, refused to go up the chimney, but came down in a dense body, as if it meant to get out of the house another way.

"Them birds have been building their nasty nests in the chimley again," cried the girl, by way of apology.

The room was filled to suffocation with the smoke. Mr. Chubb was obliged to retreat, and meeting Mrs. Coggan at the door, he begged she would not think of having a fire lighted for him as he would much rather sit in the kitchen. After quite an altercation of mutual civilities, Mr. Chubb carried his point, and led the way into the kitchen, followed by the remonstrances of his polite hostess.

The moment was rather ill-timed; for two young people, seated cosily in the settle, were just in the act of leave-taking in a very lover-like fashion. Mr. Chubb almost stood in front of them before either they or he were aware of the other's presence. The girl blushed scarlet, and the young man looked foolish, but took up his hat and was off before Mrs. Coggan had more than time to say,

"My daughter, Mary, and our neighbour, Burrage."

Mr. Chubb bowed to the handsome young farmeress, and began to think the Marsh was not such a howling wilderness after all. She did not stay long to be admired, but went off in obedience to her mother to arrange some household duty.

It was against all precedent that guests of his quality should sit in the kitchen at Westzoy, but Mr. Chubb made himself quite comfortable there, and warmed his hands cheerily by the fire. He could not resist kicking over one of the logs with his foot, whereupon the sparks ran up the great wide chimney, as if they were merry grigs, dancing Sir Roger de Coverly, and couldn't go fast enough.

How clean and nice the kitchen looked, with its two oaken settles enclosing the fire, while the pewter dishes and copper pans shone resplendent. On the beam that formed the mantel-piece was carved in old English letters the following advice:

"Be you merry, and be you wise,
And doe you not noe man despise."

A large mullioned window let in a flood of sunshine from the west (for the day was brightening), and the flowers in the window-sill looked fresh and well cared for. Goodly sides of bacon and big hams hung from the ceiling, or were shelved in a trellis-rack suspended from the wall. But the greatest ornament of the kitchen was a heavy carved oaken beam, running the length of the ceiling. On one side might be read this legend—

"The Lord is merciful and just unto all those that in Him trust. Anno Domini 1685."

"The very year in which the battle of Sedgemoor was fought," said Mr. Chubb, quite delighted to find this coincidence. "Perhaps," he added, "the very workman who carved these letters may have stayed his labour to listen open-mouthed to some fugitive from Monmouth's forces."

"There's more reading on the other side, sir," observed Mrs. Coggan.

Mr. Chubb readjusted his glasses, and read these lines—

"I wrong not the poore, I feare not the riche;
I have not tooe littell, nor have I not tooe much.
I was set up right and even. J. C."

He was so struck with the quaintness of these lines that he copied them off in his notebook, and asked if the initials "J. C." referred to an ancestor of the present owner of the house.

"Yes, sir; it was one Josiah Coggan, who

builded this part of the house; but the family was richer in those days than they are now." This was a theme that always set the good woman talking, and forthwith she entered upon some long history about her husband's grandfather and her own father, and their collateral cousins, which would have hopelessly puzzled a wiser listener than Lord Dundreary. Stories about old times led her to speak about their present trouble, "a vexatious law suit, which maister had got into on account of his nephew's affairs, he being left guardian to the young man."

Mr. Chubb stood with his back to the fire, after the manner of an Englishman at his ease. He appeared quite interested in all the farmer's wife had to tell him; he flattered her maternal vanity by asking after all her children, and in short listened so attentively to all these involved statements of facts, that Mrs. Coggan came to the conclusion that "he was the most agreeable gentleman she had seen these many years."

Her volubility was at length checked by the entrance of her daughter, who came to say that her father was not yet returned, but that she had made tea in the parlour, and "would the gentleman be pleased to walk in and take a cup."

Mary Coggan looked so handsome, and so modest withal, that had she asked Mr. Chubb to go to the antipodes, he would not have found it in his heart to refuse.

"It is easy to perceive whose daughter this young lady is," he observed, looking a compliment at the mother.

"Yes, sir, she's reckoned like me. She was christened Mary after my own mother. But—dear, dear, things are changed—my mother sat in a silk gown, in her own parlour, all day, waited on by man and maid, in her youth; whereas now Mary and I must work most like servants ourselves to keep things together."

"Well, never mind, mother; it's not worth while talking about. I'm not ashamed of work, nor afraid of it," observed the daughter, leading the way into the parlour.

Mary Coggan sat at the head of the table, pouring out the tea, with an air of graceful fitness which needed no gloss from artificial manner. There was a certain air of refinement about her which is inherent to some people, and which is quite independent of station or outward circumstances; and find such people where you will, they give dignity even to vulgar common-place surroundings.

Good-tempered men are generally great tea-drinkers. Mr. Chubb was an instance in

point. He enjoyed the refreshment set before him, he praised the home-made bread and the good cream, and learnt from Mary Coggan herself many particulars about the cheese-making—for this is the district where the far-famed Cheddar cheese is produced.

"I think I saw your photograph on the mantelpiece, Miss Coggan," said Mr. Chubb, rising at length from the tea-table, and taking up the likeness, which he considered attentively. Of course, after this he had to inspect all the family portraits; but none engaged his attention like that of Mary Coggan's.

"I have taken a great fancy to this photograph of yours," said Mr. Chubb; "besides being the likeness of a very amiable young lady, it reminds me forcibly of an old friend, now dead and gone. As I see that you have duplicates, will you allow me to retain this?"

"You're kindly welcome," replied Mrs. Coggan, looking pleased and flattered.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Chubb, interrupting his own thanks and civil speeches, and looking at his watch, "I see I have not a moment to lose, or I shall miss the train to Exeter. Will you kindly order the dog-cart round directly? I had no idea it was so late—excuse my hurry, but it is of the greatest consequence for me not to lose the train."

Every one was immediately in a bustle—the driver was found sitting in an outhouse with a cup of cider in his hand, and talking fast enough now. He and another lad who was holding him company soon got out the trap, and as the horse knew he was going home, he offered no impediment to backing into the shafts. Accordingly all was soon ready, but at the last moment Mr. Chubb's great coat was missing.

"Betty, Betty, run quick," cried Mrs. Coggan, "the train is in the kitchen behind the settle. I mean the settle's in the coat; do y' be quick, or the gentleman will lose the dog-cart."

The girl stared at this confusion of speech, and only turned round and round, like a boat in a whirlpool; but Mary Coggan, quick as thought, ran for the missing coat, which Mr. Chubb received with many thanks, giving a kindly look at the blushing young farmeress. In a moment the wheels of the dog-cart were in motion, and the stolid youth jerked into his place almost before he knew it. They went down the lane at a sharp trot, and were soon out of sight.

The dog-cart had hardly left the door of Westzoy Farm before Mrs. Coggan was back in the parlour, putting up the best tea-things.

She was in the act of turning the pic-nic biscuits into the canister, when the heavy tread of Farmer Coggan's hob-nailed shoes announced his approach through the back kitchen.

Mrs. Coggan was quite excited by the visit and by her own talking, and she exclaimed, as her husband entered the room, "Deary me, I wish you could have come in a bit quicker; we've had the nicest and pleasantest gentleman here that I've made acquaintance with for many a long day—he's just gone."

"Just gone!" repeated the farmer, not very well pleased. "If he was in such a terrible hurry like, it wasn't worth while to call I home from t'other side of the farm. If he had business why couldn't he wait? He might a' judged that a man wⁱ work to do isn't found like a fire-shovel always standing in the chimney corner. What did he say he wanted?"

"Well, for the matter o' that, he didn't say in particular what he did want; but he was a very pleasant-spoken gentleman for sure," replied Mrs. Coggan, changing colour a little.

"If he didn't say what he wanted, maybe he left a message to say when he'd call again?"

"No, he didn't—did he, Mary? You see it was all of a hurry, like, at last."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated the farmer, putting both his hands in his pockets, and looking at his wife and daughter as if they had been natural curiosities. "Do you mean to tell I, that this gentleman, or this what's-a-name from London, has been in the house for the best part of two hours, and that he never as much as dropped a hint of his business, or gave out whether he'd call again, or left a word or a sign of what he was, or who he was!"

"Oh, yes, he told us his name," interrupted Mrs. Coggan. "He is one Mr. Chubb, from London. That's his name, for certain."

"A queer fish, I should say, into the bargain," sneered the farmer. "I believe he's a forgery. Who ever heard of anybody of the name of Chubb?"

"It's a fish name, to be sure," answered Mrs. Coggan; "but people are called after all sorts—the tax-gatherer's name is Pike. But let me tell you, Mr. Chubb is quite a gentleman, and I think I ought to know a gentleman when I meet one, seeing what my own father was. And speaking of my family, he was most kind in asking about everything as concerned us, and was so taken up with Mary,

that nothing would do but he must have her photograph card."

The farmer opened his eyes wider than ever, and stuck his hands deeper into his pockets. "I tell you what, wife, you've been humbugged. I thought so when I see'd you with your Sunday cap stuck on, on a washing day. But I'll tell you my mind—Mary has grown up as comely a girl as need be, and as good a girl, though I says it; but I won't have any gentlemen from London or elsewhere coming here a courting of her, or philandering with you, as have no acquaintance with us. I know what you're going to say, wife, but I don't care. I tell you, again, I don't care a brass farthing about her grandfather. I don't see what his genteelity would sell for, and he left nothing else behind him."

Mrs. Coggan flopped into a chair, and took to crying, but her husband was too angry to notice her tears. "I say again," he added, "that Mary Coggan is a farmer's daughter, and nothing more, spite of all her forefathers or foremothers, who might all have been parsons, for aught I care; and the closer she keeps herself to herself, in her own situation, the better. I don't think all the world of your genteel folks, when they are out at elbows." The farmer turned on his heel, satisfied with his victory over that skeleton of gentility—his wife's father, once perpetual curate in a lonely parish on the Mendip, but dead and buried these forty years.

Farmer Coggan had reached the door, when he faced suddenly round again, nearly upsetting his wife, who was close behind with the tea-tray in her hands. "I have it all of a heap," he cried, as if a new light had struck him. "This here Mr. Chubb is a lawyer, I'll be bound, and he's come to fish out something about Edward's trust-money and Roger's mortgage. Did the man say anything about my nephew?"

"We spoke of him, and of the worry you had had along of his property; but nothing particular wasn't said by either party," answered Mrs. Coggan, in a wonderfully subdued tone, for she thought within herself whether she had not been a little too communicative to the stranger.

"Dang me, if I don't think mischief 'll come out of this here visit and your talking."

"I'm sure I said but very little—I never do," responded Mrs. Coggan.

"You talk but very little? Why, wife, your tongue goes like a threshing machine with the steam up. I know the lawyer would get the information he wanted out of you, as sure as

my name's Thomas Coggan. We shall have trouble along of this visit."

"Law bless you, maister, he wasn't that sort of man."

"What sort of man?" retorted the farmer.

"Why, Mr. Chubb wasn't the sort of man to work folks mischief behind their backs."

"Rotten potatoes and toadstools," ejaculated Coggan; "you don't know nothing. I thought I should have some worry, for I saw the new moon through the window-pane last night." With this he stalked off, for the cows had to be changed after milking; and if he did not see to the men, "they would most like be standing wi' their hands in their pockets," a thing not suffered by Farmer Coggan, who knew better than most people that "the master's eye makes the grass grow."

CORNELIA A. H. CROSSE.

MY CHRISTMAS-DAY AT THE BANK.



FEW London banks stood higher, in the year 183—, than the old house in which I was at that time junior cashier. It is true that, by comparison with the largest banks, the transactions of Sir Richard Swinbrook, Bart., Neville, and Co. (I love to give the full style), were modest enough in extent; but no firm was more respected for soundness and uprightness than the one I have mentioned. Such strictness did they exercise in all their relations, that I have heard of cases in which the mere fact of having an account with them was of more value to a young merchant than any single connection besides. Was any change in the law or practice of banking discussed, no opinion was received with greater attention than that of this solid compact firm. The utterances in the House of Sir Richard Swin-

brook were regarded as almost oracular; and never did deputation of bankers wait upon the Government, never was meeting held to debate on an important commercial point, but at the head of the list of weighty names figured that of one of the partners of Swinbrook, Neville, and Co.

The position held by the firm was due to a long course of unvarying integrity and capacity. The house had been in existence when bankers were "goldsmiths," who kept "running cashes," and, hat in hand, obsequiously followed the merchants on 'Change, begging for their custom. In those old times there had swung over the house in Lombard Street the sign of the "Golden Lion," the tradition of which still lingered in the bank at the time of which I write, and whose very image, indeed, was to be seen on certain papers, printed with queer plates, offering religious fac-similes of the "Golden Lion" of bygone days. It had lived through hard times, the old house; and many traditions were current of how in some awful crisis, when nearly all the other banks had had to shut their doors, the "Golden Lion" still hung above open portals. Often and often, in many a terrible time, when men ran wildly about with stories of foreign invasion or universal bankruptcy, had the partners stood behind the counter, ready with courteous words and smiles, and, better still, with piled-up bags of gold and bundles of crisp notes full in view, to stem the mad rush of panic-stricken depositors.

The Sir Richard Swinbrook of my day was the descendant of the Swinbrooks who had founded the bank, and great grandson of the banker who had been made baronet during his mayoralty, at a time when great traders did not hold aloof from civic honours. Of this Swinbrook, the first baronet, I need say no more. Those who would learn his virtues as a man, a citizen, and a banker, are referred to his monument in the church of the united parishes of St. Spurcus-the-Martyr with St. Austin Stockishaw. The Fame, attributed to Roubiliac, tells how he performed his duties as alderman of the Ward of Portsoken, how he achieved his baronetcy, and indeed furnishes ample materials for a eulogy of the periwigged banker, who, with a fat smile, complacently listens to his own praises.

The other name in the firm was comparatively new; but the introducer of it was a figure that always interested me, as being descended from a French Huguenot refugee, Simon de Neuville. This Simon de Neuville had one grief. His eldest son had renounced

the Protestant religion for the sake of succeeding to his father's property.

This was Simon's great grief. In the bitterness of his anger he forswore his native land, and never after his flight, but on one occasion, as it was thought, did his eldest son's name pass his lips.

His wife, a tender, delicate creature, pined in this foggy climate, so different from the warm sunny land she had left. She would have died, and, what is more, she *did* die, rather than murmur; and none but those who knew how tenderly Simon, stern to all else, loved his wife, could have divined the bitter agony with which he must have reflected that his exile was costing him the life of her who, through all his trials, had clung to him with unchanged affection. Even she had never dared to speak of the recreant; but when the last scene of all came, and the bright loving face was wan and dull, and the gentle voice had sunk to a whisper almost, she and Simon had their first and last difference. All others sent away, they two remained together. What passed could only be guessed; but Simon's heavy tread was long heard in the sick room, quick and agitated as none had ever heard it before, and when he left his wife, the poor soul, radiant with a last joy, had scarce strength left to murmur her thanks to Him who had watched over them in their grievous exile, and had given her power to extort the pardon of the first-born, for whom her mother's heart still yearned.

From that time to her death, which happened after a few days, during which her husband did not quit her, she could only thank him by looks, and by the faint pressure of her thin white hand. At times she seemed to listen eagerly, as if for some expected sound, the joy of which would render death easy. Did she think perhaps that the disobedient son would hasten to throw himself at his father's feet? Was her disappointment the grief that wrung her heart in the last agony? He was beyond the reach of his father's pardon! Stung by self-reproach or by the taunts of others, he had tried to justify his abandonment of his family by the show of a proelyte's zeal, and had volunteered, under Montrevel, for the infamous crusade against the Camisards. Some weeks before his mother's death he had fallen in the Cevennes.

After the death of his wife Simon gave up his house in Spital Square. His bitterness against his native land increased. He now dropped the *de* from his name; the loose orthography of his day did the rest, and from

de Neuville the name grew to be the one so long known in Lombard Street. Simon's stern character, uncontrolled any longer by the gentle being to whom it had bowed, became gloomy and morose; and to those who knew his history there was something too sad to be grotesque in his never-ceasing efforts to forget, at an advanced age, the very accent of his mother-tongue.

How I have lingered over the traditions of the old house! Ah, well! you won't find its name in the "Directory" now. Swinbrook and Neville couldn't stop payment; but they are gone. What boots it to know whether they "amalgamated," or were "taken over" by a joint-stock bank? I was only head-clerk in the bank. Had I been a partner I would have shut the doors after paying every one, and so have kept sacred the grand traditions of the old house. I'm an old fool, I know; but when I was asked to go into the new concern I said, "No; I'd been brought up in Swinbrook's, and wouldn't give it up. If it gave me up I couldn't help it; but I was too old-fashioned to change." It's only some ten years ago; but Swinbrook's then was just what it had been all along. We still burnt candles, although now and then young fellows did snigger; and down in the strong room were kept religiously the old exchequer tallies that I myself had taken to the West-End in a hackney coach many a time.

I began by mentioning the year 183—. Well, it was in that year that the old house, where ever so many generations of Swinbrooks had done business, became clearly too old to last out another. It had never been anything more than an old shop and back parlour, with the wall between knocked out; but, for all that, its queer old look as I recollect it pleases me more than the "mahogany halls," with their sun-burners, encaustic tiles, and all that rubbish that I see about Lombard Street now. However, it was almost tumbling about our ears at last; so it was decided to pull it down and rebuild it. The head-clerk moved out, and a place was found where we could carry on business during the rebuilding.

It was in a narrow lane, lying a little way off Lombard Street, and was altogether in as quaint, quiet a neighbourhood as you could find anywhere, let alone in the heart of a great city. It was some fifty yards up the lane from the main street on either side, and stood back from the roadway a little, with its own particular row of posts in front of it. The house had been a good bit altered since it was built; but from the style of the architecture, I have

no doubt it was some great merchant's house, at a time when merchants still lived in the City. There remained the broad staircase, with its dark oak wainscoting and carved balustrade, wide landings and broad burly-looking doors, surmounted by carvings in the manner of Grinling Gibbons. The staircase was lighted from above by a large lantern, springing from a small cupola, on which I recollected to have seen sprawling gods that might have been Thornhill's. They were painted over now, as being unbusiness-like.

A little paved court, arched over at the entrance, ran at one side of the house, and led, on the right, to some half dozen houses, similar in character to ours, and on the left to a church, with its churchyard, through which there was a flagged pathway up to the door; an entrance little used, as the few church-goers of the neighbourhood went in mostly by the front door in the main street.

It was one of the churches built after the Great Fire by Sir Christopher Wren, who in this case, hampered by the smallness of the means at his disposal, and not, I suppose, having yet discovered the secret of building cheaply exquisite churches, like that in Walbrook, had just shown a touch of his genius in the tower and spire, and had left the rest mostly to the bricklayer. The interior had little to recommend it beyond the quaintness that age and a bygone style gave to the heavy black oak fittings. Nevertheless, I used to go in sometimes of a quiet sunny Sunday morning, and, lulled by the monotonous drone of the rubicund parson, dream of the time when the daughters of the merchant who had lived in the big house—that was his monument, perhaps, with the swollen cherubs—lovely and brilliant, in powder, patches, and hoops, would rustle into the church, and, to the great scandal of old City dames, sing the psalms of Hopkins, with flourishes learnt at the Opera from the newest male soprano. It was in the pew affected to the use of the inhabitants of the big house—their house—that I was sitting; not one of your wretched little modern pews, but a good-sized place, with seats round three sides of it, and room for your legs in the middle; walled in so high by carved oak that you could not see the verger as he passed, but only the gilt mace which progressed solemnly along the horizon.

We rented only the ground and first-floors of the house. The rest was let out in offices, except the topmost story, in which lived a housekeeper. The ground-floor only was used as the public part of the bank. It was one

long room, temporarily fitted up with counters and partitions, one of which last cut off a portion of the space, and formed a room for the "partners." The portion thus cut off must have been originally a court-yard, or perhaps an outhouse, projecting beyond the main body of the house. It did not reach higher than the ground-floor, and was almost entirely covered by a skylight. Besides the front entrance to the bank (that in the lane), there was a second one from the court, and this latter was always used after the putting up of the shutters, which, in fact, were so disposed that, once up, all communication with the lane was cut off. There were two doors to this entrance: an outer one, leading from the court to the staircase which gave access to the offices above; and a second inner one, opening from this staircase into the bank. The safe was of course kept in the division of the bank set aside for the principals. These explanations are tedious enough, I know; but I could not without them tell my story so as to be understood.

From the nature of the building, and the fact that no one belonging to us lived on the premises, it was thought unsafe that the bank should ever be left unguarded, and some time before we moved into the new place an extra messenger had been engaged, whose duty it was to watch the premises all night, from the closing to the re-opening of the bank, his wakefulness being tested by a "tell-tale." Some little while after we had moved in he complained, as well he might, of having to be on duty from Saturday evening to Monday morning; and it was then arranged that some of the clerks should take it in turns to guard the bank on Sundays.

I own that I was not very well pleased to find myself on the list of those who were to be mewed up in the closed bank periodically for some seven or eight hours; but there was no help for it. Our staff (never very large) had a short while before been reduced by the discharge of a clerk immediately above me in the bank, for dishonesty, which I had been mainly instrumental in exposing. Unwillingly enough; for though for some time past there had been between Langton and myself a coolness, the result of his own courses, which were such that I was more shocked than surprised on accidentally discovering his frauds, yet I could not forget that we had been friends, and that as my senior he had smoothed down several difficulties in my first years at the bank. So much did I feel this that I refused the promotion

which was the result of his dismissal; nor did I give way, save at the request of the principals, who, on their side, at my prayer agreed to abandon Langton's prosecution. This concession was granted only at the last hour. Langton was already in custody, and was on the point of being brought before a magistrate, when I hastened to tell him that the firm would not appear against him. Little as I had expected in the way of thanks, I was inexpressibly shocked by his rage on seeing me. Argument would have been in vain. I left him with the sad conviction that the clemency of the firm had been thrown away, and with the knowledge that one whom I had called my friend had become a bitter enemy.

This had taken place at the beginning of November, and just after our move. The reduction in our numbers caused by Langton's dismissal had not been made up; and although I was promoted to a post which would otherwise have exempted me from the duties of "housekeeper," my advance was too recent for me to be greatly hurt when the head-clerk requested me to take my share in the new arrangements. I was, however, annoyed to find that my first turn would fall on Christmas-day, which was to rank in this respect with the Sundays.

"What a shame!" said Julia, when, on the morning of Christmas-day, I stood muffled up and ready to start. "Oh, don't go!"

"I must, love," I said, as I pushed back from her forehead the clusters of bright sunny hair. "Don't be silly, child," I added, as I kissed a foolish little tear from her cheek. "You know we don't dine till six on account of Uncle John. I shall leave the City at five; half an hour's walk home; half an hour's chat with him—I suppose he's sure to come, by-the-by?"

"Of course he will. Oh, that horrid bank! You make me quite angry; and the first Christmas-day since our marriage, too!"

"Well, good-by, love. It won't happen again. I must be off now. It's getting late, and unless I am punctual I can't expect to be relieved in time."

"If you're a minute later than half-past five, I'll never kiss you any more. Good-by, bad boy!" and half laughing, half crying, she opened the door to let me out.

It was a lovely morning, but very cold. I walked sharply along Holborn to the City, through streets that to me (mostly used to their week-day aspect) looked strangely deserted. As the clock struck nine, I knocked

at the side entrance. Cole, the watchman, opened it to me.

"Very cold, sir."

"Yes," I said, "fine morning. All right, Cole?"

"Not a mouse stirring," he answered, unconsciously quoting Hamlet.

"Have they sent in my lunch?"

I had ordered some fowl and a bottle of claret from the neighbouring King's Head.

"It came in last night, sir. You'll find it on the counter between the scales."

"That's right; candles and coals?"

"Everything there, sir."

"Very good, Cole; then don't stop a minute longer; for I shan't give you any grace."

"I'll be here punctually at five. You can depend on me. When I shut the inner door, sir, you will please put up the bar. I'll shut the outer one after me. The housekeeper and family are all out for the day; but I've seen that you've got everything. You'll have the house all to yourself."

"So much the better. I shall be quiet. Do you smoke, Cole?"

"As you offer me a cigar, sir, I'll keep it, with your permission; but I never smoke till night."

"I do," I said, as I stooped to the blazing fire.

"Would you like the fire lit in the partners' room?" asked Cole.

"No," I said; "it's too cold in there, with the skylight. Good morning, Cole," I said, as I let him out. "You'll be punctual?"

"As the clock, sir," he answered.

And having watched him down the paved court into the lane, I shut the outer door, locked and barred the inner one, and then stretched myself before the fire on a couple of chairs. So I lay reading, till all over the City broke out the chimes, and close by, the little cracked bell of the almost deserted church rang out for half an hour its warning to a few worshippers that the hour of service had come. I tried to picture to myself the people whose footsteps I heard now and then along the court. Now it was an old infirm step that tottered by, nearing the grave every hour; and then I heard, mingled with other steps, the pattering of a child's feet and the merry little voice ringing through the cold air. After a while they all ceased. The tinkling bell stopped, and then, softened by distance, came the peals of the rich old organ. How strange it seemed to me to be there alone; and to walk up and down the partners' room, as I did, profaning with the smoke of my cigar those hallowed precincts!

Again and again I heard the soft tones of the organ, and when it began playing the psalm before the sermon, I ran up-stairs to have a look at the church. The dingy trees in the churchyard, too hardy to be choked out of existence, were sooty, black, and withered: could such sticks ever come to life again? It was a dismal little place in winter, and looked just now doubly cold and cheerless, for snow had begun to fall heavily, and was fast forming white lines on the ledge which projected over the fire-ladders, and along the tombs built into the walls. I gave a shudder and hurried back to my fire. The snow, I knew, continued to fall thickly, for when the people came out of church, I could no longer, except when they were just under the arched entrance, hear their footsteps, but only their voices as they hurried home to their Christmas dinners.

That set me thinking about my lunch; so, for the sake of outraging in a quiet sort of way the respectability of the bank, I spread my cloth on the counter, and poured out a glass of wine, ironically asking myself, according to the banking formula, How I would take it? To shorten the time, I prolonged my lunch as much as possible, and wound up with a last glass to Julia's health; and then, to make the warmth of my fire more agreeable by contrast, I thought I would just run up-stairs again to look out once more. The untrodden snow lay quite thickly all about the court and churchyard, which looked dismal enough in the fading light; it was time for afternoon service, but I saw no signs of anything going on, so concluded that the rubicund parson had gone home. As for the clerk, I knew well enough that he had long ago doffed his Sunday coat, and that he was sitting, with a "churchwarden" in his mouth—it sounds very like cannibalism—sipping every now and then something very hot and very strong, as a corrective to the sucking-pig. The wind had risen and was driving the snow flakes thickly against the window. I came back to my fire, lit a candle, and tried to read; but I kept thinking of Julia and her pretty tearful face, and then I dozed, and nodded and dozed again, and got so sleepy—to tell the truth, it was a bottle of very good wine the King's Head had sent me—that I hunted up a lot of money-bags for a pillow, and stretched myself at full length before the fire. Four, struck the solemn old clocks all round, so lazily that I don't think the last had sounded when I dropped off asleep.

I awoke with a start, roused by a noise which had mingled with my dreams in some strange way. I felt quite cold, and no wonder,

for the fire showed only a last glimmer; the candle had burnt quite out. Wondering how long I had slept, I seized the poker, and was just going to stir the fire, when I fancied I heard a repetition of the sound which I had taken for part of my dream. It was just like the noise that a glazier would make in removing a pane of glass, and seemed to come from the skylight in the inner room. This room, as I have said, was divided from the rest of the bank by a partition which extended to the ceiling. It was of wood, with the exception of two glazed doors, curtained to a height of about seven feet. Almost doubting whether I was really awake, I sat for a moment listening intently. Yes; there could be no mistake; the two doors were shut, but in the silence, unbroken by any sound except that of the ticking of the clock, I heard a pane of glass quietly removed; then, in quick succession, a second and third. At this moment I heard the chimes of a neighbouring clock, and waited impatiently for the hour to strike—Seven! Two hours past the time at which I ought to have been relieved by the watchman. The truth flashed across me; he must have been got out of the way.

I hesitated whether to stay where I was or to run the risk of trying to leave the bank, in order to give the alarm. The danger to myself of either course seemed about equal; for to leave the bank, I should have to unbar the door, and the noise I should necessarily make would draw on me the attention of the burglars. My hesitation lasted for a few seconds only, but I was already too late; the sound in the next room convinced me that some one had just descended.

My only plan now was to wait and keep quiet. Just then I heard on the shutters which closed the bank to the lane, a tapping, evidently a signal from confederates outside. It was a little too early, for it must have been quite inaudible in the room beyond, where were those for whom it was intended, but I knew that a few seconds later I must be discovered. The plan of signalling had, no doubt, been arranged, and the first step taken by the burglar who had just descended would be towards the front of the bank to exchange signals with those outside. I hurried mentally over the means of defence at hand; how I longed for a pair of the horse-pistols that in the old bank had formed a circle on the wall behind the counter! Unluckily, in the confusion of moving, they had been stowed away, where it mattered not, if I could not at that instant lay my hand on them. The poker was still in

my hand; for want of a better weapon I grasped it tightly, and noiselessly raised it from the fender. The taps from outside were repeated; I could not be too quick. I listened for a second in the direction of the room beyond, and distinctly heard a whispering. There were then *two* men. I was puzzled; why should the one who had already descended not open the door to those who were signalling outside? It was no time to make conjectures: carefully placing the poker on the hearth-rug, I rapidly pulled off my boots. I had on a pair of thick worsted stockings; they would enable me to get noiselessly behind the door, and then as the burglars passed, I should get the first blow, at all events. But behind *which* door, for there were two? Luckily I recollected that, wishing during the morning to leave the inner room, I had found one of the doors locked from outside—*my side*—and had to go out by the other. Good! And the unlocked door was the one nearest to me. I seized my poker, and moved stealthily towards the post I had assigned myself. We had come into the premises so lately, that I had not acquired that instinctive knowledge of the arrangements which in a familiar locality enables one, even in complete darkness, to stretch out the hand with the certainty of its meeting the expected object. I groped about clumsily, and in getting over the counter, which I did to avoid opening a creaking door, I made a slight noise. Happily for me at that very moment the attention of the burglars was distracted; the second had just descended with a noise that called forth the muttered curses of the first. I hastily posted myself behind the door and waited breathlessly, for I heard the scratch of a lucifer, the adjustment of a dark lantern, and a sharp click. Then one of the men suggested that before beginning the job, they should look round to see that all was safe.

How I blessed the lucky accident of the locked door when I heard them try that one first! Had it been open, I should have been discovered at once. "Shall I break the glass?" asked one. "What for, you fool?" whispered the other; "to make a row? There's a door on the other side; try that first." "S'pose we find some one here?" asked the first voice, and in reply I heard a significant tap and a low laugh. Their feet were listed, so that I could hardly hear their tread as they neared me. I raised my arm that it might have full play instantaneously, and gripped my weapon with a firm determination to be beforehand with one of the men at least. I shudder now, as I think of the savage eagerness with

which I awaited my opportunity. It was not long in coming; the handle of the door turned softly, and by the dim light of the lantern I saw pass before me a short burly figure. I could not see the face, but I knew its type from what I did see; the man was a coarse, heavy scoundrel, by trade a night-robber, and, if need should be, a murderer. I felt no remorse, but with the full sweep of my arm brought down the heavy poker on the back of his bull-neck, just at the base of the skull. The blow was well aimed; he fell like an ox; but even before he reached the ground, I had left my retreat and turned to confront the second man, who I knew must be following him.

The light of the lantern, as it fell with the burglar, was thrown on a face I had known for years. My arm fell powerless, and though my lips moved to pronounce a name, I was dumb. The light was dashed out, but through the dark I saw the gleam of Langton's eyes, as with a savage oath he sprang on me. Unprepared as I was for his attack, I lost my footing, and we rolled together over the man I had felled. Langton and I were both strong men, but in the days of our friendship I had always had, in our trials of strength, to acknowledge his superiority. His dissipated life had deprived him of some of his usual force, but as his grip closed on me, I felt that the madness of his rage had more than restored it all to him. Luckily we fell in such a way that I recovered first, and thus gained an advantage in our relative positions, without which my chance would have been gone. The struggle was terrible; was it long? I thought so, for the efforts and exertions of many a minute were crowded into, perhaps, only a few seconds. I felt that his fury was overpowering me, but by a tremendous effort I threw him from me and sprang to my feet. My weapon—could I only regain it! As I groped for it, he seized me again; I felt a cold circle press against my cheek, but once more I tore myself from him; there was a bright flash, and I felt that I was hit—I reeled and fell. Even as I fell, I heard a well-known, a dearly-loved voice: "Quick! quick! They are murdering him!" then a growl of rage from a gruff voice, the crash of yielding timber before a heavy shoulder, and—no more.

It was many weeks before Julia, herself pale with long-continued watching, would let me question her about what had happened. Alarmed at my not appearing as I had promised, she had with difficulty been restrained by Uncle John from at once going off in quest of me. Nearly an hour passed, and Uncle John began

to think that there was perhaps some cause for uneasiness, when there was a ring at the bell. All impatience, Julia rushed to the door. It was Mrs. Cole, the wife of the watchman ; she knew my address from her husband's having occasionally taken parcels home for me ; knew also that I was to be at the bank on Christmas-day, and so, she explained, her husband not having come home, she had called to know whether I could tell her what had become of him.

Uncle John, on hearing this, at once determined to start. It was a terrible night ; snow was falling fast, and the wind was raging, but Julia would not hear of being left at home ; so—she had her way, like a real woman as she was. Uncle John positively refused to take Mrs. Cole, who was therefore left behind ; a hackney coach was soon got, and the two reached the City. Though he had consented to do this, Uncle John did not, as yet, he said, think there was any ground for alarm ; as Cole had not returned home, it was also quite possible that he had not relieved me, in which case, of course, I should have had no choice but to remain at the bank. He thought that for the sake of removing Julia's anxiety it would be enough to let her see me, and hear my explanation, which, he was sure, would agree with his. When, however, his knocks at the shutters were unanswered, he began to feel uneasy. A policeman passing, Uncle John explained to him the position they were in, was shown the side entrance, and knocked in vain. This knock I had not heard ; it must have been given during my struggle with Langton. I say this knock, for there was but one ; the house-keeper's husband had been taken ill, and the family all returned home early in consequence, reaching the door just as Uncle John knocked. The outer door was unlocked, and all then heard the sounds of a struggle within. Uncle John's shoulder had done the rest.

A visit to the Old Bailey awaited me on my recovery. I had taken my aim so well that "Blinking Bill," as he was called by the fraternity, from a peculiarity of vision, never blinked again in this world. Cole and Langton had both been committed for trial. Cole had been traced to a coffee-house, where he had been left on the morning of Christmas-day, and where, on the day following, the police found him drugged and stupefied. What I had learnt from his wife, and the man's own manner when I relieved him, convinced me that he had been guilty of nothing beyond indiscretion, but the police were suspicious that he had had some share in the plan-

ning of the burglary. It was difficult to learn why, as they mostly contented themselves, when asked, with shaking their heads and looking wise. I felt sure, however, that if Cole had had a hand in the robbery it would not have been attempted when anybody but he himself was on the premises. It was clear to me that Langton, who only knew the arrangements as they existed when he left, to be changed, as I have said, shortly afterwards, had misled "Blinking Bill," who, trusting to Langton's recent knowledge, had omitted the precautions usual with that astute burglar, of whose cunning the police spoke with unfeigned admiration. Had the arrangements not been changed, the two men could have robbed the bank at their ease after having secured the absence of Cole.

All this was stated before the grand jury, who threw out the bill against Cole. Langton, on being found guilty, threw at me a big stone which he had managed to conceal in some way. It missed me ; but, I am sorry to say, hit the crier of the court rather sharply. Langton was transported for life, and in a penal settlement found that it was not too late to mend. He became the author of a little volume of poems of a highly devotional cast, of which he sent me a copy "with his forgiveness." Some time after, I received from him a letter, written under the auspices of a chaplain, in which he hoped that I might yet be reclaimed from my worldly courses, although he expressed, without ambiguity, his fear that I was too far gone.

I got this letter at the City, and after glancing through it thrust it impatiently into my pocket. That evening I was at home ; it was just after dinner, and Julia was making me a cup of coffee—I could never bear any one else to make it. I put a cigar in my mouth, and pulled from my pocket a piece of paper to light up. It was the letter I had received that morning. "By-the-by, Julia," I said, "I have something to show you—a letter from Langton." I smoothed it out and passed it over to her in exchange for the cup which she handed me. I stooped to the fire, lit my cigar, and, with my feet on the fender, smoked away tranquilly. "Did you read the postscript?" asked Julia. "Well, no, love ; I can't say that I did ; but why? A woman's postscript, I know, is generally the most important part of the letter, but—" "Don't laugh," she broke in ; "look here! The wretch!" I turned round in surprise ; her face had grown pale, and her brows were knitted with anger. She was right ; the postscript was everything.

"Should I obtain my release," he wrote, "I hope to return to England, and assist in the work of your reclamation." "His release!" Well, he got it; but not in the sense in which he used the words—he died two years after the date of his letter to me.

ALFRED MARKS.

GABRIELLE'S CROSS.

It's well to be off with an old love
Before you are on with a new.

YEARS and years ago, when the old castles of Kidwelly, Llanstephan, Llanghern, and Tenby were in their full strength, frowning defiance upon the unconquered Celts, a castle, of which not a stone remains, stood upon the brow of the hill, to the left of which rises the rock called Gabrielle's Cross.

It had been built by one of the followers of the knights who came into Glamorganshire to keep the lands for the king.

The baron was a poor man when he landed with the Norman army; but, like his countrymen, he had the knack of getting money, and acting up to the rule

That he should take who has the power,
And they should keep who can,

his purse was not long an empty one; and the strong walls that made his castle were built by the half-starved Celts, who were paid for their labour with food and money stolen from their ancient chiefs. The baron had only one child, a daughter, and of all the fair maidens who graced tilt and tourney none were fairer than Gabrielle, but, alas! none more fickle. Lover after lover had broken lance in her honour, but neither lance nor lover had pierced the lady's heart, until, amongst the company whom the jovial baron gathered round him, there appeared a stranger knight, a soldier of fortune, fresh from fair Normandy, and as yet penniless; but what Henri de Vinceuil lacked in gold, he made up in good looks and confidence.

Love plays strange pranks. The more cause why a lady should not let her heart slip away, the more certain it is that she will let the prisoner forth; and Gabrielle, queen of flirts as she had proved herself, was no exception.

Henri was poor and unknown. The baron would never consent to her union with him; but these things only added excitement to the passion which looked so plainly out of Gabrielle's beautiful eyes, that the young soldier was not long in discovering his good fortune.

He found out that Gabrielle spent an hour

or two almost every day upon a rock overhanging the bay, and there accordingly they met, and there Henri told the old old tale.

Gabrielle was very much in love with him, and quite romantic enough to scorn poverty. Henri (so she told herself) would make money, and if he did not, she would love poverty for his sake.

Time went on. No one suspected why the fair Gabrielle had grown so gentle and considerate, until one day her father, being in a rambling mood, ascended the trysting rock, and coming suddenly upon the lovers, saw and heard enough to drive him into a towering passion.

He denounced Henri as a beggar and a scoundrel, had him driven ignominiously from the castle, and ordered Gabrielle to her chamber, where, he intended to keep her prisoner until she consented to take a husband of his own choosing.

Gabrielle was most disconsolate; but Henri was gone, and her chamber was not a cheerful apartment. The end of it all was, that about six days after Henri was sent about his business, Count Louis de Castel wooed and won a willing bride, and an early day was fixed for the wedding.

Now, although Henri de Vinceuil had been banished from the baron's castle he had not gone very far away, having taken refuge with Sir William de Londres, at Kidwelly Castle, where in due time he heard how easily his false mistress had been consoled.

Pride, love, and revenge were all in arms. The hope that had sustained him, the trust in what he believed was her constancy, and the deep passion she had roused in his heart, were all crushed at once.

He had heard her called fickle before, but he knew it to his cost now; and, mad with jealousy, thirsting for vengeance, he went day after day to the trysting-rock, in the wild hope that he would see her again, and make such an appeal as no woman's heart could withstand.

He did see her again, but not alone. Louis, the happy accepted lover, was with her. They came up the winding path arm in arm, and stood there, looking across the lovely bay, little dreaming of the fierce eyes that were watching them, or the hot breath that was breathing curses close beside them.

Louis was in love, and made no cold lover either; but Gabrielle had never been at the old trysting-place since the fatal day, and "light o' love" as she was, she could not but think of the arm that had held her, the eyes that had looked the love the lips could not find words eloquent enough to tell. And even though Louis talked and laughed, a shadow

lay upon the girl's face, which, at last attracting his attention, roused a sting of jealousy.

"He was a handsome youth, that dis-

carded lover of yours, Gabrielle," he said, affecting a laugh; "but it is an old truth, that 'there's danger in playing with two-edged



(See page 700.)

tools.' Gossips say he boasts that if the lover was warm the lady was willing, and I heard but yesterday that he'd sworn to join the crusading army and seek out a Paynim bride."

"Liar!" shouted a voice close by the speaker's side. "Draw and defend yourself. Henri de Vinceuil is neither a boaster nor——"

Before he could finish the sentence, the count's sword flashed in the sunbeam, and a volley of angry oaths fell from his lips.

He had not expected such an interruption, or that the lies (for, indeed, they were lies, though only meant as what, in these days, would be elegantly called "chaff") should reach such interested ears, or be hurled back in his teeth, or that he should be compelled to assert the truth of the idle words at the risk of his life.

"Stop! for Heaven's sake!" shrieked Gabrielle, hanging upon his shoulder. "Stop, I command you! Kill me, Henri, if you will; I am to blame——"

"Gabrielle, stand back!" and Louis threw her roughly off. "This man has insulted me. It is my quarrel now."

"Oh! no, no! for my sake!—as you love me, Louis—do not fight. I will explain."

But her words were lost in the clash of steel, the fierce exclamations and trampling feet of the combatants; and, covering her face, she crouched in a corner of the rocky wall, where she had often listened to Henri's vows, and answered him with her own.

The fight did not last long. Henri had the advantage, both as a swordsman, and in size and temper, for even as he fought his thoughts

were busy; he knew he was casting his life into the balance with a false and heartless coquette; as his passion cooled so also did his love, and when the point of vantage was gained—when Louis was beaten back, dropped the point of his sword, and that of Henri, sliding up, pierced his breast—Henri's anger was over, and something like regret, not to say sorrow, for the man who hung his heart upon such a slender branch as Gabrielle's faith, was in his heart.

For some moments he stood looking into the count's white, death-like face; then, stooping, he tried to staunch the spurting blood. Suddenly turning to Gabrielle, he said, sternly,

"I only desired revenge; had I felt as I do now the utter worthlessness of such love as yours, this unfortunate man might have lived. I have one word to say—he was right. I am going to join the holy army, not because I despair of having you for a bride, but rather that I wish to forget that a woman could be so false and fickle, and that I was ever fool enough to trust in Gabrielle's truth, or believe in Gabrielle's love."

And, turning down the path, Henri de Vinceuil left his false love for ever.

Gabrielle, stung into a sense of what was going on by the very bitterness and truth of his reproaches, sprang up, and would have answered him, but her eyes fell upon the ghastly form of her betrothed, lying in a pool of his own blood, but evidently not dead, for even as she looked his eyes opened, and a faint cry escaped him.

To rush to the castle for help was Gabrielle's next and most practical action, and the wounded man was lifted upon a litter and carried home.

His recovery was a slow and painful one; weeks and months passed by before the wound healed and strength was restored, and during those weeks and months a change had come over the sick man's nature. Gabrielle's gaiety and coquetry had charmed him in health, but reflection had shown him that upon neither of these things could happiness rest. He had heard Henri de Vinceuil's parting words, and their truth settled down in his heart. He loved Gabrielle no longer. Still honour prevented him breaking off the engagement. He thought himself the most miserable of men, bound, as he was, to a woman whom he could neither love nor esteem; nor was Gabrielle slow to perceive the change, and although for a long time she tried to appear blind, there came a day when her anger broke forth; and, taunting him with his changed heart, caused him to speak the truth; and Gabrielle, who had really learnt to love Louis as truly as such a heart as hers could love at all, found

herself much in the same situation as that in which she had placed Henri.

Concealing this weakness as best she could, Gabrielle haughtily dismissed Count Louis, and scornfully laughed as her companions accused her of a fresh case of heart-break and caprice; the count thankfully accepting the alternative, was glad to get his freedom at any price.

Time passed on. Gabrielle was as lovely and as capricious as ever, but somehow suitors hung back; nay, even though it was whispered that Gabrielle would not be so fickle, and that the baron had gone so far as to ask more than one of the flirting gallants as to "his intentions," no proposal was made.

Henri de Vinceuil, having won fame and fortune by the work of his good sword, came back, and Gabrielle would fain have persuaded him, as she did herself, that she had never really loved another, but been the victim of the baron's tyranny, but in vain. Henri found a younger and truer bride; and Gabrielle, wearied of the world, fell back upon another excitement, and expended all the wealth left her by her father in building a convent, where she ruled supreme, and from which place she every year made a pilgrimage to the trysting-rock, upon which she had caused a cross to be erected.

Gabrielle's Cross has long been broken, but part of the shaft still stands, and keeps up the memory of the legend. ALICE EVEZARD.

THE DYING YEAR'S REQUIEM.

ONCE more the silent Autumn days,
That breathe nor hope nor fear,
Like wan-faced sisters watch in turn
The slowly dying year.

That he is dying all may know,
Despite the crimson blush
That dyes at eve his pallid face
As with a fever flush.

And all around the landscape wears
A weary, patient air,
For all the ills that Winter brings,
Waiting in calm despair.

Between grey-lichened willow trunks
The swollen brook swirls down,
Brave summer blossoms rot beneath
Its waters, tawny brown.

Wild brambles trick the withered hedge
With red-leaved garlands gay,
The last brave struggle Nature makes
To hide her own decay.

There's something in my heart responds
To Autumn's sombre cheer,—
The fairest hopes my life has known
Die with the dying year.

EVELYN FOREST.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXV.



At length Mr. Lynn raised his head, and his eye fell upon the last paper.

He took it up mechanically and unfolded it. It was written at a much later period than the others, and in a trembling hand:—

I told you how that agony fell upon me, until distress of mind brought me to a bed of sickness, and then how weak but conquering I arose from it, and tried to go on with my everyday duties.

O John, it was harder to do that, than to lie in the angel's arms at rest. Then I was too weary to rebel; but when I had to bear the monotony of the long days, with each trifling event that made up the sum of them, it seemed as though the burden were too heavy for me.

Each morning I longed for the night, that I might lie still and passive, and sometimes in a transient dream forget the work-day world and all its troubles. And at night I longed for the morning, that I might be at work and in active labour wear the time away.

So nearly a year passed by, and then a wild desire came over me to see you once more. I thought if I could look upon your face again it would enable me to bear what I had determined to bear for your sake. I felt that I could die in peace if I could but see you in life once more. The longing came upon me like a power I could not resist. It seemed to influence me against my will. I must go; nothing should hinder me.

I strove to put away the wish as idle; but it gained upon me. I heard a voice for ever saying "Go." Day and night it never ceased.

Ah! it was but the utterance of my own heart, and yet it pleaded so mightily with sense and prudence that they gave way before it.

A hundred and fifty miles! It was a long journey, and I was very poor.

But no impediment daunted me. Had it been a thousand miles, and I had had every mile to journey on foot, I should have gone. A supernatural strength had come to me, all feeling of fatigue had vanished, and I made my preparations.

I left Doris in the care of a trusty though humble friend, a woman superior to her station.

I will not weary you with the details of my journey. I arrived on the evening of the second day at Craythorpe.

It was Saturday, for I had planned that I would see you in church on Sunday. I could watch you then, and you would be in ignorance of my presence.

At a cottage, tenanted by a poor widow, I obtained a lodging for the night. She saw how worn and tired I was, and had compassion upon me, and then, too, from my mourning weeds she believed me to be like herself, a widow.

Alas! I was more than a widow.

She had lived all her life at Craythorpe, so as we came to talk, she told me all I wanted to know, little imagining how I hung upon her words.

She told me how you had come to Lynncourt, and what a fine place it was.

It was worth a stranger's going to see, if I were not too tired after I had had a cup of tea.

Too tired! my strength had all returned. I was rested.

And so I went and saw the place wherein my husband dwelt. I trod the stately avenue that he daily trod. I touched the handle of the gate because I knew it had often yielded to his touch. I lingered beneath the trees as if I thought they had some message for me.

And then we turned and wandered through the church-yard, where she showed me a little grave with a stone cross at its head, whereon were graven the names of Ellen and Teresa, the beloved children of John and Teresa Gresford Lynn.

O John, you had not forgotten me; I knew it.

I could have fallen down beside that cross and poured out a flood of thanksgiving for that one word, "Ellen."

It was as a draught of cold water to the thirsty traveller in the desert, it revived my fainting heart. I knew that in your happiness I had not been absent from your thoughts, in that you gave your lost wife's name in love and sorrow to the elder child.

Now, on my death-bed, I thank you for that kindly thought, and may it comfort you to know the consolation that it was to me.

I dared not stay, lest I should betray how deep the interest that I felt, and so I begged the woman to return.

I passed the night beneath her roof, but not in sleep. Long, long, I communed with myself through the night hours, and prayed for strength to bear me through the day.

At length the morning dawned, the cold grey light stole into the room, and I was still awake. I closed my eyes, but there was no sleep for me, and so I watched and watched until the rosy light should chase the grey away.

At length it came, and looking to the east I saw the sun in all his splendour unclothe his eyes upon the world.

A glorious day!

O sun! thou shinest with equal light upon the joyous and the sorrowful, the good and the evil, the just and the unjust, and yet each seeing thee with his own eyes, beholds a different image in the heavens.

For me it seemed too bright, the light but mocked the dark cloud hovering over me and did not dispel it. It made the shadow sharper and more palpable.

It is strange how accurately I remember the most trifling event of that day, and every sensation that I experienced.

As the sun rose, the birds began to sing. A gentle song, and yet it gave me rather torture than pleasure, I wished for everything to be quite still, to be hushed as my heart was.

Then the church bells began to chime, sweetly, cheerily, waking up the sleepers and telling them it was God's day. But they smote upon me like a funeral peal, sad and dirge-like. When the ringers left off, it seemed as though a dull pain were removed from my heart.

As church-time drew near, I became more agitated, I trembled in every limb, and was thankful that the poor widow had so much to do that she had not time to notice her guest.

Had I miscalculated my own strength? O John, could I without betraying myself look on your face again?

I clenched my teeth, I drew in my breath, I clasped my hands, I tried to quiet myself, for I felt that I must spring up and rush from the cottage to the mansion, there to declare,—

"I am thy wife; oh, take me home!"

John, I had nearly done it—nearly brought misery within those peaceful walls, but that the little grave, the stone cross with the word "Ellen," rose up before me, and gave me strength, and gave me better thoughts. I would not harm thee or thine. My love should conquer still. "O love, O love, help me to conquer love through love itself!"

I was not afraid of being recognised. In my coarse stuff dress and homely shawl and widow's veil, I was sufficiently disguised; besides, none would trace in the faded bent woman the Ellen Carmichael of so many years ago.

I know not how I reached the church. I found myself there amongst the poor people in the aisle, and the widow sat next to me. She touched me when you entered, but she need not have done so; I knew it already. I knew it the moment that your shadow fell across the threshold, though I was not looking. I felt your presence, and I knew that you and I were in spirit still united.

As you passed up the aisle, you brushed against me, and for a moment I touched your hand. You did not perceive it; and as I touched it, a thrill ran through me, and I trembled violently. My neighbour thought I was going so faint. But I was not.

The service began; and I remembered that I was in the house of God; that His presence was around us, filling all space, and that you and I were shadowed beneath the Almighty wings, and folded within the everlasting arms. And deep peace fell upon me. It was no human peace. No human peace could so have inspired me, and so raised my soul.

And then for the first time I lifted up my eyes and looked upon you. You were less changed than I, yet still I could trace the signs of a great sorrow unforgotten, and I knew that I was in your memory still. I saw you smile as your wife looked up at you: it was a kindly smile, but not the one that I remembered; that was for me alone.

I wonder how I was so calm—unnaturally calm, it seems to me now; but the strength was given to me that I might bravely fulfil my purpose.

I looked upon your wife, a frail and fragile being, and I knew that she was not long for earth. I wished her no harm; she had done me no wrong. Perhaps—O John, I thought perhaps she might die, and then—and then, I might tell you all, and Ellen might come back at last. I did not wish it, John, I only thought it; but the voice from the altar seemed to speak to me alone in clear condemning tones, "Thou shalt do no murder," and I started like a guilty thing.

And so the service passed, and I sat as a statue, calm and still, taking my last look of you on earth. And I seemed not to belong to this world, but already to have ascended into heaven.

And as the organ played, I heard the heavenly harps sounding, and angelic voices singing in chorus, "Peace, peace."

Still in my waking dream I followed down

the aisle and through the porch, and along the narrow path leading to the churchyard-gate. And there, in helping your wife into the carriage, a rosebud that was in your coat dropped. I stooped and picked it up unobserved. I have it now, and it will lie with me in my coffin.

I saw you drive away, and then I told the widow that I would rest awhile in the churchyard, and follow her presently.

And so she left me, and the people went away all joyful to their homes. I saw my brother pass; his wife was leaning on his arm, a kindly woman, one whom I could love. She little knew that within a few yards of her stood her husband's broken-hearted sister.

When all were gone away, I sought out the little grave, and there I sank down, my strength, my inspiration, my bravery were all gone. Earth had returned to earth, and I wept bitterly.

It was over now; I should never see you more. Never!—never! oh, cruel, bitter word! Never! I could not go away—I could not.

But a voice within me said chidingly:—"O thou weak woman! where is thy boasted love?" And still I wept, and as the tears fell down, my selfish heart grew patient. My love had won the victory,—my love for you had conquered all of self within me.

From the river-bank I gathered a bunch of blue forget-me-nots, and laid them on the grave; and then I went on my way home. I did not dare to trust myself to go back to the widow's cottage. I must see no one in Craythorpe, or even yet I might betray my secret.

And so she thought me thankless; but I was not. I have blessed her night and morning for her kindness to me in my sore distress; and in the last great day I shall rise a witness to her gracious deed, when the Great Judge shall say unto his wondering servant:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And now the end has come. I have not many days to live, and my thoughts go back to the happy past, and I think of the days, John, that you remember as well as I, and all sorrowful memories fade away. There seems to have been a dark bridge connecting that time with this. I travelled over it; but it is swept away now, and I see it no longer. I am happy; my thoughts are with you; and I die blessing you with my latest breath. I commit my Doris to your care, if for her sake it should ever come to pass that these papers should be placed in your hands. For my sake, John, take care of Doris.

My blessing!—my last blessing! John, beloved husband, my blessing."

And here ended the poor wife's story.

The strange past came like a flash of lightning to Mr. Lynn's recollection. He remembered the bent and tottering stranger,—he remembered the bunch of flowers upon his children's grave, and how he had wondered who had laid them there.

O Ellen!—Ellen!

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Eastern Counties' line runs through rather a desolate display of landscape. Essex is certainly not a favourable specimen of English scenery, though here and there one finds a pretty village with picturesque lanes, and a river winding through it. But such villages are not on the line of railroad, but lie away from it; and let us hope they may long be spared the effect of its progressive influences, despite the seeming illiberality of the sentiment.

Passing from the Shoreditch Station, through, or rather over miles of houses, the line takes its way through suburban retreats, and out into more decided though flat and uninteresting country.

A wondrous sight those miles and miles of houses, closely packed together, tall, dark, gloomy, and one enters into a calculation of what might be the average allotment of dwelling room to each of the three million inhabitants of the wonderful city,—of how much coal is burned to send up so much smoke, that rolls itself into clouds that hang in dingy canopies between earth and heaven, never aspiring to soar aloft to their whiter and more transparent brethren: indeed, they appear to have a decided antipathy to fleeing away in an upward direction, their genius being not to rise but to extend themselves, and so they stretch away, north, south, east, west, over turret, steeple, tower, palace, cathedral, abbey, bridges, and river; short and tall chimneys puffing up reinforcements in the shape of voluminous columns that, twisting into fantastic wreaths, crown the brows of the mighty metropolis.

And yet, perhaps, these unappreciated smoke-clouds give us some of the most marvellous sunset effects that it is possible for a painter to behold; when the sun battles through the haze and turns to silver mist the opposing force, or tinges with crimson, gold, and opal tints the edges of quaintly-shaped masses, or pierces through them with a sudden burst of brightness, sending a whole shower of golden motes athwart their leaden grey; or separates them, letting in a dash

of blue so clear and transparent that it gleams like the purest sapphire; or ray crosses ray, or is turned out of its course, and the dusky cloud atmosphere is illuminated, and one beholds a glorious confusion of light and colour—an effect wilder and more wondrously dazzling than the most bewildering of Turneresque pictures. And below, the city lies in gloomy silhouette, with spectre towers and spires, and phantom bridges, reflected phantom-like in the burnished river. And the heavens seem raining down a shower of golden dust as though in mockery of the toil of those who labour out their lives for what the unseen hands are flinging so lavishly away.

The train goes on. Passing through miles and miles of houses and of outskirts, until one becomes prophetic, and prophecies of the future, when railways shall so have intersected this small island of ours, and towns so risen up along the lines, that there shall come to be one vast London extending through the breadth and length of the land, with not a gap of country, save here and there a stunted park as breathing hole for the lungs of the mammoth city;—when green fields, and waving corn, and breezy downs, and “giant oaks,” and “desert caves,” shall be belongings of the past, whose being, chronicled by the poets, will seem so incredible that future generations will regard them as appertaining to a mythic age;—when there will no longer be a ruined castle to carry us back to chivalrous, if somewhat barbarous times;—when Stonehenge itself may be applied to building purposes, for we are coming to the utilitarian age.

Progress!—progress is the war-cry now; all men are enlisting, or being enlisted—for in many cases the form is passive—under its banner. The past stands no longer as a light-house, casting long gleams of light across the flood; its lantern is out of order, its oil is spent, and there is no one left to trim it. The future stretches out a giant hand towards us, holding a flaming torch and luring on to an Eldorado, crying, “Come unto me, for I alone am to be trusted; I will lead you on.”

The sage is left behind, for prophets have arisen; and yet, in spite of prophets, the Age of Faith has not yet come.

But Doris, as she travelled through the winter evening, pondered upon none of these things.

It was too dark to see anything beyond the high white walls that the snow-covered banks occasionally reared on either side. At the stations the lights fell upon the white bushes, and Doris saw that the snow was beginning to acquire some depth. The train

moved more slowly, and the time dragged very heavily. Should she ever reach her journey's end?

At every station she looked out eagerly, and at last she saw the name she so desired to see painted up in large letters,—and the porter passed along, calling out the name of the place.

Doris got out with her little bundle.

“Any luggage, ma'am?” inquired the porter, instinctively.

“None; I want to go on to Linton, can I get a conveyance of any kind?”

No, there were none at the station.—How far away was Linton?—A matter of three miles or so. And it was beginning to snow again. Doris was perplexed. Still, if she knew the way—she was used to the country, and did not feel afraid; she should not meet many people, and it was not late.

She inquired whether it were a good road. A good road all the way, and tolerably direct. So she thought she could manage it. The snow was falling very gently indeed, she hoped it would leave off. And she set out on her way to Linton.

She walked for more than a mile without meeting anyone but a solitary labourer going home after his day's work. He said “Good-night,” as he passed her, and she, accustomed to country ways, bade him “Good-night,” too.

Then she went on. She was a little puzzled now, for she came to a point where the road divided, and could not determine which way to take. She looked around for a sign-post, but there was not one to be found.

Then she strained her eyes in hopes of discovering some dwelling near, where she might make inquiries. But it was too hazy for her to see far; she must make up her mind to go one way or the other, and take her chance of meeting with some one to set her right if she were in the wrong path.

So she took the turn to the left, which fortunately proved to be the one that led to Linton, as she soon afterwards learned from some children whom she overtook, and who were trudging contentedly along towards the village.

“How came it they were out so late?” Doris asked.

“They had been spending the day with their grandmother; their holidays had just begun.”

“Where did they go to school?”

“To the school in the village.”

“To Mrs. Howell's?”

“Yes.”

The children were surprised that a stranger should know the name of their teacher.

“Is Mrs. Howell at home now?” asked

Doris, for a sudden fear fell upon her lest she might be away for her holidays.

"Oh, yes; it was too cold for her to go away at Christmas."

Doris started. Christmas! She had forgotten that it was close upon Christmas.

"Will you show me where Mrs. Howell lives?" she said, as they entered the village.

"Yes, they should pass the house on their way home."

Since leaving the station, the road had gradually ascended, and raised above the valley stood the village of Linton, with its grey church, whose unfinished tower was perhaps more beautiful than if it had been in a state of completion; an air, too, of interest attached to it in consequence of the legend that with its founder's fall, it, too, was doomed to remain a partial ruin, over which the twining ivy has crept, as though nature had had pity on the work that men had ceased to care for. The children stopped at a small garden gate.

"You must go up to the house and knock; Mrs. Howell is in, for the light is coming through the cracks in the shutters."

And the children went away, and Doris, following their directions, knocked at the cottage door.

It opened into a good-sized room, half-parlour, half-kitchen, with a square of carpet on the tiled floor, and a thick cloth hearth-rug, the work of Mrs. Howell's own hands, before the fire-place. The fire was blazing brightly, and sending a cheerful flickering light upon the polished oak dresser, and making the plates and dishes glitter; and it shone upon Mrs. Howell's tea-caddy that stood as a centre-piece in front of a gorgeous tray, flanked by a large Bible and a work-box, both in green-baize covers. There was a curious old table, almost as black as ebony, with carved legs and a couple of drawers in it, and a high-backed chair of similar date and pattern. A wide sofa covered with chintz stood underneath the window, the kettle was singing on the hob, and a large tabby cat sat meekly purring upon the hearth-rug.

Doris peeped in through the half-open door and shivered for the first time, for the warm pleasant picture within made her feel how cold it was outside. She stood pondering how to make herself known.

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Howell, seeing a figure in dripping garments standing in the half-light.

"Have you forgotten me, Mrs. Howell?" said Doris.

"I can't see you where you stand," replied Mrs. Howell, "so I can't tell in that way; but I seem to know your voice. Come in,"

and as she spoke she drew Doris into the house and closed the door, for the night air was blowing in so keenly that the large tabby cat looked round reproachfully as if to intimate that she was by no means accustomed to the cold wind pouring in upon her sleek sides in that manner.

"I declare it's Miss Carmichael," said Mrs. Howell; "but how you've grown since I saw you. And——" here her eye fell upon Doris's black dress and then upon Doris's pale weary face,—"you're in trouble, my dear; come, sit down."

And Mrs. Howell drew off the wet cloak.

"Oh, but you're wet through; your boots are soaked with snow."

And Mrs. Howell, placing Doris in the great arm-chair before the fire, began to busy herself in making her guest comfortable.

"I'll bring you down a pair of dry shoes and stockings, and some wraps, for you must have your dress off;" and Mrs. Howell disappeared up the staircase that found its way into the kitchen-parlour.

Presently she returned with an assortment of garments, in which she arrayed Doris, and made her lie down on the sofa, rolling it closer to the fire.

"There, don't speak," she continued, as Doris made one or two ineffectual attempts to say something, which ended in a fresh burst of sobs. For Doris's courage, which had borne her up bravely through the perils and difficulties of her flight, had forsaken her now that she had safely reached the haven. After the fatigue and excitement through which she had passed, came a reaction, and the more she tried to restrain her tears, the faster they flowed.

"Never mind, dear, don't try to stop crying, it will do you good. You shall have a cup of tea to warm and comfort you, and then you'll feel better, and you can tell me what's the matter."

Mrs. Howell was a good nurse, and well knew what refreshment there is to both body and spirit in a good cup of tea. So she set about preparing the homely meal.

She opened a corner cupboard, and took therefrom a little black earthenware tea-pot, two delicately washed china cups and spoons, a loaf of bread, and a pat of butter.

The kettle was already boiling, the shining tea-caddy was in requisition, and the tea was soon made and put to stand whilst Mrs. Howell toasted a round of bread; and then, all things being ready, she poured out a cup of tea for Doris, and one for herself. True, she had had her tea long ago; but what woman is there to whom a cup of tea ever comes amiss? Besides, she knew that Doris would enjoy it

more in company than if she were taking it alone.

Nothing was said; but Doris, lying on the sofa, sipping her tea and looking into the cheerful fire, left off crying and began to feel revived. She ate the toast heartily, for she had tasted no food since morning.

"What a comfortable place this is," said Doris, looking round.

"Yes, comfortable enough," returned Mrs. Howell, surveying her parlour-kitchen with satisfaction; "but you've been used to grander rooms than this of late, or I'm mistaken." Mrs. Howell's quick eye had noted the texture of Doris's dress and cloak, and she had drawn inferences therefrom.

"It's a better room than my mother had, so I ought to be content with it," sighed Doris, and again the tears were on the point of bursting forth.

"Your mother was a lady, and I'm not," said Mrs. Howell.

"My mother looked upon you as one of her best friends," replied Doris.

"True enough, so she did, poor lady; but that made none the less difference between us in one way. I don't mean but in another we're all alike, and the truer lady a lady is, the less difference she'll feel between herself and those below her; but in this world there are stations, and they thrive best who keep to their own, and don't go pushing into what isn't theirs and doesn't suit them."

Mrs. Howell poured out another cup of tea for Doris, and sat watching her. She did not like to ask the questions that were uppermost in her mind; for one she felt was already answered by Doris's black dress.

But Doris, having finished her tea, laid back her head on the sofa pillow. Her eyes involuntarily closed, and in a few minutes she was fast asleep.

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Howell to herself, as she put away the tea-things, "she's regularly tired out."

(To be continued.)

THE HUNTRESS OF ARMORICA.

A TALE OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

Careg Luz in Leuz.*

TOWER lordly as thou wilt, rise bold to heaven
Thou heaved-up pyramid of Careg Luz,
No match art thou for woman in her will!
Strike with the terrors of thy granite bulk
The bondman gazing on thy spar-lit heights,
Thou dauntest not the Huntress of the Hills!

* "The hoary rock in the wood," the ancient name of St. Michael's Mount. From this name and from other indications—for which see Maton's "Western Counties of England"—the rock is supposed to have been once surrounded by woods, long since submerged.

She who hath scaled wild peaks to hunt the wolf
In wide Armorica, and watched the flash
That met the strong-winged arrow in the air,
Snapping it as a reed, when thunders shook
The land of Conan, bends no knee to thee.
She sickens in thy mewed-up walls, and beats
Thy rock with foot impatient to be free.

Bending above the sea-girt battlement,
Her quick soul, struggling, marked the waves that
bit

The leaguered base and lapped the hollowed stone.
Where high the tide rolled up the sparkling steep,
She watched their course, and how they surged and
dashed

Through the grooved rock where once great tree-
roots struck

Their stealthy fangs and forced the crumbling block
To yield free pathway to the rushing surge.
How far the waters flowed she only knew,
And held her secret. On the further side
Her restless eye had marked a dwarf-low arch
Through which the darkened waters passed to light,
Emerging from that unsuspected cave
A little upward from the level sea,
Toward which, down-borne, they fell in soft cascade.

While yet she mused there rang a summons shrill—
A trumpet-blast that shook the rarer breath
Of winds careering round the "Hoary Rock";
But shook no pulse of hers, the blast of horns
Familiar to her ear as cry of hounds
Upon an upland breezy with the swift
Wild chase of huntress forms, whose flowing robes
Make sail along the sunned Armoric peaks—
A summons to King Cathon in his hall.

Stately she stood—all grace, and lithe of limb;
Her crescent eyes like Dian's growing light
Out of the dusk bed of a fringing cloud:
Till, all full-orbed, they showed in depths serene
A strange new world man's soul ne'er fathomed yet.

Long looked they each the other in the face.
Then Cathon spoke: "Defiant to the last!
Unmannered and unwomanly art thou,
Those stag's eyes never vailing. Front to front
With man thou standest, as thou equal wert
To match thee with the giant ones of earth,
Great lords of thee and all thy weaker kind.

What, silent still?—But I will make thee speak:
My sister's daughter, thou art mine to rule.
Ere sinks the sun, thou weddest with mine heir;
Or, yon pale captive in my dungeon's hold—
(Ha! now thine eye half slips beneath the lid!)—
Is floated on the wave within the rock,
The rock's mouth closed: there he in bondage foul
May breathe a toad's breath till he dies, starved out
Of life as love."

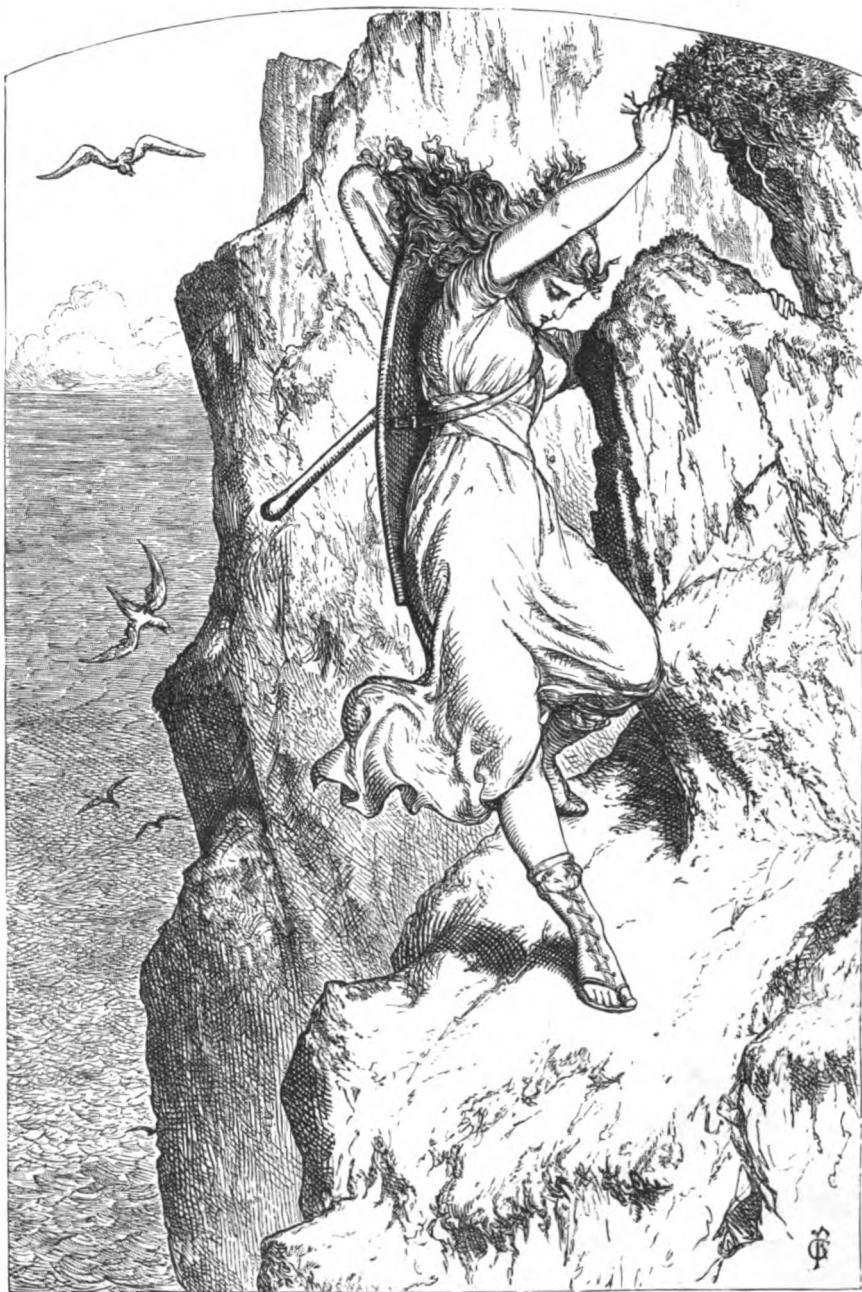
"I pray you, let me back
To wide Armorica."

"Back, 'cross the sea,
Without thy bold Armoric escort? What!
Without thy hunter-hero and thy love?"

"My love goes with me wheresoe'er I go"

"He dies the hour thou warrest with my will."

"My love goes with me wheresoe'er I go.
Breathes not the man, though fashioned like the gods



THE HUNTRESS OF ARMORICA.—BY PAUL GRAY.

Great Pen or Ju, can change or dwarf my love.
 All the gods loved I love—the free-topped hills
 Whereon Armorica maids go hunt the prey;
 The woven thicket and untangled glade;
 The gracious glories of the wooded world
 Of glens, the pathways of bright streams, the streams
 Our fathers worshipped, deeming they were gods
 Who coursed white-footed through the wicked herd
 Of men, still ever seeking, finding not
 Sweet justice here on earth, and furious grew
 Till they to torrents dashed in noble ire
 To see man so disgrace his heritage,
 This beauteous, ever-smiling, gracious world!
 Give me thy liberty!"

"That is for man."

"For woman too.—Oh! miserable man,
 That on the vigour and the might Heaven gave
 For his self-use, himself will put the curb!—
 Give me my liberty.—Or take my life.
 So one man in the world shall miss a mate
 Would bear his load of cares in her full arms
 And count them light, so he but trusted her
 To mount her highest reach for love and him."

"The heir of Cathon is fit mate for thee
 Wert thou the queen of all Armorica."

"I never served him: those we serve we love."

"His love be thou, or loveless shalt thou hence."

"My love goes with me wheresoe'er I go."

Ring that strange-tuned burthen in his ear
 Went Eian forth, with steps that woke the rock
 To a fond echo; for the strong love strength:
 It is the weakling only loves the weak.

Her doom was sealed—and Malo's. Down the rock
 Was Malo dragged, on his galled wrists the gyves
 Which six long moons had scarred them: worn of
 limb,

The dungeon damps slow coursing through his veins
 Like a white blood; his once sunned lips all blanched
 With hungering for the light.

Flung in a boat,
 And cast afloat within the hollowed stone,
 The silent captive touched the shores of death.—
 Next, three strong hammermen to work were set
 To block the mouth.

The strokes went up to her—
 To Eian bending o'er the battled crag—
 But as the thunder when the bolt has passed.
 Quiet she stood; resolve upon her lip;
 And like to one who has a task to do
 In taking charge upon her soul for one
 Dearer than self.

A moment down the cliff
 She gazed, and marked the hammermen at work.
 Then flew her glance on either side: till, sure
 All eyes were turned to watch the hideous act,
 She slipped beneath an arch.—Thence, came out
 armed,
 Body and soul: and down the opposing side
 Leaped light from crag to crag.

No foot save hers,
 Young Eian's, on the mountains beautiful
 Of wide Armorica, had ever tracked
 Those toppling crags. Unscathed they bore her now,

Proud of their burthen, to the lowest peak—
 As, streaming on, a shield behind her slung
 By two light paddles crossed, like pirate flag
 Bearing its skull and fleshless bones aloft
 Bent on a prize to carry far to sea,
 She fluttered—even to the lowest peak
 That jutted on the deep.

There, swallow-like—
 When under eaves the bird with clinging wing
 Holds, with slight footing, peering here and there—
 A ridge of rock she clasped with one spread arm,
 And, hanging, slung with white face downward,
 peered
 Through the long hollow of the rifted rock.

No light—no cheer! All dark as earth's great
 night
 That shall be in the final crush of worlds.
 No sound! save voice of the great outward sea,
 And the dull sucking of the inward waves
 Lapping and lapping in the rock-bound pass.

At length there rose a sound—her name!—"My
 Eian,
 St. Michael shield thee." Blessed words of hope!

Soon a light coracle emerged to sight.
 By the strong impetus of brutish hands
 Sent fast and far upon its drifting way,
 The boat with prisoned Malo, hand and foot
 Bound like a slave, came forth the darkened cave
 Into the light of liberty and love.

Marking her time, and springing like a roe,
 Ere yet the boat dipped down the soft cascade,
 She bridged the narrow space 'twixt death and love,
 And, safe within the coracle, hushed down
 The startled cry—"St. Michael!" on his lips.

Scant time was there for greeting fond; for now,
 Once cleared the sheltering rocks, fierce eyes sent out
 Their evil light; fierce hands strung quick the bows,
 Till a broad shower of arrows o'er the sea
 Came hurtling. But, his galling bonds unbound
 By Eian's hand, glad Malo plied the oars,
 While o'er his head the guardian shield she drew;
 And with a harmless flight, like gulls that drop
 White-winged upon the deep, the arrow-flakes,
 Snowed o'er the sea, on a curled wave were lost.

Then Eian bade him bear the shield aloft,
 And in her stronger hands the paddles seized,
 And darted like a swallow o'er the seas.

The seas smiled calm; and the great heavens
 reserved
 Their terrors for the guilty. Safe to shore
 The lovers drew, and took glad pause of breath
 Upon a friendly island of the main
 Looking toward Sarnia's* bay. Then loosed the
 clouds
 Their long-held wrath; and, struggling to the crest
 Of waters, wrestled close: till shore or sky
 No man could tell from other. Such a storm
 Was never hurled along the quivering seas.
 Two boats pursuing from the British shore
 Were swift engulfed. 'Twas said St. Michael rode
 The angry blast, and struck them with his spear.
 The corse of Cathon's heir, washed up the rock,
 Glared grim his father Cathon in the face.

* Guernsey.

And up by other steeps, on kindlier shores—
 In their own land, well-loved Armorica—
 And down by slopes declining green with turf,
 Sweet with the sea-bell and the low-cropped rose,
 Strong Eian led her Malo; led no more
 The eager chase along the mountain peaks;
 Nor more delighted save in his delight.
 To smooth the sick path of the stricken man;
 To rest beneath the hills, and watch the winds
 Bring healthful currents to his tortured blood,
 Bright suns embrown him, and sweet rivers melt
 In soothing music to his deadened ear;
 These best she loved.

But when new years burst forth
 Out of the future, up the hills again
 She went, to meet her hunter in his strength,
 And bear his spoil with loving, gentle arms.
 And up the steep hill slopes she taught to mount
 With firm free foot the children of his love.
 And yet men say, on those Armoric heights
 Two forms, like Dian's and Apollo's, matched
 In matchless beauty, roam at burst of dawn;
 Still followed by a lovely swift-borne train
 Than earthly children fairer, rayed with light,
 And heralded by music of the winds,
 Hunting the shades from clouded peak to peak—
 The spirit children of the mountain land.

ELKANORA L. HERVEY.

REYKJAVIK.

PERHAPS a more glorious bay does not exist in the wide world than the Faxafjord in Iceland, at the head of which stands the capital of the island, Reykjavik. It has been likened to the Bay of Naples, but in grandeur and extent it far surpasses it, running some forty miles in, and being sixty-five across. If the blue Neapolitan bay has its Vesuvius, Faxafjord has its Snœfell; both are volcanoes, though Snœfell is not now active. How lovely is the purple cone of the Italian mountain, with the wreath of smoke floating from its crest! Yet the Icelandic Snœfell is beauteous too, though its beauty is of a different order,—it rises, a pile of dazzling snow from the tumbling inky waves of the Arctic Ocean, never calm enough to take a reflection of the glittering pile.

Snœfell is 4,577 feet high: it has been once ascended, by Sir George Mackenzie. The ascent is not accompanied by difficulty, as the mountain slopes evenly to its top. There are wild stories of a gnome of gigantic stature called Barthr haunting it, living in an icicle-hung cave in the lava half-way up the side. This Barthr was one of the earliest colonists of the island, and a grim tale is told of him. The son of a neighbour was playing on the ice of the fjord with one of Barthr's daughters, and when she stepped on a broken piece of ice, the boy in fun pushed the fragment off. It floated out to sea with the poor girl, who was never seen again in Iceland. And

what did the father do? He took the boy and his brother, little lads aged respectively twelve and eleven, one in each of his strong hands, and with them he climbed the mountain till he reached a hideous chasm, the result of an earthquake, gaping into the bowels of the mountain, and he cast one boy down there, and the other he flung from a precipice among the pointed rocks far below. No wonder Barthr haunts the mountain!

Although Snœfell does not erupt now, eruptions have taken place in the sea at its base; as, for instance, in 1219, four outbreaks between 1222 and 1226, again in 1237, and an eighth in 1247. There are numerous boiling springs scattered about its base, both in the sea and on land, showing that there is great internal heat; and that at some distant period the mountain must have been in violent eruption is evident from the amount of lava which has flowed from it, and which now bristles on its flanks.

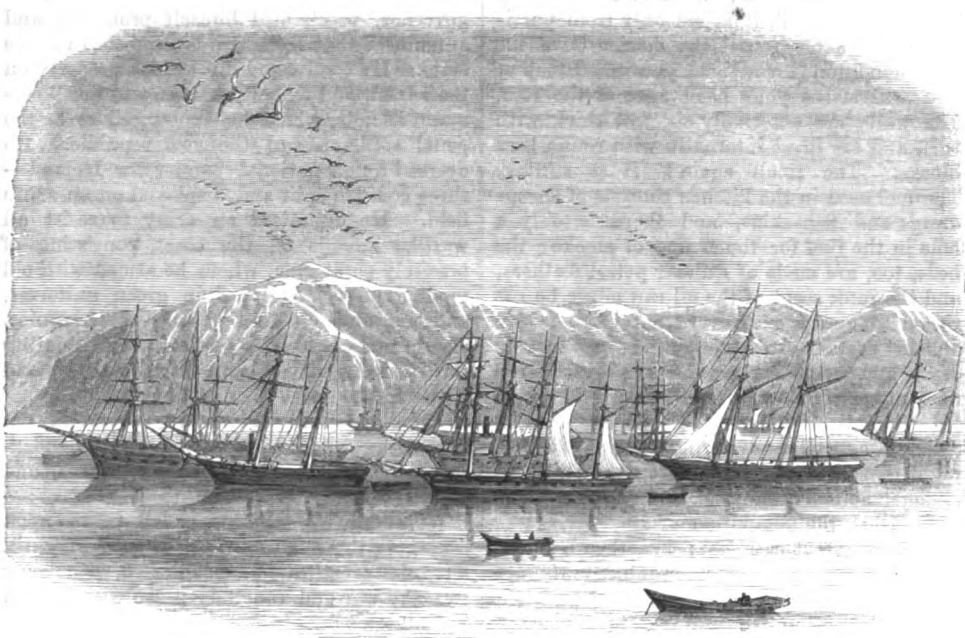
Snœfell occupies the extremity of a promontory sixty miles long. On the north is the Breidafjord, studded with countless islets, which no man has numbered, the breeding places of myriads of wild fowl, which cover the sea, and form clouds in the air. On the south is Faxafjord, out of which open many lesser fjords of wondrous and diversified beauty; Borgarfjord, girt in by ranges of basaltic mountains capped with eternal snow, running back into Reykholtedal, which is enveloped in rising clouds of steam from the numerous boiling springs there breaking out of the ground; Hvalsfjord, terminating in a cascade which leaps out of a lovely upland lake, looked down upon by the great snow-sprinkled mountain-pile of Esja; Skerjafjord, a sheet of rippling blue, unbroken by waves, for the mouth is guarded by a range of black-rock prongs, preventing any ships from entering; and Hafnafjord, close by, where is a snug haven and good anchorage.

There is no shelter for vessels in the broad bay of Reykjavik; the little flat islands which lie about in it are too few to break the violence of the mighty waves that bowl in before the western winds, and the fjord is too extensive for protection from the violence of the gales. The anchorage, moreover, is bad, so that on the approach of a storm, the vessels scud away into Hafnafjord.

Reykjavik lies on a prong of rock which runs out some little distance into the sea, and which, from its peculiar conformation, is called the Great Toe. The little town is fairly sheltered on all sides except that open to the sea, the north, and on that side it looks toward Esja, which cuts off from it the frozen northern breezes. The shape of the town is

much that of the letter H, the upright lines consisting of wooden shanties and hovels lying along the slope of the hills, and the trans-

verse bar representing a line of merchant stores and other huts, with their faces to the sea and their backs to a little fresh-water lake.



The Harbour of Reykjavik.

On the brink of this small sheet is the cathedral, a building of which Icelanders are somewhat proud. To what style it belongs it would be hard to say, except that it is undoubtedly the ugliest of all styles of ecclesiastical architecture. There is a compe look about the place, and the cement and plaster is cracking and flaking off in all directions. The windows are round-headed, and set high up in the walls; a touch of originality is given to the tower by the walls curving inwards, forming arcs of circles. There is a spacious nave to the church, with galleries round three sides; in the western is the organ, a small affair. The chancel contains a white marble font, carved by Thorwaldsen, the eminent sculptor, who was an Iclander by extraction, and an altar surmounted by a pretentious oil-painting of little merit. The roof of the chancel is coloured blue with yellow stars.

The only other public buildings of any importance in the town are the governor's house and the school. The former is like a decent gentleman's stables converted into a dwelling. It is built of stone and white-washed, all the other houses being of wood or turf. It was erected as a prison, but there

being few criminals in the island, and only one policeman to catch them—Iceland is a third larger than Ireland—the prison stood empty for several years, and then was turned into a governor's residence.

The school is a large wooden erection, clean and well warmed. A wooden house is far warmer than one of stone, and a turf house warmer than one of wood. The school contains but a very few scholars, as the islanders have no love of sending their sons to be educated there; for, say they, the boys learn to be impudent and to despise their homes, and they get into fashionable town ways which spoil them.

The Danes living in Reykjavik have wooden houses, very clean and very comfortable, tarred without, and painted or papered in gorgeous colours within.

Tap, tap! at the door, and it flies open; you see before you a lady with her hair *à la Eugénie*, in a black velvet bodice, a silk skirt, lace cuffs and collar: this is the lady of the house. You enter at once into the sitting-room from the outer door. There are gauze curtains to the window, and geraniums in flower-pots, which I fear never flower, a

looking-glass with a gorgeous frame, a portrait of the King of Denmark, and one of Thorwaldsen: such is the interior of a Danish house in Reykjavik. Now follow me into an Iceland's den. Ha! what is the matter? The smell! Well, it arises only from putrifying fish skins round the door. Give me your hand and I will lead you in. Stoop or you will strike your head against the roof. The walls are externally six feet thick with turf, and are lined internally with rough lava blocks. The smell again! It is stifling. The fuel used in the kitchen consists of sheep-dung and fish-skins, and there is only a hole in the roof for the escape of smoke; the beds, too, are made of Fulmar petrel feathers, and the rank scent of the oil can never be got rid of. You see, moreover, that there is any amount of raw skate hanging in the roof to dry; and last, but not least, pray observe that not a window in the house will open. How dark it is! Where light comes in cold comes in as well, and during the long winter night there is no daylight to enter, whilst in summer no one remains indoors.

In 1801 the population of Reykjavik was 300, and now it is 1,400; but then a considerable proportion of the inhabitants are Danes. Of old the school was at Bessastad, the removal of it to Reykjavik took place in 1846; the cathedral was at Skalholt, but now the bishop and his staff live in the capital. Although the Icelandic parliament was accustomed to assemble in the open air at Thingvalla, now it meets in a room at Reykjavik; so that, in Iceland, as elsewhere, the principle of centralisation has been carried out, and the capital has accordingly risen from a hamlet to a village.

The whole island, which belongs to Denmark, is divided into three ampts; each amt has its own ecclesiastical and political government. The clerical head of an amt is a probst, responsible to the bishop; the political head is an amptman, who is answerable to the governor at Reykjavik. Each amt is divided into so many syssels, and each syssel has its sysselman, while each syssel is sub-divided into hreps, each with its legal officer. Under the probst of an amt are the pastors of their different parishes.

In Reykjavik are thirteen merchants and tradesmen; there is an apothecary, who is also French consul; a printer and bookseller, who edits and publishes a monthly paper, chiefly filled with local news; there is a silversmith, who hammers out dollars into trinkets for females, and a watchmaker.

The little town of Reykjavik was the scene of a revolution in the early part of this century, of a somewhat peculiar character. A

fellow of the name of Jörgensen, a Dane, and prisoner of war in England, broke his parole and escaped to Iceland. Here he organised a revolution with the aid of some English sailors, made a prisoner of Count Tramp, the governor, proclaimed himself protector, and announced that Iceland was thenceforth a free state. He confiscated all Danish property on the island, and exiled the Danes to the Westmann islands, which he announced to be the penal settlement of the new republic. He decreed a new national banner for Iceland—three cod-fish split and displayed on an azure field. He organised an army to resist all warlike inroads on the coast, consisting of precisely eight men, whom he armed with old fowling pieces, equipped in green uniforms, and mounted on strong, long-tailed ponies. The military scoured the country, intimidating the Danes, securing confiscated property, and arousing the enthusiasm of the natives.

Delighted with his army, Jörgensen assumed the title of his excellency, commander-in-chief of the land and marine forces, and posted up a proclamation to this effect;—“We, Jörgen Jörgensen, have taken upon ourselves the government of the country till a regular constitution is established, with power to make war and conclude peace with foreign potentates.”

Jörgensen found six old rusty cannon, which had laid buried in the sand for a hundred and forty years; he dug them up, and erected with them a battery for the defence of his capital. He captured a few Danish vessels which came into harbour, and all went on swimmingly till an English war-sloop entered the bay and carried off the protector in irons to England, after a reign of a very few months.

The only inn in Reykjavik is now kept by a certain Dane of the name of Jörgensen, but whether the man is related to the late protector or not I did not learn.

There are two very respectable libraries at Reykjavik, the one public, the other belonging to the college. The public library is in the attic of the cathedral, and contains many English books, chiefly novels, Danish books, and classic authors. The College library contains valuable transcripts of the national sagas, many of which have never been printed.

Within a mile and a half of Reykjavik is a hot-spring, situated in the midst of a morass. The water is not boiling, but it is scalding hot, and the place is much resorted to by the inhabitants of the capital for the purpose of washing clothes. The water bubbles out at the foot of an old cairn of sintery deposit, much like that which surrounds the Great Geyser, but smaller; so that, in all probability, the spring at one time was a boiling geyser.

sinter is now covered with moss and weed, but the stream from the spring has eaten away a portion of one side, and shows its composition.

The marsh is full of buckbean, its beautiful white, pink-speckled whorl of flowers held high above the red slime in which its roots lie. The Icelanders call it the swan's bell. The crowberry grows there also; the juice of this berry was used by one of the old Icelandic bishops as sacramental wine, in a year of great scarcity. It is surprising how little effect the presence of a hot spring produces in forcing on the vegetation; the flowers are not more forward within a yard of the most furiously boiling jetter than those a mile distant.

S. BARING-GOULD.

AN UNKNOWN HEROINE.

"THERE will be a new guest to-day at dinner," said one of my friends at our Paris *pension*, "but one who will not add much to our gaiety, as it is an old lady of seventy-six, named Madame d'Argevel."

Accordingly, while sitting before dinner in the *salon*, there entered a lady, who perhaps had once been tall, but was now bent nearly double. She was very plainly, even poorly dressed, was lame and walked with difficulty, leaning on a stick. Her face was elongated and care-worn, and the dim expression of her eyes showed that their sight was fast failing. Yet there was an air of peace and repose in the figure, and an expression of gentle benevolence in the wan features, combined with that indefinable look of a gentlewoman, which no outward accessories, however unfavourable, can destroy.

In the course of the evening a lady, whom I had observed in conversation with Madame d'Argevel, came and sat beside me. "You would not imagine," she said, "that that old lady was once a celebrated beauty, one of the belles of the court of Napoleon the First, and much favoured and beloved by the Empress. Some day I will tell you her history."

After that evening Madame d'Argevel came occasionally to dine at the *pension*, and I had the pleasure of making her acquaintance. Partly from herself and partly from her friend I heard the following particulars of her life.

She was of noble birth, and, as I have before said, was a celebrated beauty at the court of the first Napoleon. While very young she married a brave soldier, Colonel d'Argevel, and in the year 1830 she and her husband were residing in apartments on the Boulevard Montmartre. The Colonel happened to be absent from home when the first of "the three glorious days of July" dawned.

Crowds of men, armed with all sorts of weapons, rushed along, shots were fired in all directions, and Madame d'Argevel could not refrain from going to her window to see what was passing. Fighting, combats hand to hand, were going on everywhere, bullets hissing like hail, almost every sharp "ping" announcing the fall of a human being.

"For God's sake, Madame," cried her servant, "come away from the window. Who knows but one of those bullets may reach you?"

"No," replied the soldier's wife, "I must stay and see what passes. You, Josephine, can retire to the back room."

As she spoke a young man fell wounded just opposite the window, and at the same moment a little boy of four or five years old rushed across the Boulevard, threw himself on the prostrate form, and in agony more bitter than childhood often knows, cried, "Papa! mon Papa!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Madame d'Argevel, "the child will be shot;" and, breaking away from her faithful maid, who tried in vain to restrain her, she rushed into the street, and making her way amidst the insurgents, seized the boy in her arms, and tried to carry him back to her house. But the little fellow struggled and resisted manfully. "Papa! I won't leave papa!"

"Come with me, my child," said Madame d'Argevel, "and I promise you we will try to save your papa."

The boy looked in her brave, sweet face, and then, with the unerring instinct of childhood, clasped his little arms around her neck; and she, unheeding the flying bullets, made her way towards the nearest *restaurant*, where the people, knowing her husband, would be likely to lend the aid she needed. While walking along with the child in her arms, she felt just above her ankle a slight shock and pain, like what would be caused by a blow from a small stone. She paid no attention to it, but went on, reached the closed door of the *restaurant*, and with much difficulty succeeded in gaining admittance. Having placed the child in safety, and leaving him much against his will, she persuaded two of the men of the establishment to accompany her back to where the wounded man was lying. Almost as if by a miracle he had escaped being trampled upon, and they succeeded in raising him and bearing him to the shop of the nearest chemist; who, strangely enough, happened to be his relative. While in the absence of a surgeon, Madame d'Argevel was aiding the chemist to bind up the wound in a temporary manner, she suddenly turned sick and faint. "Madame, you are

wounded!" exclaimed the man. And indeed a stream of blood was trickling from her foot. The firing having by this time abated, she, and, at her request, the wounded man, were transported to her apartments; his relative, the chemist, having no accommodation to offer him. A surgeon was at length and with much difficulty procured, and the young man's wound, although severe, was found to be not mortal. But the wound which Madame d'Argevel had received was a very serious one. The surgeon who first saw it pronounced amputation to be necessary. But that same evening the excellent wife of Louis Philippe, that beloved Queen Marie Amélie, who lately descended into an alien but an honoured grave, having heard of the occurrence, sent to Madame d'Argevel a present of a billet of a thousand francs, and the king's surgeon, Dupuytren, to visit her. Of course the money was not meant as a reward, but was a thoughtful act of kindness, the queen judging that in the unsettled state of public affairs, and during Colonel d'Argevel's absence, ready money might be needed. Dupuytren and another surgeon, almost equally eminent, visited the invalid daily during several months; taking, by the queen's desire, as much care of her wound as if she had been a member of the Royal family. But, although they saved the limb, they could not preserve their patient from a life-long lameness, attended at times by acute suffering.

"But," said she, when telling me the tale, "I felt more than repaid by seeing the joyous meeting between the dear little boy and his father."

It was an unpleasant surprise for Colonel d'Argevel on his return to find his apartments turned into an hospital, and his still beautiful wife (she was then about forty years old) laid on a bed of suffering and maimed for life.

Some time afterwards King Louis Philippe sent to offer her the cross of the Legion of Honour, but the proffered honour was declined with thanks.

The dear old lady lives on, cheerful and contented, although bearing the weight of seventy-six years, and of almost as many sorrows as can afflict humanity. She had a friend, a lady whom she loved as a sister, and who, through unforeseen causes, was reduced to penury. An opening offered for her in Italy, but in order to avail herself of it and to pay her debts in France, a sum of money was required. Madame d'Argevel, never shrinking from self-sacrifice, obtained this by mortgaging her slender pension, and engaging to pay half of it every year until the debt should be liquidated. Her friend, with many professions of gratitude and promises of speedy repay-

ment, took her departure for Italy, but since that time no tidings ever came of her. All inquiries respecting her have proved fruitless, and Madame d'Argevel believes her to be dead, the old lady's generous mind refusing to recognise the possibility of ingratitude and deception in one whom she had so loved and trusted. A very small sum is all that remains for her to live on. The present Emperor and Empress, whose liberality is well known, would no doubt make her a handsome present if her claims were laid before them; but the old lady, with her feelings of the ancient *noblesse*, would not herself make the request, and she has no friend or relative to do it for her.

"It would be like asking for alms," she said; "I can live on what I have, and it will not be for long. But," she added, with a touch of pardonable vanity, a smile lighting up her dim eyes and wasted features, "times are changed since the great court painter of Napoleon the First took my likeness at the command of the Empress, who hung it up in her private *salon*. That portrait, I am told, was sold lately for many thousand francs."

"I am quite alone in the world, *chère Madame*," she said to me one day; "all those I knew and loved have gone before me. I had one son, my only child, a youth of rare promise and the idol of his father's heart. At the age of nineteen he became consumptive, we consulted the best physicians and took him to the south, but all in vain; he died in my arms the year before I was wounded. My husband never recovered the shock of his boy's death, he too was taken from me after a lingering illness."

"Did not," I said to her, "the young man and the child whom you saved show you the gratitude you so well deserved from them?"

"Dear people, they did indeed. The young man was a mechanic residing at some distance from Paris. His affairs, in that time of revolution, were not prosperous: and soon after he had recovered from his wound he and his whole family emigrated to Australia. Little Eugène, his boy, grew to be a fine fellow, and during many years he wrote to me regularly; but it is now long since I have heard from him. I do not think he is forgetful, for he has a fine nature, but he may be dead, gone to join my own Henri."

Madame d'Argevel occasionally gives herself the luxury, as she esteems it, of dining at our *pension*, where the ladies of the house know and esteem her, but at other times she lives in seclusion and uncomplaining penury. Not unhappy, for hers has been a noble life, the only true life, of self-sacrifice, and "verily she shall in no wise lose her reward."

M. A. HOARE.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

ALL on road and roof and ledge,
And the icy gable edge,
Cold and soft the fallen snowflake evermore is lying;
As yielding up his breath
To the shadow-land of death
In a weirdlike hush of stillness the old year is a-dying.

Never murmur, never sound
Wakes the deathlike hush around,
Save the owls that in the churchyard from the belfry
tow'r call,
And the big moon lying low
Gleams athwart the silent snow,
While a million crystal starlights hang their lanterns
over all.

Here within my closet-room,
In the deep and slumb'rous gloom,
I watch the frosty firelight in the ingle rise and fall—
Like elfin sprites at play,
In a mocking, madcap way
The lights and shadows mingle with the pictures on the
wall.

And as I pondering gaze
On the flickering winter blaze
Old fancies ghost-like haunt me in this deathwatch of
the year;

While dim shadows of the past,
In deep cohorts thick and fast,
Come thronging on my senses with a silent sort of fear.

In a weirdly shapen dream,
Old faces round me seem
To look on me familiar from the middle of the gloom.
Till fain I am to hear
Old footsteps falling near,
Old whispers dropping softly all about the curtain'd room.

Days that I loved to know
In the years long, long ago;
Old friendships, long-forgotten, in the golden times of
yore;

Old smiles that shed their light
On my sorrow's darker night,
Seem to burst in newer sunlight on my soul for ever-
more.

Till sadly comes the thought
 How each dying year hath brought
 Its moral ever changeless through the lapses of all time
 Of memories old and sad,
 Of memories sweet and glad,
 That come back to us only as a distant belfry chime.

How the gala days of life,
 And the darker hours of strife,
 Come and go by chance alternate ere we know that they
 are gone.

How each for one brief day
 Treads his weary pilgrim way,
 Then the footsteps of his travel vanish faintly one by
 one.

How life is one wild dream,
 Whose record doth but seem
 A story sad and chequer'd of aims all unfulfilled.
 Ever toiling, ever panting,
 Ever yearning, ever wanting,
 Till the restless spark for ever in the hollow grave is
 stilled.

Gone our day-dreams one by one !
 As the sterner task is done ;
 For the Future is a phantom that is melted all too fast ;
 And our life-deeds only live
 As the raindrop that doth give
 A tribute all unnoted to the Ocean of the Past.

Yet grander still forsooth
 Updawns the glorious truth :—
 That all our meaner efforts tend onwards unto one,
 When all the earth may say,
 In the great dread Latter Day,—
 "Yea, truly hath the purpose of the ages now been
 done."

Thus I dreamed, till, almost fain
 To chase fancies from my brain,
 Came sudden chimes of music wild and sweet upon
 mine ear,
 And I watched and heard again
 The old familiar strain
 Of bells that in the starry night rang in another year,
 RICHARD ATKINSON.

THE CHAIN OF DIAMONDS.

An Allegory.

As I lay dreaming one night this Christmas, methought I found myself in one of the splendid apartments of a palace. It was night, but a silver lamp hanging from the vaulted roof shed a dim ray which enabled me to perceive the costly furniture and numberless specimens of art that surrounded me ; and, as my eyes wandered from place to place, striving in the uncertain light to make out objects more distinctly, they fell upon something gleaming like a chain of diamonds, and slipping apparently from a box which stood upon a small table in the centre of the room. I went up to look at this with the intention of replacing the jewels in their case, and, when quite close, found that my eyes had not deceived me, for, from a plain wooden box

slipped slowly, but not too slowly for me to see the motion, a chain of diamonds. Large stones they were ; and for some time my attention was fixed on the especial one, which, at the moment I approached, was just escaping from the box and beginning its progress over the side towards the table. I watched it moving slowly on, and when it had nearly reached the table I attempted to put it back in the box again ; but what was my surprise on finding that I could not get hold of it ! I took my hand away, there was the diamond ; put my hand over it again, and felt *nothing*. It was most extraordinary, and I determined to unravel the mystery ; so, looking carefully once more at the box, I saw that its lid was a little open, though not sufficiently so for me to see inside. I immediately tried to open it wider, but found that no effort I could make had the slightest effect ; neither could I move the box, or, in fact, do anything except watch the diamond, which, when I looked again, was on the point of touching the table : another minute, and it touched, and instantly vanished. Where it went I could not imagine ; and then I first observed that, although there had been somehow presented to my eyes the appearance of a chain of diamonds, yet, in reality, I could only see *one* at a time ; the very instant one stone touched the table it vanished, and another appeared just slipping from under the lid, but there never were two diamonds to be seen at once. All this so puzzled me that I remained standing there lost in thought until the first streaks of sunrise lighting up the large oriel window, and the morning hymn of the birds, roused me to a consciousness of the lapse of time ; and, turning to find the door of the room which contained for me such a hopeless mystery, I saw in a recess a small bed, and in it a beautiful child fast asleep, his golden curls tossed over the pillow, and the rosy lips parted with a smile that reminded me of pictures of angels.

I kissed it gently, but it did not awake ; and again I turned to leave, when in a moment the scene changed, and I was in a small room, evidently the abode of very poor people, from the wretched look of everything about it. Walls whose wash had long ceased to be white, a red-brick floor, whose uneven surface supported a three-legged table, one broken chair, and an old box ; a rusty grate, with three or four charred bits of wood, and a very small allowance of cinders inside, and a few articles of pottery and tin, all more or less cracked, ranged on a shelf above it : these were the only things I could see in the room, excepting a little crib in one corner containing a child, whose pinched features and miserable clothing contrasted vividly with the recollection of the

boy I had so lately seen in the palace, and caused my thoughts to run upon the wonderful difference in the circumstances of the two children, and speculate as to what their future lives would be. Thus thinking, I went to the foot of the crib to get a better view of the little white face, wearing even in sleep a somewhat sad expression, and surprise is no word to describe the utter amazement with which I saw, between the bed and the fireplace, a plain, wooden box, and from it issuing slowly a chain of diamonds; box and chain precisely similar to those I had already seen. I did not attempt to touch these things, feeling convinced that the same mystery hung over them as over the others, and that it was beyond my power to fathom; still the wish to understand it remained equally strong, and at last I said aloud, "Is there no clue to this? I would give anything to know what it means." Then a voice which seemed close to my ear answered gently, "I will explain it; but if you will spare a little of your time, I will first show you something more."

I felt no alarm, scarcely any astonishment, at this voice—indeed, after what I had seen, nothing could very much surprise me; so, merely thanking my invisible friend, I waited for him to speak again. He did not speak, however; but I felt as though I were borne through the air quite easily, and after a few moments set down in what looked like the court-yard of a prison, whose massive walls, pierced with small gratings here and there, formed two sides of the square. A door opened as I looked, and I entered the building itself; a shiver passing through me at the cold dreariness of the stone passage and stairs, and the dead silence that seemed to press upon the place, and almost to follow me as I walked through a long gallery, and tried to feel indifferent to the noise of my own footsteps, which, in that loneliness, sounded like the tramp of an army. On I went, notwithstanding, and presently the doors on each side the gallery began to open one by one, affording views of prison cells and their inmates, and in every cell the inevitable box and chain, dropping its diamonds slowly and surely here as elsewhere, but seemingly unheeded and unregarded. One young man, indeed, there was, who in tones of bitter sorrow murmured, "Oh, if I had my life over again, how differently I would live; but now," he looked at the diamond chain, "a year has slipped away here in prison, and I have to wait four more before I can hope to be free; five years of my life wasted, and before that worse than wasted!" And he bowed his head on his clasped hands in deepest grief. Then I thought I heard a voice say to him,

"Redeeming the time"; and instantly he lifted up his face, while an expression of thankfulness and hope passed over it. The other prisoners appeared to care nothing for their diamonds, never even to give them a thought except as they were in some way connected with their release, for I heard two or three men say, impatiently, "When will the time go?" and then they looked angrily at the slowly slipping stones. In one cell larger than the rest there were several men and boys together; these were in prison only for slight offences, and were to be let out almost immediately; but meanwhile they spent their time in conversation which was terrible to hear, and which must have done grievous harm to the younger boys who drank it all in eagerly, and were stimulated thereby to enter with fresh energy on their former course of life the moment they should be at liberty.

I had not been long in the gaol, when my conductor conveyed me away to a very different and much more agreeable scene. This time it was a pleasant morning-room, bright with fresh chintz, good water-colours on the walls, and vases of flowers everywhere. Three young ladies were the occupants of this retreat, two of whom seemed greatly in want of something to do, as one of them was seated at the window, looking up and down the street, and yawning every few minutes; and the other stood near a table, pulling a rose to pieces, evidently from sheer absence of mind, as her eyes stared straight before her into vacancy. The third lady was stretched full length on a sofa, with a book in her hand, but I noticed that she never turned a page; and, after a short time, during which I watched them intently, she threw down the volume, and said, "What an endless morning this is, when will it be lunch-time?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered the rose-puller; "for I always forget to wind up my watch, but it seems a perfect age since I got up."

"The fact is," broke in the lady at the window, "that this place is *too* dull; never a soul to be seen; the weeks are like months, and then if one complains, people always say, 'Why don't you find some occupation?' which is a thing I hate."

At that moment the door opened, and in came another girl, young and good-looking, like the rest, but with a bright happy expression of countenance, which none of the others possessed. "Well, Jane, what have you been doing with yourself?" and, "Do tell us what o'clock it is," came simultaneously from the lips of two of the idlers as she entered.

"In the first place," said Jane, "it wants

five minutes to two, and in the second place I have been doing much the same as usual, and just this instant I have come from my little Dorcas meeting, which is held only once a week as you know."

"As we don't know," returned one of the girls; "for you always seem to be having classes or something; however, you look as if it agreed with you, and I must say that sitting all day doing nothing does not seem to agree with us, for we are all very cross."

"Our diamonds are too precious, I think," said her friend, "to be let slip unused; and you know we shall all have to give an account of them to the King some day."

Here my observations were brought to an end by a sudden fading of the whole scene, and again I felt as if carried swiftly through the air, and, on being set down, saw that I was close under the windows of a princely mansion surrounded by gardens, lawns, and terraces, and far away beyond, a magnificent park stocked with deer. I entered by a window, passed through several rooms, and up a broad staircase, and was in some way guided to one of the many apartments of which I caught a glimpse as I went along.

"You have been here before," said my invisible conductor; "but the child has become a man now; see whether you can trace any likeness?"

I looked round; it was the same room, I remembered, as the first scene of my strange visions, but the child's cot was gone, and in its place was a bed, on which lay a man evidently dying. He was but little past the prime of life, counting by actual years; but in his face there was not a vestige of youth or vigour, nothing but a sad, hopeless expression, which agreed only too well with the words he uttered as he lay there, his eyes fixed upon the wooden box with the chain of diamonds, which still, as ever, dropped slowly over its side. "Only one life," he said, "and that lost; what account can I give of my stewardship?" And he groaned with pain, more even of mind than body, and murmured again a few words, but so faintly that I could not catch them. Then there came a pause, as he gasped for breath, and some friends or relatives who were present drew closer round looking anxiously in his face.

"I am going," he whispered; "time is slipping from me, and what have I done with it?"

Those were his last words; a few moments after he gave one deep sigh, fell back on his pillows and died; and at the same time the last diamond slipped from its case, the lid shut with a clang, and box and chain vanished from my sight. I was so overcome by all

this, that I stood rooted to the spot, and exclaimed aloud, "Show me no more, it is too painful;" but the voice said in my ear again, "Only one thing more, and it is a pleasant one." And with that I was transported to a cottage, which I recognised at once as the abode of the poor sick child, now, however, grown to man's estate, and when my eyes fell upon him working hard in a field, I watched him for some time at his work, saw him return to his home where his wife and children, all clean and tidy, welcomed him, and at the close of the day he took down the good book, and read the parable of the Talents, explaining it in simple words as he went on. "We poor people," he said, "have not many talents, but one is given to all in a greater or less degree; that is Time, and if we use that in the service of our Master, and in doing the work which is given us to do as to God and not to man, He will not call us unprofitable servants. Let us see that our diamonds carry with them as they pass away a good report to the King."

Here my dreams ended; but the voice once more whispered to me, "Thou hast seen a vision of the hours; as the diamonds slip without check or pause, so pass the hours of man's life: lay to heart the lesson and be wise."

M. J. L.

SALMON IN AUSTRALIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—Having read some remarks in an article by John Wilkins in *ONCE A WEEK*,* which appeared to me to give a very erroneous impression as to the state of pisciculture here, I have taken the liberty of forwarding you some remarks which may be of interest to your readers.

In an article called "The Lost Apprentice," the writer refers to the acclimatisation of salmon in Australia amongst other matters, and he refers to it as a probable failure. Without touching on the kindred question of the introduction of the lama as a success or a failure, which would lead me from my present purpose, I should like to offer some remarks on the Australian rivers. The writer of the article in question states that it is "needless to dilate upon the fact that the rivers in Australia at one time are raging torrents, at another time form a chain of muddy pools, neither of which conditions are favourable to the depositing or hatching of the ova."

This is the idea of Australian rivers conceived in Europe, and as a general rule it is only too true; but in certain exceptions it does not hold good; and it is in these exceptional rivers that the attempt to acclimatise the salmon has been made, with every present prospect of success.

Following the coast of Australia, and at no great distance from it—from fifty to two hundred miles—is the coast-range; from it rise rivers flowing directly into the sea, or into the interior, where they are lost in marshes, or else evaporated in enormous chains of shallow lakes; the one exception to this last class of rivers is the Murray, fed by its tributaries

* See *Old Series*, Vol. XII., p. 580.

—the Murrumbidgee, Lachlan, and Darling,—which having a perennial current, and a course of over twelve hundred miles, has forced a passage into the sea in the colony of South Australia. The south-eastern portion of this coast-range is composed of immense chains of mountains, rising in places to the height of six and seven thousand feet. Snow lies on their summits throughout the year—melting rapidly in the northern slopes, but forming great drifts on the south side, which, slowly melting, feed the head waters of the rivers of Twofold Bay and Gipp's Land. These rivers are permanent, and, flowing through tiers of ranges to the coast, empty themselves either into immense lakes communicating with the sea, or directly into the sea itself.

No one who is unacquainted with the Australian Alps can form any idea of their peculiar grandeur and beauty; and, indeed, it is only within the last five years that, owing to the indefatigable energy of our gold miners, they have become known to the general Australian population, having been previously only inhabited on their extreme verge by scattered and secluded cattle stations. Thriving towns and mining communities are now planted in the mountains in places four and five thousand feet above the sea, enjoying an almost perfect climate, the clear unclouded Australian weather, with the cool bracing atmosphere of Europe. So cold it is in winter that the mountain torrents are locked in ice for weeks, snow-men are made in the towns of Grant and Woods Point, and the English amusement of snowballing thoroughly enjoyed. At these times the long wooden aqueducts by which streams of water are conducted for mining purposes become wonderful edifices of ice, supported by huge columns, and hung with gigantic icicles. The hills are covered with snow, and the secluded and shady glens look like some part of the arctic regions—the trees and bushes being pendant with ice-drops that rattle and sparkle in the wind. But I am digressing.

Many of the head waters of the Gipp's Land river rise in elevated plains of ancient basalt, fed by the melting snows, and in summer running icy cold and clear as crystal, like trout-streams, over the black basalt rocks, between sloping banks covered with alpine flowers of all kinds, and throw themselves over the cliffs into deep gorges to form a river. In other places the springs are on the sides of steep slate mountains, covered with a forest of enormous trees and a dense undergrowth of shrubs and plants. Here, in a deep ravine from 200 to 300 feet in height, shaded by Eucalypta, will be found tall fern-trees, their brown and green mossy stems rising like columns supporting a roof of broad graceful fronds, through which the dim sunlight falls into a cool shade; here will be a tiny stream of coldest water perpetually keeping the air fresh and moist. It is in these dense thickets that the lyre-bird will be found displaying its plumage and making the hills ring again with the volume of its rich notes. Following down these streams as they descend rapidly from the mountain-side, through steep gullies, and over rocky precipices, we see they soon unite into a river, which, sometimes in clear, deep pools, and then as if hurrying to reach other scenes in the joyousness of its new existence, rushes foaming over the rocks and boulders of basalt fallen from the cliffs above that bar its course. Gradually the valley opens from a mere gorge to a wider extent, distant glimpses of blue mountain-peaks, tipped with snow, or green slopes from the plain above, show themselves, and small grassy flats edge the river banks. Birds of all kinds abound, the flowering trees are full of bird-life,

and noisy with deafening cries and grotesque notes; parrots, leatherheads, and wattle-birds, drown the sweet notes of the Australian thrush. The brilliant kingfisher, in scarlet and azure, sits like a living jewel on some dead stick, intent on his prey.

Such is the course of these rivers, flowing among rugged mountains—sometimes through green grassy valleys, at other times forcing a passage between enormous precipices of slate rock or rounded granite boulders, but always clear and cold, with reedy pools, deep and dark, rapids sparkling over gravel beds, and falls roaring and tumbling hoarsely into foaming depths. Thus they flow on to the low country, when, after a short course as deep rivers, slowly flowing, they reach the sea.

What rivers can be better adapted for the salmon than these? How different to the preconceived idea! Even as it is, the greyling, commonly known as the "herring," comes up these streams in countless shoals during the summer from the sea, and gives us as good sport with the fly as any man could desire.

Having said this much respecting the true nature of those Australian rivers which I feel convinced will become the home of the salmon in Australia, I shall cease, feeling that although a great deal of interest and probably of novelty to the European reader could be written of the other rivers of Australia, yet that it would be quite outside of my present purpose, which is merely to correct the blunder into which Mr. Wilkins has led you in the article I have already mentioned. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

SIMON BLACK.

Grant, Gipp's Land, Victoria, Aug. 31, 1866.

THE MISTAKEN GHOST.

A Story in Three Chapters.]

CHAPTER II.

MR. CHUBB arrived at Highbridge Station in very good time for the train to Exeter; he slept at the latter place and pursued his travels next morning by the South Devon Railway. Arriving at Newton, he left the train and ordered a fly and a pair of horses to take him to Gurrington Manor House, a place a few miles the other side of Ashburton.

The morning was glorious, nature seemed determined to make things pleasant. Mr. Chubb responded to the sunshine, and ordered the fly to be opened that he might enjoy the prospect. The hedgerows were budding, and the upland meadows glistened with a thousand trickling rills of water, that came to swell the affluent brook by the road side.

As our traveller proceeded he watched the shadows of the clouds chasing one another up the bare sides of the Dartmoor hills; he listened to the gay songs of the birds, he looked with delight at the play of the sunshine on the greenery of the young earth, and it made him feel young again. Old memories came back to the staid lawyer—memories of days, when he "went gipsying a long time ago," and when a certain brown-eyed cousin was all the world

to him. She lies buried in a far-off Indian grave, and he has been for a quarter of a century the faithful husband of another love; for years he has not thought of that young cousin and the scenes of their common youth—but to-day he would give worlds

“So might he talk of the old familiar faces.”

When Mr. Chubb came upon Holm Chase, skirting the rapid Dart, he thought of yet earlier times, of his “joyful schooldays,” of the bird-nesting in these very woods, of the fishing in the quiet pools above the bridge, and of distant rambles far over the hills to Wistman’s Wood. With these memories thronging round him the way neither seemed long nor tedious. At length, after traversing many tortuous lanes, full of deep cart-ruts, they arrived at an iron gate which admitted them into a private road, skirted on one side by an orchard, on the other by a paddock. This drive terminated in a large court-yard at the back of an Elizabethan dwelling-house of some pretension. The approach was neither very neat nor in good repair, but Mr. Chubb was too familiar with the place to notice these things.

His arrival was expected, for two or three people stood at the doorstep to meet him. The man-servant—Old Grant, by name—made a show of helping down the portmanteau, but called up the ubiquitous boy Bob to do the work.

The household at Gurrington merits a few words. The head of the house was Miss Brindsley, an ancient spinster with an aristocratic nose. This lady was Mr. Chubb’s friend as well as client, and she had summoned him from London to see her on business. Her own history may be briefly told; her father was squire of the parish in the good old times when men ran through their property by hunting, shooting, and riotous living, without thinking of those who were to come after them. The squire having only a daughter, sold and mortgaged anything he could turn into money, and finally died just in time to save himself from absolute ruin.

Miss Brindsley, prematurely aged by the sorrows and trials of her life, found herself at her father’s death in the most painful position possible for a proud and sensitive woman. The principal part of her inheritance was debt and dishonour, but she struggled through her difficulties, and held on to the old roof tree by acts of almost superhuman self-denial. Years of the strictest economy had brought their reward; she had lived to discharge her father’s

debts and to make herself a free woman—even it was said, a rich one, but old habits clung to her, and the same rigid economy was observed at Gurrington as in former days, yet in some things Miss Brindsley could be generous, almost lavish, for she was a gentlewoman born, and there was occasionally something in her nature which contradicted her habits.

Mr. Chubb found Miss Brindsley in the only sitting-room that was occupied in the house. The dining-table in this apartment, no longer used for convivial feasts, was pushed up against the wall, and groaned under a mass of dusty papers and boxes of deeds. A small round-table with a green cloth sufficed for the old lady’s slender meals, and this was generally placed near the window, that she might finish her dinner or tea, as it might be, without candles. The Turkey carpet was turned up the wrong way—that being now its best side—and the moth-eaten curtains were in dingy sympathy with the old sofa and chairs, while the very portraits on the wall looked saddened by the general decay of things.

Mr. Chubb thought Miss Brindsley thinner than ever,—her peculiar style of dress in the fashion of forty years ago, increased this impression, for her short, narrow skirt of black satin, and the contracted body was in strange contrast with the amplitude of dress in vogue in 1861.

“Serve the dinner, Grant,” said Miss Brindsley, as soon as she had greeted her guest, and in a few minutes they were seated at the little round-table, before a roast fowl and a piece of boiled bacon.

Grant was so old and fat that he was obliged to have the assistance of the boy Bob to bring the plates and dishes from the kitchen; but Bob was supposed to be invisible, for he was not over clean, and manners he had none. He succeeded in subtracting the gizzard of the fowl just before the dish was put on the table; but though this theft escaped Grant, it did not escape the sharp eyes of Miss Brindsley, who exclaimed, “There is no gizzard to this fowl. How is this, Grant? I should like to know. I suppose my fowls don’t grow without gizzards.”

Grant thought in his own mind that his mistress must be wrong, and deliberately put on his spectacles to examine whether the fowl was not hiding some of its appurtenances maliciously and on purpose; but there was certainly no gizzard to be found. Grant then looked towards the door, and saw Master Bob with one of his cheeks preternaturally swollen. The old man waddled out of the room faster

than his wont, to administer a sound box on the ear to the unlucky Bob.

Miss Brindsley talked for a quarter of an hour about this trifling incident, denouncing the wickedness of boys in general, and Bob in particular. It seemed extraordinary to Mr. Chubb that a well-educated gentlewoman could worry so long over such a small matter; but isolation from the world narrows people's thoughts and feelings to a degree almost inconceivable to those who live in a healthy social atmosphere.

"An excellent glass of port," observed Mr. Chubb, by way of turning the conversation.

"If you like it you shall take back a couple of dozen with you," said Miss Brindsley. "I know there must be as much as that left in the cellar—it was my father's wine."

"I would not take it on any consideration," replied her guest. "It must not be moved from the old place."

"There will be many moves in the old place before long," said Miss Brindsley, while her lip quivered and her hand shook. "You must take the wine, for I don't like to be contradicted; but there are other things I want to talk to you about. Have you made those inquiries respecting Mr. George Trevor?"

"I have, and the result, is not satisfactory."

"It is true, then, that he has been gambling, and that he is the associate of low play-wrights and actors?"

"Yes, quite true; and I find that he is at present in difficulties, and has been trying to raise money by every possible means, and he is not very scrupulous, as you are yourself aware."

"If he thinks to succeed to this property he reckons upon what he will never have," said Miss Brindsley, shaking with agitation. "The money I have scraped together, after years of self-denial, shall never go to be squandered amongst players and gamblers, if George Trevor was my own son instead of a distant cousin."

"I have nothing to say in his defence," replied Mr. Chubb, "for I can hear no good of the young man; it would be better to make the County Hospital your heir, for then you would have the satisfaction of knowing that your fellow-creatures were benefited by your money."

"We live but half a life who have no children to come after us," said Miss Brindsley, with a sigh. "Now, if God had blessed you, my old friend, with a son or daughter, they should have had my savings; but you are

rich and childless, and I—I am a desolate old woman."

"But I don't see why we should talk of all these sad things to-night," observed Mr. Chubb, with an effort at cheerfulness. "You have, I hope, many years to live, and there is a good deal yet to be done at Gurrington."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Grant, who brought in candles, and placed them, with an antique snuffer-tray, on the small round table.

"Put some more coals on the fire, Grant," said Miss Brindsley, with a slight shiver.

"More coals on, ma'am?" repeated Grant. "I'm sure there's enough," and by way of compromise he scraped together the ashes, and put them daintily on the fire, as if conferring an immense favour on the miserable handful of fuel in the grate.

"Grant has been a good servant, I don't know what I should have done without him and his wife in the old days when things were at the worse; but he's somewhat obstinate, and presumes like most old servants," observed Miss Brindsley, by way of apology, when he had left the room.

To prevent a return to the conversation which had been interrupted, Mr. Chubb entered upon some of the public questions of the day, retailed the last news from the Metropolis, talked of the state of the funds, and the position of political parties. But his words fell upon an inattentive ear, Miss Brindsley answered briefly and wide of the mark; her thoughts returned to the narrow channel of self. She could talk about the past, for in it she had lived; but the future, I might almost add the present, were out of the focus of her mental vision.

Thus talking in a slow intermittent way of bygone times, the two friends sat before the fire—old faces seemed to peer out of the dim corners of the large dining-room, and, looking up at the full-length picture of the old squire, Mr. Chubb recalled vividly the thriftless owner of Gurrington in the days of its most lavish hospitality.

The unsnuffed tallow candles had grown into hearse plumes and death shrouds, as old wives used to say, and they watched the process without energy enough to break the spell.

After a longer silence than usual, Miss Brindsley murmured the words, "I know the signs,—I know I have not long to live."

"Bless me, why should you say so, my dear lady?"

"Because I have received several distinct warnings of approaching death," said his

hostess. "I know what you will say," she added, with a faint smile: "you will say I am a silly superstitious old woman, who has well nigh outlived her wits, but that is not the case. I can detect the slightest error in the most complicated accounts. I could walk to the churchyard alone at midnight if necessary. I am not the victim of fear, but I have received death warnings—in my mother's family they were of common occurrence."

Mr. Chubb smiled, and shook his head incredulously.

"Listen to me," continued the old lady with animation. "About three weeks ago I was standing before my looking-glass, and glancing up I saw, not the haggard face you now see, but my own countenance, fresh and youthful at the age of twenty. I remembered the very hat and dress that I then wore; in my hand was a branch of mountain ash, which had reference to a particular event in my life. I looked for the space of half a minute at least at this strange reflection of my former self; but soon a dim white cloud blotted out the vision, and I felt a sinking of the heart, and a faintness came over me, for I knew it was my warning."

"A fit of indigestion produced the vision, I suspect, Miss Brindsley; 'take a dose of your favourite medicine, which you are so liberal in dispensing to others. I recollect the very last time I was at Gurrington you insisted on doctoring me.'"

"But this is not all," continued the old lady, without heeding the interruption. "Some nights ago I was in bed as usual, when I was awakened from a short uneasy slumber. I was perfectly roused and awake, for I saw the moon shining through the window, and I particularly remarked the pattern of the casement reflected on the oak floor. While noting these things, I beheld my mother walk into the room; she stood for a moment in the light of the moon, and I saw her as clearly as I ever saw her in life. She approached my bed, looked at me with a sad face, and muttered in a low voice, 'Yes, she is dead,' she then turned away, walked to the door of the closet opposite, and disappeared."

"I think you had better see a doctor, Miss Brindsley; the mind and body act and react most curiously on each other. But above all I would not advise you to dwell on these hallucinations." Mr. Chubb was a strong-minded man, with very positive views about the non-existence of ghosts and the folly of spirit-rapping, so the subject bored him, and to turn the current of Miss Brindsley's thoughts he

opened his pocket-book and took from thence the photograph of Mary Coggan, he handed it to the old lady, and asked her what she thought of the face.

Miss Brindsley adjusted her glasses, and looked at first carelessly, then more earnestly at the card in her hand. She appeared lost in thought, and then abruptly rousing himself, she said, "Good night; we have much to talk of to-morrow," she retained the likeness in her hand, and left the room almost before Mr. Chubb was aware of her departure.

As Miss Brindsley was slowly and absently making her way to her own room, she encountered Mrs. Grant, who united in her somewhat antiquated person the duties of cook and housekeeper.

"Lor, ma'am," she exclaimed, "what a hall us do? I have just agone and broken the casement in the spare room. No one can't sleep there the night, and where can us put Mr. Chubb?"

"How did it happen, Bridget?" asked Miss Brindsley, in a sharp tone, for any domestic trifle brought her back to practical life.

"Why in this manner, ma'am: it was no fault of mine, but is all along of that girl Betsy, who because she knows there's extra work to do takes herself off just when she's wanted. I heard she'd been seen talking with some young chap down in the orchard, but though I sent Bob down for her, she wasn't nowhere handy; this flurried me terrible. I was that aggravated with the idle hussey, that going up in a way like, to shut the spare room window because it was raining, I forgot the hinge was loose, and down went the casement on the stones below, shivered into a thousand bits as you may be sure. Now, deary me, where shall us put Mr. Chubb?"

"He must have my room," replied Miss Brindsley, "and I must have a bed made up in the old nursery; it's half full of lumber, but it's free from rats. I slept soundly enough there sixty years ago."

The old lady and her ancient domestic set about the necessary arrangements, which were soon settled, and Miss Brindsley, fatigued with the unusual excitement and bustle, fell into an exhausted slumber.

When Bridget had settled her mistress in her new quarters, she prepared the materials for some mulled wine, and took them herself into the dining-room. It was always Mr. Chubb's practice, when at Gurrington, to take some hot wine before going to bed, and at such times he generally had a chat with his old gossip, Bridget Grant.

When the operation of mulling the wine in the witch's bonnet had been successfully concluded, Bridget made a show of leaving the dining-room, but she only waited to elicit Mr. Chubb's usual phrase of "Do sit down for a few minutes, Mrs. Grant, I want to hear how things are going on."

Mrs. Grant being a stout woman was always glad to sit down, and spreading her hands on her knees she gave a sigh of relief.

"Your mistress does not seem quite the thing, she's low and nervous," observed Mr. Chubb.

"I do seem missis do alter terrible," replied the domestic.

"Have you heard anything of these strange fancies she has taken into her head, about visions and death warnings?"

"Yes, sir, for sure I've heard enough of them. But there now, I do believe in death warnings; it misgives me you don't, sir. I've heard that people up in London don't believe the same as us down in the country."

At this moment an unearthly shriek close to the window, like the scream of the Banshee, made Mr. Chubb start to his feet in involuntary alarm; he seized the poker, and rushed towards the window.

"Lor, sir, don't'y be frightened," cried Mrs. Grant, laughing till her sides shook. "It's only the peacock; her always screams like that afore rain."

"Hang the peacock!" exclaimed Mr. Chubb, much irritated at his needless alarm. "I wish the d— would screw the noisy brute's neck off."

"I most wish the same thing, sir. I can't think why God sent peacocks into the world, for they do nothing but flaunt about with their big tails set, and work a sight of mischief in the garden; but there now, there's a lot of useless things in the world, and I suppose one must have faith and put up wi' em."

"I want to know if Mr. George Trevor has been down here lately, Mrs. Grant," said Mr. Chubb, abruptly, dropping the subject of peacocks.

"Not a fortnight agone, sir; and I think he's looking very sharp after missis's money. I believe he'd do most anything to get the property, and he don't feel sure of it. He wanted to come round me and Grant, but I know'd his weight without scales. I can't abide the young man."

"A worthless young scamp, I fear," observed Mr. Chubb.

"That's his character, sir, for certain, inside and out."

"Did Trevor annoy Miss Brindsley in any way when he was down here?"

"He didn't annoy her in the way of being rude," replied Bridget; "for he was that smooth and oily, that he would have turned himself into a spaniel dog, and licked missis's feet if she'd let him; but missis knows a tree by its fruit as well as anybody. Howsomever, Mr. Trevor worried her, I think, and she was very nervous about the time he was down, for it was then she first seed the death-warnings, and she couldn't talk of nothing else."

"She conducts her business as usual, does she not?"

"Oh yes, as 'cute as 'cute can be; nothing escapes her; she's kind with her left hand as you may say, and very tight wi' the other. But there, now, Grant and me don't take no notice; we've all of us together scraped and pinched these many years to get things straight at Gurrington. Missis isn't like other people; she has had her trials, and, as I say, it has given her a bias. She was crossed in love, and there's nothing so bad for giving folks a bias."

"What were the particulars of the story, Mrs. Grant?" asked Mr. Chubb.

"I mind you were a little boy at the time, and I suppose you never heard the rights of the story. Well, it was just this—Miss Bella, as she was then, became acquainted with a Mr. Kenrick, an officer in the king's army, and the son of a poor clergyman up the country, and they fell in love with each other; but when the Squire found it out he was so angry and violent against the match, that the house would scarce hold him. He made the excuse that Mr. Kenrick was very poor, having nothing but his officer's pay; but, rich or poor, he didn't want his daughter to marry, for he'd a' been obliged to pay out her marriage portion, and the Squire was already in difficulties, not knowing where to turn for money."

"Well, what happened?"

"Why, things chanced in this way, sir. Miss Bella was like one demented, and so was Mr. Kenrick, for they were wonderful fond of one other. I often contrived a meeting for them when master was in his cups, and there was many a sad leave-taking between them; they two agreed to keep their troth to one another—and Mr. Kenrick left the country for India, where he was like to make a fortune quicker than at home. Howsomever, he died out there, after he had been wanting five years, and, oh dear! dear! what a sad time it was with poor Miss Bella! She took on so, I thought she'd have died herself. She

always said his death was at her door, for he would not have gone to India but for her; and from that day to this she has had a bias. She's never looked pleasant at any man since, as you may say; and, as for marrying, she wouldn't have married to save herself from beggary. Now, that's not like me, for if it had pleased God to take Grant in his young days, I should have looked around for somebody else, and not gone mooning about as a lone woman all my life; the Lord gives and the Lord takes away, but that needn't prevent a Christian woman from looking out another helpmate for herself, else why are men and women sent into the world?"

"Very good philosophy, my old friend," said Mr. Chubb, smiling. "And what would you do *now* if anything should happen to your husband?"

"Why just do without another, sir, for the rest of my time; for I've seen the evil of men; they're not all the world now-a-days, as they were when I was young. But do, sir, take another brew of mulled wine," said Bridget, getting up. "It's enough to make the old Squire get out of his picture frame to see the decanter standing still like that."

Mr. Chubb allowed himself to be persuaded to take another glass, for the evening was chilly, and the wine was good.

When this glass had been briefly discussed, Mrs. Bridget took the bed-candle to show the guest to his room. Mr. Chubb felt overpowered with drowsiness, and, preparing himself for rest as quickly as possible, he was soon asleep.

How long he had remained in this state of happy unconsciousness he never exactly knew, but he was awakened by a continued tapping. At first the noise had incorporated itself with his dreams, but at length it roused him so far that he listened attentively for the recurrence of the sound. It did recur, and it was like some one tapping with their knuckles on a table. Mr. Chubb now opened his eyes, and became conscious of a light in the room. He raised himself on his elbow, and looking towards the bottom of the bed, the only side on which the curtains were withdrawn, he saw—a ghost! It was not a thinly-draped ethereal ghost,

"Born of the moonlight of the lane,
Quenched in the deep shadow again;"

it was, on the contrary, the bodily representation of a person in the dress of a fashion long past. The appearance was in this wise. About a yard from the foot of the bed there was a little round table; on it was an old-fashioned

reading-candle, alight, but the shade was over the flame, which dimmed its brilliancy; on the left side of the table sat a figure, life-like in every respect, except that it was as immovable as a statue.

At first Mr. Chubb believed that he was dreaming; he rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he was awake, but still he saw the figure. He began to think himself the victim of delirium tremens, which he remembered to have heard played these tricks on the imagination.

"The beating of his own heart
Was the only sound he heard."

But there was the ghost, and in spite of himself a supernatural tremor seized on his whole frame. He looked again: the figure was strangely familiar to him. "Yes, certainly," he muttered to himself; "it is the old Squire, dressed exactly as he is in his picture in the dining-room." This was not reassuring, for the Squire had been dead these thirty years, and the world had no desire to see him again. The stories of the death warnings flashed across his mind, and the fascination of terror chained him to the spot. Seconds appear like hours under some circumstances, and it is probable that Mr. Chubb had been gazing spell-bound at this strange apparition a much shorter time than he himself supposed. At length the ghost, in a sepulchral voice, uttered the following words. "Isabella, my daughter, I am come from my grave to lay my commands upon you, which are, that you should on no account leave your property away from George Trevor. Remember my wishes—remember my wishes."

"Ghost, you are a lying scoundrel," cried Chubb, making one bound from the bed, and levelling the astonished Squire to the ground with a well-directed blow. A desperate struggle ensued, for the ghost had strong sinews. In the midst of the uproar the door of the bedroom was burst open, and in came the whole household pell-mell, headed by Grant himself in a wonderful costume, holding aloft a night shade pierced with holes. Mr. Chubb had succeeded in holding down the ghost with a firm grip on his throat, and his knee on his chest.

"Murder and thieves!" shrieked the females in chorus.

"Light—light!" cried Mr. Chubb.

The candle was hastily pulled out of the lantern, and the prostrate ghost appeared without his wig.

"Mr. George Trevor in the old Squire's coat and breeches, as I hope to be saved!" exclaimed Bridget, in amazement.



(See page 718.)

With a desperate struggle, young Trevor, for he it was, freed himself from the grasp of his antagonist, and with one bound, knocking down old Grant in his way, cleared the door, and was off, before anyone knew what they were about.

It was the best part of the following day before the whole plot was entirely unraveled. It

turned out that Betsy, the housemaid, was an accomplice of Trevor, and had managed to secrete him in a closet communicating by a passage with her mistress's room. He had heard of the superstitious fancies which had lately affected Miss Brindsley, and in consequence he designed the trick of personating her dead father, hoping that the solemn injunctions

of the pretended Squire might decide her views respecting the property at this critical moment, for he knew that the lawyer had been summoned to make her will. The accidental breaking of the window marred the whole plot, for Trevor knew nothing of the change of occupants in the rooms; he firmly believed that poor old Miss Brindaley was trembling within the shadow of the closely curtained bed, so that the mistaken ghost was as much surprised by the sudden onslaught of Mr. Chubb, as the latter had at first been startled by the midnight apparition of the defunct Squire.

CORNELIA A. H. CROSSE.

THE BURIAL OF THE OLD YEAR.

I.

I DUG a grave at midnight, there to bury
A sorrow-stricken, bent, and wounded form;
"Old friend," quoth I, "we've roughed the world together,
Through sunshine and through storm:

II.

"Take with thee to thy rest my sins, my sorrows,
My wrongs, my hopes all blurred with bitter tears,
Let them lie silent in thy breast for ever,
Nor darken coming years."

III.

Beside the grave there stood an angel-watcher,—
"Nay, for their work is yet undone," spake he;
"They must live on to teach thee truths learned only
Through long heart-agony."

IV.

Next cast I in the grave joys gone for ever,
Love, noble impulses, and god-like thought,
Lest that the longing after bright days faded
Should be to madness wrought.

V.

"Bury them not," outspake the angel-watcher,
"No noble deed but bears fruit manifold,
No drop of love but lives, though unrequited,
No truth but keeps its hold.

VI.

"Bury them not! When wilder storms are raging,
When darker clouds on thy horizon rise,
Like beacon lights through Time's touch clearer
glowing,
Shall shine their memories."

VII.

Then turned I to the grave I dug at midnight,
Where pale and cold in death the Old Year
asleep;
And bending down I kissed his lips so faded,
And bitterly I wept.

VIII.

"Old friend," quoth I, "we part to-night for ever,
And I must bear the burden thou hast borne,
Until I hear the whispered words from heaven,
'Blessèd are they that mourn.'"

IX.

"Blessèd, thrice blessèd they," a voice made answer,
And at that voice sweet bells began to ring,
Clear from a thousand belfry turrets pealing
To hail the New Year king.

X.

The New Year king, like to a fair child-angel,
Pressed down the sods upon the Old Year's grave,
And lo, rare amaranth flowers of heavenly beauty
All glorious o'er it wave.

XI.

He plucked one flower, and in his bosom laid it,—
"Thus in the present, aye shall live the past,
No grief, no joy, no hope the Old Year cherished
Shall to the winds be cast."

XII.

He stood there like the Resurrection angel,
Conquering the flesh through spiritual strife,
And I beheld the Old Year in the Present
Raised to immortal life.

XIII.

He stood, his flaming sword still pointing onward,
My grief was hushed, and faith o'ercame each
fear,
I blessed the Old Year in his dark grave sleeping,
And hailed the New-born Year.

JULIA GODDARD.

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND, NEW SERIES.

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